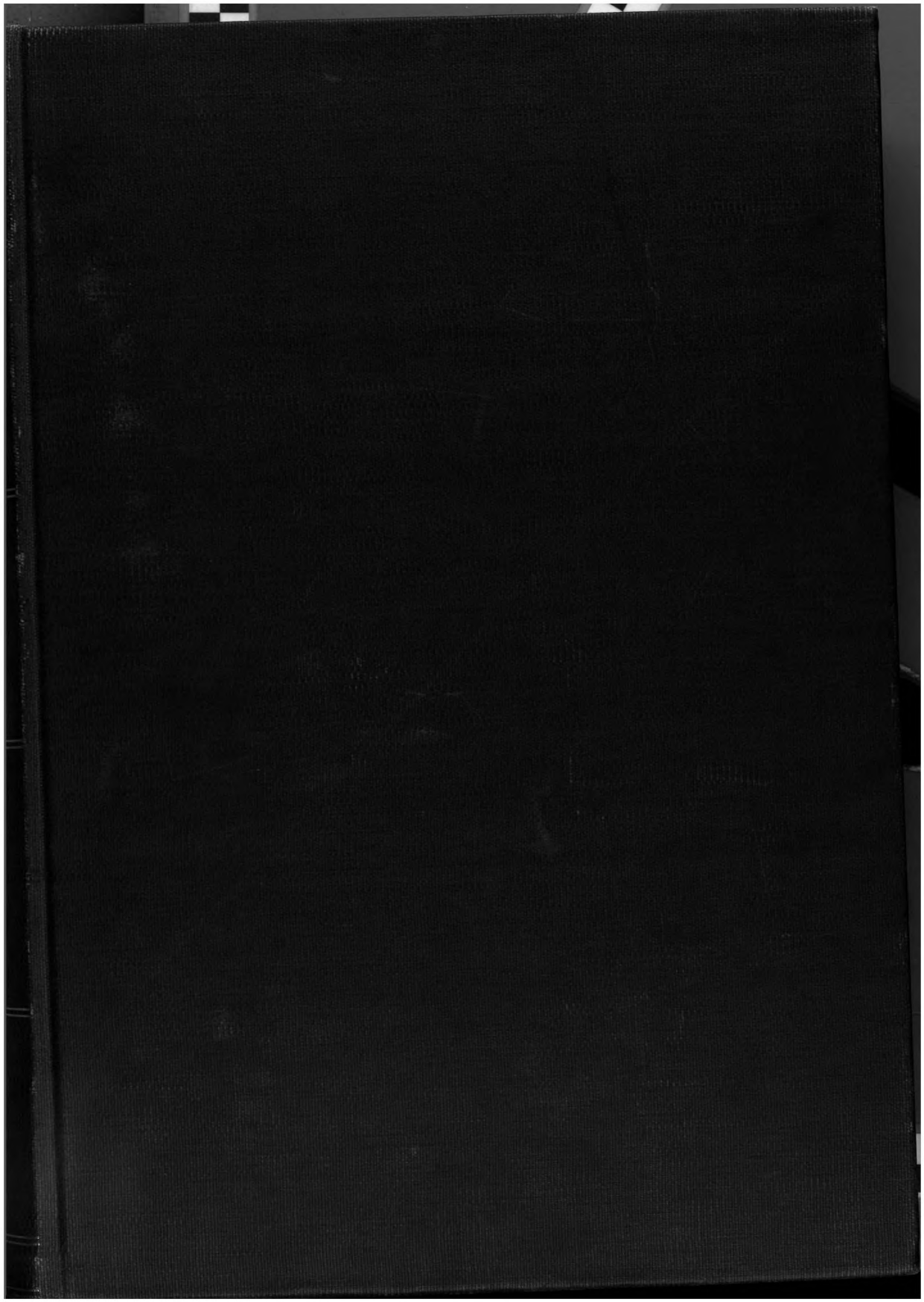


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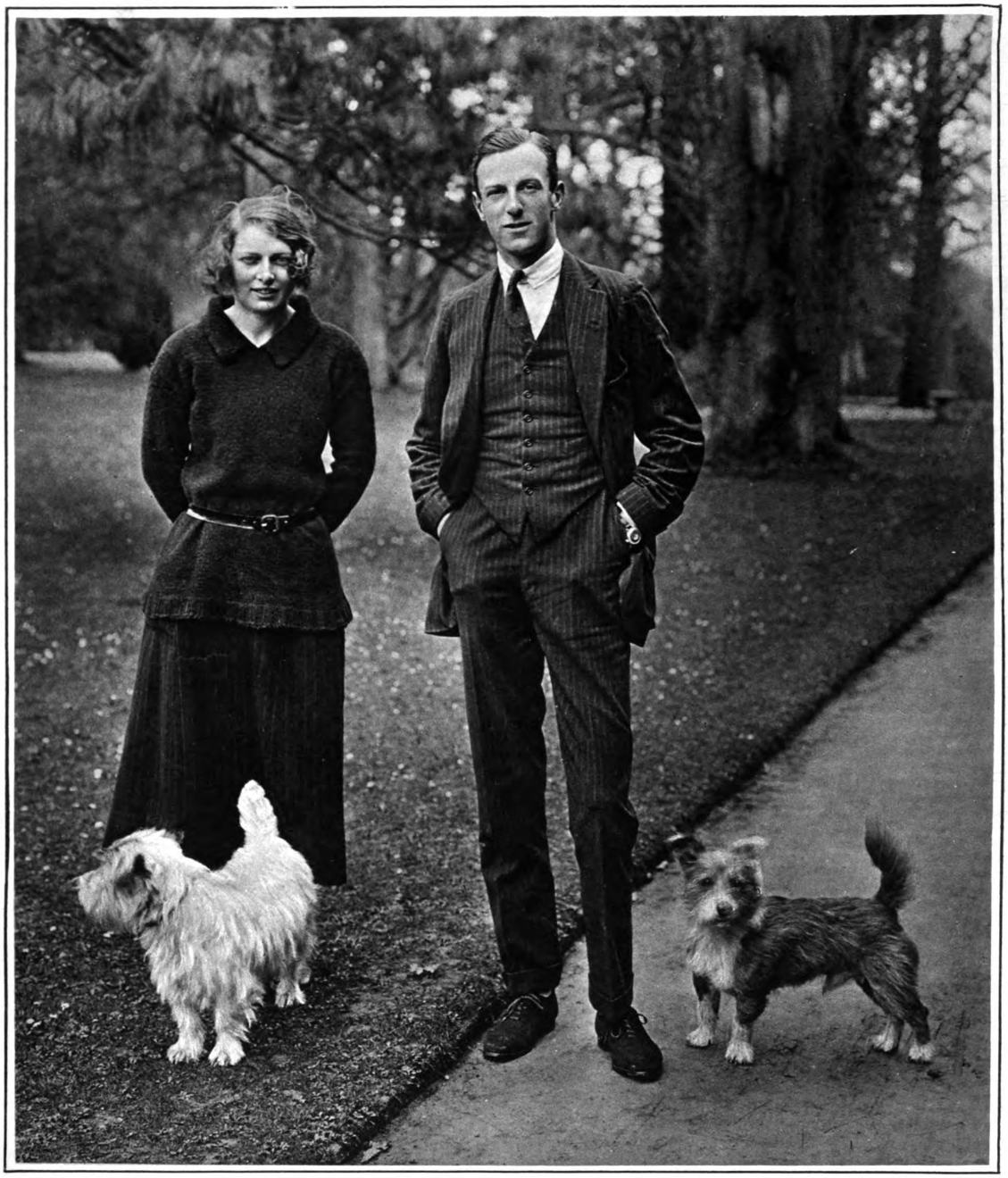
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1923.

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ANOTHER LINK BETWEEN ROYALTY AND THE PEERAGE: LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE AND LORD WORCESTER.

The marriage of Lady Mary Cambridge, who is a niece of the Queen, to the Marquess of Worcester, will forge another link between the Royal House and the British nobility, like the weddings of Princess Mary and of Princess Patricia of Connaught, and the forthcoming marriage of the Duke of York. All these unions tend to the strengthening of home ties in the national as well as the family sense. Both Lady Mary Cambridge and Lord Worcester are devoted to sport and the outdoor life. In particular they have a common interest in the hunting field, for Lady Mary is a fearless rider to hounds, and Lord Worcester is well known as the very capable Master of his father's famous pack, the Duke of Beaufort's. Games also appeal to them, for Lady Mary is a keen lawn-tennis player, and Lord Worcester when at Eton was Keeper of Fives. Our photograph was taken in the grounds of Badminton, the Duke of Beaufort's seat in Gloucestershire.

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. DENNIS MOSS, CIRENCESTER.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHEN we dip into an old book, say of what some call the Dark Ages, what strikes us most is that the mystical part is rational, while the scientific part is mad. From Dante to the most dingy page of secondary scholasticism, it is the faith that seems to be sane and the facts that seem to have gone all crazy. Some quaint old scribe will often write something like this: "We know by divine revelation that



ENGAGED TO LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE: THE MARQUESS OF WORCESTER, SON OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.
Photograph by Keturah Collings.

love causeth all mothers to care for their young; but this appears to be contradicted by experience, for experience tells us that the dragon bites off the tails of all infant dragons at the fourth full moon." Or we may read: "It is of the nature of the mercy of God to provide grass to be the food of horses; but some have denied this, urging that the Three-Legged Horse of Tartary, that standeth on one leg in the attempt to eat the birds as they fly, is an object apparent to our senses." Now it is a complete error to suppose that the mediævals thought lightly of the authority of the senses—and still more of an error to suppose that they thought lightly of the authority of the reason. Every mediæval writer repeated to the point of monotony that the rights of the reason must be respected, and that it was among the rights of the reason to deal with such things of the senses. The only explanation is that they had fallen into the habit of accepting some of their facts at second-hand, and still thinking of them as facts even when they were fables. In other words, it must be conceded that mediæval philosophy allowed itself to drift into one of the commonest errors of modern popular science. They said lightly enough, "We see the dragon," without stopping to specify who saw the dragon. All our popular science is based on the same principle.

In other words, there is a tendency in every age, in our age as in their age, for people to be right in the abstract and crazy in the concrete. Our abstract principles are much more vague than theirs—so vague that they are often not principles but prejudices. On the other hand, our concrete information is more detailed than theirs; but often even more disproportionate. Above all, it is disproportionate in the matter of seriousness and levity. The three-legged horse of Tartary—who is, I hasten to say, quite an imaginary animal—or, at any rate, some mediæval monster of the same type, may have been approached and surrounded with less circumstantial investigations than the Missing Link, though he could not be more missing than the Missing Link. But even those who believed in the three-legged horse took that animal very lightly, and treated him as a traveller's tale and a joke. At the most that horse was little more than a hobby-horse, that a man might ride on for fun. That horse was never a nightmare, that could ride on the man. But the Missing Link did ride on the man. The Missing Link was really allowed to enact the Old Man of the Sea. In other words, the Darwinian fantasy was taken seriously, and allowed to influence and even dictate the social and sentimental elements of life. Some sages really wished to remodel society on the survival of the fittest, though few of those sages seem to have been fit to survive. The mediæval man would no more have thought of allowing his morality to be altered by a monster from Tartary than by a Moslem from Turkey. And because he was not going to found any serious views on these things, he was more careless about the details of them. He would have counted the legs of the Tartary horse with more arithmetical care if it had ever occurred to him that anyone would maintain, in the manner of the last book of Gulliver, that horses should be the masters of men. Yet there are some animal-worshippers who go to legal lengths that look very like making horses the masters of men; and some rhapsodists of the Superman cult did definitely predict that an animal other than man would be the master of men. If the mediævals had supposed that anybody could be so mad as not to want mothers to love and protect their babies, he might have gone into the alleged incident of the baby-biting dragon with a closer process of verification, in which case he would have found it to rest on the same foundation as a number of our newspaper paragraphs. But his principles were not affected by his fancies, or by facts that seemed to him almost as irrelevant as fancies. But there are modern proposals about babies that seem to some of us as monstrous as any dream about biting off the tails of dragons. There are modern theories that certainly lead in theory, if not in practice, to infanticide. In short, this is the real difference between modern and mediæval thought about such things; and there is no need to exaggerate either way the degree of the difference between us and our fathers. Both they and we have had more or less human moral principles and ideals; both we and they have had a more or less erratic interest in facts that frequently turn out to be fictions. But we have a notion that the principles may be modified by the facts or fictions; and they never had. They did not admit that their principles came merely from nature, and therefore nature for them was a sort of quaint and pleasing accompaniment to their daily life, like the chatter of the cricket on the hearth. The grasshopper of the entomologist does really become a burden.

Now in this matter of first principles and fragmentary facts—or rather, disconnected reports of fragmentary facts—I am perfectly certain that the modern mind wants to be stiffened in its first principles. Modern man is staggering and losing his balance because he is being pelted with little pieces of alleged fact, which are left afterwards in a heap because they cannot be fitted into anything. For instance, the result of the Mond and Snowden debate on the modern mind seems to have been simply bewildering. It seems to have been thought sufficient for one side to point out that the poor are reduced to being poor, and for the other side to answer that the rich had succeeded in being rich. Now, of course, anybody can collect any number of "facts" illustrating popular poverty or business success. Facts of both kinds are native to the newspapers; and, if they turn out not to be facts, that is still more native to newspapers. People are confused about the practical result because they are confused about the principles of judgment. They use a word like Capitalism in two senses at once—as the need for capital and the need for capitalists. And nobody knows what he ultimately needs, what sort of society he is driving at. At least, only a few know; it may be that Mr. Snowden and Sir Alfred Mond know, and I think I know. I want a society mainly marked by personal liberty and private property for all citizens, and therefore the Snowden model State and the Mond model State are equally repugnant to me.

One great advantage of principle is promptitude. This is supposed to be associated rather with that clumsy thing that is called practicality. But practicality by itself cannot decide anything that is worth deciding. The key to every problem is a principle, as the key to every cipher is a code. When a man knows his own principle of action he can act. When he does not know it, he can only admire action in the abstract. He can be one of the sophists who praise will-power, or one of the sycophants who praise hustling. But as this applies equally to willing anything or to hustling anywhere, he has not at any given moment the least notion of what to do or where to go. And if this is true of those who imagine themselves to be leaders, if only intellectual leaders, it is naturally even more true of those who could never imagine themselves as anything but led. The ordinary newspaper-reader is utterly bewildered by his newspaper. The headlines hit him on the head, and the columns fall on him and crush him. He receives shock after shock, from the abrupt presentation of problems of the most diverse and difficult sort, problems to which he has not the remotest notion of a real answer. For a problem can only be solved by a principle. He is first asked to consider national policy without knowing what a nation is, then to consider religious unity without knowing what a religion is, then to decide the fate of some murderer without knowing the meaning of murder, then to consider the merits of some divorce without knowing the meaning of marriage. To most of these questions he really returns no answer at all. His self-government is merely negative; and democracy is something that goes by default.



A ROYAL BRIDESMAID ENGAGED TO THE MARQUESS OF WORCESTER: LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE.

Lady Mary Cambridge, whose engagement to the Marquess of Worcester was recently announced, is the elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge, and a niece of the Queen. She was a bridesmaid to Princess Mary and Lady Patricia Ramsay, and is also to act in that capacity for Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon at her wedding to the Duke of York. Lord Worcester, who is twenty-three, is the only son and heir of the Duke of Beaufort. He is Master of his father's famous Hunt, to which the Prince of Wales belongs. Lady Mary is also an enthusiast of the hunting field. Lord Worcester last year resigned his commission in the Royal Horse Guards.

Photograph by Vandyk.

FAREWELL TO THE WORLD'S STAGE: SARAH BERNHARDT LAID TO REST.

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TRIBUTES EXCEEDING ANY THAT SHE RECEIVED IN HER LIFE-TIME: FIVE GREAT WAGONS LADEN WITH FLOWERS FOLLOWING THE COFFIN OF SARAH BERNHARDT IN HER FUNERAL PROCESSION THROUGH PARIS TO THE CEMETERY OF PÈRE LACHAISE.



HUNG WITH BLACK DRAPERIES BEARING THE MONOGRAM OF THE GREAT ACTRESS: THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANÇOIS DE SALES IN PARIS DURING THE FUNERAL SERVICE FOR SARAH BERNHARDT—SHOWING THE COFFIN ON THE CATAFALQUE.

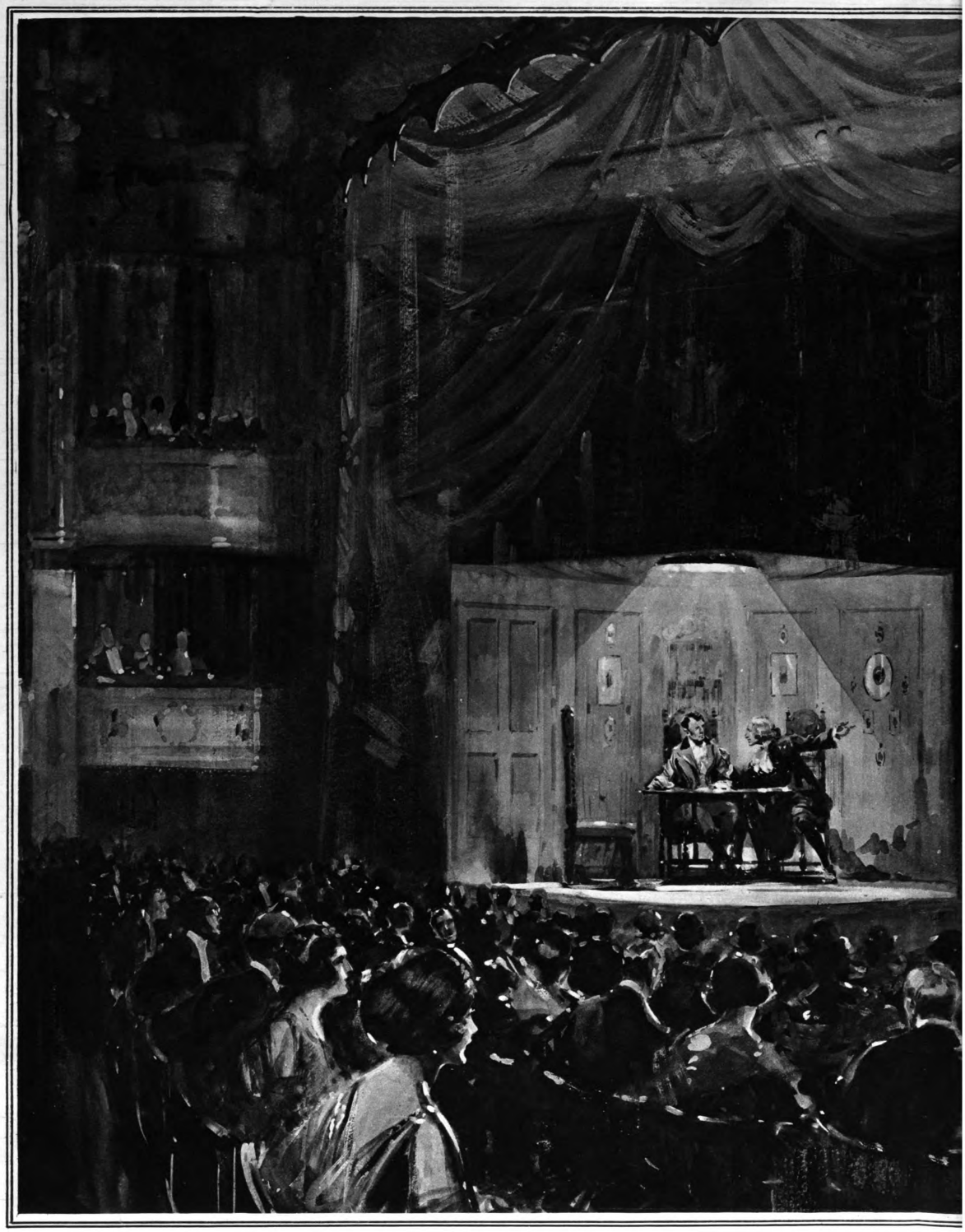
Paris paid a worthy tribute to the memory of Sarah Bernhardt at her funeral on March 29, when some 600,000 people gathered along the route of the procession, the greatest assemblage of its kind since the burial of Victor Hugo. The funeral service was held in the Church of St. François de Sales, whose walls were hung with black draperies bearing her monogram. The coffin, with its cross of gold, lay on a great catafalque surrounded with twelve tapers, and round it were grouped orphan girls from the Orphelinat des Arts. Seats were reserved (as indicated by the notice-boards seen in the lower photograph) for Mme. Bernhardt's family, the staff of her theatre, the Paris Municipality, and delegations from Parisian and provincial theatres. Many members of the Ministry and the *élite* of the dramatic profession and other Arts were present. After the ceremony, the coffin was placed on a funeral car and borne in procession through Paris, followed by five great wagons laden with flowers, to the cemetery of Père Lachaise. There it was laid to rest in a black marble mausoleum, inscribed with one word, "Bernhardt." Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's mother also lies in the same tomb, which we illustrate on another page in this number. There was no funeral oration.

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SIX STAGES WITHIN ONE STAGE: A REVOLUTION IN

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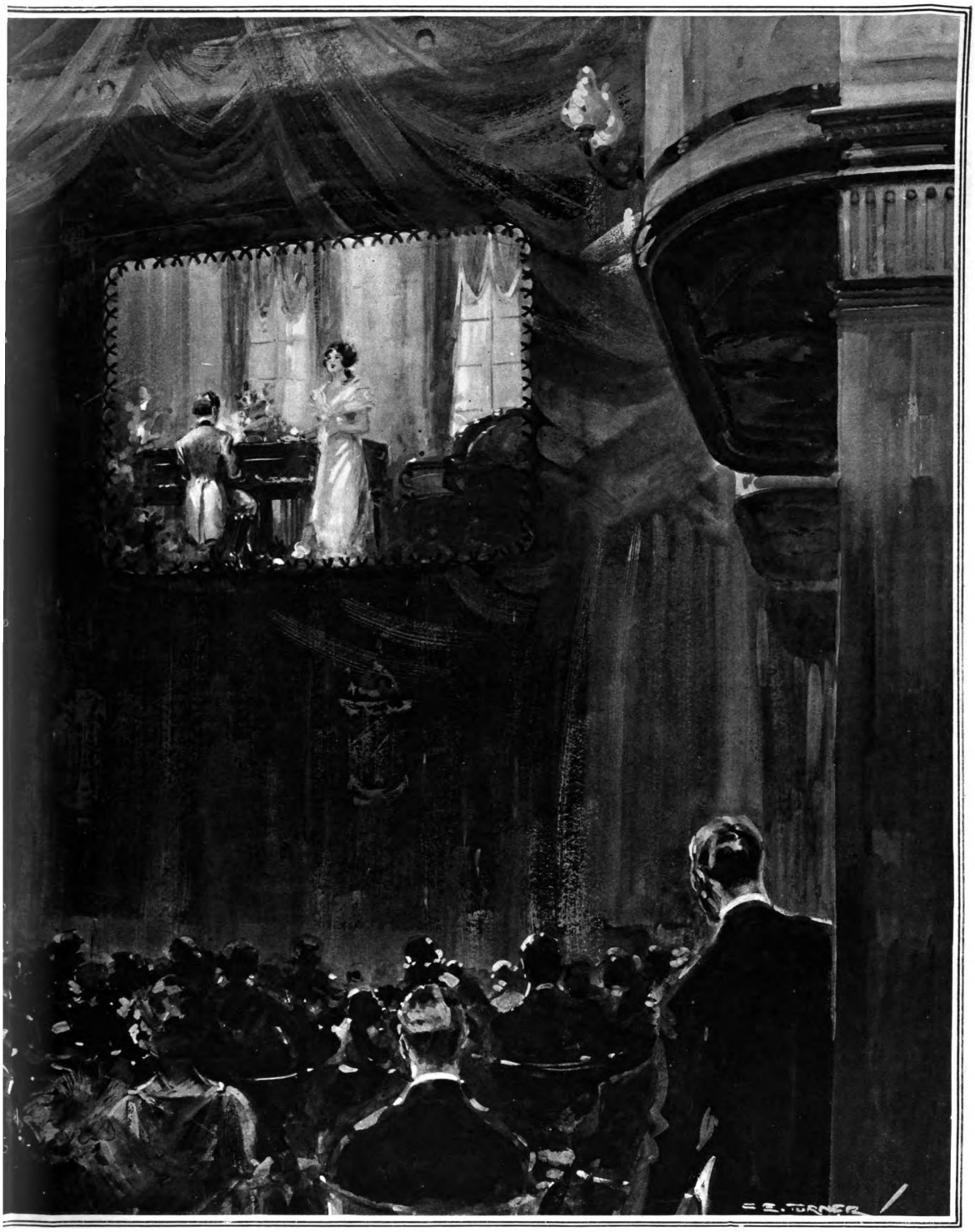


SHOWING HOW DIFFERENT SCENES ARE PLAYED (ONE AT A TIME) IN DIFFERENT A NOVELTY AT DRURY LANE

The production of "Angelo" at Drury Lane marks a revolution in stage mechanism, and in the method of presenting a play to the audience. By an elaborate system of stage machinery, the area of the curtain is divided into six separate sections, each a small, self-contained stage, with its own lighting arrangements. On these sub-stages different scenes are presented, one after another, in such rapid succession that, in "Angelo," some forty scenes, besides two intervals, are compressed into two hours and a half. While one scene is being enacted, the rest of the curtain is dead black, and the black-garbed scene-shifters elsewhere are quite invisible to the audience. Our artist has shown two scenes, in order to indicate the different levels at which they appear; but it must be emphasised that

THEATRICAL MECHANICS—"ANGELO" AT DRURY LANE.

C. E. TURNER.

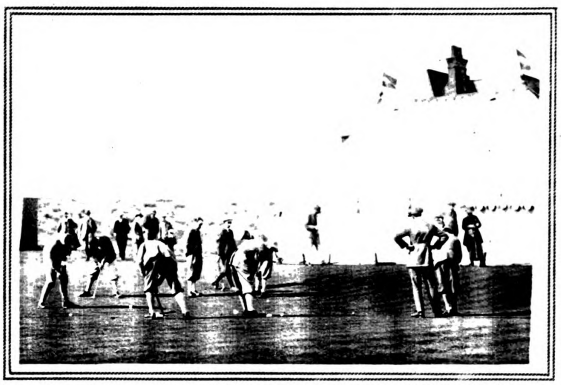


SECTIONS OF THE CURTAIN, WHILE THE REST OF IT IS "BLACKED OUT": IN THE PRODUCTION OF "ANGELO."

In the actual production only one scene appears at a time. Those given above are Pictures 2 and 3 in Scene 3 of Act I. in "Angelo." The upper one is called "Giulia's Music Room," and the lower one "Bruno's Apartment." On page 578 in this number we illustrate the stage mechanism behind the scenes as used for the previous production of the play in New York. Describing it, the "Scientific American" says: "After appropriate music reaches the proper bar, a beautiful scene is flashed upon the audience, without any previous preparation. . . . These scenes alternate with others . . . The sudden appearance of the second level rooms and those at the other side is most entrancing. . . . The actors are obliged to make quick ascents and descents."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

OXFORD'S YEAR IN SPORT: ANOTHER VICTORY—IN THE GOLF MATCH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTO. ILLUSTRATIONS CO., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND TOPICAL.



BEFORE THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE GOLF MATCH: SOME OF THE COMPETITORS PRACTISING PUTTING.



ON THE RYE COURSE DURING THE 'VARSITY GOLF MATCH: MR. A. R. NALL-CAIN (OXFORD) DRIVING AT THE 10TH TEE.



BEATEN BY OXFORD BY 3 POINTS AFTER A VERY CLOSE MATCH: THE CAMBRIDGE GOLF TEAM.



OXFORD ADDS THE GOLF MATCH TO THE BOAT RACE AND THE SPORTS: THE GOLF TEAM THAT BEAT CAMBRIDGE.



THE OXFORD PLAYER WHOSE DEFEAT OF MR. J. McGUFFIE DECIDED THE MATCH: MR. M. MACNEAL.



OXFORD'S CAPTAIN, AND THE BEST PLAYER: MR. A. L. MURRAY PUTTING ON THE 9TH GREEN.

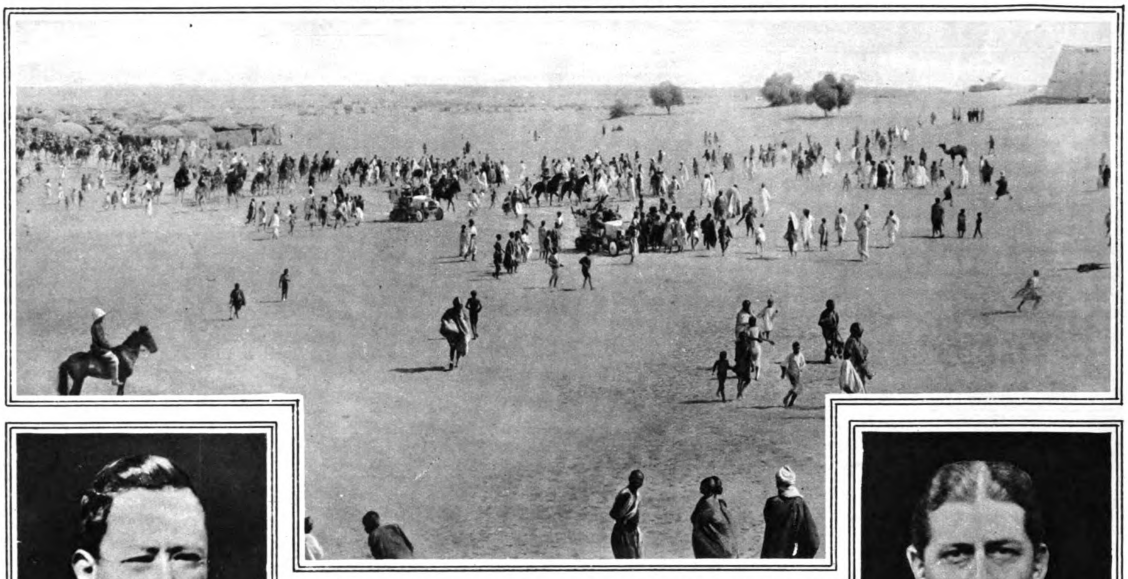


WINNER OF AN EXCITING SINGLE AGAINST MR. H. K. GOADBY: MR. L. B. WIMBLE (OXFORD) BUNKERED.

Cambridge, after losing the Boat Race and the Sports, were expected to win the Golf Match, which took place at Rye on March 27 and 28, but the prophets were mistaken and Oxford's *flair* for victory this year once more prevailed. It was, however, a very close thing, and Oxford won by only 3 points on the two days' play, a Cambridge victory being possible up to almost the last moment, until Mr. M. Macneal beat Mr. J. McGuffie in the Singles. The score was 3 to 2 in the Foursomes and 6 to 4 in the Singles. The Oxford team were—Messrs. A. L. Murray (captain—centre front row in the group), L. B. Wimble, D. R. Cox, R. H. Bettington, A. R. Nall-Cain, J. A. MacIntosh, F. M. Bacon, G. R. McCall, A. R. Hough, and M. Macneal. The photograph of the Cambridge group shows (from left to right)—Standing at the back: Messrs. Anderson, Joseph, J. McGuffie, P. Gold, E. Pulling, T. A. Bourn, A. B. Todd, and W. F. Pharazyn. Sitting: A. C. N. Gosling, E. F. Storey, H. K. Goadby, and R. W. Little. Mr. Anderson and Mr. Joseph were not members of the team.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, "CONTINENTAL DAILY MAIL" C.N., MANUEL, AND L.N.A.



A FRENCH CONQUEST OF THE SAHARA BY MOTOR-CAR: TIMBUCTOO *EN FÊTE* TO WELCOME THE CITROËN TRANS-SAHARA EXPEDITION, AFTER THEIR JOURNEY OF NEARLY 2000 MILES ACROSS THE GREAT DESERT.



KILLED WHILE MOTORING IN FRANCE: PRINCE KITASHIRAKAWA OF JAPAN.



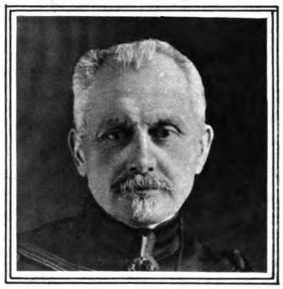
AN IRISH "INTERNATIONAL" DEAD: THE LATE MAJOR T. J. CREAN, V.C.



APPOINTED CLERK OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL: LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR MAURICE HANKEY.



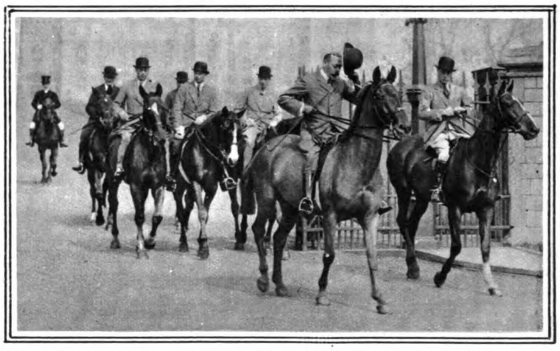
WHERE SARAH BERNHARDT WAS LAID BESIDE HER MOTHER: THE TOMB OF BLACK MARBLE IN THE CEMETERY OF PÈRE LACHAISE.



MADE A MARSHAL SINCE HIS DEATH: THE BLINDED GENERAL MAUNOURY.



WINNERS IN INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO AT LUCKNOW: THE 15TH LANCERS TEAM—(L. TO R.) MAJOR ATKINSON AND CAPTAINS WATKIS, ANDERSON, AND PERT.



A ROYAL CAVALCADE AT WINDSOR: THE KING AND THE PRINCE OF WALES FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF YORK, PRINCE HENRY, AND PRINCE GEORGE.

The expedition of Citroën caterpillar-wheeled cars entered Timbuctoo on January 7, after their adventurous journey of 1875 miles across the Sahara from Tuggurt, whence they started on December 17 last. The party arrived back in Paris on March 16. Previous photographs of their pioneer desert journey appeared in our issues of January 6, 13, and 27.——Prince Kitashirakawa, brother-in-law of the Emperor of Japan, was killed in a motor-car accident between Evreux and Lisieux on April 1. His wife (who is a daughter of the late Emperor Mutsuhito), their son, Prince Asaka, and a French lady-in-waiting were seriously injured, and the chauffeur was killed.——Sir Maurice Hankey, Secretary to the Cabinet and Committee of Imperial Defence, is to succeed Sir Almeric Fitzroy as Clerk of the Privy Council without extra salary.——The funeral of Sarah Bernhardt is illustrated on another page. A memorial service to her is to be held in Westminster Cathedral on April 10.—— Major Crean played nine times for Ireland in international Rugby football matches. He won the V.C. in the South African War.——General Maunoury commanded the French Army of the Ourcq at the Battle of the Marne. He was blinded by a bullet wound in 1915. After his death he was created a Marshal of France.——The 15th Lancers is one of the newly amalgamated cavalry regiments in India, formed from the 17th and 37th Lancers. Major Atkinson is to play polo at Hurlingham this summer.——The King and his sons went out riding in Windsor Great Park on Prince Henry's 23rd birthday, March 31.

Prayer-Wheels, Priests, and People: Lamaism.

"LANDS OF THE THUNDERBOLT." By THE EARL OF RONALDSHAY.*

LORD RONALDSHAY'S "Lands of the Thunderbolt" are Sikhim, Chumbi, and Bhutan, in the Eastern Himalayas. He calls them so in allusion to the *vajrah*, or symbol of the thunderbolt of Indra, chief emblem of that Buddhist missionary, Guru



REPUTED TO CONTAIN 4000 LB. OF ROLLS OF PAPER CLOSELY COVERED WITH THE MYSTIC UTTERANCE "OM MANI PADME, HUM": A MONSTER PRAYER-WHEEL.

Reproduced from "Lands of the Thunderbolt." By Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Constable and Co.

Padma Sambhava, who, more than any other, was responsible for the foundation of Lamaism, a paradoxical coalescence of the metaphysics of early Buddhism and the demonolatry of primitive Tibet. His choice of title was good, for, picturesquely informative as he is when recording observations of places and people, he is at his best and most illuminating when he is discussing the inwardness of beliefs and their outward and visible signs.

By way of preface, he urges the reality of Siddartha Gautama, and discredits attempts to read into Buddha's life-story an Indian version of the ubiquitous allegory of the Sun-God. It is true, he acknowledges, that much myth has been woven into the threads of the basic fabric, but that cannot alter the nature of the main warp and woof. He himself has seen "miracles" in the making. "The simplicity of the process is amazing," he writes, "and from some points of view distinctly disconcerting, for it necessarily stimulated scepticism and places a discount upon faith." In 1920 Gandhi provided numerous instances. "Here . . . was an outstanding figure making a powerful appeal to the imagination of illiterate man in the mass; and immediately stories of the miraculous, as surprising as any of those told of Gautama Buddha, were to be heard passing from mouth to mouth at the village markets. . . . In parts of Bengal he was regarded as an avatar of Vishnu. It was said that attempts by Government to imprison him had failed because before his touch locks gave way and prison gates flew open. . . . It was, further, widely believed that he had the power commonly attributed to the yogis of old of turning people to stone. In parts of Bihar and the United Provinces his photograph was worshipped regularly." He was said to have brought a dead man to life. A villager who disputed his contentions died, and a basket was placed over the body. When the police came they were told that the "thing" was untouchable. They lifted the cover and found a dead pig! A mango suddenly blossomed forth on a branch, ripened, and dropped, in answer to a prayer that such a thing might be if the doctrine of Mahatmaji were right and true! Dishes of food became platters of blood! All this in the twentieth century! Why, then, dispute that Buddha did indeed live; leave luxury and ease to walk the path of asceticism "in search of the hidden way by which man might escape from the ever-revolving cycle of birth, disease, old age, and death," and did sit and find salvation beneath the sacred Bo-Tree?

So to the less pure Buddhism, the Lamaism of Tibet.

Lord Ronaldshay was greeted where few of his race have trod. Out of the solitude came a deep, long-drawn drone. "It is the sound which would be produced by the hum of myriads of bees swarming through a forest. It is actually produced by the Tibetan *ra-dong*, an immense horn, usually from six to eight feet in length, two or more of which are part of the property of every monastery. It is the lama's welcome to the honoured guest." Impressive; and far less embarrassing than attentions at various places during the author's journeyings—village offerings, mainly joints of meat, including a somewhat gruesome *pièce de résistance* in the shape of a huge yak's head upon a charger; ceremonial scarves, usually white; and, on the way to Phari, a glucous compound served at luncheon and discovered to be shark's stomach, "whereat the Cavalry Officer's chop-sticks switched off convulsively, after the manner of magnetic needles brought suddenly into a field of violent attraction, and dived hurriedly into another bowl."

There was much to be learnt and seen on all occasions: witness some stray quotations.

Lamaism has six worlds to its wheel of life; six worlds into which the individual may be re-born. The *summum bonum* it offers is "a period of joyous existence in the world of the gods. The tortures of the damned in the world of the tantalised ghosts—a region in which the unfortunate being grows a huge body, at all times gnawed by hunger and thirst which cannot be satisfied, firstly, because of the microscopic dimensions of its mouth and throat; and, secondly, because such sustenance as is taken in by those organs is immediately transformed into knives and saws which tear the stomach, and work their way painfully outward through the tortured flesh—and in the still more terrifying hell are depicted with a wealth of realism which is sufficient to drive the people, if not to good deeds, at least to fierce and sustained activity in the mechanical accumulation of merit by means of the prayer cylinder."

The prayer-wheel, in fact, is vital to the believer.

"With an extraordinary perversity of intelligence, the noble eight-fold Path laid down by Gautama Buddha has been transformed into a single narrow track—the infinite reiteration either verbally or mechanically of the mystic incantation, 'Om mani padme, hum!'"

"In its literal meaning this sentence is a salutation to the patron deity of Tibet, Cheresi, who is popularly supposed to have been born from a lotus-flower. But it has also a mystic meaning of profound significance, for the repetition of the syllables of which it is composed bars the doors of the various worlds of existence—*om*, of the heavenly world; *ma*, of the world of spirits, *ni*, of the human world; *pad*, of the animal world; *me* of the world of tantalised ghosts; and *hum*, of the spaces of hell. Hence the fascination of the prayer cylinder for lama and layman alike. Hence the gigantic prayer barrels, often eight or nine feet in height, which are a feature of every monastery. . . . The determination to ensure the repetition to infinity of this amazing formula obsesses the minds of an entire people. I have seen a prayer cylinder which was reputed to contain rolls of paper closely covered with the mystic utterance, weighing 4000 pounds. No one had ever counted the number of times the sentence was actually inscribed on this vast volume of material, but when it is remembered that a single complete revolution of the cylinder, indicated mechanically by the stroke of a bell, is equivalent to the repetition of the prayer the number of times it is actually inscribed in it; that a devotee turning it produces a complete revolution about once a second, and that the work of turning it proceeds hour after hour, it may be conceded that the number of prayers emitted by such a machine alone, in the course of a single day, is altogether beyond computation. . . . In the Chumbi Valley in Tibet, and again at Yuk-sam, the last inhabited spot on the slopes of Kanchenjunga, and on the steep mountain-side above Dentam in Sikhim, I have seen prayer cylinders fitted with water wheels, and revolved without intermission by the water of unconscious but efficacious mountain streams."

Then there was the service at Tashiding, a memory of wicks burning in bowls of ghee; flowers; crimson robes; a calling to the deities by cymbals, horns, conches and drums; the rhythmic intoning of prayers; the presentation of a scarf held up to the golden Buddha for blessing, and its placing upon the shoulders; a final clash of sound.

And the excavations on the site of Nalanda, the great Buddhist university of some 10,000 inmates; probably founded at about the middle of the fifth century. "To gain admission a man must have studied deeply books both old and new; and the tests imposed were so severe that though learned men flocked to its doors from different cities, those who failed, compared with those who succeeded, were 'as seven or eight to ten.'"

At the head of the Chumbi Valley, further, a monastery of the Yellow Cap sect, an institution famous for its oracle—"In the centre [of a hall], in place of an altar there stood a high and gaudily decorated throne . . . upon the throne was the oracle, robed in gorgeous raiment of brightly flowered silk, while upon his brow rested a fantastic head-dress trimmed with a chaplet of grinning skulls." In due time the spirit entered the oracle's body, and the man was shaken from head to foot. ". . . His face assumed a contorted expression, and he soon began gasping horribly, while he choked out in painful spasms a succession of guttural noises. A lama specially trained for the purpose, wrote rapidly as the tormented being jerked out these strange and scarcely articulate utterances . . then his whole frame wilted, and he fell back limp and motionless as a corpse, propped hideously against the back of his throne." Epilepsy, auto-suggestion, acting, which? The oracle himself claimed that he fell into a trance.

Curious in another way were the more or less familiar lama dances "which play so striking a part in the ceremonial of this strange religion and which, in addition to reproducing in impressive pantomime the legends of the church, aim also, by familiarising the laity with the terrifying appearance of the denizens of the unseen world, at preparing them to meet with fortitude the adventures which await them during that period, presumably, which is dealt with in the Pardo Todol." Hence mummers as skeleton cemetery-ghouls; stag-headed dragons; vampires; "mild deities"; monsters part animal part human—



WITH CHAPLET OF LITTLE SKULLS; SWORD; AND "URIM AND THUMMIM" BREASTPLATE: A LAMA ORACLE.

Reproduced from "Lands of the Thunderbolt." By Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Constable and Co.

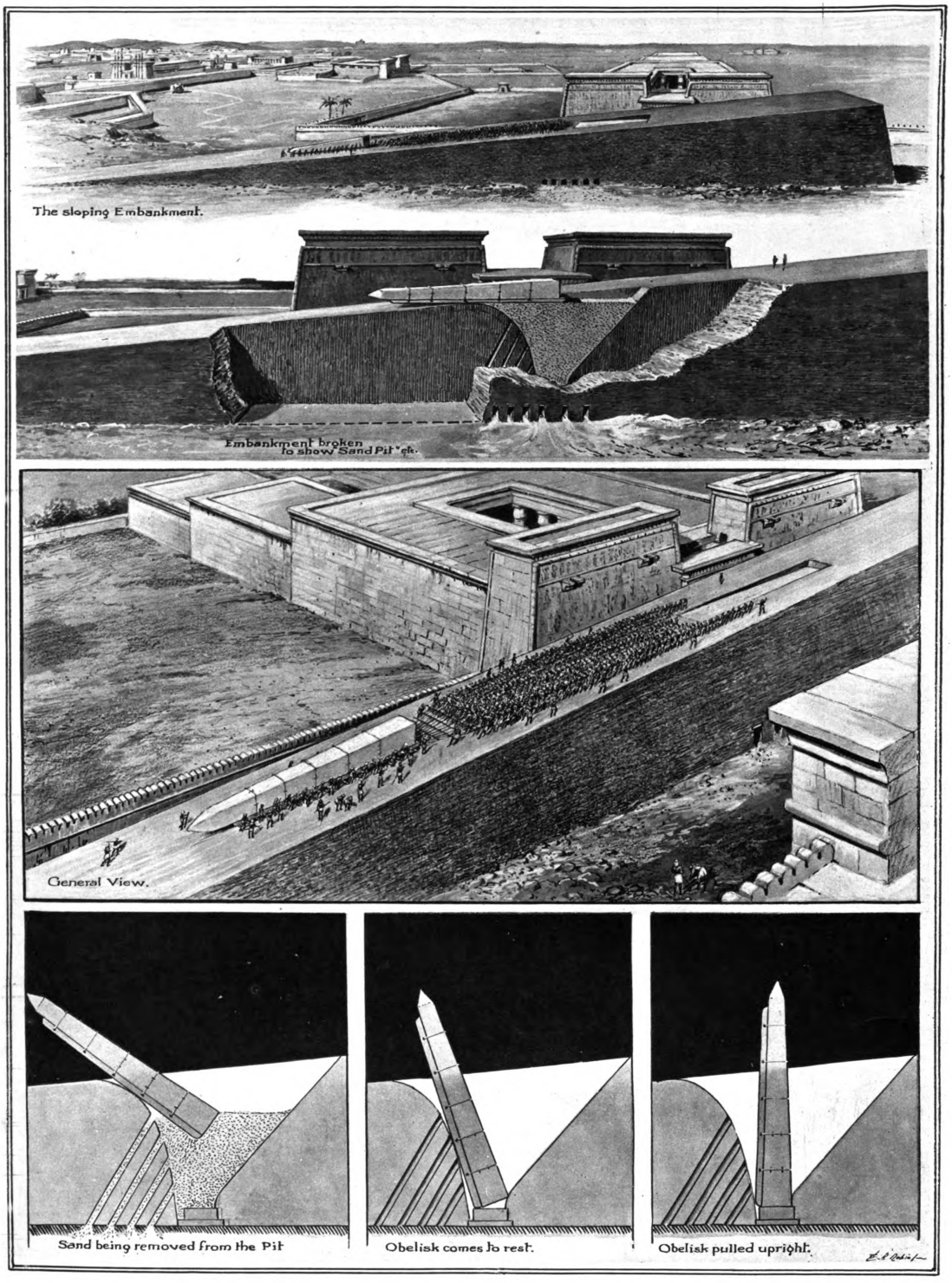
biped deer, monkeys, elephants, hawks, and parrots; with a medley of "unknowns."

Verily, Lord Ronaldshay is to be envied his wanderings, and it is excellent for the less fortunate that he should have set them on record so admirably and so entertainingly. His book, although complete in itself, was conceived as part of a larger whole. The companion volumes cannot be better than their forerunner; and, assuredly, that forerunner heralds something to anticipate with eager pleasure.—E. H. G.

* "Lands of the Thunderbolt: Sikhim, Chumbi and Bhutan." By the Earl of Ronaldshay, P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.; Hon. D.Litt., Calcutta; Hon. D.L., Dacca; President of the Royal Geographical Society; Author of "Sport and Politics under an Eastern Sky," "A Wandering Student in the Far East," etc. Illustrated. (Constable and Co., 16s. net).

HOW TUTANKHAMEN'S PEOPLE RAISED HUGE OBELISKS: A PROBLEM.

DRAWINGS BY W. B. ROBINSON.



OBELISK-RAISING EXPLAINED: LET DOWN INTO A SAND-PIT, GRADUALLY EMPTIED, IN A SLOPING RAMP.

The question of the mechanical means by which the ancient Egyptians set up their huge obelisks, often in a court shorter than the obelisk itself, has long been a mystery. Cleopatra's Needle is 68½ feet high, 8 feet wide at base, and weighs 180 tons. An Egyptian obelisk now at St. John Lateran in Rome is 105 feet high, 9 feet wide at base, and weighs 450 tons. Still more enormous is the obelisk, never raised, which was recently unearthed lying horizontally in a granite bed at Assouan (illustrated in our issue of January 13 last). It is 133 feet long and 14 feet wide at base. Its weight is estimated at 1168 tons. The Chief Inspector of Antiquities in Upper Egypt, Mr. R. Engelbach, suggests the above solution of the obelisk-raising problem, based on references in Egyptian papyri to a sloping brick embankment (or ramp) 400 yards long by 35 yards high, and the use of sand in making it; also to the known use of levers and rollers, ropes, and the employment of thousands of slaves. The obelisk was not raised, but lowered into a funnel-shaped sand-pit dug in the ramp over the spot where it was to stand. It was hauled up the ramp on rollers until its base lay over the sand-pit. The sand was then gradually withdrawn through channels below, and as it ran out the obelisk sank into the requisite vertical position.—[*Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



HUMMING-BIRDS.

By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen.

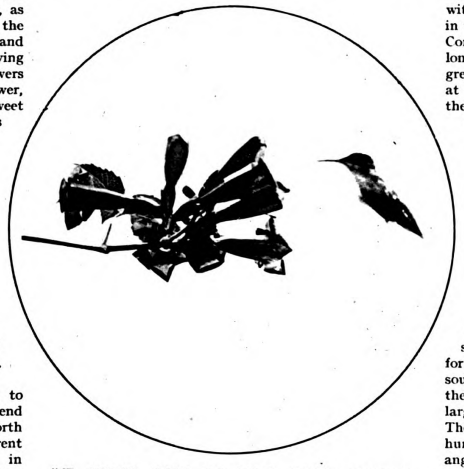
IT is difficult to avoid extravagance in writing about humming-birds. The colours are so brilliantly beautiful that Audubon called the humming-bird a "glittering fragment of the rainbow," and Buffon wrote that "the emerald, the ruby, and the topaz glitter in its garb." The movements are so graceful and aerial, as it hovers with humming wings, or flits from flower to flower like a butterfly. Not only "living gems," as Gould, their monographer, called them, but "dancing gems." Then there is the exuberant individuality; for is there any group of birds with more species—a fact which is an index of success? And the number of individuals is also, in many cases, enormous, just as if they were insects! Another attraction is in their dainty feeding, for, as one of the earliest observers wrote in 1671 of the Ruby-throated: "'Tis an exceeding little bird, and only seen in summer, and mostly in gardens, flying from flower to flower, sucking honey out of the flowers as a bee doth; as it flieth, not lighting on the flower, but hovering over it, sucking with long bill a sweet substance." As a matter of fact, humming-birds feed on insects as well as on honey, and in some cases they are mainly insectivorous. But they always feed daintily. There is a fascination, too, in their minuteness, for the total length of the smallest is 2¼ in., which is much less than the bulk of the head of the largest, the Giant Hummer of the Andes, which equals a good-sized swift. As one looks at a dwarf humming-bird, one cannot help wondering if it really contains the counterparts of all the organs in our body. The Vervain Humming-Bird of Jamaica is about 2½ in. in total length; its nest is three-quarters of an inch in diameter; the eggs are 0.28 of an inch in length, and 0.20 of an inch in width—*maxime miranda in minimis.*

Homes of Hummers. Humming-birds are confined to the New World, where they extend from Patagonia to 61 deg. North Latitude in the United States. Over 500 different kinds are known. They are most successful in mountainous countries, and their centre of distribution is among the Northern Andes. There is a peculiar group of Hermit Hummers, which are characteristic of Brazil. Of these, Dr. Robert Ridgway writes in his masterly memoir on humming-birds: "They are all very plainly coloured birds, with little metallic colouring, sometimes none, and instead of living in the sunshine and feeding among the flowers, they inhabit the gloomy forests and subsist wholly on insects gleaned from the branches and leaves of trees."

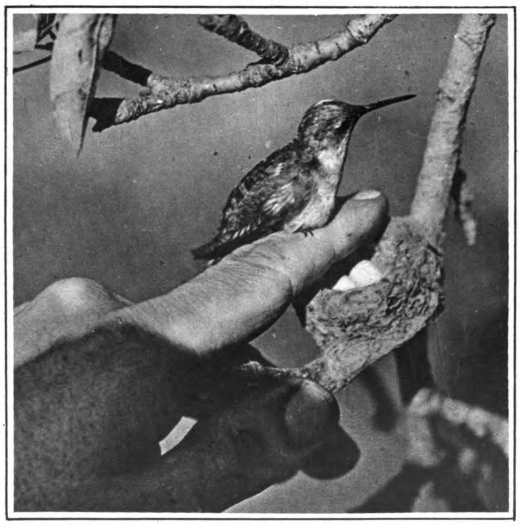
In Temperate countries, humming-birds are migratory. Thus, the Ruby-throated has its summer home in eastern North America, while in winter it goes as far south as the Isthmus of Panama. It, and some others, may have a migratory range of over two thousand miles. Dr. Ridgway notes that: "It is only in the warm valleys of California and in Southern Florida that any species of humming-bird regularly passes the winter within the borders of the United States." He also calls attention to their remarkable *vertical* range: thus, he saw one in the doorway of a ranch in Ruby Valley, Nevada, at an altitude of 6000-7000 feet, and another of the same kind on the same day, nearly 6000 feet higher on the summit of the East Humboldt Mountains.

Flight of the Humming-Bird. An ordinary bird in everyday flight rows on the air with its wings, but a humming-bird has, as it were, revived the insect's method of flight—by extremely rapid vibration of the wings. This is associated with the unique structure of the wing, for the upper-arm and fore-arm bones are relatively very short, the primary pinions (ten in number) are relatively very long, and supported on long hand-bones, whereas the secondary pinions (six in number) are much abbreviated. But these secondaries, borne by the fore-arm, count for most in the flight of ordinary birds. Thus the humming-bird comes to be a very rapid *flutterer*. It flits from flower to flower; it hovers with its body almost vertical while it thrusts its tongue into a blossom; it buzzes like a bee among the flowers near the ground; it suddenly shoots up in the air and over a tree-top. But there is no vigorous striking of the air, as in ordinary birds; what is seen is an extremely rapid vibration. In proportion to the humming-bird's size the muscles of flight are magnificently developed, and the keel of the breast-bone to which they are attached is relatively stronger than an eagle's.

The rate of a humming-bird's flight is probably less than it seems; what is remarkable is the number of wing-strokes per minute. Dr. Lucas estimates the number at about 500, whereas the gannet, or solan goose, a bird with slow strokes, but not of slow flight, has about 150 per minute. Five hundred strokes of the wings in one minute must imply a prodigious expenditure of energy, and it is not surprising to find that the humming-bird has a very strong heart. It is not for nothing that humming birds are related to swifts! Their flight lacks momentum, and they may be caught by a cobweb! They cannot run on the ground; they keep to trees and to the air.



"IT HOVERS WITH ITS BODY ALMOST VERTICAL, WHILE IT THRUSTS ITS TONGUE INTO A BLOSSOM": A MOTHER HUMMING-BIRD WHO HAD LEFT HER NEST TO SEEK FOOD AMONG THE TRUMPET-CREEPERS IN A PROFESSOR'S GARDEN.



"A CHARMING CONFIDENCE IN THE HUMAN SPECIES": A HUMMING-BIRD SETTLED ON PROFESSOR ALLEN'S FINGER, PLACED OVER HER NEST WITH ITS TWO EGGS.

The two photographs on this page accompanied an article, in "Scribner's Magazine," by Professor Arthur Allen, of Cornell University, describing a humming-bird that built her nest in his garden. Several of the photographs were reproduced in our issues of February 18 and April 15, 1922.—[*Photographs by Courtesy of Professor Arthur A. Allen, Assistant Professor of Ornithology at Cornell University, U.S.A.*]

The Humming-Bird's Tongue. The bill of the humming-bird is typically slender and elongated. In one case it is four-and-a-half inches long, exceeding the length of the whole bird. In most species it is approximately straight, but in some it is bent downwards, and in the Avocet humming-bird it is bent upwards—these strange deformations being apparently adapted for dealing with flowers with curved corollas. The lower jaw fits into a groove in the upper jaw, so that the closed bill is like a tube. Corresponding to the typical bill is the extremely long tongue, which can be whipped out and in with great rapidity. It is tubular at its base, but divides, at about half its length, into two free tips. Each of these is a sort of half-tube or gutter, and also bears an up-curled membranous fringe somewhat frayed towards the end. The whole apparatus seems to be suited both for nectar-sipping and entangling small insects that frequent the flowers. Some humming-birds pollinate flowers. Many destroy unwelcome floral visitors.

The Inner Life. Humming-birds are very successful in the struggle for existence, and this is reflected in certain characteristics of their behaviour. They are very inquisitive, and they often fly close to the observer's face as if to take a good look at him. They show a "charming confidence in the human species," and may be readily taught to come for honey. The males are very pugnacious—big souls in little bodies—and they not only fight with their kin at the breeding season, they drive off much larger birds that intrude into the vicinity of the nest. There is a good deal of twittering conversation among humming-birds—expressing fondness, good-humour, anger, and alarm, but "it is doubtful if any approach more nearly to a song than a sort of warbling twitter, which the males of many species produce during the pairing season." The "humming" is, of course, due to the rapid vibrations of the wings. Of their intelligence little is known except in connection with nest-making, but there it seems certain. For they sometimes depart from what may be called the instinctive routine—*e.g.*, using a stone or piece of earth to weight one side of a hanging nest that threatens to turn turtle.

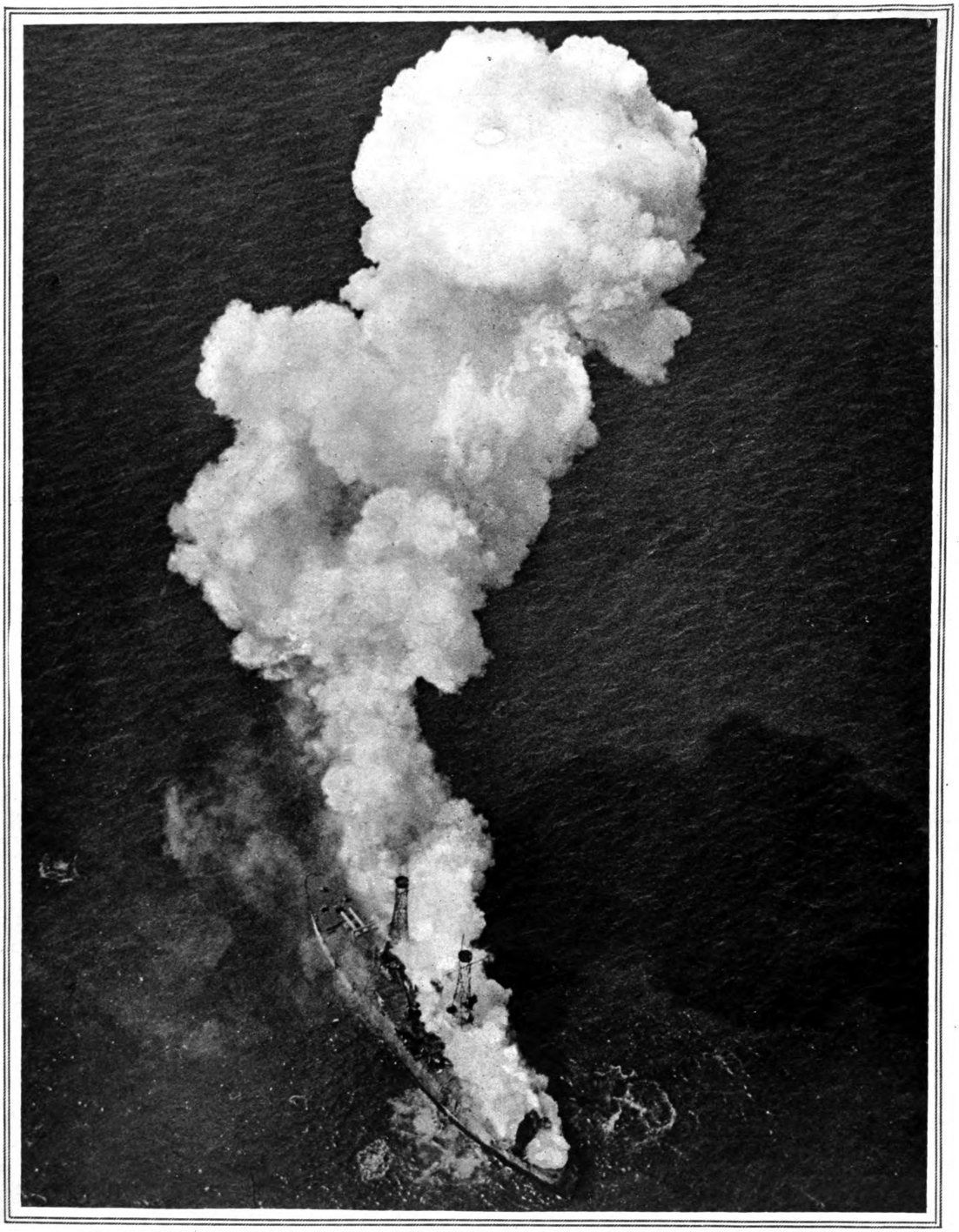
Hummers' Nests. Whatever may be the mental aspect of nest-building—a mingling of instinct and intelligence, we think—the humming-birds' nests certainly show exquisite architecture. Many about the size of an egg-cup, some not much bigger than the end of a driving-glove thumb. They are carefully felted structures in which fairies would love to slumber, for the materials are so delicate, the cottony down of plants interlaced with gossamer, and compacted outside with pieces of lichen and leaf. Most are like cups, some are like turbans; most are saddled on twigs, some are hung on the ends of long pointed leaves—more or less out of the reach of monkeys; and some that resemble hammocks are swung on to the face of cliffs by means of spiders' webs!

The nests are so well camouflaged that they are rarely detected except by accident, or when the bird is seen flying off. There are always two eggs, nearly dead white, and somewhat oblong. They look like little peas, but it must be noted that they are large for the size of the bird. They require twelve to eighteen days' incubation, and there are usually two broods in the season.

The pigmy humming-birds — some hardly bigger than humble-bees — have found a large niche for themselves in the crowded world; they have few enemies; they find their food easily; their nests are not readily detected. For these and other reasons they are probably relieved from very stringent natural selection, and this relative freedom has allowed them to blossom out exuberantly like the flowers they visit.

BOMB-DROPPING FOR COAST DEFENCE: A VITAL FORCE FOR BRITAIN.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. NAVY. BY COURTESY OF "L'AERONAUTIQUE."

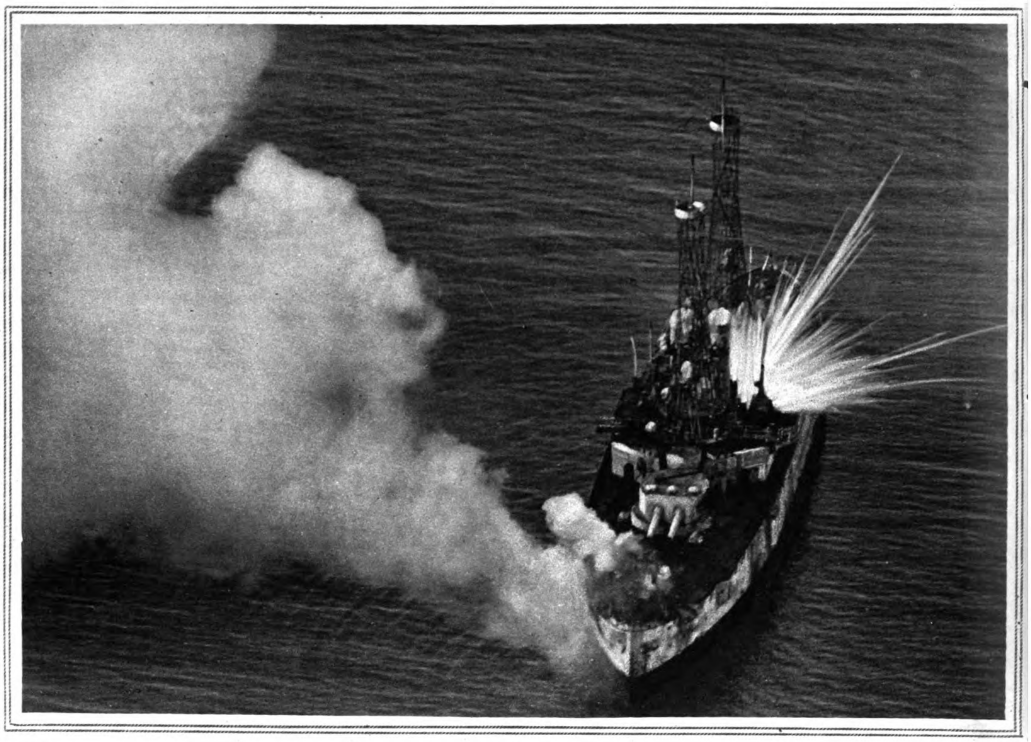


THE ONLY EFFECTIVE COAST DEFENCE UNDER MODERN CONDITIONS: BOMBING ENEMY FLEETS AT SEA—AMERICAN AIR FORCE DEMONSTRATIONS WITH A SCRAPPED SHIP—A DIRECT HIT ON THE "ALABAMA."

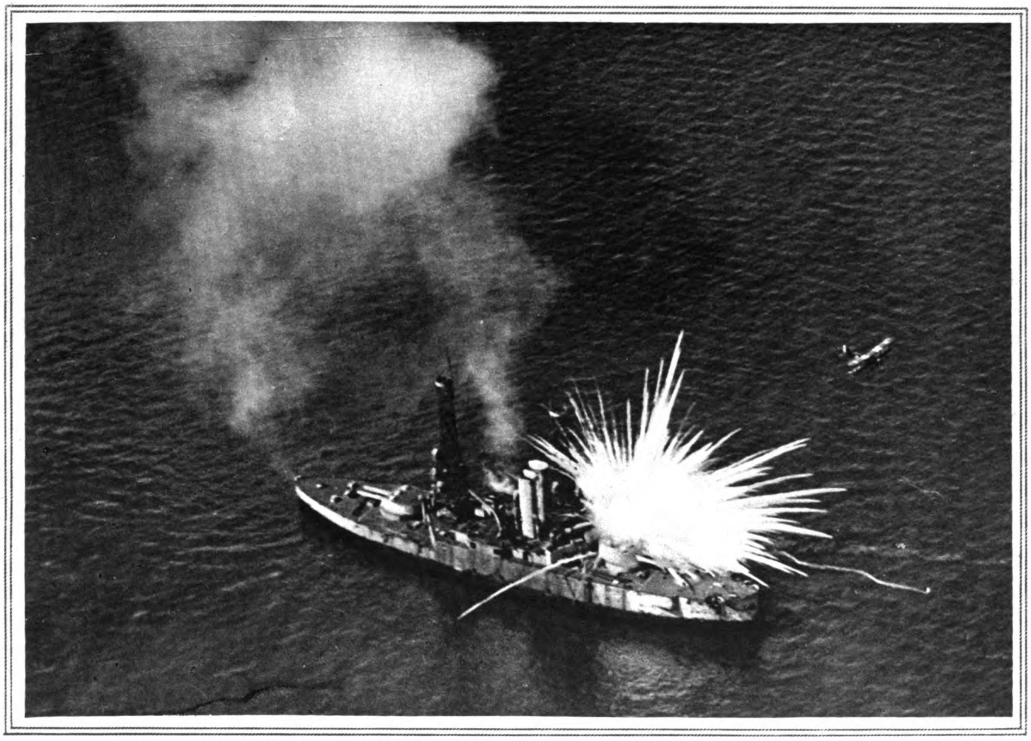
The question of home defence by aircraft is one of vital importance for this country, and the present relative weakness of the British Air Force has given rise to considerable anxiety, which, as mentioned on our double-page illustrating the same subject as this one, was recently expressed by Lord Birkenhead in the House of Lords. The American Naval and Air authorities recently carried out some remarkably interesting demonstrations of bomb-dropping by aircraft on a number of "scrapped" war-ships of various types, showing how coasts may be defended in future by air attack on enemy naval forces far out at sea. "These demonstrations," says a French writer in "Lectures Pour Tous," "greatly impressed all observers, and have led both British and Americans to study a new form of coast defence, in which land artillery will play but a secondary part. For this coast defence is conducted, not, as for the last ten years, from the coast or immediately in front of it, but, on the contrary, far away from the coast, and even beyond the horizon."

BRITAIN'S FUTURE FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE—AIRCRAFT

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS U.S. NAVY



EXPLODING IN A GREAT BALL OF FIRE BEHIND THE AFTER-TURRET: THE EFFECT OF A LARGE PHOSPHORUS BOMB DROPPED BY AN AEROPLANE ON THE OLD U.S.S. BATTLESHIP "ALABAMA."

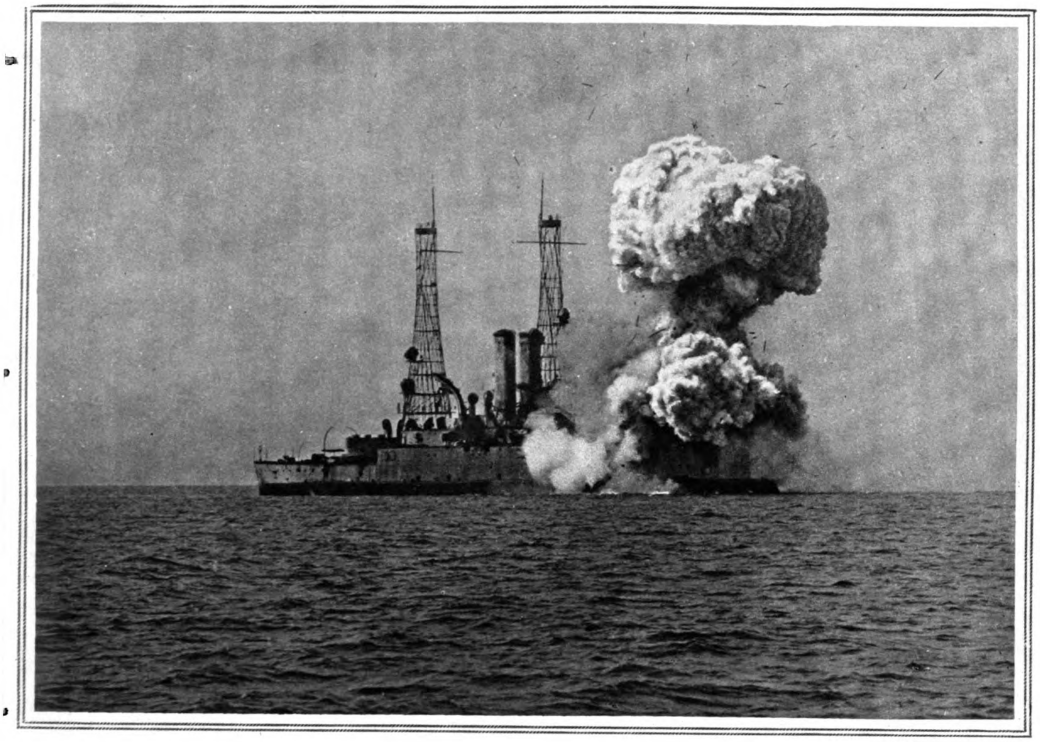


SHOWING A BOMB-DROPPING AEROPLANE IN THE AIR TO THE RIGHT OF THE SHIP: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE EXPLOSION OF A PHOSPHORUS BOMB ON THE OLD U.S.S. BATTLESHIP "ALABAMA."

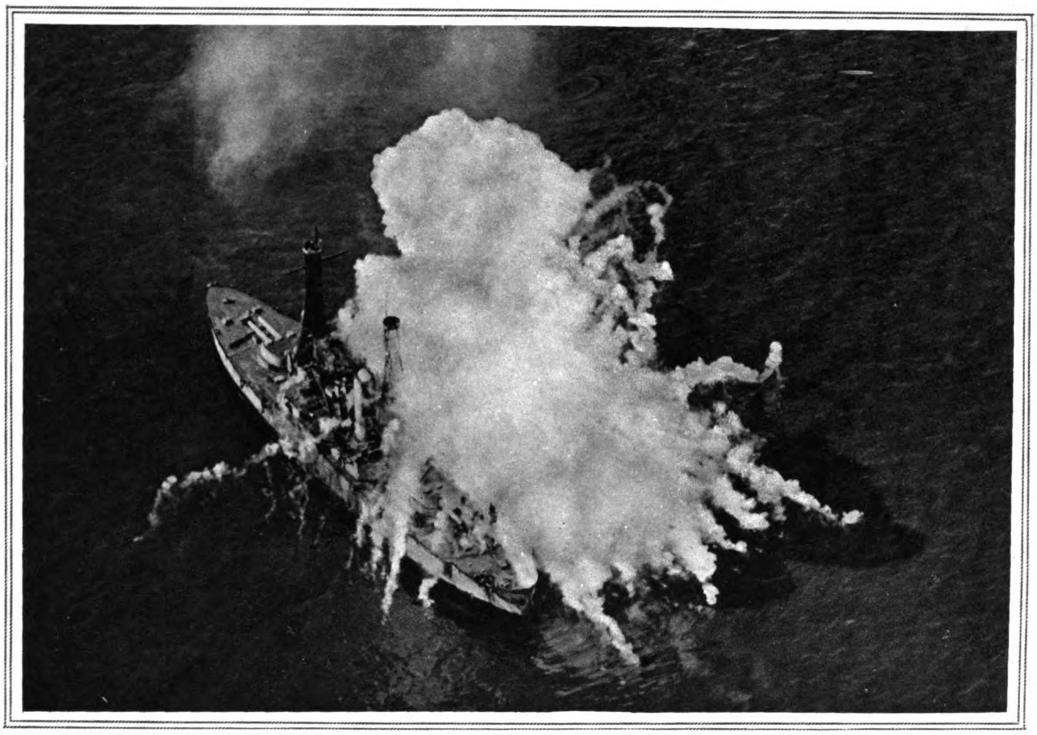
The relative weakness of our air forces, in comparison especially with those of France, has been much discussed in Parliament. In the House of Lords recently Lord Birkenhead pointed out that France possessed 1260 service aeroplanes against our 371, and that, whereas we had only 5 squadrons for home defence, France had 64. Further, while we built no more than 200 aeroplanes last year, France built 3300. He urged that we must depend on the Air Force for home defence more and more; and, just as in the days when the Navy was our first line of defence we did not allow any other country to obtain Naval superiority, so now we ought to have a similar guarantee of safety in the air. No one, he said, took offence because the French were building this great air armament. There was also the contingency of a future Russo-German combination in the air. Replying for the Air Ministry, the Duke of Sutherland said that the question

AN OBJECT-LESSON—U.S. BOMBING DEMONSTRATIONS.

By Courtesy of "L'Aeronautique."



SHATTERING THE FORWARD TURRET OF THE U.S.S. "ALABAMA": THE EXPLOSION OF A 4000-LB. DEMOLITION BOMB DROPPED BY AN AEROPLANE, WITH A HUGE CLOUD OF SMOKE.

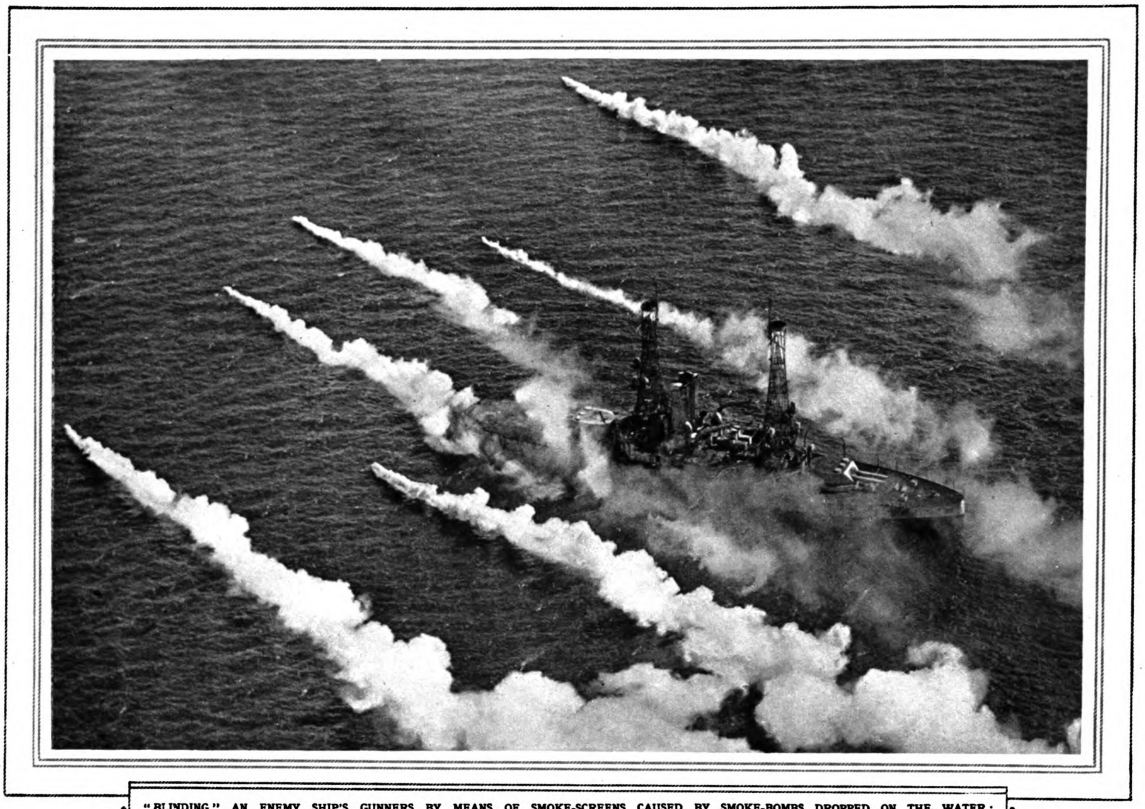


ENVELOPING THE SHIP IN A HUGE CLOUD OF CHOKING FUMES THAT PENETRATE THE SMALLEST APERTURE: AFTER-EFFECTS OF AN AIR-BOMB DROPPED ON THE "ALABAMA."

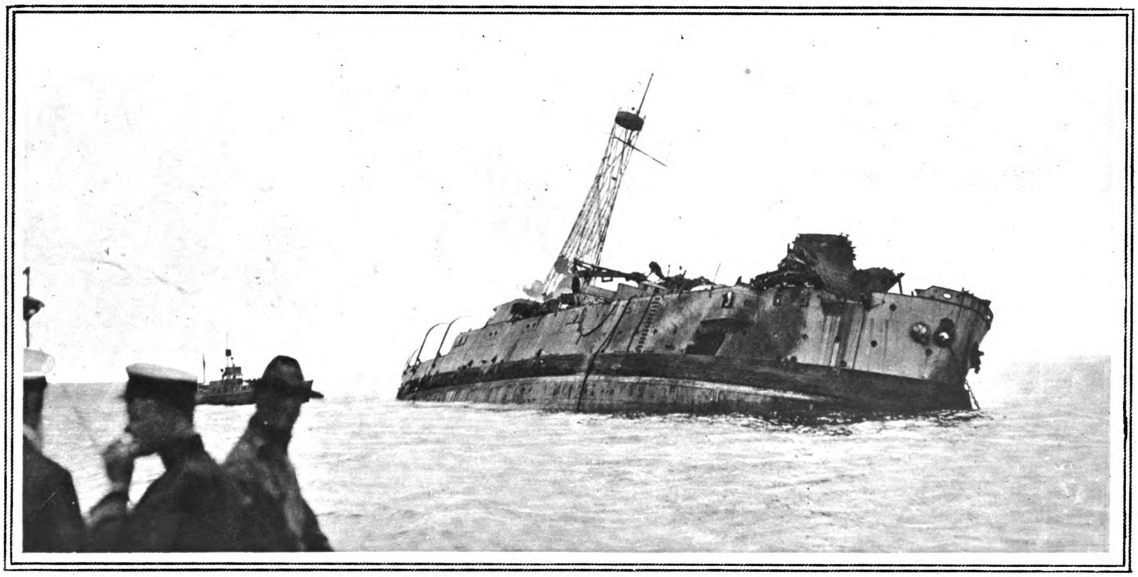
was being considered by the Committee of Imperial Defence, and that "it was quite possible that a larger Air Force would be raised." To equalise our air strength with that of France would mean an immediate addition of £5,000,000 to the Estimates and an ultimate increase of £17,000,000. He pointed out that the present number of squadrons for home defence was not five, but ten (including those attached to the Navy and Army), and that there would be fourteen when those at the Dardanelles returned. The above photographs of American Naval aircraft demonstrations, also illustrated on other pages, show the uses of bomb-dropping aeroplanes for coast defence, and their destructive effect on an enemy fleet. Besides the defence of the coast, an adequate air force is now a necessity for any country as a protection against possible air raids on its inland towns.

COAST-DEFENCE BY AIRCRAFT: SMOKE-SCREEN BOMBS; SHIP-SINKING.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS U.S. NAVY. BY COURTESY OF "L'AERONAUTIQUE."



"BLINDING" AN ENEMY SHIP'S GUNNERS BY MEANS OF SMOKE-SCREENS CAUSED BY SMOKE-BOMBS DROPPED ON THE WATER: CLOUDS OF SMOKE CARRIED BY THE WIND CONCEAL THE ATTACKING AIRCRAFT.

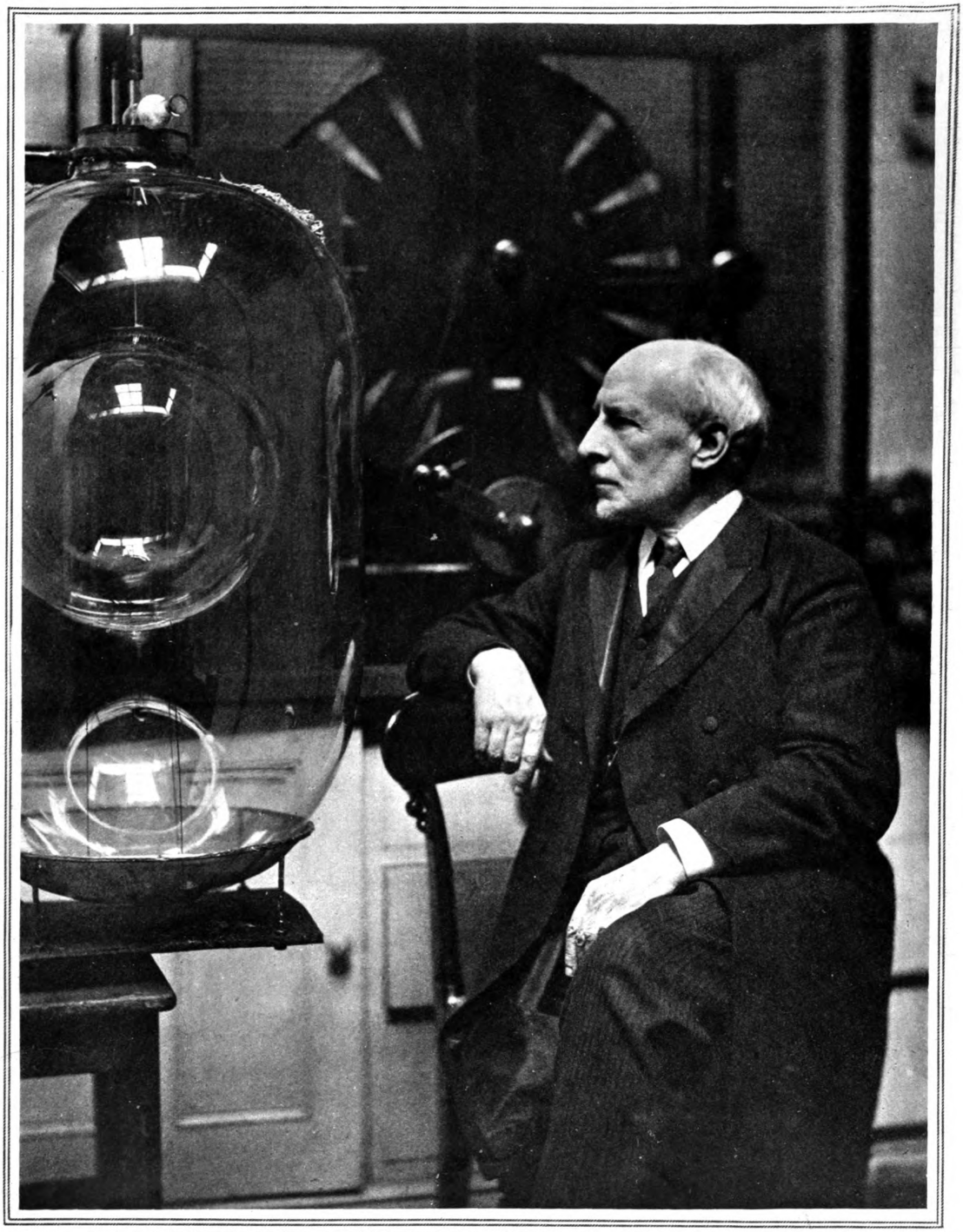


AMERICAN AIR FORCE DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE NEW METHOD OF COAST DEFENCE BY BOMBING ENEMY FLEETS AT SEA: A STAGE IN THE SINKING OF THE U.S.S. "ALABAMA"—THE DOOMED SHIP HEELING OVER.

These photographs are of great interest in connection with the question of home defence by aircraft, which has been much discussed of late in Parliament, as mentioned on our double-page dealing with the same subject. Describing American experiments in the bombing of scrapped war-ships by aircraft, a French writer in "Lectures Pour Tous," says: "The battle-cruiser 'Alabama' was destroyed in a final attack by seven aeroplanes working together. A 2000-lb. bomb shattered the superstructure and caused the ship to heel over on her side. Four bombs of 1000 lb. and 2000 lb., arriving together, forced her down 20 or 30 ft. into the water, and a final bomb sent her to the bottom." The upper illustration is described as follows: "The American Naval Air Force is not content merely with destructive bombs, but uses also a special type of smoke-bombs which need not touch the ship. The photograph was taken after three machines had dropped twelve bombs which, striking the water, exploded together. Drifted along by the wind, the smoke enveloped the ship in clouds, through which the 'blinded' gunners on board would not have been able to see their assailants in the air, while the ship would remain a visible target to the bomb-droppers."

A LOSS TO SCIENCE: A BRITISH CHEMIST OF WORLD-WIDE FAME.

PHOTOGRAPH BY OLIVE EDIS, F.R.P.S.



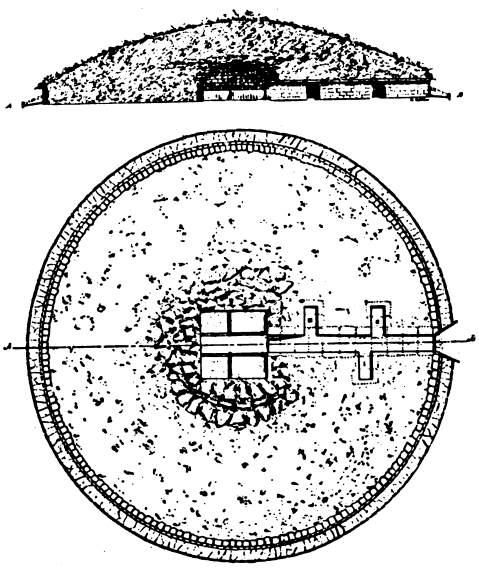
FAMOUS FOR HIS WORK ON THE LIQUEFACTION OF GASES: THE LATE SIR JAMES DEWAR, F.R.S., THE GREAT EXPERIMENTAL CHEMIST, INVENTOR OF CORDITE AND THE THERMOS FLASK.

Sir James Dewar, who died at the Royal Institution on March 27, in his eighty-first year, had a world-wide reputation among scientists. He was chiefly famous for his work on the liquefaction of permanent gases, which, as refrigerating agents, have provided science with a powerful means of physical research. He obtained oxygen in a liquid state some forty years ago, and he was able to make liquid air in considerable quantities. In order to preserve it by preventing the influx of heat, he invented in 1892 the Dewar vacuum bulbs or containers, the principle of which was turned to everyday uses in the familiar Thermos flask. In 1898 he succeeded in liquefying hydrogen. Sir James Dewar was born at Kincardine-on-Forth in 1842, and studied at Edinburgh University. In 1875 he became Professor of Natural Experimental Philosophy at Cambridge, and two years later Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution. These two posts he held until his death, and it was at the Royal Institution that his subsequent researches were carried out, and his Friday evening lectures proved so great an attraction. In 1888, as a member of the Committee on Explosives, appointed to select a smokeless powder for the British forces, he invented cordite in conjunction with Sir Frederick Abel. During the Great War he did valuable work in minimising the effects of German poison gas. He was knighted in 1904, and during his career he received numerous scientific honours, both British and foreign.

Populonia, a Mysterious City of the Etruscans.

By HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR.

ABOUT the eighth century B.C. a wonderful race of people settled in Central Italy. Nobody really knows the exact origin of those people; nobody knows for certain whether they arrived there by sea, or overland, crossing the Alps. One fact only is certain.



"A PERFECT AND COMPLETE TYPE OF A VAULTED CHAMBER TOMB WITH CYLINDRICAL DRUM": A PLAN AND SECTION OF THE ETRUSCAN TOMB NO. 2, AT SAN CERBONE.

With a civilisation infinitely superior to that of the aboriginal Italic people, those strangers had become in the sixth and fifth centuries B.C. the predominant race in Italy. Those wonderful people were the Etruscans, the *Tyrseni*, *Tursha*, or *Turska* of the ancient Greeks and Egyptians, by some believed to have been formidable pirates. It seems probable that they originally came from Asia Minor, and that they came to Italy in clans, conquering by means of their superior weapons the indigenous races.

Of all the Etruscan cities perhaps the one most enveloped in mystery was Populonia, situated on the summit of a headland some 590 feet high overlooking the blue Mediterranean Sea, at the northern entrance of the channel of Elba.

It would appear that the Etruscans had established at Populonia an important industrial and trading centre in order to carry on brisk commercial relations with Greece and Asia Minor, and also to control and possibly have the sole monopoly of the mineral wealth of the neighbouring Island of Elba.

The name Populonia is undoubtedly of Etruscan origin. On fragments of pottery and on coins of the fourth and third centuries B.C. the name *Puplսna*, or abbreviated into *Pupl*, is frequently found. Some maintain that in a more ancient form it was *Fufluna*, from *Fufluns*, "the Etruscan god of the vineyards," a kind of Bacchus.

I visited the place in the company of Professor A. Minto, one of Italy's greatest authorities on Estruscan matters, who has of late years been entrusted by the Italian Government with the excavations of the tombs in the locality of Populonia. The first researches and excavations, which gave meagre results, had been made so far back as 1840 by Alexandre François and by Count Giovanni Desideri to the north-east and south of the present Castle of Populonia. Subsequently, in 1850, François and Noël des Vergers continued the work. It was, however, Isidoro Falchi who first surmised that a vast necropolis might be found along the bay of Baratti—the actual port for Populonia. In 1908 Angelo Pasqui discovered in the zone of San Cerbone the first tombs belonging to the Villanuovan period. In 1914 the extent of the archaic necropolis was ascertained. The necropolis was divided into two distinct sections. One in the zone of San Cerbone close to Baratti; the other to the north, on the slopes of Poggio delle Granate.

The oldest tombs were discovered in the zone of San Cerbone. They consisted of tombs for cremated and for inhumated remains, all mixed together. In them were collected articles which proved them to be of the early Villanuovan period. In the latter tombs the skeletons were laid flat on the floor of the tombs, and generally rested with the heads toward the east. Unfortunately, most of the tombs had been badly disturbed by the superposition of a later necropolis.

It is not possible to examine here the many tombs of minor importance which were discovered in the zone of S. Cerbone, and in which were found valuable silver, bronze, amber, vitrous and bone articles, as well as fragments of yellow earthenware painted red. A charming *aryballos* was unearthed with a spirited representation of two fighting cocks and a snake. Another was adorned with figures of ducks. Others in brown earthenware with a marvellous polished surface were merely decorated with lines and impressions of finger-nails.

Amazing to a degree for their grandeur were the chamber tombs on the San Cerbone farm. Tomb No. 1 was discovered by Falchi in 1897, explored by Pasqui in 1908, and eventually completely studied by Minto in 1920. It offered a good example of the perfection of structure characteristic of Etruscan chamber tombs. In the centre of a drum-like cylindrical stone wall was the sepulchral chamber with its cupola, originally entirely covered by a conical-shaped earthen tumulus. The cylindrical drum measured 18 metres in diameter (about 60 feet.) The outside face of the cylinder was constructed of big cut stones of various sizes, well squared and united firmly by means of indentations. All around the periphery of the drum was a paved way, 1·57 metres wide, slightly inclined outwards and with an outer raised ledge of vertical slabs.

The drum itself was 1.20 metres high, and was crowned by a *grundarium* of slabs slightly inclined downward, and projecting about 0.50 cm.

The *dromos* or passage leading into the burial-chamber was walled with well-cut stone. The flat ceiling was formed of slabs. At the sides of the *dromos*, near the entrance, were two square cells, where the funeral offerings were deposited.

On each side of the sepulchral chamber were the various *loculi*, or berths, for the dead. These berths or funeral beds had stone partitions with graceful terminal columns.

They were not all of the same dimensions, those nearer the entrance being much shorter, while others were broader. Professor Minto thought that the latter may have served for two people. In days gone by, that tomb had been entirely covered over—after having been duly pillaged—and in the layer of earth directly above it were found other tombs of a later period. Those tombs in turn had been buried under extensive cumuli of iron scoriæ, the refuse of Etruscan smelting-furnaces.

. . . . . .

In 1914, while exploring a burial-ground of Roman-Etruscan tombs of more recent date, a grand tomb (No. 2) was discovered in a stratum directly under the more recent tombs. In 1921, Professor Minto completed the excavations, which gave wonderful results. The monumental tomb brought to light the most perfect and complete type of a vaulted chamber tomb with cylindrical drum. The drum was 28 metres—that is to say, about 93 feet in diameter—and 1.16 metres high, with a well-built wall of accurately cut quadrangular stones. Like the other tombs already described, the drum had an inclined paved way all round, with a marginal raised border.

In this tomb was to be observed a well-constructed *grundarium*, supported by a *sub-grundarium*. Above the *grundarium*, in order to keep the large slabs firmly in position, was a circular crown of cut stones projecting 0.17 cm. from the external *facies* of the drum.

To the east of the tomb was the entrance into the *dromos*, the opening of which was obstructed by a massive quadrangular slab of stone. At the sides of the *dromos* were to be found three small cells, two on the right as one entered, the other on the left.

The sepulchral chamber was in the centre of the drum. It measured 4.80 by 4.80 metres, and had, like the *dromos* and cells, smooth walls of cut stone. At the entrance into the chamber stood two enormous vertical stone slabs, forming an *ante* to the entrance into the chamber. In the corners were the usual stone supports on which rested the superposed slabs of stone, disposed first in arcs of a circle, then in complete circles, and which served gradually to transform the quadrangular base of the chamber into a circular base for the cupola. The maximum height of the vault must have been about 10 feet.

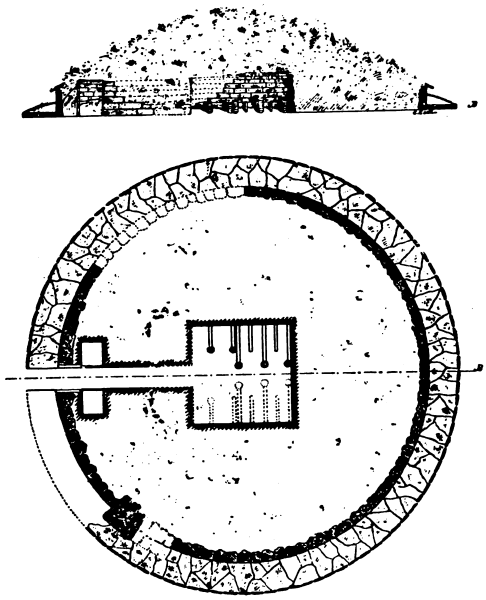
The floor of the chamber was divided into six compartments—a short corridor forming the continuation of the *dromos* and five *loculi*.

Very little was found in the burial-chamber. A handsome gold fibula, two small spherical *aryballos*, also of gold, probably used for scent, a fragment of a bronze shield, and parts of an incense-burner with angular openings, pieces of iron spearheads, several knife blades, and fragments of pottery and stone vases. When the cells along the *dromos* were opened, however, many beautiful objects were discovered, principal of all, the laminated bronze covering of the body and wheels of a war chariot. The wheels, absolutely Greek in design, showed highly scientific construction, giving them amazing lightness and rigidity.

Portions of the body of the chariot were decorated with representations of feline animals stamped in the laminated bronze. It was particularly interesting to notice in the construction of these chariots the application of two metals, bronze and iron. Then part of an ivory horn with ornamentations on laminated gold was found, finely chiselled with human figures and beasts, and conventionalised flowers of Oriental design.

The remains of another two-wheeled chariot were also found, the wheels and body also entirely covered with laminated bronze and iron. With this were a bronze musical horn, a number of spearheads, knife-blades, and a graceful earthern lamp.

Many other tombs have been unearthed, and many more will gradually come to light. Innumerable are the articles that have already been recovered in the various tombs, such as vases and cups, most graceful in design—undoubtedly of Greek origin—and gold, silver, and bronze ornaments of much beauty. A magnificent bronze helmet of proto-Corinthian type, of the seventh century B.C., was found in tomb No. 3, on the Porcareccia Hill, and many other wonderful things.

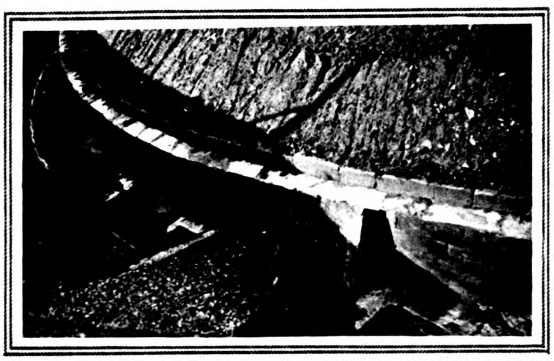


"IN THE CENTRE OF A DRUM-LIKE CYLINDRICAL STONE WALL WAS THE SEPULCHRAL CHAMBER": A PLAN AND SECTION OF THE ETRUSCAN TOMB NO. 1, AT SAN CERBONE.

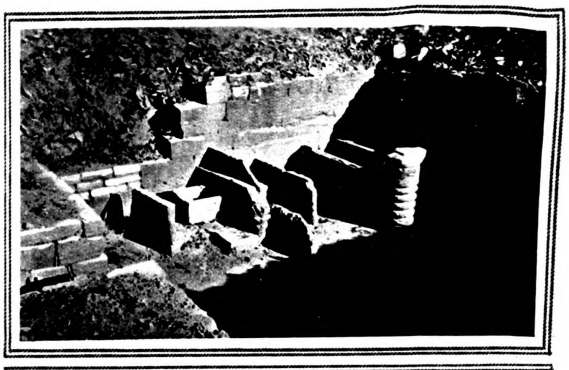
Diagrams supplied by Mr. Henry Savage Landor.

PROBING THE SECRETS OF A MYSTERIOUS RACE: ETRUSCAN "RUINS."

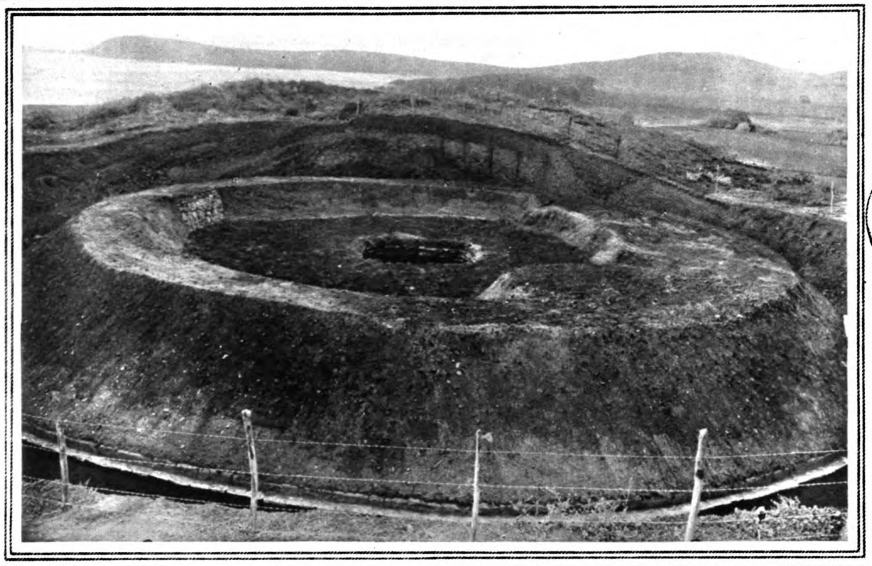
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR.



SHOWING THE WELL-CONSTRUCTED *GRUNDARIUM* TO PROTECT FROM RAIN THE CIRCULAR STONE WALL BELOW: THE ENTRANCE TO TOMB NO. 2 AT SAN CERBONE.



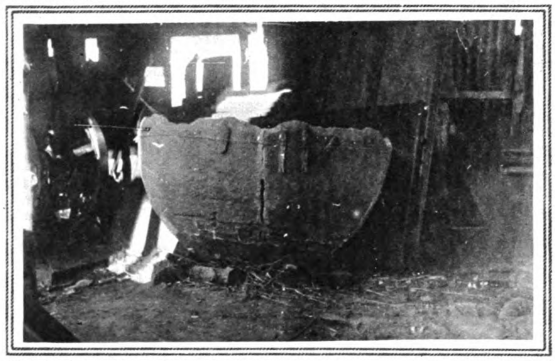
SHOWING THE DISPOSITION OF *LOCULI*, OR FUNERAL BEDS, WITH STONE PARTITIONS: THE SEPULCHRAL CHAMBER OF TOMB NO. 1, AT SAN CERBONE.



WHERE THE MOST MYSTERIOUS OF ETRUSCAN CITIES OVERLOOKED THE MEDITERRANEAN, NEAR THE SCENE OF NAPOLEON'S FIRST EXILE: THE TUSCAN COAST OPPOSITE THE ISLE OF ELBA, SHOWING TOMB NO. 2 AT SAN CERBONE, AND PART OF ITS TUMULUS.



BESIDE THE ANCIENT WALLS OF POPULONIA, WHICH DREW MINERAL WEALTH FROM ELBA: PROFESSOR A. MINTO, WHO MADE THE NEW DISCOVERIES.

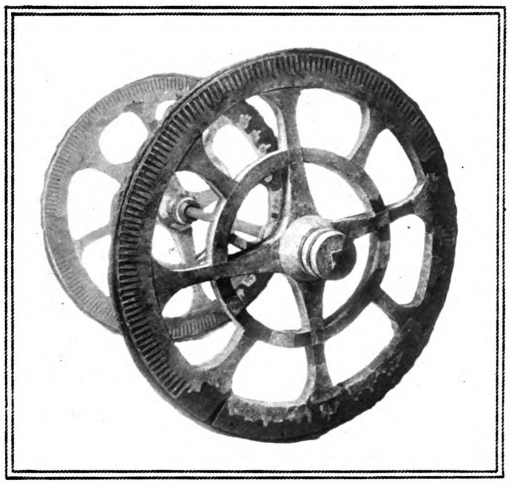


ETRUSCAN MINERAL INDUSTRY: A SMELTING-POT USED AT LEAD MINES NEAR POPULONIA, WHERE TOMBS ARE BURIED UNDER ANCIENT SMELTING REFUSE.

"The Etruscans," writes Mr. Henry Savage Landor (in a passage omitted, for reasons of space, from his article on page 556, describing the new excavations at Populonia), "founded cities according to a determined plan, encircled by massive stone city walls and with well-drained paved streets. It is surmised that the political organisation of the Etruscans consisted of a federation of twelve cities or states in Etruria itself and similar federations of conquered territories further north, as well as south in Campania. . . . In the oldest legends we find that the importance of Populonia came after the most ancient Etruscan federal union. In all probability the place was started as a seaport for Volterra. Later, it succeeded in emancipating itself, owing to its flourishing iron industry, and became autonomous and independent of the Etruscan *dodecapolis*." Of the *loculi* in the burial-chamber shown in the upper right-hand photograph, he says: "They were true and proper beds, formed of layers of slabs, on which the body was actually deposited." Describing the *grundarium* seen in the adjoining illustration, and the ingenious arrangement to protect the wall from rain, he writes: "Water descending the slopes of the tumulus could not damage the wall of the drum, as it fell on the sloping pavement below and was carried away from the foundations." Plans of tombs Nos. 1 and 2 are given on the page containing Mr. Landor's article.

GEMS OF ETRUSCAN ART: GOLD JEWELLERY AND BRONZES

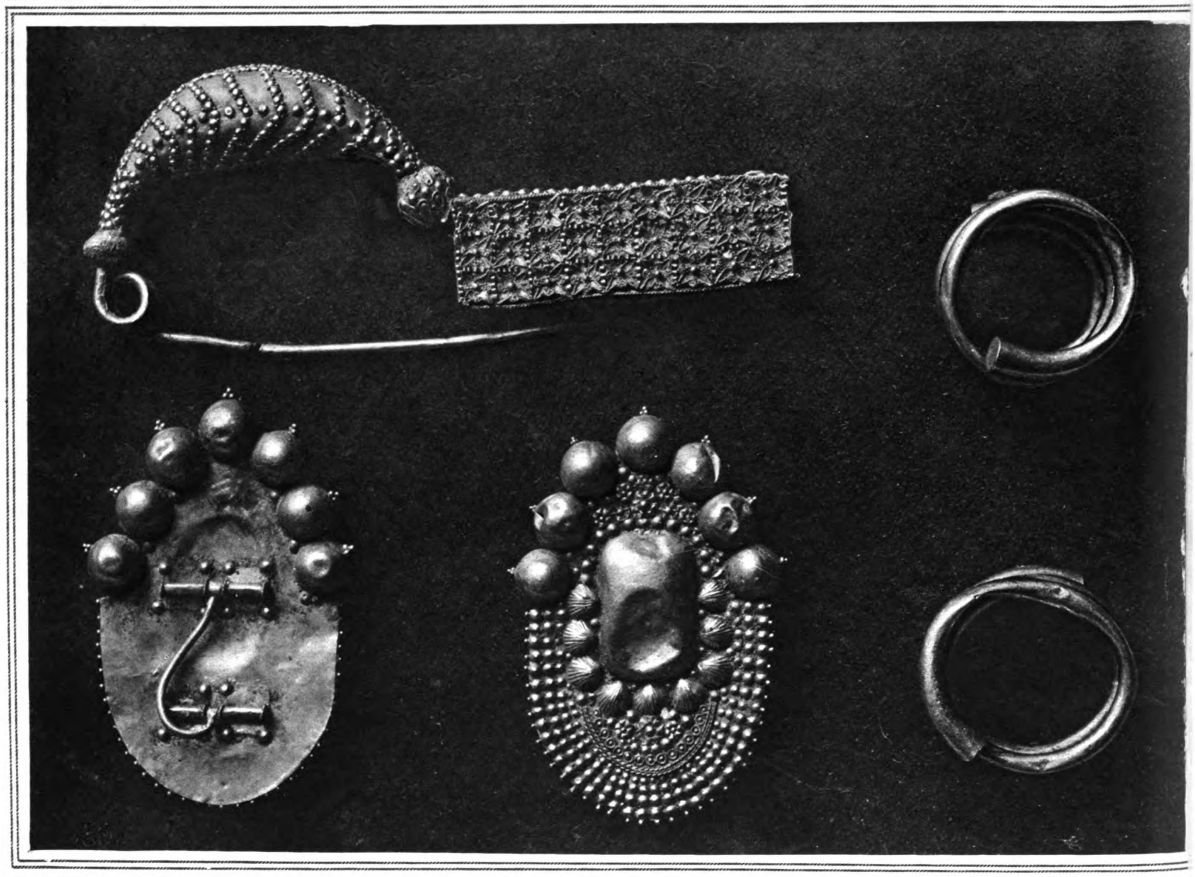
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED



"GREEK IN DESIGN, SHOWING HIGHLY SCIENTIFIC CONSTRUCTION: WHEELS OF AN ETRUSCAN WAR CHARIOT (8TH OR 7TH CENT. B.C.).



DECORATED WITH INTERESTING REPRESENTATIONS OF WARRIORS, WITH HELMET, SHIELD, AND SPEAR: ETRUSCAN BRONZE ORNAMENTS FOR A HORSE'S HEAD.



EXAMPLES OF EXQUISITE ETRUSCAN DESIGN AND CRAFTSMANSHIP IN JEWELLERY: A FIBULA (OR SAFETY-PIN BROOCH), AN EAR-RING (FRONT AND BACK), AND TWO GOLD FINGER-RINGS, FOUND AT POPULONIA.

The remarkable discoveries made during recent excavations on the site of the mysterious Etruscan city of Populonia, on the Tuscan coast opposite Elba, are fully described by Mr. Henry Savage Landor in his article on page 556. In a passage omitted there for lack of space, he says: "Professor Minto, a great authority on Etruscan matters, told me that sufficient archæological discoveries have been made in the last few years to prove the great antiquity of Populonia. First of all, on the hills surrounding Port Baratti, polished stone implements have been found, such as jadeite axes, spear, and silex javelin heads, which would suggest the existence of camps in the Neolithic age. Then the vast necropolis of the Granate and the neighbouring one of San Cerbone had thrown considerable light on the history of Populonia. The shape of the tombs, the articles found in them, and their decorations showed a perfect resemblance to those of the

CHARIOT WHEELS SURPASSING THOSE OF TUTANKHAMEN.

MR. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR.



"VASES AND CUPS, MOST GRACEFUL IN DESIGN, UNDOUBTEDLY OF GREEK ORIGIN": VARIOUS TYPES OF POTTERY FOUND IN ETRUSCAN TOMBS AT POPULONIA, WITH A HELMET OF BRONZE (IN THE CENTRE).



FOUND IN THE BURIAL-CHAMBER OF TOMB NO. 2 AT SAN CERBONE: A GRACEFUL BRONZE INCENSE-BURNER.



THE SUICIDE OF AJAX (FALLING ON HIS SWORD): A BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED BRONZE STATUETTE.

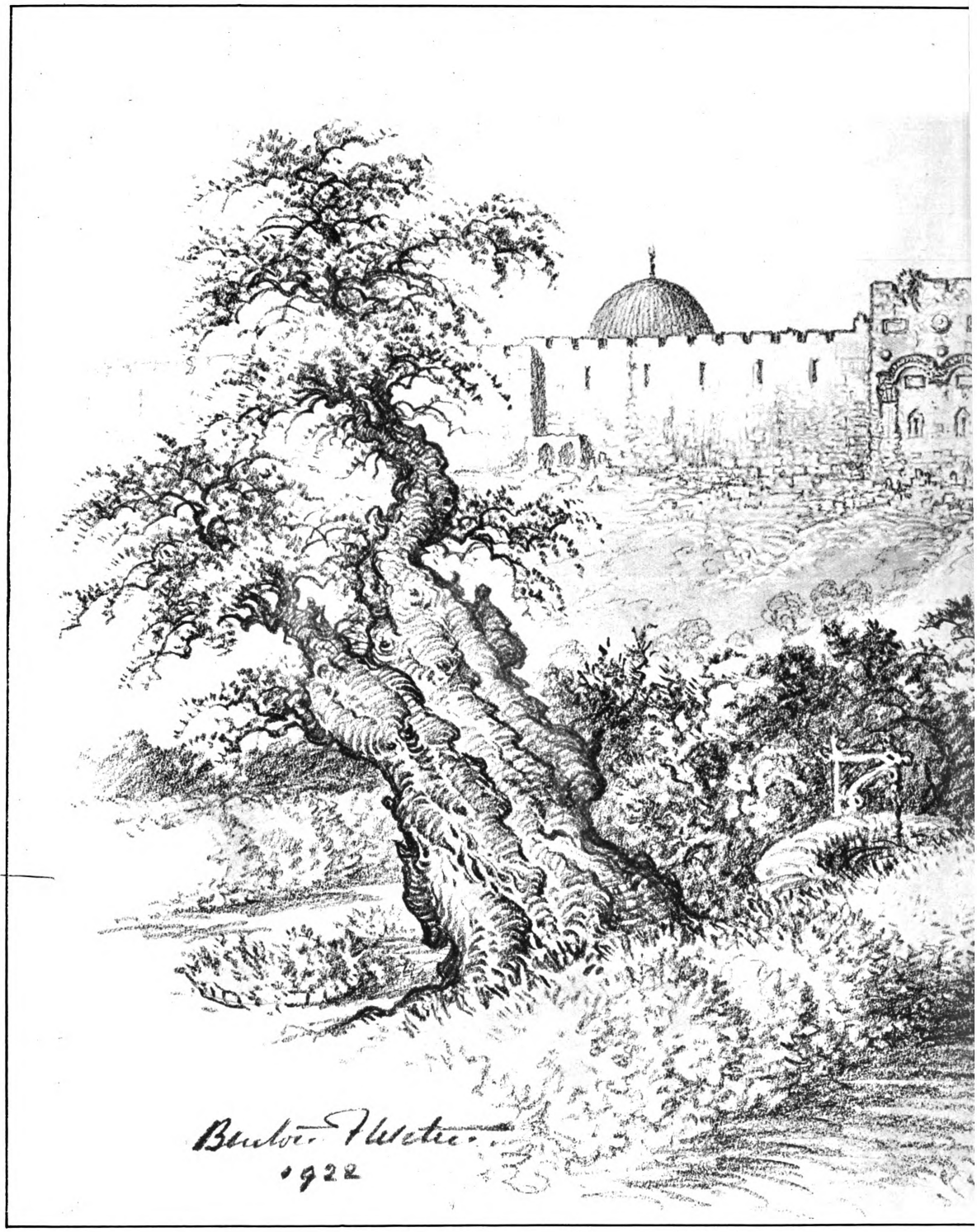


ORNAMENTED IN GOLD DUST: GOLD SAFETY-PINS (FIBULAS).

Etruscan settlements of Volterra and Vetulonia. Even more interesting were the large chamber tombs of various architectural types which belonged to later periods." It was Professor Minto who completed the excavation of the finest Etruscan tomb at Populonia. When the cells along the *dromos* (entrance passage) of Tomb No. 2 (see page 556) were opened, many beautiful objects were discovered, principal of all, the laminated bronze covering of the body and wheels of a war chariot, perhaps even more remarkable than those lately found in Tutankhamen's tomb at Thebes. The wheels, absolutely Greek in design, show highly scientific construction, giving them amazing lightness and rigidity. They belong to the eighth or seventh century B.C. Portions of the body of the chariot are decorated with representations of feline animals stamped in the bronze. It is particularly interesting to find the application of two metals, bronze and iron.

"THEN COMETH JESUS WITH THEM UNTO A PLACE CALLED

FROM THE DRAWING BY

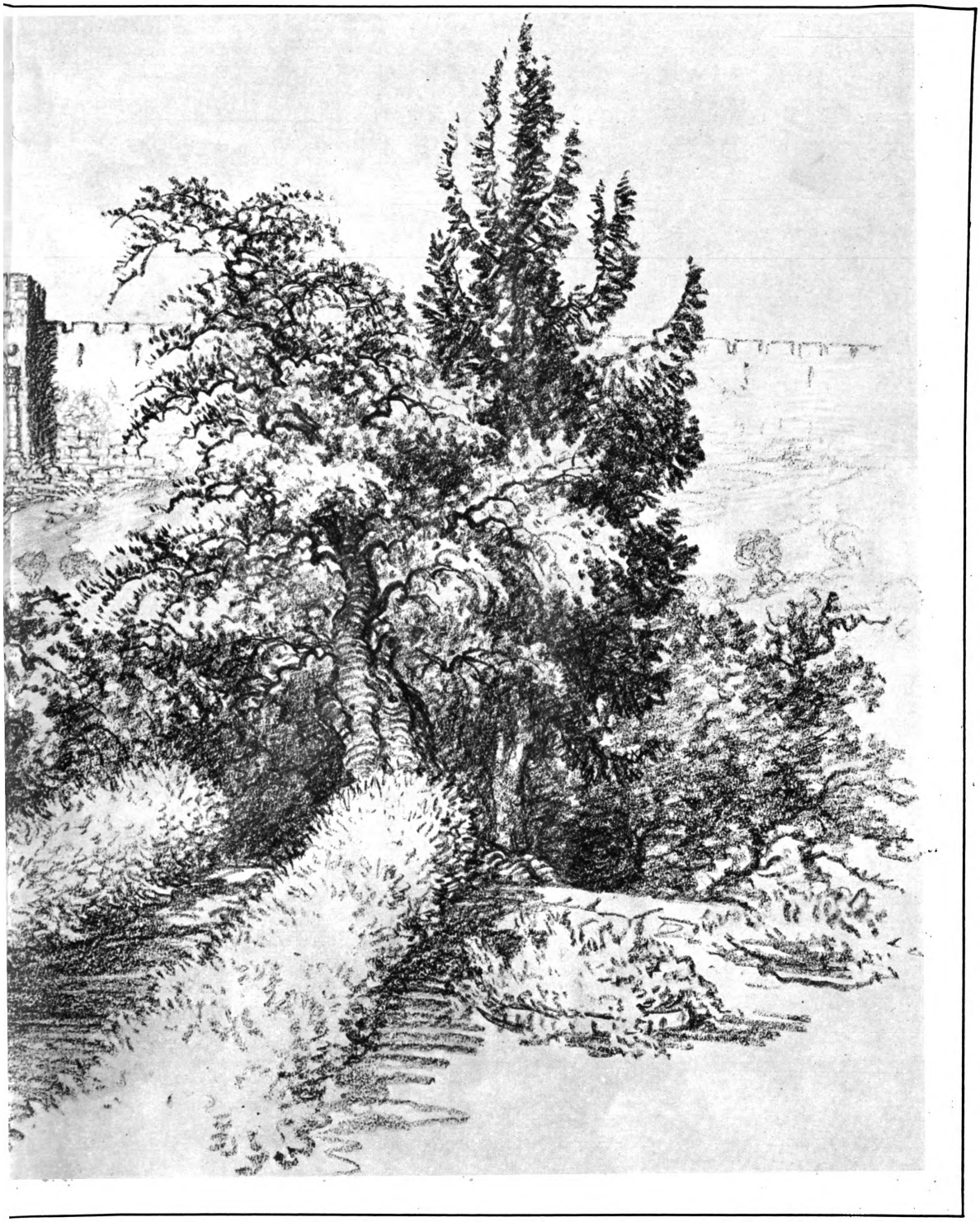


WHERE JESUS WAS BETRAYED ON THE EVE OF THE PASSION: THE GARDEN OF
BY WHICH HE ENTERED THE TEMP

Some of Major Benton Fletcher's beautiful drawings at Jerusalem have already appeared in these pages, in our issue of June 24, 1922 (The Mount of Olives), Oct. 14, 1922 (the Site of the City of David), and March 31 last (the Via Dolorosa). Of the above drawing he writes: "One of the chief objects of interest for visitors to Jerusalem is the traditional site of the Garden of Gethsemane, so intimately associated with the last days in the life of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Here we are undoubtedly on holy ground. Issuing from the city by the gate known to modern residents as St. Stephen's Gate, one descends rapidly to the main Jericho road, which leads across the deep valley of the Kedron, in which is situated the site of Gethsemane. As one approaches this sacred spot by this road, one passes first the reputed site of the Martyrdom of St. Stephen, and on the left the traditional and time-honoured church, within which is the

) GETHSEMANE": THE SCENE OF THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

T MAJOR BENTON FLETCHER.

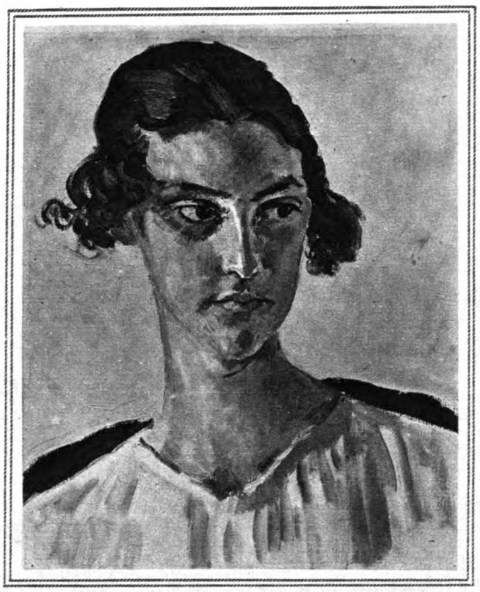


GETHSEMANE TO-DAY, WITH ITS ANCIENT OLIVE-TREES—SHOWING THE GATE ; AND THE DOME OF THE ROCK.

burial-place of the Blessed Virgin Mary. We are now among the olive groves in which lay the Garden of Gethsemane. This site is divided between the three great religions of the Armenian, Orthodox, and Latin Churches. The Latin Church is represented by the Franciscan Order, and their well-trimmed garden is usually visited. In it are some olive-trees of extreme age, dating by tradition back to the time of Jesus Christ. Some of these trees are shown in this drawing, the point of view being chosen so as to show in the distance the double gate consecrated by tradition as being that through which the Saviour rode on his last entry into the Temple, whence He was to proceed to the final scene at Calvary. This gate, known as the Golden Gate, has been closed for centuries. The Dome of the Rock is seen over the wall, surmounting the famous Mosque known as the Mosque of Omar."—[*Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.*—C.R.]

THE "AUGUSTAN AGE" OF BRITISH PAINTING: AN

Photographs by Courtesy



BY AUGUSTUS JOHN: "HEAD OF A SPANISH GIRL."



"HEAD OF A BOY": A PORTRAIT OF ONE OF AUGUSTUS JOHN'S SONS.



SUGGESTING AFFINITIES WITH EL GRECO: "SYMPHONIE ESPAGNOLE," AN INTERESTING OUTCOME OF AUGUSTUS JOHN'S VISIT TO SPAIN.

The Exhibition of "Paintings and Drawings by Augustus E. John, A.R.A.," at the Alpine Club Gallery in Mill Street, Conduit Street, has provided his countless admirers (or shall we say, "worshippers"?) with a feast of unbounded delight. "The John worship," says Mr. P. G. Konody, "has reached every phase of Society." Augustus John is an artist who may be said to have attained popularity by a sedulous disdain of popular taste. He has silenced criticism by the force of his personality and his dominating style, converting many, who began with "a little aversion," to a frame of mind towards his works which might be

EXHIBITION BY JOHN, THE MOST DISCUSSED ARTIST.

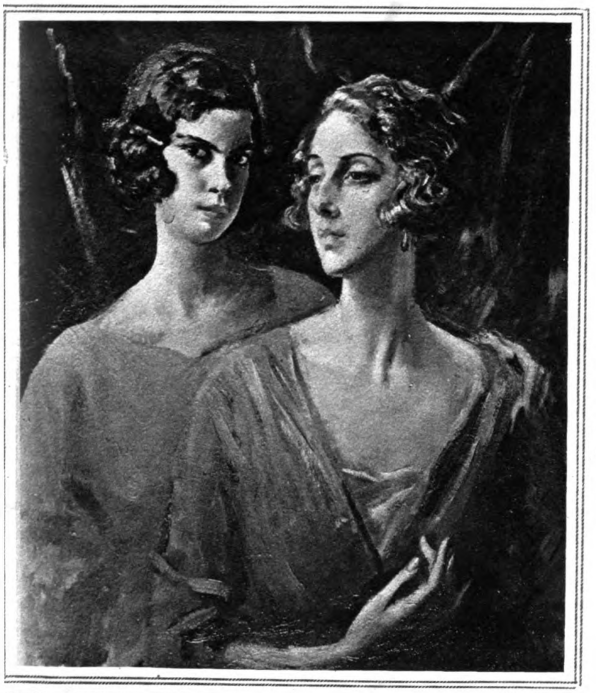
OF THE ALPINE CLUB GALLERY.



IN THE AUGUSTUS JOHN EXHIBITION: "STUDY OF A GIRL'S HEAD"



CONSIDERED THE FINEST PICTURE IN THE JOHN EXHIBITION: "MADAME SUGGIA."



A JOHN PORTRAIT GROUP: "MISS PAULA GELLIBRAND AND MISS D'ERLANGER."



A DELIGHTFUL EXAMPLE OF AUGUSTUS JOHN'S STYLE: "LADY WITH A MARIGOLD."

termed an ecstasy of idolisation. Of the paintings reproduced above, some consider the most outstanding work to be the "Symphonie Espagnole," which is an outcome of Mr. John's visit to Spain, and suggests a *tour de force* in the manner of El Greco, yet not in any sense an imitation, and without any surrender of the artist's own individuality. Others award the palm among the works exhibited to the wonderful full-length portrait of Madame Suggia. The whole exhibition has done much to enhance the fame of a masterful genius. Miss Paula Gellibrand recently married the Marquis de Casa Maury.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THERE are times when a reviewer wishes he had the power of wordless thought-transference, like that of Mr. Wells's Utopians, so that he could communicate to others what he feels about a book, without putting it down in black and white. This does not arise from laziness, but from a conviction that any comment he can write must be, at the best, an impertinence. Or, if write he must, he would like to finish his task in three or four sentences of gratitude to a master for the gift of a masterpiece, every line of which is pure joy. "Here," he would say, "is a right good thing; come, share it with me. You need no halting efforts at criticism to point out its excellences, for they are self-evident."

. . . . .

If any writer of to-day imposes this salutary desire of reticence upon a mere reviewer, it is Mr. C. E. Montague. Not that he is arrogant in his inhibition, but by his very gracious justice. I never read him without a gentle sense of chastening, just as his own Browne in "The Morning's War" was chastened by Mullivant "with tender brutality" for a sad patchwork of journalese—"re-dyed old feathers of speech"—"calico flowers from dust-holes." One knows that, just as Mullivant disciplined Browne, so Mr. Montague has disciplined himself in order to arrive at that perfection of matter and manner which delights us in his book of short stories, "FIERY PARTICLES" (Chatto and Windus; 7s.). For art, craftsmanship, and interest no other recent examples of the short story can approach these. Read, then, and be charmed.

. . . . .

There one would gladly leave it; but the journeyman of criticism is expected to give some detailed account of the books that come his way. Otherwise, he only confirms scoffers in their delusion that while reviewers may write, after a fashion, they certainly do not read. Having (in this instance, at least) read conscientiously, I am convinced that the best general account of these stories has been given by the author himself—

> These yarns seem to be all about a set of wild bodies that want to be up and doing something, as often foolish as not; everywhere somebody much taken up with a lance that he has—shining or shabby, he wants to put it in rest; he rides out on some good or queer quest, in a great state of absorption and hope, pricking a hobby-horse bred, and imperfectly broken in, by himself.

. . . . .

Among these Quixotes it is hard to pick and choose; but, to my vagrom fancy, the first acquaintance, Tom Farrell, remains first, even when all is well and truly told. Tom, illicit distiller, was a fine spirit, touched to the finest issues in the practice of his art. Hear him on the matchless product of his still—

> "It 's the stuff that made the old gods of the Greeks and Romans feel that they were gods. . . . Any malt you 'll have drunk to this day was the body of whisky only—the match of these old lumps of flesh that we 're all of us draggin' about till we die. The soul of the stuff 's what you 've got in your hand."

Probably Tom was not so well aware as his creator that he had echoed Epictetus; whether by way of the original, or of Swinburne's paraphrase in the "Hymn to Proserpine" does not appear; but that is the sort of delightful speculation with which Mr. Montague may indulge his reader at any moment. First of all, to be sure, he is a story-teller with a story to tell; but the groundwork of the tale is an extra factor in the enjoyment.

. . . . .

To underpin a story with choice learning, and yet keep the underpinning unobtrusive, is not given to many. Mr. Montague has this happy knack, and none dare call him pedant. In his most broadly droll yet somehow pathetic tale, "A Propos des Bottes," he tilts gently at the perils of misapplied erudition. It is the story of a wax-work show ruined by one of the proprietors, a bibulous ex-Fellow of Trinity, Dublin, who insisted on improving the minds of Australian bush audiences. To that end he filled his gallery with classical figures—"Cupid an' Syky an' Bacchus, an' God knows what naked old divvils besides," to quote his wiser partner, who plumped for sure draws like Kelly the Bushranger and Parnell, Manchester martyrs, and John L. Sullivan, but yielded and saw the day of calamity.

. . . . .

Fortunately for his readers, Mr. Montague has not been influenced by what another short-story writer has called "the-let's-not-talk-about-the-war-I 'm-so-sick-of-it-aren't-you feeling." Stories about the war or its consequences make up quite half the book; but, however sick you may be of the subject itself, you will never regret that the author of "Fiery Particles" has found in war a motive and a cue for his humanity and his irony.

. . .

The other short story-teller from whom I borrowed that much-hyphenated embargo upon talk about the war, has also a new book to offer. It is not the highly finished work of a great master of English prose, chary of every phrase; for it is written in the most modern American, but still a notable book. Edna Ferber is a disciple of O. Henry, and for a time her compatriot critics feared that she would end as she had begun, his humble follower. But she managed to assert herself, and the assertion is a thing to reckon with. Like the author of "Fiery Particles," Miss Ferber served an apprenticeship to journalism.

. . . .

Personally, although I acknowledge Miss Ferber's power, I shall never be able to get full enjoyment from her stories, simply because even the best photography, such as hers, can never come up to the handiwork of the artist. Another and more serious bar is the language and the idiom. The first story in "AMONG THOSE PRESENT" (Nash and Greyson; 7s. 6d.) promised bravely up to the end. It was a Chicago echo, and a very charming echo, of "L'Après Midi d'un Faune," none the less pleasing that it began in a garage, and the Faun wore overalls, and the honest grease of his profession. Very soon Miss Ferber had us out among the woods and waters; Pan's pipe (a harmonica) sounded, and a nymph came obedient to the call. But the point of the story turns upon two words of the Faun's vernacular—"Swell chawnst," used in an idiom I cannot grasp. I believe the end is tragic, and that the queer phrase implied the wreck of a day-dream. If that is so, then the story proves that Miss Ferber has powers of pure imagination that deserve a less limited vehicle. The other stories, all good, are more ordinary—sharp, clear episodes cut from the artificial life of Chicago and New York, not the life of the Four Hundred, but the commercial classes.

Among recent short stories of British parentage, Mr. Ian Hay's latest collection, "THE LUCKY NUMBER" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), while it takes impious risks with fatal 13, maintains that author's skill for sound, even workmanship. "The Liberry," an admirable tale of innocent imposture, and "A New Rural Industry," a neat fragment with a well-managed surprise ending, seemed to me the pick of a bundle that contains something to suit all tastes.

. . . . .

From all the foregoing books, the eternal sex-problem, on its darker side, is mercifully absent. But one cannot dip far into the publishers' parcel without encountering the theme that most attracted Chaucer's Miller when he told stories. It wears a trifle threadbare, and the repetition now and then runs into actual similarity. Mr. George's "Ursula Trent," for example, has found a very close parallel in "SWEET PEPPER," by Geoffrey Moss (Constable; 7s. 6d.). Although unpleasant, this first novel endeavours, in its ending at least, to satisfy the most rigid moralist. Once more we have a study of the girl of good birth thrown upon the world, and flinging her cap over the windmill.

. . . . .

Jill Mordaunt, stranded in Budapest, and anxious to return home and start a chicken farm, had need of six hundred pounds for that good work. Although not without the wherewithal for a ticket to London, she, after a very faint struggle, made the most sordid of all bargains with two Hungarian aristocrats. The bargaining is so revolting and cold-blooded an episode that one doubts if any Jill Mordaunt, taking her to be the girl we meet at the outset, could have even entertained it for a moment, let alone carry it through. Although she pays heavily, it is hard to see where exactly the moral of the book lies. Perhaps in the pictures of post-war Vienna and Budapest, which cities have much to answer for if their mephitic atmosphere can turn a clean-minded Jill Mordaunt so easily into the thing she became.



A WRITER OF SEA STORIES WHO HAS "ARRIVED," SHOWN IN HIS ELEMENT: MR. WILLIAM McFEE.

Mr. William McFee has established his reputation as a salt-water novelist. His last book, "Command," was preceded by "Casuals of the Sea" and "Captain Macedoine's Daughter."

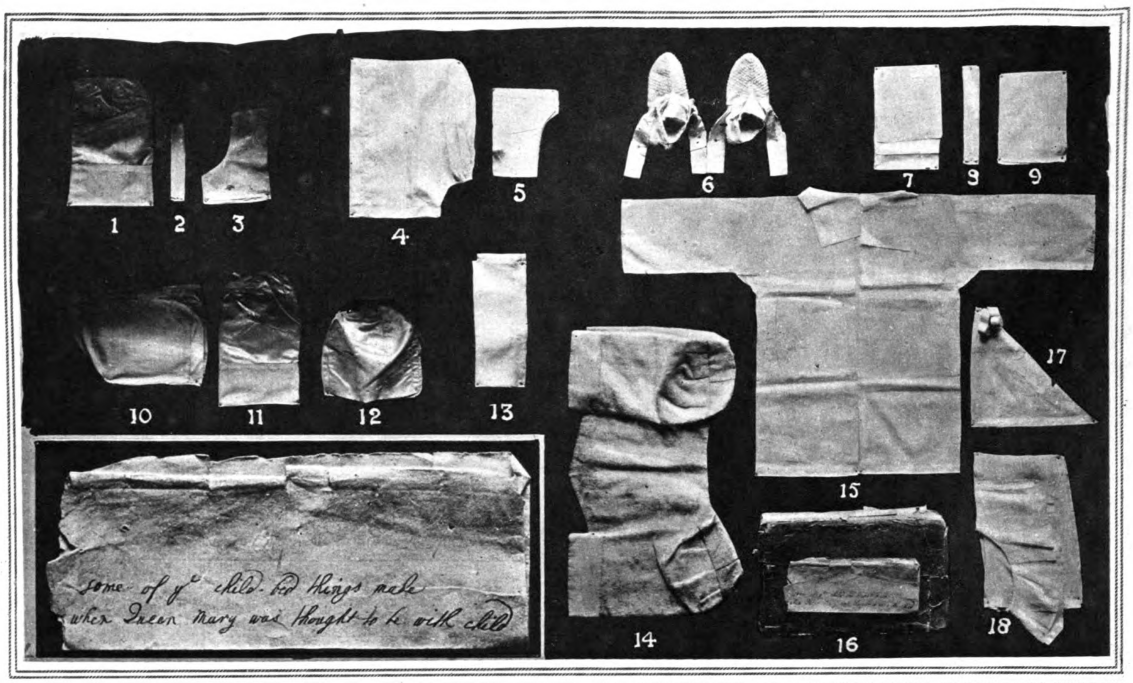


MAKING SHERLOCK HOLMES LOOK TO HIS LAURELS: HERCULE POIROT, THE NEW HERO OF DETECTIVE FICTION—A "PORTRAIT," BY W. SMITHSON BROADHEAD.

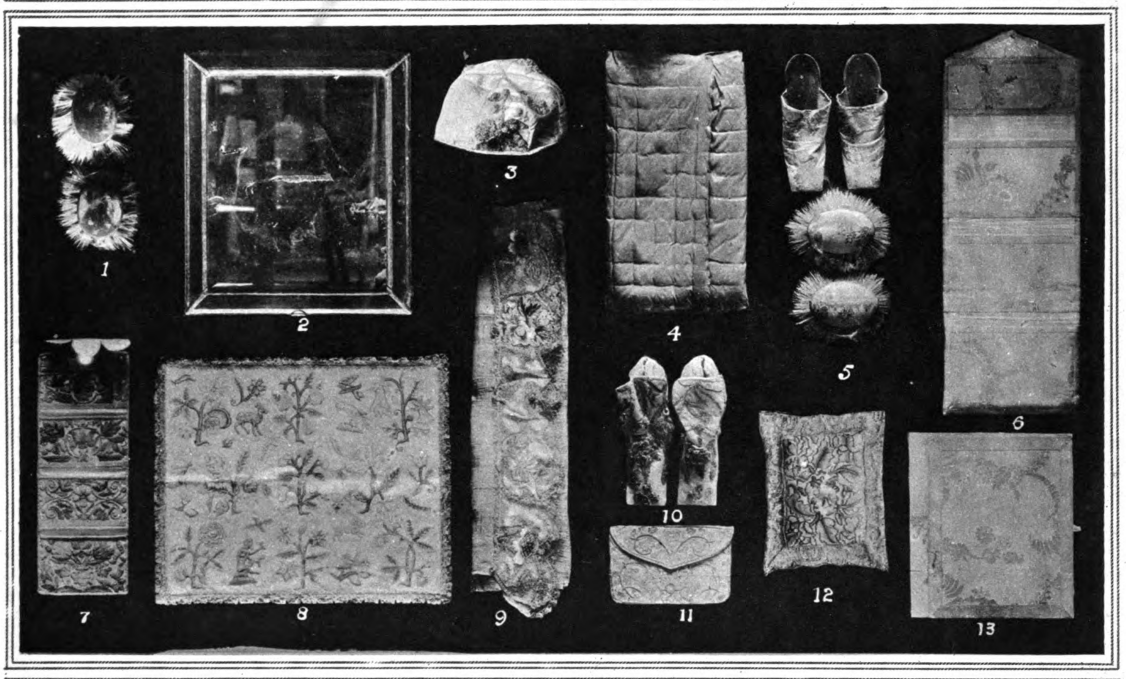
Hercule Poirot, whose adventures in the detection of crime are thrilling readers of "The Sketch" each week, is the creation of a woman novelist, Agatha Christie, and is challenging the supremacy of Sherlock Holmes. We reproduce here the drawing which was amusingly presented in "The Sketch" as an actual portrait. The great Hercule appeared first in "The Mysterious Affair at Styles."

QUEEN "BESS" AS MAKER OF BABY-LINEN, AND EMBROIDERER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS.



"SOME OF YE CHILD-BED THINGS MADE WHEN QUEEN MARY WAS THOUGHT TO BE WITH CHILD": GARMENTS WORKED BY HER SISTER, PRINCESS (AFTERWARDS QUEEN) ELIZABETH, INCLUDED IN THE BROWNLOW SALE.



LEFT AT ASHRIDGE PARK BY PRINCESS (AFTERWARDS QUEEN) ELIZABETH WHEN REMOVED TO THE TOWER FOR SUSPECTED COMPLICITY IN WYATT'S REBELLION: HISTORIC EMBROIDERIES TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION FOR LORD BROWNLOW.

These interesting relics of Queen Mary Tudor and Queen Elizabeth are included in the sale, to be held at Christie's on May 3, of the late Earl Brownlow's collections, formerly at Ashridge Park, Berkhamsted. The upper illustration shows a set of baby linen with a paper (reproduced above with the inscription as quoted). The garments are said to have been worked at Ashridge by the Princess Elizabeth for her half-sister, Queen Mary. The various articles are, apparently: (1, 3, 5, and 11), garments unnamed, perhaps binders; (2 and 8) linen strips; (4) knickers; (6) shoes; (7, 9, and 13) pieces of linen; (10 and 12) caps; (14) flannel jacket; (15) shirt; (16) the box that contained the garments; (17) a triangular napkin; (18) vest or singlet. It was in April 1555 that the expected birth of Mary's child, which never took place, was heralded by public rejoicings and religious processions. The objects shown in the lower illustration are: (1) hair-brushes backed in red velvet; (2) mirror framed in red velvet; (3) white satin cap embroidered; (4) red silk case; (5) hair-brushes and shoes; (6 and 7) letter-racks; (8) table-cover, 15 in. by 20 in., worked with animals and flowers in coloured silks on satin; (9) square of red silk (folded) embroidered in silver; (10) shoes; (11) sachet; (12) pin-cushion, covered with needlework in coloured silks. The history of the two sets of relics is given in the catalogue of the Tudor Exhibition held in 1890 at the New Gallery.



The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.



RESTORATION COMEDY.—GLADYS COOPER'S MAGDA.—THE R.A.D.A.

THE Phœnix still continues to lift out of the ashes of oblivion the plays we had only read in the library. The play is for the stage, and Mr. Allan Wade and his gallant supporters are doing us an admirable service. Quite apart from their literary and historic interest, it is astounding what abundant vitality lies in the plays. Have you ever realised the difficulties of rehearsal—the hole-and-corner stages the actors and actresses have to work upon, since they have no permanent home, and the energy and enthusiasm which are needed to learn parts so thoroughly for two performances only? Some of our Calvinists have objected to the ribald tongues, fearing for my lady's blushes. But it is a Puritanical squeamishness that our girls may rightly resent. They are perfectly well able to take care of themselves. To those who sit on thorns waiting with bated breath for the terrible word, and insensible of the robust playing and diverting humours, the retort most apt is that of bluff Dr. Johnson to a very proper Mrs. Grundy who protested against a word in his dictionary: "Madam, I perceive you have been looking for it." Restoration comedy is the biggest offender, but you cannot bowdlerise it. "Rob them of their vice," said Lamb, "and you rob them of their vigour." We must judge such plays apart from ordinary human standards. We must not bring the foot-rule of conventional morality, for it is not big enough. We must take this world as we should that of fantasy and farce, for the only thing that really matters is the brilliance of repartee, the salt of wit, the illumination of character. I believe this is the right time, if the Phœnix could secure the right theatre, for them to give London a season of these Elizabethan and Restoration comedies. Gay's "Beggar's Opera" and "Polly" point a moral, though I think their chief charm is that they are so deliciously unmoral.

. . . . . .

After Miss Marie Löhr's Fedora comes Miss Gladys Cooper's Magda. What memories these plays conjure up! Memories of Duse and Sarah, and after—a long way after, though still wonderful—Mrs. Pat Campbell. I cannot help admiring our modern actresses who take up the challenge, for the plays have had their day. I know them backward, and there is only one quality apart from associations with past triumphs that keeps them interesting. Their authors knew how to construct a play! Sudermann, the Dumas *fils* of Germany, may have written with his eye on stage effect. His plays may be what the French say "*du théâtre*," but you cannot deny their skill. That last act of "Magda," where the whole scale of emotions is touched—love, hate, defiance, terror, fear—is one that must test any actress, and to succeed completely sets a seal of greatness. You may say these plays will not stand analysis. It is true enough. It would be simple to pick their plots to pieces, but you must admit the playwright's adroitness. That itself is a kind of genius. To those who so readily produce the recipe I am tempted to say, "Here are gallipots full of ink, pens and paper. Try it. See what a corpse you will make! The recipe may be simple, but it is profound. Your failure will be profound yet simple." It is an ambitious bid for so young an actress.



BONZO OF THE "SKETCH" AS A MASCOT: HIS STAGE DÉBUT WITH MR. JACK BUCHANAN IN "BATTLING BUTLER" AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

Bonzo, the celebrated Studdy dog of the "Sketch" cartoons, has made his first appearance on the stage. He acts as mascot to Alfred Butler (Mr. Jack Buchanan), the leading character in "Battling Butler," recently moved to the Adelphi Theatre, and is the subject of a new and amusing song. The photograph shows Alfred (who has posed as his namesake, a famous boxer, in order to escape periodically from a depressing wife) attired to enter the ring, much to his alarm. Bonzo brings him luck, and he gets the credit of the real "Battling Butler's" triumph.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo Co.*]

But Miss Gladys Cooper has imagination. Her Paula Tanqueray was a revelation. Her beauty so far has been her handicap. This time it will be an asset. Her "Magda" is an event, and I foretell a triumph.

Our R.A.D.A. will be giving their matinée almost as I write. It is doing splendid work, and everyone who lives "in love and hope" for our theatre must feel that here we have a centre of artistic life where students can blossom under careful tending. Here they not only master the arts of elocution—which, by the way, are not acquired by instinct, but through training—but they get a varied experience in every type of play from tragedy to farce. It is a serious business, and there is no encouragement to the "bobbed brains" that think acting is as easy as giggling. You find here enthusiasm, youth, and talent—a very trinity of qualities; and who shall say that they will not leave the stage better than they find it? More still, for such reading and variety of stage work must fire the ambition of the budding dramatist. Who knows what playwrights may come from the R.A.D.A.? This I do know, that the students who go forth will always look back on these first days with gratitude. The Elizabethan classics give depth of character, nobility of phrase, and demand beauty of enunciation. The French classics teach nimbleness of tongue, flexibility of movement, and grace of manner; while the modern English drama gives ample opportunities for realistic acting and clear speech. The R.A.D.A. has a future. Its record so far portends a very big future.

. . . . . .

I have spoken before of the Lena Ashwell Players and their répertoire of modern plays in the suburbs. In a local town hall or baths—any hall that can be secured—they give to crowded audiences not one whit less enthusiastic than the Old Vic (which is as good as saying far more so than in Shaftesbury Avenue), Shaw, Barker, Masefield, Housman, etc., and make one "furiously to think." Obviously there is a great reservoir of a theatre-loving public that is untapped. For these people are not won by the local cinema with its plush seats and braided commissionaire. They go to the play because they prefer it and can afford it. How little do we encourage them in the West End! We still preserve the queue, as if it were an ornament instead of a nuisance, and provide galleries that only a contortionist could be comfortable in. We ask them to do a day's work, travel an hour's tedious journey, stand as long again in the cold street, and then offer them a seat on somebody's toes and no back rest! Dynamite under a half-dozen of our West End theatres would be a right and proper use for it. Still, the gallery crowd are the best-tempered and most patient in the theatre. They may be critical, but they are generous; and when they sometimes forget good manners, there is generally a good reason. A bad play, followed by the thought of the coming struggle for bus or tram, is justification in itself. The gallery crowd is friendly. The man sitting next to you will invite your opinion on topics seasonable and unseasonable, and exchange cigarettes in the interval. One often makes agreeable acquaintances in the gallery, and valued friendships have started there; not so in the stalls.

I wonder why the queue is not as dead as the fires of Smithfield. It is just as antiquated. Some enlightened theatres now have every seat in the house bookable. The practice ought to be universal.



MODERN RUSSIAN DRAMATIC ART IN PARIS: THE MOSCOW KAMERNY THEATRE'S SETTING OF OSCAR WILDE'S "SALOME"—THE DANCE BEFORE HEROD.

Further particulars and illustrations of the Moscow Kamerny Theatre appear on the opposite page. "Salome" was produced by M. Alexander Tairov; the setting and costumes were designed by Mme. A. Exter.

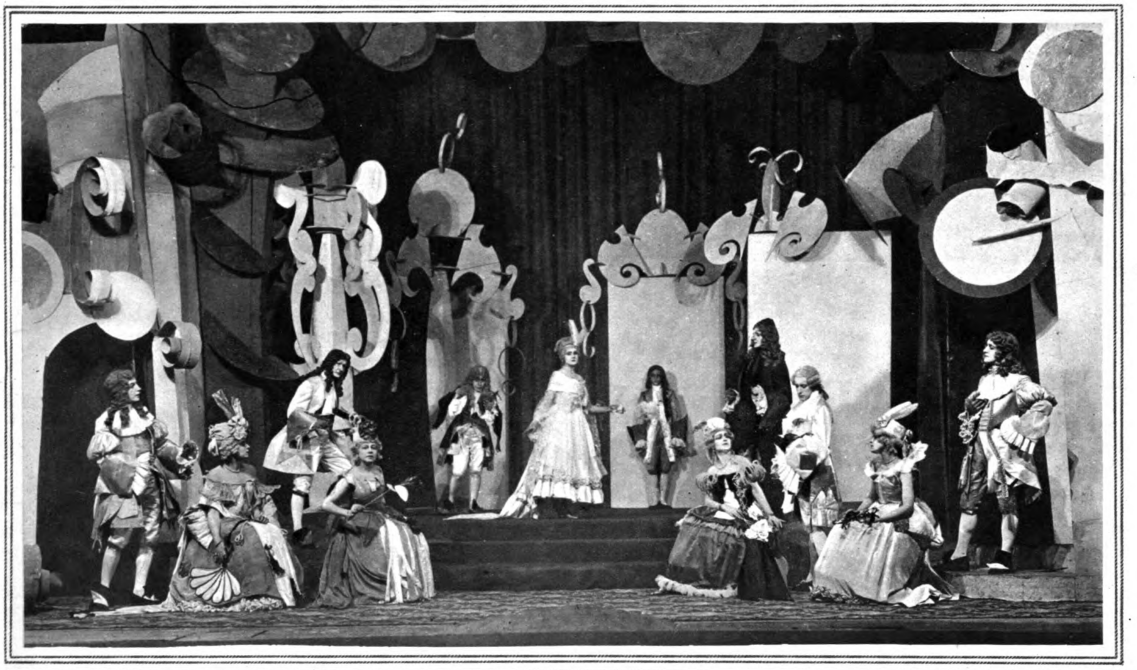
Photograph supplied by M. Lykiardopoulos.

MOSCOW STAGE *DÉCOR*: SHAKESPEARE IN "FUTURIST" SETTING.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY M. LYKIARDOPOULOS.



"ROMEO AND JULIET" AS STAGED BY THE KAMERNY THEATRE OF MOSCOW: A REMARKABLE EFFORT IN SCENIC DESIGN BY A RUSSIAN COMPANY THAT HAS RECENTLY OBTAINED A VOGUE IN PARIS.



A RUSSIAN MODERN SETTING OF A PLAY IN WHICH SARAH BERNHARDT APPEARED IN LONDON IN 1880: "ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR" (ACT IV.), AS RECENTLY PRODUCED BY THE MOSCOW KAMERNY THEATRE IN PARIS.

The theatre-goers of Paris have recently been intrigued by the productions of the Kamerny Theatre, brought thither from Moscow by M. Alexander Tairov. As shown in the photographs above, and that of "Salome" on the opposite page, the setting and costumes certainly possess the merit of novelty, and they will appeal to those who have a taste for the bizarre and the grotesque. The Kamerny players have been described as "the most interesting company that has visited Paris for a long time," though some of the French dramatic critics have sustained a shock from the startling originality of the décor, the costumes, and the acting. "Romeo and Juliet" is not included in the repertory of plays which the Kamerny Theatre is giving during its foreign tour. Those produced in Paris include Lecoq's operetta, "Girofié-Girofla," Racine's "Phèdre," Oscar Wilde's "Salome," and a harlequinade adapted from Hoffmann's tale "Princess Brambilla." It was in Scribe's play, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," that the late Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was appearing in London in 1880 (after she had finally broken with the Comédie-Française) when she heard that the Paris Courts had fined her 100,000 francs, and she thereupon began her great series of world tours.

The World of Women



A charming Shetland scarf with a cap to match which stands to the credit of Fortnum and Mason, 181, Piccadilly.

THE Queen always enjoys a stay at Windsor, and, if the wonderful stride into spring continues, the surroundings of the Castle, the river, and Virginia Water will be in great beauty during the stay of the Court. The Duke of York and his fiancée will be there for some time: the Queen is always pleased to have young people with her, and, being so womanly a woman, her Majesty loves lovers. The most extreme of the Labour Communists can hardly find fault with the exceedingly modest lists of wedding presents so far received by the King's second son and his bride-elect. Both of them published widely their wish that not much money should be spent on presents for them, because of the difficulties of the times. For all recent weddings the lists of gifts have been of a very much less costly character than those which used to be in fashion. Wedding presents came at last to be a tax, and one not to be borne.

Easter holidays mean a lot to workers, and one worker we are all glad to know is to have some rest and quiet is the Prime Minister. There is little doubt that he needs it. Ordinary folk love the Eastertide change, because it is the change from the deadness and dullness of the winter to the life and brightness of a year commencing. Having taken Time somewhat rudely by his forelock and begun Easter change early, it interests me to see the fresh green leaves on the thorn-trees breaking out amid the clusters of berries of the winter. Evidently the birds did not require the generous supply old mother Nature provided for them, and this overhauling of winter by spring affords a very pretty and, as I think, an unusual sight. Down here at Margate, all was ready for the Easter invasion—albeit, to write the truth, it was pleasanter before the crowd came.

Easter over, thoughts turn to the coming season. It will be a good one if strikes and rumours of strikes, fights and threatenings of fights, tricks and inventions of tricks for political upheaval can only be kept in the background. The royal wedding is the chief interest of this month. It is to be on lines more modest than that of the King's only daughter. Of course, in the ordinary etiquette, the wedding is the affair of the bride's parents. When, however, the bridegroom is the son of a King, and second heir to the throne, both sets of parents take a hand, and the State arranges most of the formality. Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon and her royal fiancé would have liked best a quieter wedding, but have to make those personal sacrifices to position which royalty understands so well.



The latest waterproof—a rainproof silk "Ascot Coat" from Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street.

Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon and her mother, Lady Strathmore, were, I hear, delighted when they saw the Nottingham lace made for the long hanging sleeves of the bridal gown. Nottingham sounds prosaic, but had we met this beautiful textured and finely designed *dentelle* under the title of point-de-Malines, we should have thought it quite fit for the bride of a Prince. Lady Elizabeth has always favoured the picturesque in her dress. It has been chiefly either the very prettiest Victorian period or that of the daintiest dressing of Louis Quinze. For her bridal dress she has broken away from these and chosen mediæval. This will suit her well, too.

The announcement of the date of the Courts cannot now be long delayed, for they will be before June—a month given up largely to racing. It is doubtful if more than three, perhaps only two, Courts will be held. The lack of long trains, and the new procedure, admit of as many presentations at one as were possible at two under the old régime. Débutantes will not order their dresses until their summons to one or other of the functions arrives. They have talked the matter over with their dressmakers, however, and from several of these I have heard that as much white will be worn as ever. It is always a very useful thing to have white frocks in a London season, when Court balls, the Caledonian Ball, and others are occasions when men wear uniform, with which white dresses go best of all.

No more a Sarah Bernhardt! It is difficult to realise it. This greatest of actresses was the possession of France; but all the civilised world had an interest in her, and she herself appreciated our British interest more than any save that of her beloved France. Few who heard her during the war recite "Les Cathédrales" will forget the thrilled silence of great audiences when a sigh would have sounded like a scream; or, when the great climax had been reached, the second of absolute stillness before those present woke up to the greatness of what had been done and went mad with enthusiasm. Long ago, when the great actress was as thin as a lath and was ever after thrills such as riding on a fire-engine to a real fire, playing with a crocodile, or petting a jaguar, some wit wrote of her: "An empty carriage drew up and Sarah Bernhardt got out." Bodily, in sooth, well-nigh empty; but what a giant in heart, in brain, that carriage contained!

There seems to be some revival of the old custom of riding in the Row in the early morning. One Sunday recently I sat in the Park and sighed over the lost prestige of Rotten Row as I saw the miserable animals and their flamboyant riders pass by, and the latter greet their friends sitting or promenading with waving crops—in some instances with shouts. Early on weekdays one sees real riders and better mounts. These are not always in the best of condition, it is true, for they have gone through a strenuous hunting season, many of them. Between a good horse out of condition and a hireling that has never been in it there is as much difference as between a rider who loves to ride and one who loves to show off. Consequently the real riders are the weekday early ones. A few are out at eleven, but as a rule the show-offs are even then in the ascendant.



Soft Shetland wool makes the attractive jumper on the left, while the sports coat is in pure Kashmir wool. Fortnum and Mason are responsible for both of them.



A friend who prides herself on keeping her complexion in the fashion tells me that as nearly as possible natural is the word. The violet tinge is out, scarlet lips are *démodés*, the orange tone is voted bad style, and the make-up for the coming season is to be as close as possible to the best nature can do. This, if there must be make-up at all, is good. What one would be glad to welcome is a decision that powdered noses were hopelessly old-fashioned. It is so wearisome to see in public conveyances dozens of women take up their bag, look in a glass within it, and proceed to powder their faces. Usually they are quite unattractive young people, and the sole effect of the behind-bag process seems to be to draw attention to a proboscis which, owing to its obtrusiveness, has received most of the powder.



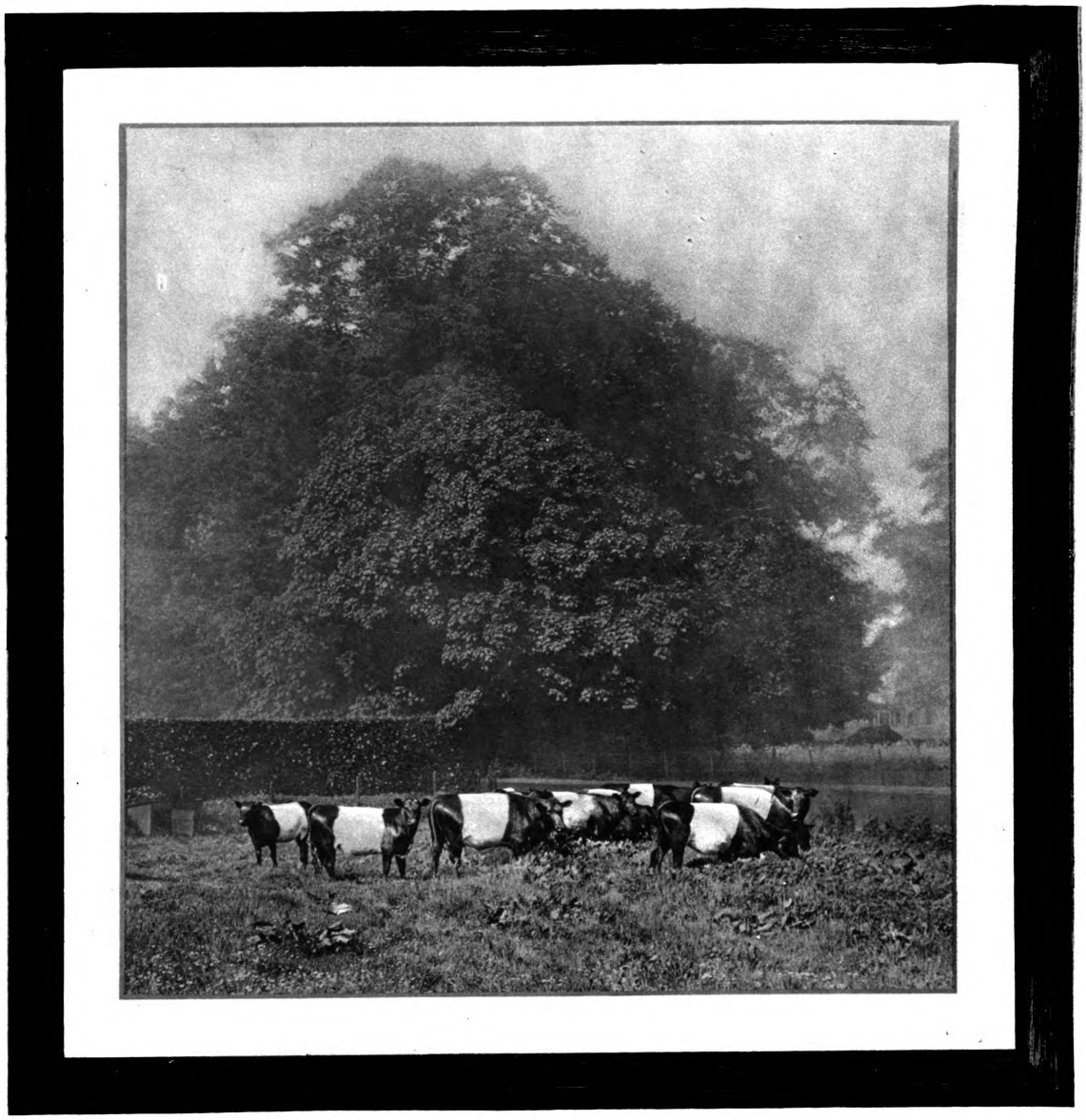
Elvery's have used tan suède for this delightful coatee, and have lined it with shot rainproof silk. *See page 572*

It does not seem from what has transpired up to now that we shall experience any very marked change in fashion this season. A certain run on the doctors who are great on the subject of dieting, a certain number of discussions among members of our sex as to what they are doing to reduce weight, point to the return of the attenuated silhouette. Also at the houses of the finest reputation the mannequins are this season thinner than ever.

One wonders if these exponents of the latest styles go into training, although one imagines they must keep thin, seeing that they are more or less always on view. Certainly fashion favours once again the tall, slim figure. One assumes a virtue if one has it not, and everything is done by the experts in dress to give the effect of length of line and slimness of outline. All the same, these experts expect their clients to do something themselves in the way of reduction, if not so strenuously as Gilbert's discontented sugar-broker. Cocktails are fatal.

A. E. L.

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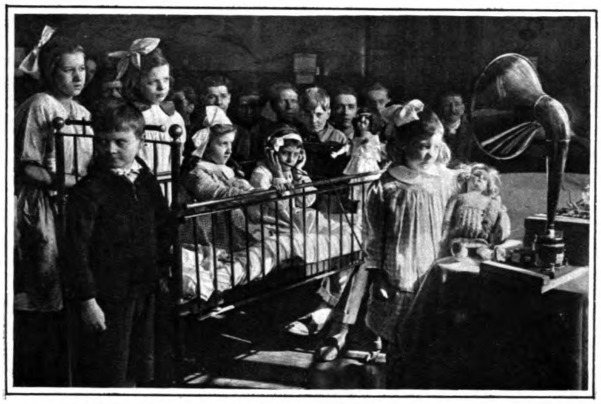
RADIO NOTES.

A Broadcast Concert Re-transmitted.

ON a recent evening, the vast audience of 2LO, the London Broadcasting Station, was invited to continue to listen-in after the conclusion of the evening programme. A few minutes after the usual "closing down," a fresh concert of instrumental and vocal items commenced, and continued until just on midnight. Judging by the strength and quality of the reception, many of those who heard the performance were under the impression that the second concert originated at the London Station, or possibly from a new studio close by; but, much to the surprise of every one, the final announcement from the London Station included the fact that the concert was performed at Birmingham! Subsequently it was stated that the experiment had been made possible by carrying the Birmingham broadcast by the ordinary telephone system to London, where the currents were magnified and retransmitted from 2LO. This important development in the science of broadcasting is extremely interesting, because it means that the single performance was heard by an additional audience, the majority of whom, in the ordinary way, would be unable to hear the distant station. The interest does not end here, however, for the experiment has provided sufficient evidence to establish the possibility of simultaneous reception, by listeners all over the country, of a concert, or speech, from any one of the broadcasting stations. That is to say, if a world-renowned artist, such as Mme. Melba, sang at the London Broadcasting Station, her voice would be heard in Scotland and elsewhere at similar strength—even on a simple crystal set—to that heard by listeners in the vicinity of London. Another novelty of this form of re-transmission is that owners of multivalve sets capable of receiving all of the broadcasting stations could listen, by tuning to the respective wave-lengths, to each of the re-transmissions from whichever station they chose. By means of telephonic connection to one broadcast station, an important national statement, an opera, or a musical performance could not only be broadcast from that particular station, but could be distributed, by telephonic inter-communication, between all of the broadcast stations throughout the land for re-transmission, so that everybody could listen-in with an equally strong reception.

Greenwich Time, Via Paris and Manchester.

For many years past correct time has been signalled by wireless from the Eiffel Tower, Paris, enabling ships at sea, and, incidentally, amateurs, to regulate their clocks and watches. Eiffel Tower—known as FL, transmits on a wave-length of 2600 metres, and can only be heard directly on receiving-sets which have sufficient induction to tune to that wave-length. The majority of broadcast receiving-sets are constructed so that normally they only permit tuning-in to broadcast wave-lengths—*i.e.*, up to about five hundred metres. This being so, they are unable to tune-in directly to the greater wave-length of FL; but now, owing to an ingenious arrangement devised by the Manchester station, 2ZY, of the British Broadcasting Company, the effect of the radiations of FL time signals as picked up on an aerial at Manchester are re-transmitted on the broadcast wave-length. The signals, which are issued by a special code of dots and dashes, are transmitted from FL at 10.44 every night, and in the course of being reproduced by Manchester, a delay of only one three-hundredth part of a second takes place.



GETTING BETTER BY RADIO: BROADCASTS FOR HOSPITAL PATIENTS.

Entertainments by radio-telephony of special interest to children are transmitted daily from each of the broadcasting stations in Great Britain. Our illustration shows young patients at the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, listening-in to the "Children's Hour" performance from the London Broadcasting Station.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

"The Children's Hour."

Not the least interesting of the daily broadcasts are special transmissions at 5.30, for the entertainment of young children. The London Station, 2LO, has as entertainers Aunt Agatha, Uncle Arthur, Uncle Caractacus, and Uncle Jeff; whilst the provincial stations have characters of their own. The success of these entertainments is proved day by day by the receipt of hundreds of letters of appreciation from the little ones, with many requests for the broadcasting of favourite stories and fairy tales. Arrangements are now being made for the co-ordination of programmes of a suitable nature for children in all parts of Great Britain. Uncle Caractacus, at the London headquarters of the B.B.C., has undertaken to organise the scheme, and will arrange programmes of fairy stories, legends, songs, general talks, and competitions for the younger generation.

Recently we described an experimental transmission of speech by radio-telephony between America and Great Britain. The Postmaster-General has now appointed a committee of experts to consider the possibility of Transatlantic wireless telephony of sufficient reliability for commercial use.

Broadcasts are transmitted every evening from:—

London	2LO	369 metres.
Birmingham	5IT	420 metres.
Manchester	2ZY	385 metres.
Newcastle	5NO	400 metres.
Cardiff	5WA	353 metres.
Glasgow	5SC	415 metres.

W. H. S.

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"I enclose two photographs taken on my lawn. The child, aged twelve, can mow the lawn quite easily. I consider the machine is excellent."
E. Liebert, Esq.

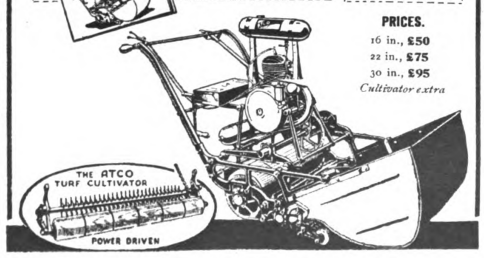
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Mrs. Dorothy Coppen.

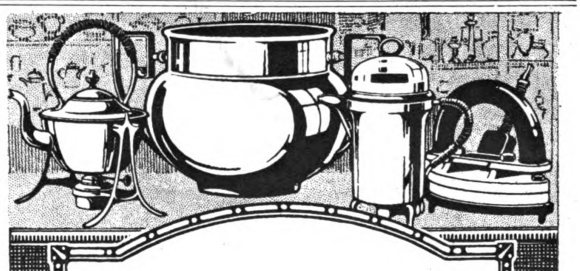
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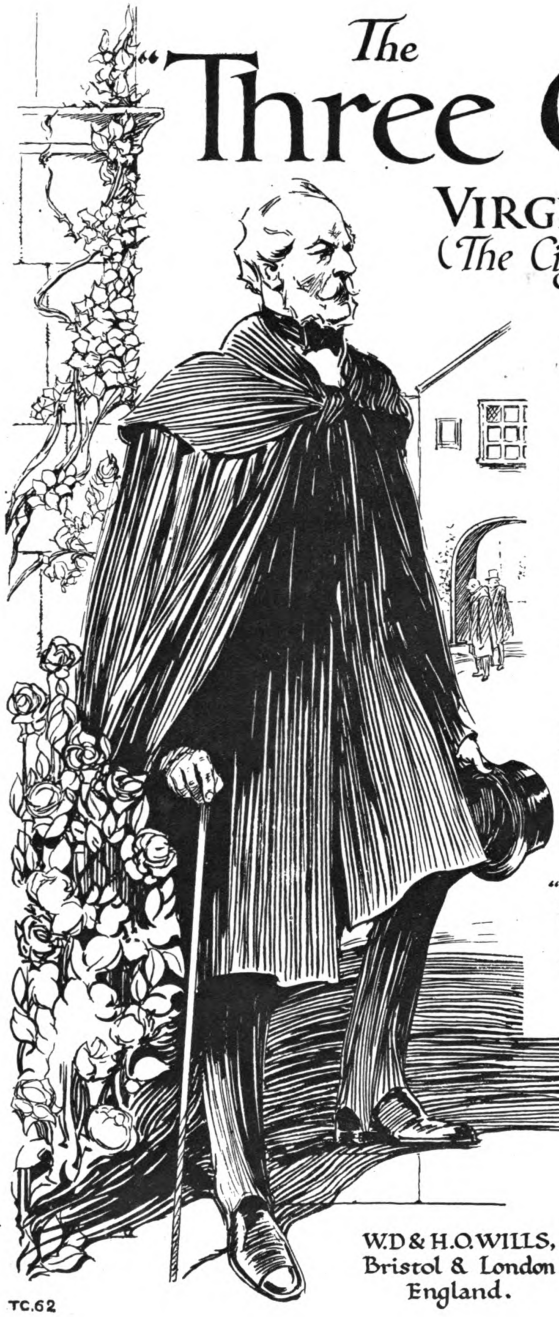
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(The Cigarette with the Pedigree)



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Fashions and Fancies.

The New Skirt. One of the most important innovations in the form of the skirt this spring is the inverted V slit which is becoming an almost indispensable feature of the latest models from across the Channel, and it occurs in coat-frocks and afternoon dresses as well as in evening gowns. The idea was originally borrowed from the Court dresses of the seventeenth century, and consists of a slit in the front of the skirt from hem to waist, showing a fan-shaped panel of the underskirt. In the "period" dresses the underskirt was generally composed of layer on layer of lace; while in modern frocks it is more often of the same material as the dress.

A Lace Exhibition. It is the proud boast of the Nottingham lace-makers that their beautiful machine-made lace is as durable and fine in design as the old hand-made lace, and the exhibition arranged by the Duchess of Portland and Lady Henry Bentinck drew many interested people to 3, Grosvenor Square. Owing to adverse industrial conditions, the Nottingham lace manufacture is in serious straits, and the women of England have been asked to assist the industry by their support. Many of the leading artists in dress were represented at the display by mannequins wearing lovely dresses composed almost entirely of these beautiful laces, in order to give some idea of the charming effects that can be obtained in this way. Jay's, of Regent Street, contributed a superb white marocain frock, finished with heavy flounces and sleeve draperies of lace, which was particularly admired.

An Ideal Mackintosh. Everyone will welcome the silk "Ascot Coat" which Elvery's, of 31, Conduit Street, have just introduced, as it is both practical and attractive. It is a most deceptive garment, since it appears to be a light and well-tailored silk coat, designed for wear over a summer toilette, while actually it is a feather-weight mackintosh. The price—4 guineas—is by no means exorbitant, and the "Ascot Coat" deserves all the success which is sure to crown its début, for it is certainly one of the most effective mackintoshes yet designed. It is illustrated on the left at the foot of page 568, and opposite is a short suède coatee which shares its place of origin. In this case Elvery's have used soft tan suède, and have lined it with shot rainproof silk. Plaited suède cords have been inserted in the belt, and the capacious patch pockets are finished with little tassels; 7½ guineas is the price.



A beautiful white lace cloak with a tailless ermine collar. A telling contrast in shade is added by the shawl-shaped layer of black lace.

For the Sportswoman. It will be news to many people to hear that Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, have opened a new department which is to be devoted to sports clothes. Everything for the golfer will be found in their salons, and special praise must be given to their cardigans, one of which is illustrated on the right at the top of page 568. It is of pure Kashmir wool, and can be had in any shade for 57s. 6d., or 87s. 6d. for a model in which the shoulders have been strengthened on the inner side, so that they will not "give" after the longest period of wear. Just below is shown a Shetland jumper in marl mixture with a lace-stitch pattern. It costs 21s., and the effective alliance of scarf and cap depicted opposite may be obtained for 35s. Grey Shetland wool is the medium, and the design is worked in nigger-brown, fawn, and white. If the scarf is purchased separately, the price is 27s. 6d. Fortnum and Mason have produced three excellent sports blouses, which will appeal to all on account of their neat, attractive severity; 25s. is the sum required if silk poplin is chosen, and they can be had with a polo collar, a slightly open Peter Pan collar, or a medium V-neck. Two detachable polo collars are supplied with the blouse without extra charge.

A Reliable Knitting Yarn. The vogue for knitted garments shows no signs of decreasing; in fact, quite the reverse, and among enthusiastic knitters the famous four-ply Viyella knitting yarn has been a synonym for excellence for a long while. All those who have not yet discovered the fact for themselves will be glad to hear that a lighter weight of the same reliable wool, Viyella two-ply yarn, has now been placed on the market by William Hollins and Co., 24, Newgate Street. It is ideal for babies' clothes, and for any purpose for which the original four-ply is too thick, but the quality is exactly the same in both cases. Almost all leading stores can supply Viyella knitting yarn; or, if there is any difficulty in obtaining it, an application should be sent to the manufacturers for the names of local dealers.

An Amateur Performance. The "Local Amateurs," of Redhill, have won quite a name for themselves by the performance of a number of successful plays, and on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 19 to 21, they are giving "Tilly of Bloomsbury" at the Market Hall, Redhill. The proceeds will be devoted to various charities in the neighbourhood.

E. A. R.

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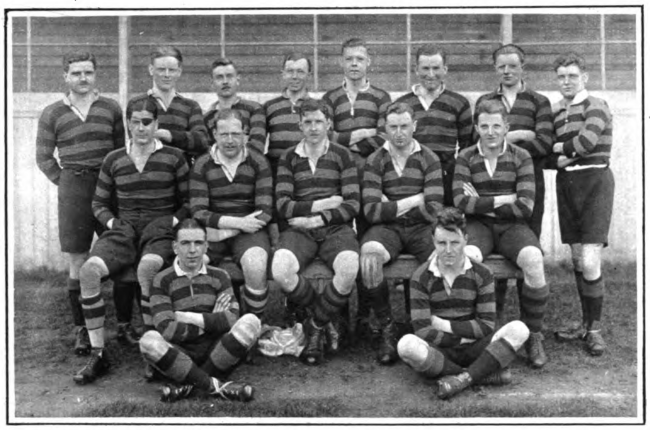


THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

UNACCOMPANIED SONGS.

THERE has been much talk recently of songs without any accompaniment either of pianoforte or of other instruments, and the experiment has even been tried of singing songs of this kind at serious concerts. I have not yet seen or heard a single one that I could regard as being artistically successful, but that is no reason why unaccompanied songs, if written by the right composers and sung by the right singers, should not be able to justify themselves and provide us with a new form of vocal composition. An old form, the reader may well say, for obviously men sang songs in primitive times before they had invented instruments. And throughout the ages people have always sung songs without accompaniment; they do so in the streets and in the fields to-day, and give undoubted pleasure by doing so. But the present-day idea of unaccompanied songs is not altogether a return to nature. There is a certain amount of affectation about it, certain remnants of the folk-song movement that was in full swing ten or twenty years ago; but there is also a genuine and honest desire to compose songs for a voice and a voice only, that shall be works of art, appealing to cultured and intellectual audiences.

The further we go back in the history of music, the more important do we find vocal as opposed to instrumental music. Uneducated persons often talk and write of "music and singing," as if they were two separate things; in fact, "music," in vulgar parlance, often means the pianoforte. In reality, all music was originally singing, and instruments were invented as imitations of voices—even percussion instruments, when their inventors designed them to produce sounds of definite pitch. We know from the music of two hundred years ago or more that in those days singers had as much musical intelligence as instrumentalists, probably more. In many cases people both played and sang. Dr. Fellowes has discovered a work of Byrd for five viols on a folk-song theme, in which each player, when the original theme appears in his particular part, lays down his instrument and sings the music instead. I hope he will succeed in organising a performance of it in this Byrd festival year.



WINNERS OF THE R.A.F. RUGBY CUP FINAL: THE NETHERAVON TEAM.

In the final match for the Royal Air Force Rugby Football Challenge Cup, played at Richmond on March 28, Netheravon (No. 1 Flying Training School) beat Duxford (No. 2 Flying Training School) by 1 goal and 2 tries (11 points) to 1 goal (5 points). The Netheravon team was as follows: Flight-Lt. W. L. Fenwick, back; Air Craftsman Gordon, Leading Air Craftsman Snaith, Flying Officer F. Marson, and Flight-Lt. D. S. Harp, three-quarter backs; Pilot Officer T. Rose and Air Craftsman Miller, half-backs; Flight-Lt. R. H. C. Usher, Flight-Lt. C. H. H. James, Flight-Lt. A. Lees, Flying Officer C. B. Adams, Sergeant Shepherd, Pilot Officer B. V. Reynolds, Corporal Grosse, and Corporal Mordley, forwards.—[*Photograph by Bassano.*]

Songs were accompanied in those days, but much more scantily than in these days of the pianoforte. It is the development of the pianoforte which has gradually made people forget what real singing is. The standard of singing at the present day is wretchedly low, not only in England, but in all countries; such a veteran critic of singing as Mr. Herman Klein can tell us this with the authority of definite and certain knowledge. The modern singer relies far too much upon the support of the pianoforte, both physical and intellectual. In days when songs were accompanied by the lute or the guitar a much higher standard was indispensable.

The movement towards unaccompanied song is part of a general movement which is affecting instrumental music as well. We note that the sonatas of Bach for violin or for violoncello unaccompanied are more often played than they were thirty years ago. It was not that people found them difficult to understand in those days; people said that they were fine music, but that they were unpleasing. To-day they are positively popular, thanks to Casals, to Mme. Suggia and Miss d'Aranyi. In Germany, composers are writing modern sonatas for violin alone. They are certainly very hard to understand, so far as I have come across them, but there is no reason to resent the form in which their composers have expressed themselves. In England, there has not been much done in this particular direction, though the "Soliloquy" for cor anglais in Mr. Bliss's "Conversations" is a case in point. Mr. Bliss has also tried some very successful experiments in composing songs with a single wind instrument, instead of the pianoforte: his two songs with clarinet, "The Ragwort" and "The Dandelion," are among the best things that he has ever written. M. Fleury has frequently played a flute solo by Debussy, which causes some amusement and mystification among his audience, because (presumably by the composer's directions) he always leaves the platform and retires to a place of concealment for the performance of this particular work.

All these experiments show that we are gradually moving towards a greater concentration of attention

[*Continued on page 578.*]

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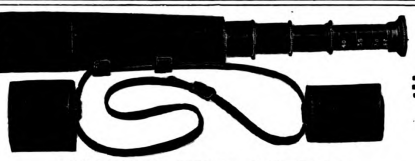
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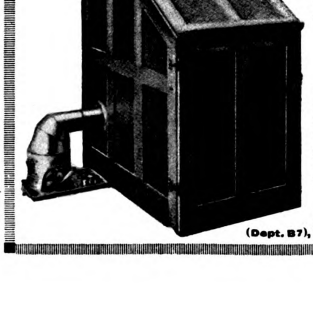
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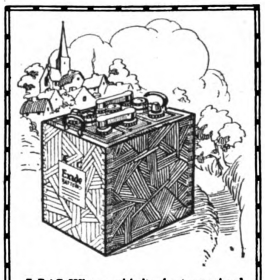
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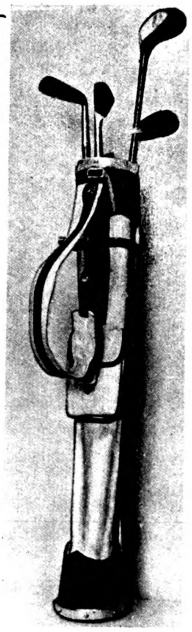
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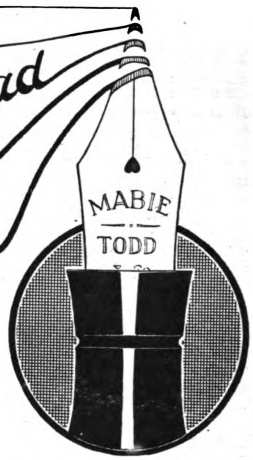
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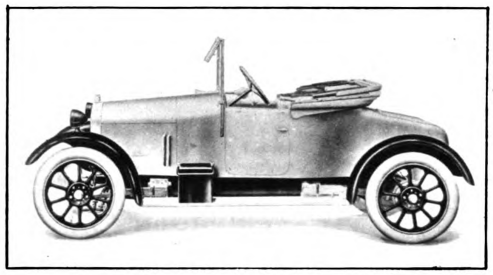
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Safety of the High Roads.

Earl Russell, in the *Motor*, writes on the subject of the safety of the roads. He sums up his conclusions by contending that motorists are primarily responsible, and that they want educating and punishing by a new and more definite code of laws. One remedy, he says, is far too much neglected—the power of suspending the motorist's license and removing a reckless and dangerous driver from the roads until he has had time to learn better. This power, he thinks, should be much more freely used than it is at present; and, in addition, there should be no exceptions to the rule that a man who is drunk in charge of a motor-car goes to prison.



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I can only say that, having regard to Lord Russell's long experience as a motorist and the manner in which he has identified himself with automobilism, I am surprised at such expressions of opinion. I agree that the reckless driver should meet the due reward of his misdeeds. With regard to the person, man or woman, who is drunk while in charge of a car, I am willing to agree that that person should go to prison so soon as it is possible to arrive at a really definite conclusion as to what the word "drunk" really means. There is no need to elaborate the case for a close definition, because it is perfectly obvious that there are varying stages of intoxication, and what passes for drunkenness in the view of one person means comparative sobriety in that of another. Let us define what drunkenness really is, and I am all the way with Lord Russell.

Why Only the Motorist?

If we take Lord Russell's conclusions by themselves we are driven to the assumption that the safety of the road is solely the concern of the motorist, and that nobody else has the smallest responsibility in a matter which really concerns every user of the highway. Let me recount an experience I had only a day or two ago. I was riding in a motor-omnibus, crossing Trafalgar Square. There was a great deal of traffic, with a heavy stream coming in the opposite direction. A well-dressed man was crossing the road, lost in thought, and proceeded to walk right in front of the omnibus. To me it almost looked like a deliberate attempt at suicide. The driver locked his steering-wheels hard over and swerved in a manner of which I did not think the "S" type omnibus capable. The drivers of two cars which were meeting both pulled up in their own length. The near side front wheel of the bus struck the pedestrian and knocked him down. Fortunately, he was not hurt; but he certainly had to thank the alertness of the bus-driver for his life. The other two drivers acted with commendable presence of mind, and narrowly averted what could easily have been a very nasty smash, quite possibly attended by serious personal injury. Now here was a clear case of a person walking to the common danger, and I contend that this should be as much an offence as reckless driving. In this case it was potentially more dangerous because it nearly caused an accident on a wholesale scale. Perhaps Lord Russell would like to tell me what he suggests as a remedy in such a case, or perhaps he considers that the bus-driver was "primarily responsible." If he was, he rose gallantly to his responsibilities. This is only one case out of very many which occur daily, in which accidents are caused, or nearly caused, by the appalling carelessness with which people other than motorists use the roads. It is all very well to abuse the motorist and to talk about more drastic punishment for him, but what seems necessary as an antecedent is that all road users, whether pedestrians or those in charge of wheeled vehicles, should be educated up to their common responsibilities.

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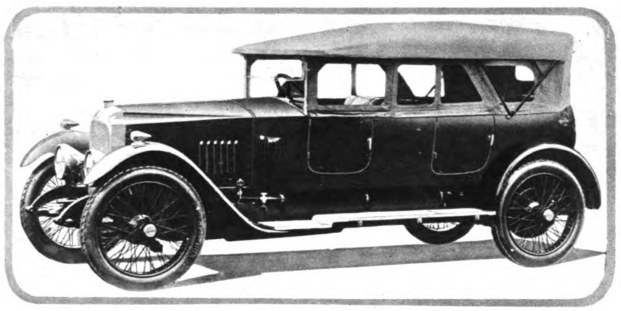
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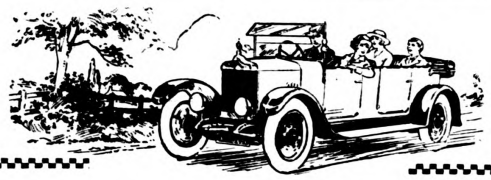
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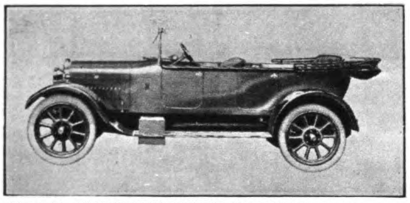
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H.P.

Continued.]

on the melodic line, and with that towards a much more free and complicated treatment of melody than was ever possible when melody was fettered by the conventions of harmony. Unfortunately, it is extremely difficult for any musician of the present day to set his mind free from the memory of conventional harmony. In England, the folk-song movement did a great deal to help us. Intelligent singers of folk-songs, in the days of the great enthusiasm, saw that the accompaniments were the ruin of the songs, and boldly sang them on concert platforms without any accompaniment at all. To do that required much courage and exceptional personality. I have a very vivid recollection of folk-songs sung in this way by a country squire from the North, an old gentleman of over sixty, who sat in a chair and sang the songs of his own peasantry in a drawing-room at an ordinary evening party. The conventional social surroundings were forgotten the moment he began to sing: conventional harmony on a conventional pianoforte would have made the songs unbearable.

The new unaccompanied songs which I have so far seen and heard suffer badly from the fact that their composers cannot forget the pianoforte. They are mostly of the drawing-room ballad type, and the harmony which they inevitably suggest is commonplace and undistinguished. They may show off a fine voice, but they make no intellectual appeal. They have none of the spontaneity and *naïveté* of the folk-songs. Their composers are, indeed, obviously trying to break away from the folk-song fashion, and in this they are perfectly right. One cannot transfer to a concert-hall the romantic associations of a song which broke suddenly in upon one's hearing in the midst of its own natural landscape. Even Mme. Geni Sadero, one of the most compelling singers of folk-songs that I have ever heard, requires her own very original accompaniments to make up for the lost illusion. If unaccompanied song is to avoid the romanticism of captive folk-song, it must make a definite appeal to the musical intellect. EDWARD J. DENT.



SIX STAGES IN ONE: MECHANISM FOR THE NEW YORK PRODUCTION OF "ANGELO," A PLAY NOW AT DRURY LANE.

On a double-page in this number we illustrate the remarkable effect, as seen from the auditorium, of the novel stage mechanism used in the production of "Angelo," at Drury Lane. The piece was played previously, under another name, in New York, and the above drawing shows the apparatus of the American stage. It enables six different scenes to be shown rapidly, one after another, each in a different section of the curtain, the rest of which is blacked out. The scene-shifters are dressed in black, and are invisible to the audience while working in the darkened sections. The various sub-stages, some raised on rolling "bridges," run easily on tracks, and each has its separate lights. The mechanism was invented by Mr. Svend Gade.—[*By Courtesy of the "Scientific American."*]

"ANGELO," AT DRURY LANE.

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We very much regret that an error occurred in naming the artist whose painting entitled "A Liner 'Like a Grand Hotel' and a Tramp Steamer 'Leaking Like a Lobster-Pot'" was published as a colour double in our issue of March 31. By an unfortunate slip, we described it as being by Mr. Charles Pears, whereas in reality it was the work of Mr. C. E. Turner.



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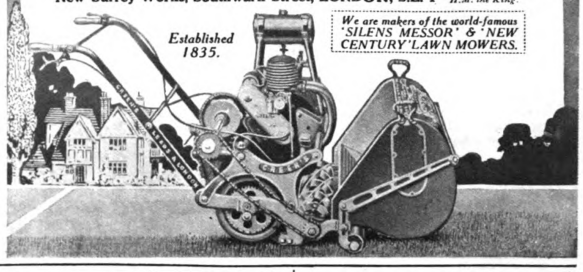
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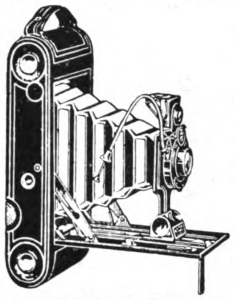
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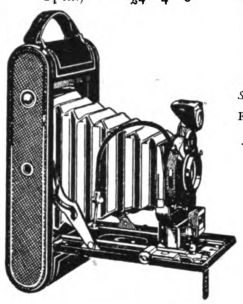
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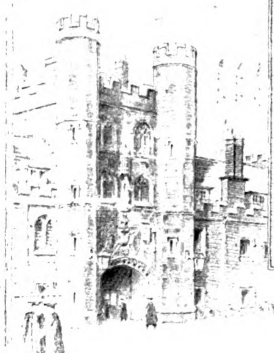
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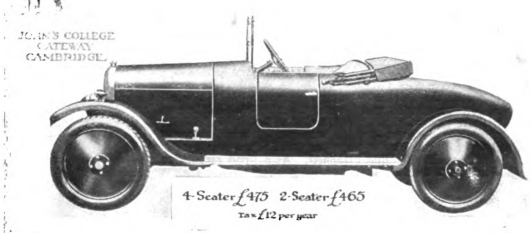
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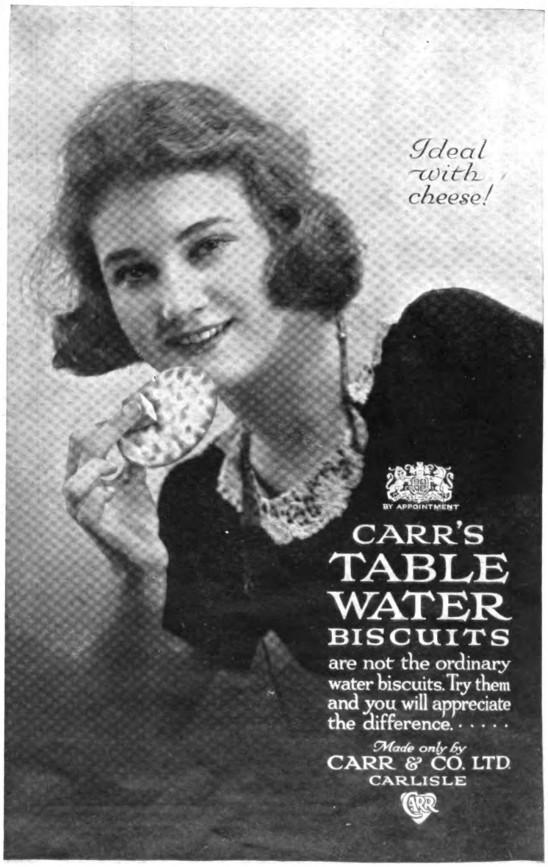
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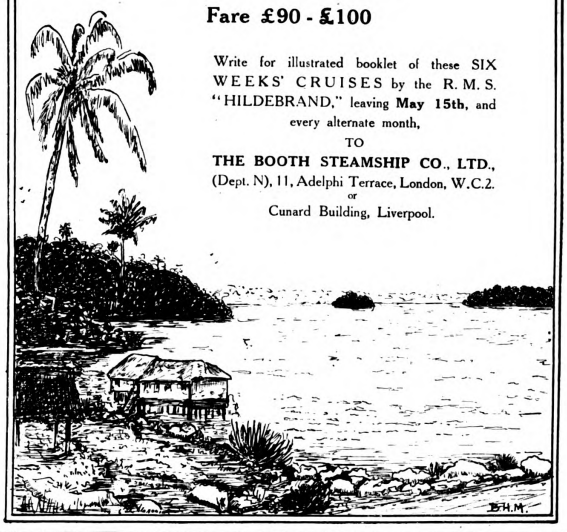
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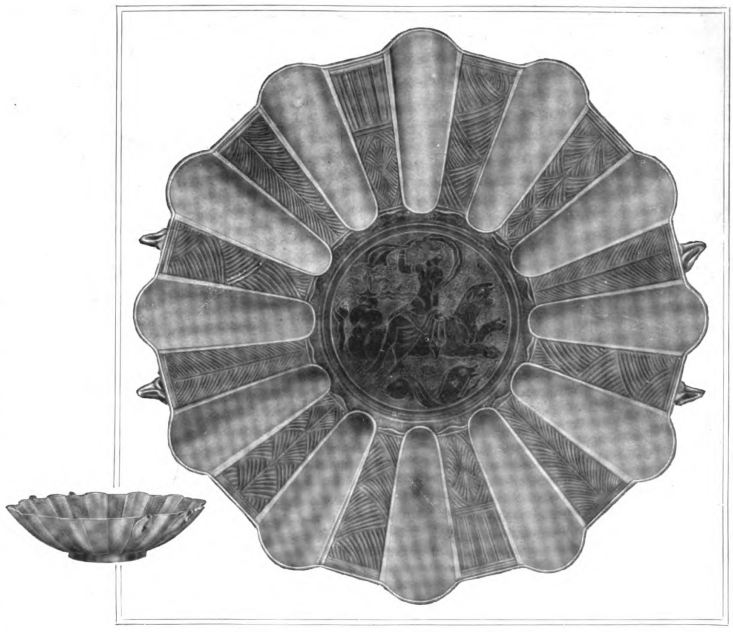
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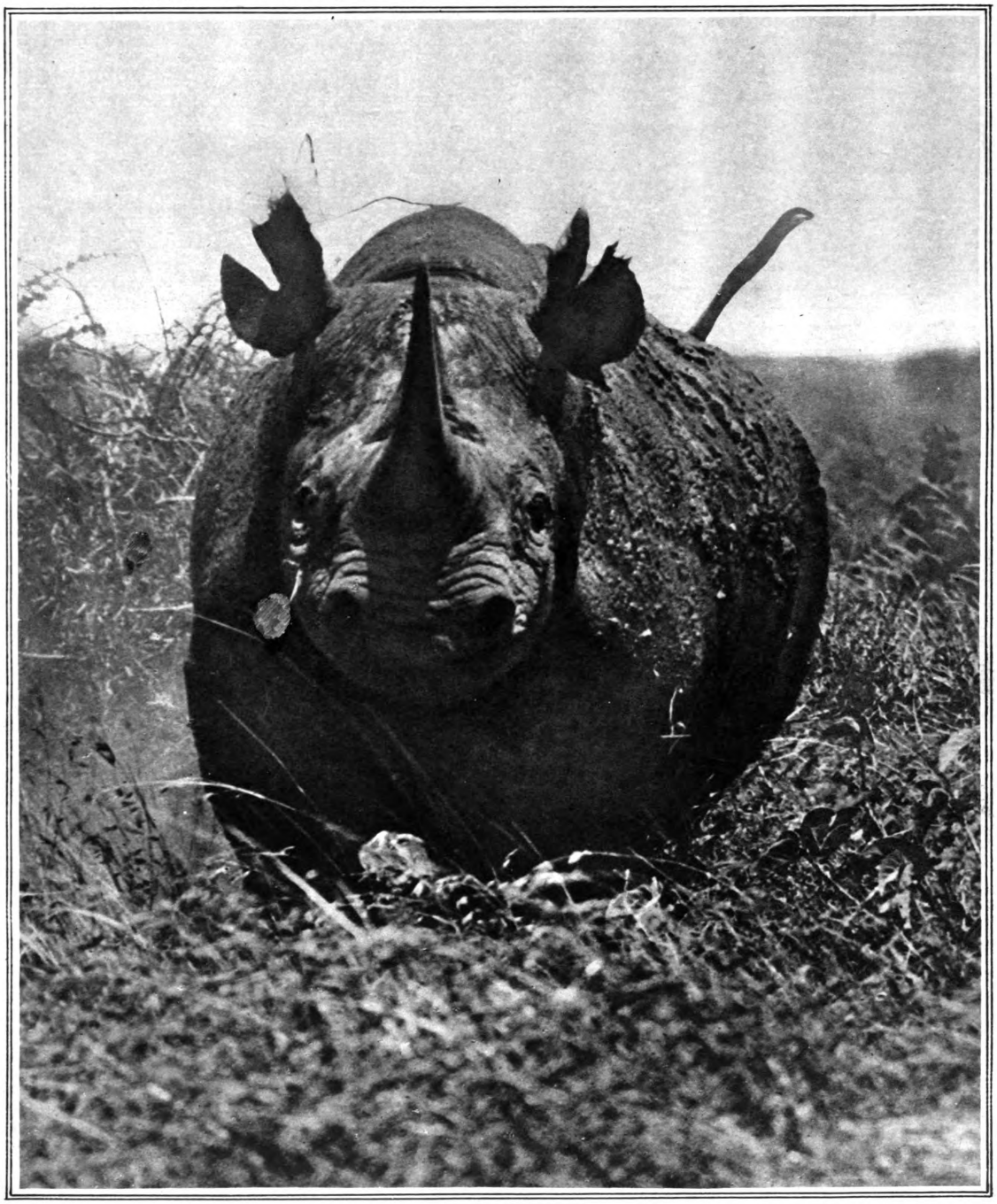
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SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1923.

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HUNTING WITHOUT RIFLE: THE UNICORN OF THE PACHYDERMS, A BIG RHINOCEROS PREPARED TO CHARGE PHOTOGRAPHED AT SIXTEEN YARDS—FROM "THE WONDERLAND OF BIG GAME" FILM, AT THE POLYTECHNIC.

The situation of a photographer in the African bush, filming a healthy rhinoceros with his tail up and manifestly meditating a charge, at a range of 16 yards, must be far from enviable. Yet this remarkable feat has been actually performed by Major Radclyffe Dugmore, as shown in his startling film, "The Wonderland of Big Game," which it was arranged to produce, with a running commentary by himself, at the Polytechnic Hall in Regent Street on April 11. Other photographs from the film, including a lion and lioness, appear on later pages in this number. It has all the thrills of big-game hunting, without the bloodshed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAJOR A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE, THE WELL-KNOWN NATURALIST-AUTHOR AND BIG-GAME PHOTOGRAPHER. BY COURTESY OF NATURAL FILMS, LTD.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE horrible folly of the murder of priests in Russia reminds one of many things. Revolutionary sceptics, especially Russian sceptics, used to be curiously perverse in their way of despising martyrdom and revering suicide. They derided the fanatical folly of men who got killed for their religion, and exalted the serene wisdom of men who were led to kill themselves by their philosophy. This affair will at least prove that Christians still know how to suffer martyrdom, and Bolshevists how to commit suicide. In the course of it, it is said, a Marxian motto was displayed which ran: "The proletariat must be without a God." Which raises an interesting question about whether it recovers a God when it revolts and rises above the position of a proletariat. I never can understand why the Bolshevists use the word proletarianism as if it were the perfect condition to be enjoyed, instead of being presumably the unjust condition to be ended. If a man in Old Virginia said: "Slaves must be without a God," he would presumably mean that they ought not to be slaves, because it is bad for them to be godless. But the only other thing he could mean is that it is good for them to be godless, and therefore they ought to be slaves. Neither makes sense in the Bolshevist case; but my thoughts have since strayed from the Bolshevist case to the general place of this negation among the nations of the earth.

Even in the Great War, which some of us remember, people used to be puzzled when I said that France is not atheistical, but Germany is. Frenchmen were known to be frog-eaters and free-thinkers; the two things clearly go together, and, indeed, one is about as descriptive as the other. This delusion is partly due to ignorance of the oligarchic character of most modern government — none being less representative than representative government. The German Emperor gave great prominence to the German God: almost as much as to the German Emperor. On the other hand, France is perhaps the one great country where politicians sometimes say there is no God. In all countries politicians act as if there were none. But throughout France, the family life is Christian; and, in the Roman sense, is pious even when it is pagan. And even the exceptional Frenchman is rather an antitheist than an atheist. There is a rather deep distinction. His atheism is a branch of anticlericalism. The realities in that society are a Church and its enemies, who enjoy being extremists. But in Germany, at least in North Germany, the problem is quite different. There it is not so much theological as psychological atheism. It is an assumption, and therefore an atmosphere; an atmosphere in which the divine oxygen is exhausted. Even in the little I have known of Prussians and Prussia long before the war, I felt this staleness like a smell. And I was tremendously interested the other day to find something very similar, attested by a better authority, and in one sense even an authority on the other side.

A very able and valuable book, called "The German Mind," was recently written by Miss Fanny Johnson, and published by Messrs. Chapman and Dodd. The author is in much greater sympathy with much of the northern creed and culture than I am; she is more in touch with the Teutonic type of idealism; and she is fully entitled to claim that her greater sympathy is founded on a much greater knowledge. She deals in the most thoughtful and thorough fashion with a vast variety of literary and philosophic forms in modern Germany; and work of that sort is a very wonderful thing to do thoroughly. Nothing calls for more imagination than criticism, when it has to review a crowd of creative differentiations, cranky and otherwise, and put itself into each peculiar position in turn. The work here is eminently fair, and certainly the very reverse of hostile. But, when all is allowed for, the conclusion of the author, as stated by herself, remains a rather remarkable one. "It is one of the main theses of this book to show that on the side of reform, social regeneration, or whatever one might call it, they are, as it were, struck by a kind of paralysis, an atrophy of the will, which comes, I cannot but think, from having given up the habit of faith in the good governance of the world."

What I meant by the distinction between antitheism and atheism could not be more exactly noted. Such people have lost the *habit* of belief; they are not merely taking a holiday from a habit. They are not in reaction against religion, but in inaction from the want of it; as the writer says, they suffer a paralysis and not merely a perversion of the will. The German intellectuals to whom I talked were not arming themselves to the teeth, like French atheists, to fight against the faith; they were simply taking it for granted that there was nothing to fight. And as there was nothing to fight against, so there would soon be very little to fight for. It is notable that, by the testimony of the author of "The German Mind," the effect of this failure of old ideas of piety is first felt in the new ideas of progress. It is especially in the world of reform and social regeneration that the atrophy appears. I believe this to be a most profound and practical, though still somewhat neglected truth. When we talk of progress we use the metaphor of a road, and imply that we are free to go further and further along the road. But, if only because a road is a direction, a road is also a restriction. And we cannot even imagine progress under the metaphor of a wilderness without roads. It cannot be progressive to walk one way if it is equally progressive to walk the opposite way. That is the condition of a certain sort of modern mind, and notably of the North German mind. We feel that the mind is not a fortress; because all the four walls of it have fallen away. I am aware that Luther said that God was a moral fortress for himself and his people. Possibly he meant that God was the only moral fortress they were likely to get; and when they lost that, all their fortresses would fall. Anyhow, there is nothing more to be done with this sort of advance into the void; this progress over the precipice. It has come to its end, even if it is an endless end. The industrial intellectuals were always calling us romantic reactionaries and telling us that their clockwork civilisation must go on, because we could not put the clock back. And even as they spoke the clock stopped.

Wherever we are to look for progress, we cannot look for it to the progressives. The intensely interesting paradox of the present position is that it is exactly the advanced people who can advance no further. It is exactly the people who are always telling us to march further along the road who seem to be hopelessly stuck in the mud. Anarchists can no more provide us with a new society than atheists can provide us with a new religion. But it is not only these extreme negations that meet in a vicious circle, like the serpent eating its own tail. It is true in a more practical and even a more parochial sense; as a matter of experience in definite localities and individual lives. I feel it, as I have said, in the case of Germany; the Germany described in Miss Fanny Johnson's fair and even sympathetic analysis. I feel it in America; the America I myself saw with sincere sympathy and enjoyment. These places are full of stagnant pools left by what were once lawless floods. And because they were lawless floods, and not lawful rivers, the pools are all in the wrong place. And a pool in the wrong place is a puddle, even when it is as large as a lake. The industrial revolution was really a revolution, in one sense that is very little realised. It was as destructive as any revolution; it was also as headlong as any revolution. The spinning-jenny cut things short quite as sharply as the guillotine. Personally, I have a more primitive taste in revolutions. I prefer the movement of a hundred men each carrying a pike to the movement of a hundred men all making a pin. But the point is that both were in the same sense abrupt and brutal; both broke down an old social order; though I do not myself lament the disappearance of the princes and the palaces as much as I do lament the disappearance of the peasants and the farms. Both revolutions were alike also in a certain intellectual impatience, founded on what was regarded as positive knowledge; though the moral certainties of democracy still remain, while the materialistic certainties of industrialism are no longer certain even for the industrialists. But, above all, the two revolutions resemble each other in the fact which I would emphasise here. In so far as the revolutionists were architects of ruin, they have provided us with ruins. In so far as they wrecked, the world is full of the wreckage. That is to say, the world is full of a sort of débris of dead movements which no longer move. There is no ivy climbing up the factory chimneys or mosses growing on machinery; and it is but seldom that birds build their nests in the funnel of a steam-engine; still less in the hair of a stoker. They have none of the redeeming points of ruins. But they are ruins for all that; they are ruins because they are remains. They mark the furthest that men went on a road along which they can go no further. They are relics of a religion in which men once laboured hopefully, and are now labouring hopelessly. Industrialism was once really regarded as a rapid road to prosperity and civilisation for all; and its rapidity was counted a clear improvement upon the slow methods of more agricultural states. The mills of God might grind slowly, but it was all the better that the mills of man ground quickly. Then certain discontented idealists began to make inquiries about what the mill was grinding. And it soon became painfully clear that it was grinding the faces of the poor. It was still vaguely considered progressive; to-day it has ceased even to progress. The mill is a treadmill.

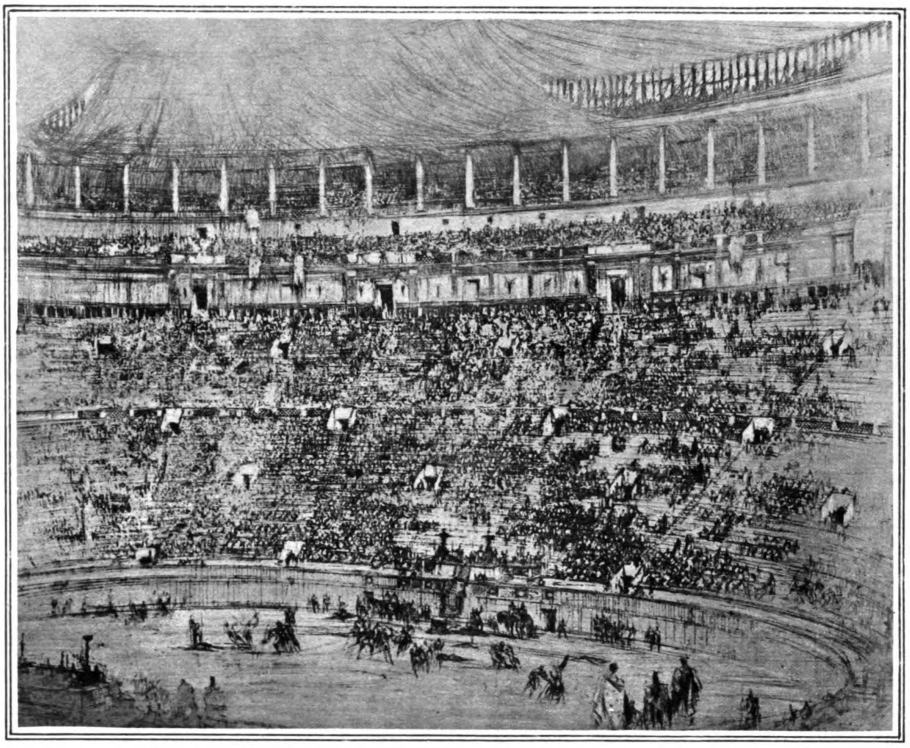


THE PRINCE OF WALES WINS ANOTHER STEEPLECHASE: H.R.H. ON HIS AUSTRALIAN HORSE, KINLARK, TAKING THE LAST FENCE IN THE RACE FOR THE 12TH LANCERS CUP AT TETBURY.

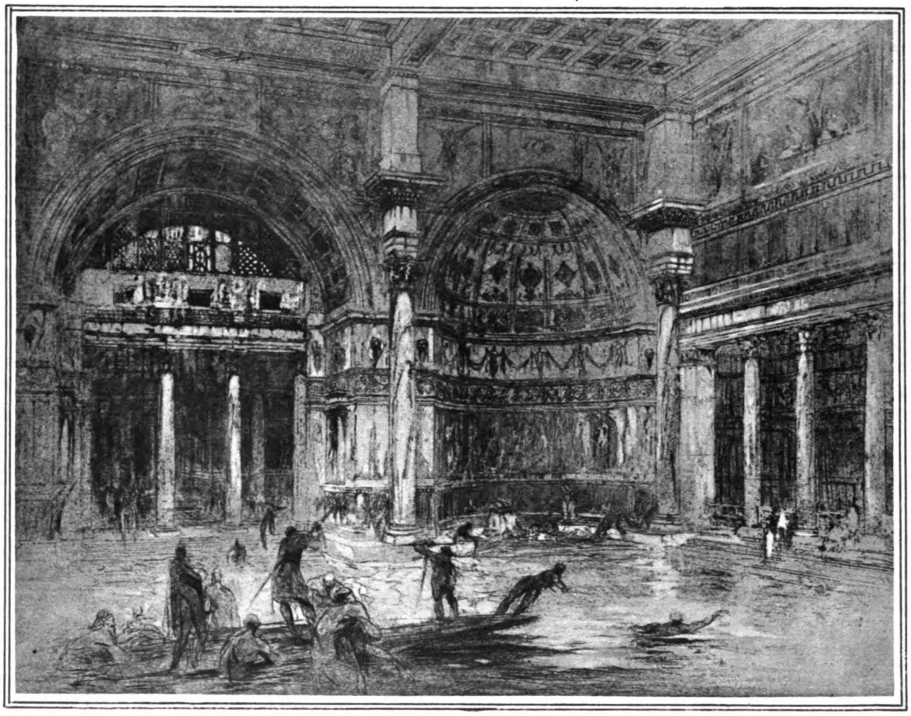
The Prince of Wales added to his steeplechasing trophies on Saturday, April 7, at the Duke of Beaufort's meeting at Tetbury, where he was awarded the 12th Lancers' Challenge Cup after another horse had been disqualified. The Prince, who is a member of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt, was riding Kinlark, the horse presented to him in Australia. On April 4 he won the Welsh Guards Challenge Cup in the Household Brigade Meeting at Hawthorn Hill. On that occasion his mount was Little Favourite.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

"THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME" REVIVED: WALCOT ETCHINGS.

BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST MR. WILLIAM WALCOT, AND THE PUBLISHER OF THE ETCHINGS, MR. H. C. DICKINS. ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



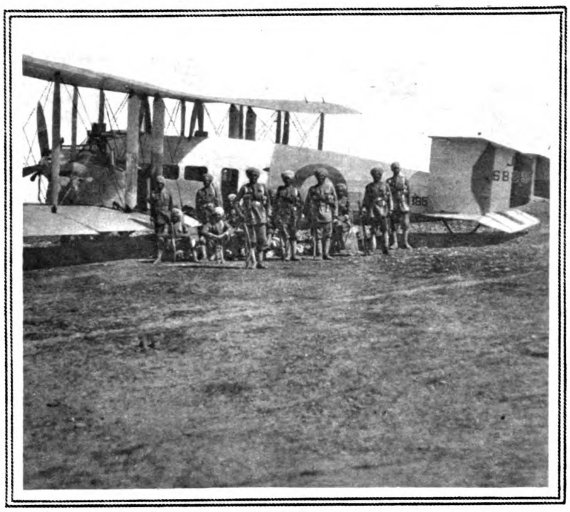
"BUTCHERED TO MAKE A ROMAN HOLIDAY": GLADIATORS AND OTHER COMBATANTS FIGHTING IN THE ARENA BEFORE A ROMAN EMPEROR: "A PERFORMANCE IN THE COLISEUM AT ROME," FROM THE ETCHING BY WILLIAM WALCOT.



BY AN ARTIST WHO HAS MADE ANTIQUITY RE-LIVE: THE LUXURY OF ANCIENT ROME PORTRAYED IN "THE BATHS OF CARACALLA," AN ETCHING BY WILLIAM WALCOT IN HIS EXHIBITION LATELY OPENED IN LONDON.

Mr. William Walcot's etchings and drawings, recently placed on view at the Royal Institute of British Architects, are much more than reconstructions of ancient architecture, although in that respect based on accurate knowledge and scholarship. His work, which ranges over Egypt, Babylon, and Etruria, as well as classical Greece and Rome, is rather an imaginative visualisation of living scenes as they took place in former ages. The Exhibition is one that no one should miss who is interested, as all are interested nowadays, in the civilisation of ancient empires. The etchings have only been published within the last few years and are rarities for the collector. A new plate, of an Egyptian palace, is shortly to be added to the series by Mr. H. C. Dickins, of 9, Great Pulteney Street, who publishes them. The Roman subjects are of especial interest just now in view of the approaching visit of the King and Queen to Italy. Mr. Walcot made his researches and paintings, during the last three years, at the British School in Rome, where he has a studio, and the present exhibition was shown there last May, at the Villa Venezia. It was visited by Commendatore Boni, the well-known Italian archæologist, who is to conduct the Queen round the Forum, where he directed recent excavations. Mr. Walcot, we may add, did some work for the Queen's Doll's House.

"TROOP-SHIPS" OF THE AIR: FLYING TRANSPORTS NEAR BAGHDAD.



NOW KEEN TO FLY ANYWHERE INSTEAD OF MARCHING: SOME OF THE 280 SIKHS CARRIED 75 MILES BY AEROPLANES IN MESOPOTAMIA; AND ONE OF THE "TRANSPORTS."



FULLY EQUIPPED WITH RIFLES, AND 15 LB. OF KIT EACH: MEN OF THE SIKH FORCE OF 280 PREPARING TO LEAVE KINGARBAN BY AEROPLANE FOR KIRKUK.



A PIONEER EXPERIMENT IN TROOP-TRANSPORT BY AIR WHICH IMMENSELY IMPRESSED THE KURDS: THE "EMPLANING" OF TWO COMPANIES OF SIKHS.



ONE OF THE FIRST R.A.F. AEROPLANE "TROOP-SHIPS": A UNIT OF AN AIR FLEET THAT CARRIED A FULLY EQUIPPED FIGHTING FORCE 75 MILES IN 10 FLYING HOURS.

Troop-transport by air, once regarded as a prophetic dream in such romances as H. G. Wells's "When the Sleeper Wakes," has become an accomplished fact, and is likely to be a potent element in any warfare of the future. A remarkably interesting pioneer experiment, on a small scale, is illustrated in the above photographs, which were taken by a correspondent at Baghdad. "They depict," he writes, "the 'emplaning' of two companies of Sikhs at Kingarban *en route* for Kirkuk. A force of 280 men, fully equipped, with rifles and 15 lb. of kit each, and 30,000 rounds of S.A.A. (small arms ammunition) was flown 75 miles in less than a day and a half (say, 10 flying hours). The exploit was the first of its kind carried out by the R.A.F. The machines used were Vickers Vernons with Napier or Rolls-Royce engines. The journey normally takes 5 days by road. The sudden arrival of these troops is reported to have produced a profound sensation amongst the local Kurdish tribes. The men, who are all Sikhs, thoroughly enjoyed the journey, and are now 'full out' to fly anywhere instead of walking."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, CENTRAL PRESS, SPORT AND GENERAL, BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS, ELLIOTT AND FRY, AND E. O. HOPPÉ.



THE STUPID "PRAM RACE": MRS. EDWARDS, CHALLENGER, AND WIFE OF THE ORGANISER.



SECOND IN THE ABSURD AND INJURIOUS LONDON TO BRIGHTON "PRAM RACE": MRS. FIRMAGER PASSING THROUGH HANDCROSS.



WINNER OF THE 52-MILE "PRAM RACE": MRS. GROOM, WHO COLLAPSED AT BRIGHTON.

AMATEUR RACKETS CHAMPION FOR THE NINTH TIME: MR. E. M. BAERLEIN.





THE NEW EARL AND COUNTESS OF CARNARVON: LORD AND LADY PORCHESTER.



DEPRIVED OF THE AMATEUR RACKETS CHAMPIONSHIP: THE HON. C. N. BRUCE (PREVIOUSLY HOLDER).



APPOINTED COLONEL-COMMANDANT OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HUGH S. JEUDWINE.



MARRIED TO SIR ROBERT HUDSON: VISCOUNTESS NORTHCLIFFE.



MARRIED TO VISCOUNTESS NORTHCLIFFE: SIR ROBERT HUDSON.



THE NEW M.P. (LIBERAL) FOR ANGLESEY: SIR R. J. THOMAS.



MAKER OF A RECORD BILLIARDS BREAK: TOM NEWMAN, THE CHAMPION.

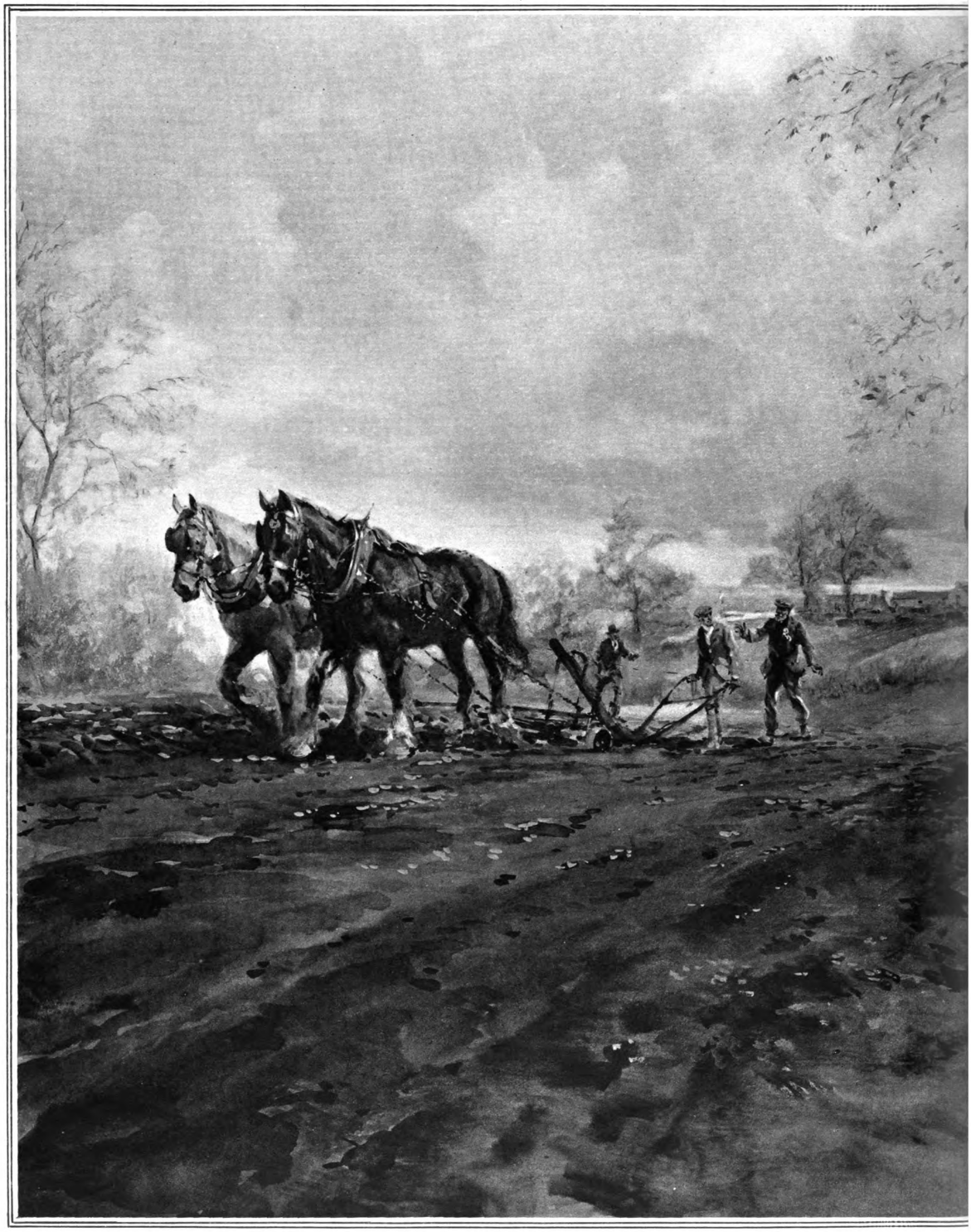


TO PRESIDE OVER THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION MEETING IN TORONTO NEXT YEAR: SIR DAVID BRUCE.

The mothers' perambulator walking race from London to Brighton (52 miles) on Saturday, April 7, cannot be too strongly condemned as both harmful and absurd. The winner, Mrs. Groom, of Eastbourne, collapsed on arrival, and another woman had to be removed by ambulance to the Brighton Infirmary. One of the babies was so exhausted that a local inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children arranged to report on its condition to headquarters.——Mr. E. M. Baerlein won the Amateur Rackets Singles Championship at Queen's Club, for the ninth time, by beating the holder, the Hon. C. N. Bruce, in the Challenge Round.——The new Earl of Carnarvon, only son of the famous Egyptologist, whom he has just succeeded, was born in 1898. As Lord Porchester, he married last year Miss Catherine Wendell, daughter of the late Mr. J. Wendell, of New York.——It was recently announced that Sir Hugh Jeudwine, the new Colonel-Commandant of the Royal Artillery, was to become Director-General of the Territorial Army. In the war he commanded the 41st Infantry Brigade and the 55th Division.——Viscountess Northcliffe, widow of Lord Northcliffe, was married on April 4 to Sir Robert A. Hudson, who was Chief Agent of the Liberal Party from 1895 to 1922, and is now Treasurer of the National Liberal Federation.——Sir R. J. Thomas (Liberal) had a majority of 4748 over the Labour candidate for Anglesey.——Playing against Inman in the Billiards Championship, Newman made in succession three breaks of 542, 705 and 850 respectively, the last being a Championship record.——Sir David Bruce, famed for his researches on sleeping-sickness, was Commandant of the R.A.M. College from 1914-19.

HEDGE-ROW DEMONSTRATORS WITH RATTLES, WHISTLES, CAN

Drawn by our Spe

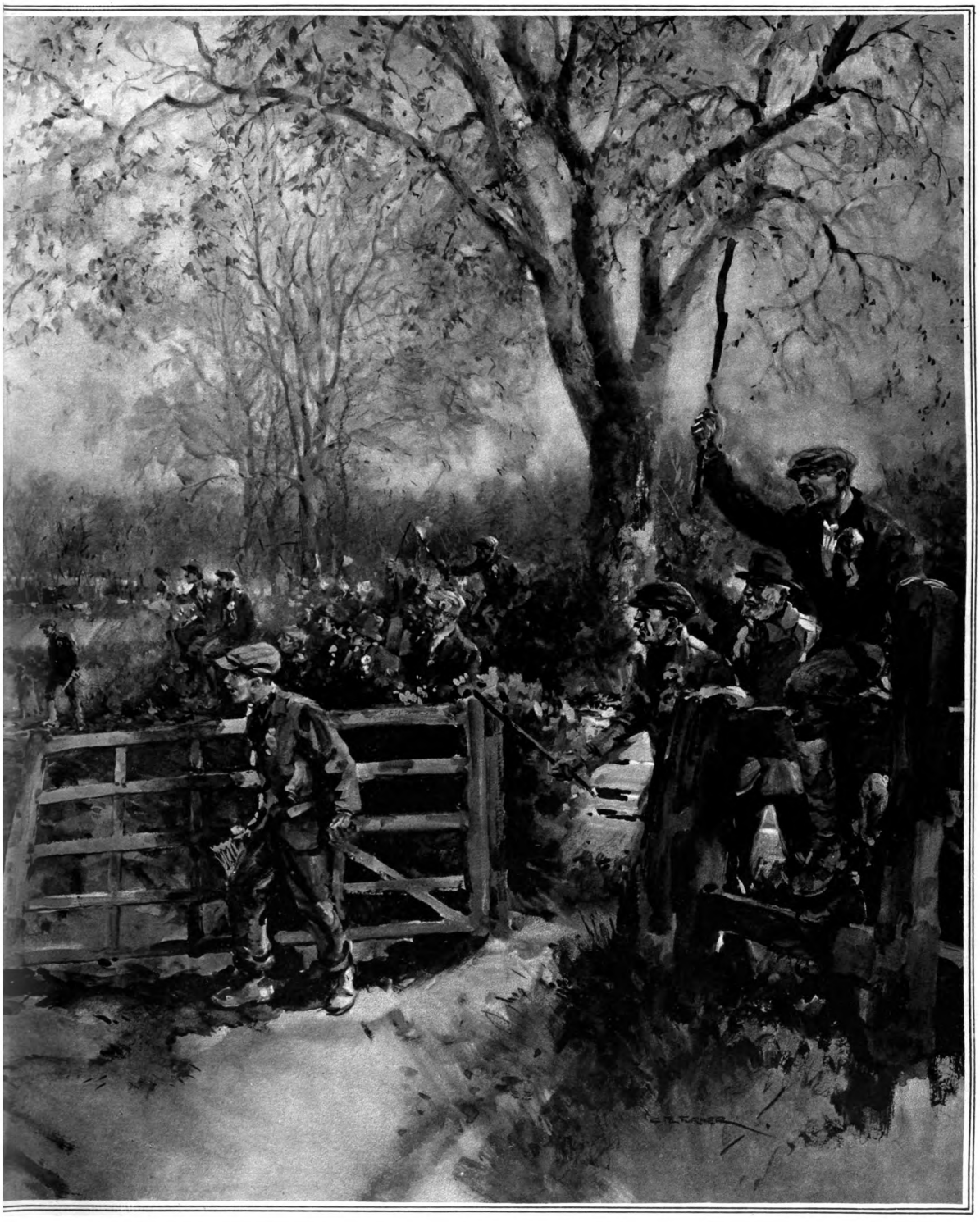


PLOUGHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES: A VOLUNTEER WORKER ON A NORFOL
THE ADJACENT HEDGE TO MAK

The long-continued trouble in the farming districts of Norfolk, which threatened to spread into other counties, has brought into prominence the unsatisfactory condition of home agriculture, whose prosperity is so essential to the security of the nation. The conference between Norfolk farmers and representatives of their men, resumed in the Shire Hall at Norwich on April 9, was adjourned until the 12th in the hope that meanwhile the Premier, or the Minister of Agriculture (Sir Robert Sanders) would announce a Government scheme of relief which would enable the farmers to make an acceptable offer to the labourers. Hundreds of mobile police were recently drafted into the affected districts, where intimidation gangs of strikers have been interfering with the work of volunteers.

BUGLES, AND FLAGS: A NORFOLK FARM-STRIKE INCIDENT.

ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



FARM HARANGUED BY A SPOKESMAN OF THE STRIKERS, WHO HAVE LINED A HOSTILE DEMONSTRATION.

"The incident here illustrated," writes our artist, "is typical of the methods by which the strikers try to prevent the carrying on of work on Norfolk farms. A number of the union men (usually 50 to 100) march to a farm where work is in progress. They line the hedges, and sit on fences, making exhortations to the volunteer workers to cease. The more youthful element demonstrate with rattles, whistles, and beating on cans, flag-waving and bugles, cries and abuse. Proceedings are usually otherwise peaceable. The drawing shows a direct appeal being made by a spokesman of the men. The strikers demonstrate at farms where they are not known, and avoid their employers. Their poverty is so great that they have not the means to smoke!"—*[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.—C.R.]*

ITALY'S ROYAL MARRIAGE: THE KING'S DAUGHTER NOW A COUNTESS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. FAGNANO, MASSAGLIO (TORINO), CAV. GUIDO CERRI (PISA), SPORT AND GENERAL, AND T. VAUCHER.



PRINCESS YOLANDA'S HUSBAND AS A "CRACK" RIDER IN THE ITALIAN CAVALRY: COUNT CALVI DI BERGOLO TAKING A BIG JUMP.



THE "CONTINENTAL SEAT" IN JUMPING: COUNT CALVI DI BERGOLO—A MOMENT LATER THAN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH.



THE BRIDEGROOM: COUNT CALVI DI BERGOLO, MARRIED TO PRINCESS YOLANDA, DAUGHTER OF KING VICTOR.



THE BRIDE: PRINCESS YOLANDA OF SAVOY, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY, NOW COUNTESS CALVI DI BERGOLO.



WITH HER GRANDSON, VALDEMAR, COUNT OF ROSENBORG: THE BRIDEGROOM'S MOTHER.



THE "GOLDSBOROUGH" OF THE ITALIAN ROYAL ROMANCE: PRINCESS YOLANDA'S NEW HOME, THE VILLA GONELLA AT PINEROLO, NEAR TURIN.



THE BRIDE'S INTEREST IN SPORT: PRINCESS YOLANDA AT A ROMAN CAMPAGNA FOX HUNT

Like Princess Mary and the Duke of York, Princess Yolanda, eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, found her life-partner among the nobility of her native land, rather than among foreign royalty. Her wedding to Count Calvi di Bergolo, which involved the relinquishment of her royal rank and title, was celebrated at the Quirinal in Rome on April 9. Her grandmother, the late Queen Milena of Montenegro, mother of the Queen of Italy, strongly favoured Princess Yolanda's choice of a husband. After the wedding breakfast the Count and Countess Calvi di Bergolo motored to Civitavecchia, where they went by train to Pisa. Their home is the Villa Gonella at Pinerolo, near Turin. The Count, who comes of an old Piedmontese family, is a captain in the Italian cavalry and one of its finest horsemen. When he first met his bride, in Rome some two years ago, he was military instructor at the cavalry school of Tor di Quinto. He rode in the International Horse Show in London last June. His sister is the wife of Prince Aage of Denmark, a nephew of Queen Alexandra. Their son, Valdemar, Count of Rosenborg (seen above with his grandmother, the mother of Count Calvi di Bergolo) was born at Turin in 1915.

DEAR TO THE FOUNDER OF FASCISMO: HOME FACES FOR "IL DUCE."

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 AND 3 BY COURTESY OF SIGNORA MUSSOLINI. NO. 2 BY CARLO COLETTI, MILAN.



1. THE CHILDREN OF ITALY'S "STRONG MAN" AS "BLACK SHIRTS": (LEFT TO RIGHT) VITTORIO, EDDA, AND BRUNO MUSSOLINI.



2. WITH HER CHILDREN (L. TO R.) EDDA, BRUNO, AND VITTORIO: SIGNORA RACHELE MUSSOLINI.



3. THE "PRESIDENT" OF SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S HOME "COUNCIL": SIGNORA RACHELE MUSSOLINI, HIS WIFE.

These interesting photographs, which have just reached us from Italy, throw a new and genial light on the personality of the great Italian leader, Signor Benito Mussolini, the founder of Fascismo and, since the "bloodless revolution" which he brought about last October, President of the Council (or Premier) of the Italian Government. His followers, the Fascisti, known from their costume as the "Black Shirts," call him "Il Duce" (the leader), and his children, it will be noted, also wear the dress of their father's famous order. Although no information as to the story of his marriage has come to hand with the photographs, we may read in them, by reflection, as it were, evidence of a softer and domestic side to the masterful patriot's character. In his wife, Signora Rachele Mussolini, we see a woman of charm and vitality, manifestly well fitted to be the helpmate of a statesman, while the children's faces reveal an inherited intelligence and resolute will. The eldest is a girl—Edda; the elder boy is Vittorio, and the younger, Bruno. At the civil marriage of Princess Yolanda and Count Calvi di Bergolo, which took place in the Throne Room at the Quirinal in Rome on April 9, Signor Mussolini acted as Notary of the Crown.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

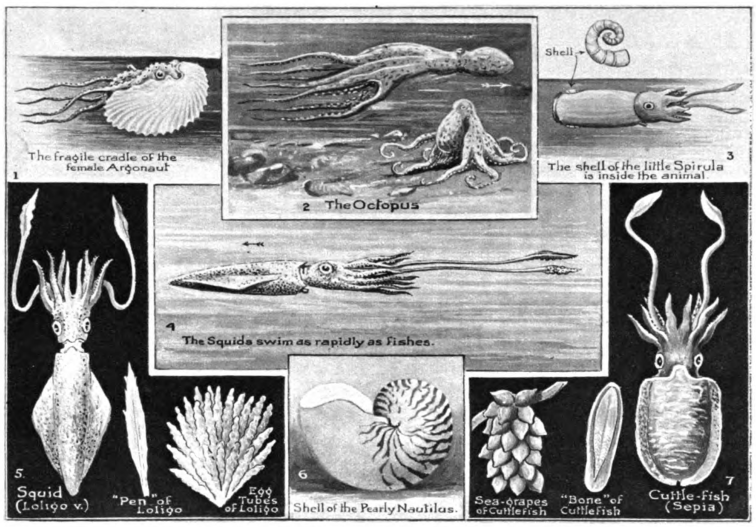


CUTTLEFISHES.

By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen.

THERE have been three very successful lines of animal evolution: (1) that of jointed-footed types, the Arthropods, with their climax in ants and bees, spiders and crabs; (2) that of molluscs, with their climax in the cuttlefish or Cephalopods, such as squid, octopus, and nautilus; and (3) that of backboned types or Vertebrates, with their climax in birds and mammals. These three lines are very divergent, expressing, as it were, different ideas. The Arthropods have many appendages, and the exoskeleton of chitin, which has to be periodically moulted as long as growth goes on, is so constructed that in typical cases one part of the body can move freely on another. The Molluscs have no appendages at all, and their shell is a rigid shell, which does not require to be moulted, for additions are made to its free edge as the animal continues to grow. The Vertebrates have an internal skeleton, typically made of bone (which never occurs among Invertebrates), and their limbs are limited to two pairs.

Molluscs, which include bivalves, snails, and cuttlefish, are, on the whole, slow-going creatures, with a great deal of *unstriped* muscle; and they are often heavily weighted with their substantial shells. Oysters and mussels are practically sedentary; a limpet makes only short excursions; the Pearly Nautilus (Fig. 6) is a sluggish creature, usually living at considerable depths (300-600 feet). But just as some bivalves can swim, as in the case of the beautiful Lima, and just as the "sea-butterflies" are free-swimming sea-snails, so among modern cuttlefishes there has been a very interesting emancipation from the sluggishness which must be regarded as fundamentally characteristic of molluscs. Many of the squids swim as rapidly as fishes, and have a remarkable adaptation of their body towards the fish-like form. Of course, the word cuttlefish is a mere popular name; Cephalopods are not in the remotest way related to true fishes. But our point is that out of a sluggish stock, of which the Pearly Nautilus (Fig. 6) is the sole survivor, there have evolved, with gradual suppression of the shell, very active forms like squids—molluscs that can catch fishes!



"AMONG THE SEA'S MASTERPIECES," AND (IN THEIR GIANT FORMS) PROBABLY THE ORIGIN OF THE "SEA-SERPENT": CUTTLEFISHES OF VARIOUS TYPES AND SIZES.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson to Illustrate Professor Thomson's Article.

Movements of Squids. An ordinary squid (Loligo) has three ways of moving. It can creep along by means of its tentacles, which bear numerous gripping suckers. Two of the arms are much longer than the other eight, and can be shot out to catch a passing fish, as Aristotle noticed more than two thousand years ago. Secondly, the squid can move head-foremost, rowing in the water by means of the muscular triangular fins at the posterior end of the body (Fig. 4). Thirdly, there is a kind of locomotion peculiar to cuttlefishes, the effectiveness of which has to be seen to be believed. Behind the head there is a wide opening leading into a mantle-cavity where the gills lie. When this cavity is full of water the aperture is quickly closed by a hook-and-eye arrangement. The mantle then contracts, and the water, which cannot go out where it came in, is forced through a narrow outlet called the funnel. This gush of water, rhythmically repeated, drives the squid along with the posterior tip of its body in front and the tentacles or arms pressed together behind. The fins, which are leading in this quaint kind of locomotion, seem to be used in steering. As we have said, the appearance of the cuttlefish in this kind of rapid swimming is markedly fish-like, but the position of the body is utterly different in the two cases, and so is the mechanism employed.

The Cuttle's Shell. The oldest Cephalopods, which frequented Ordovician seas so many millions of years ago, lived inside tapering conical shells. From these there arose types with the cone slightly bent, and others with the cone curved like a horn, and others wound in a loose spiral, and others in a close spiral, like the Nautilus, which lingers still from the Malayan coasts to the Philippines and Fiji. The race split in the Devonian into the Nautiloids, in which the shell never became highly specialised, and the Ammonoids, in which a high degree of shell specialisation was attained. Both started from forms with straight, conical shells, and both illustrate the very remarkable evolutionary process in which a coiled shell is in the course of ages uncoiled. Very striking also is the way in which the individual life-history (legible even among fossils, as they all are, except Nautilus) recapitulates racial evolution. Thus an Ordovician type called Lituites went through the following stages—straight cone, curved cone, ram's horn, and nautilian, and then, as it became adolescent, it grew out into a straight shell once more. The relatively simpler Nautiloids lasted much longer than the specialised Ammonoids, whose career, Professor Lull writes, was "brief and rocket-like," as geologists count, "swift in its ascent, dazzling in the culmination into many beautiful and remarkable forms, and headlong in the descent into oblivion."

The Pearly Nautilus is the only living cephalopod that retains a shell to live in (Fig. 6); the emancipation of the squids is associated with the dwindling of their shell. In the beautiful little Spirula, the shell is still chambered, but, instead of the animal being inside it, it is inside the animal (Fig. 3). The Sepia-bone, which is given to cage-birds to peck at, is a fairly substantial residue of a calcareous shell quite hidden within the Sepia (Fig. 7). In the squid the vestige is a long, chitinous, translucent blade, a little like an old-fashioned quill-pen (Fig. 5). These vestigial shells may serve as a skeletal axis, useful in swimming. In the Octopus (Fig. 2) there is no vestige at all, except that the embryo, as in all molluscs, has a microscopic shell.

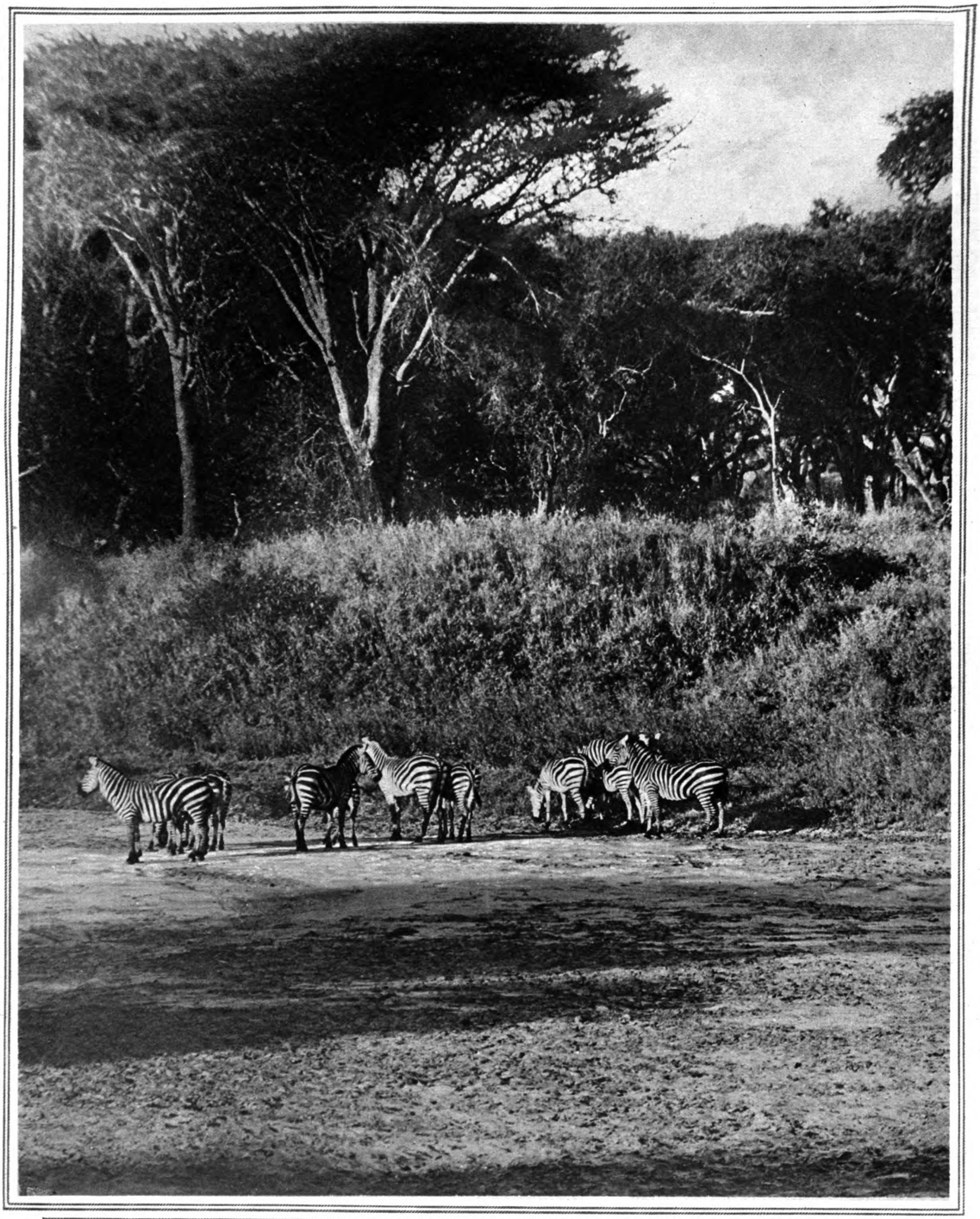
The Cloud of Ink. Relinquishing a shell means the possibility of greater freedom, but it involves the exposure of the body to assault. Thus we look for compensations, such as the sucker-bearing arms and tentacles, which are often formidable weapons. A perfect sucker has a marginal ring of chitin, with gripping teeth, and an internal piston which is raised when the sucker is appressed. This produces a partial vacuum, and the grip is tenacious. There may be protective value in the power of rapid colour-change, for the cuttlefish is sometimes well adjusted to the corner where it lurks. In other cases the change of colour expresses a change of mood. Noteworthy, again, are the strong jaws, like the beak of a parrot, and the poisonous secretion of the posterior pair of salivary glands. This poison quickly produces paralysis in the crabs which form a large part of the food of cuttlefishes. But there is unique protection in the power of discharging ink, a way of throwing dust in the eyes of assailants! The sepia ink, which was formerly used by painters, is a waste product which accumulates in a bag at the end of the food-canal, and its discharge is due to the reflex action in moments of excitement. It can be seen in the very young cuttlefish a minute after it leaves the egg-envelope. It is the analogue of a smoke screen, but in water. The cuttlefish escapes, like many a vulnerable writer, in a cloud of ink! The Hydra with which Hercules contended was probably a large octopus (Fig. 2). When he slashed off one arm, another took its place, and there are eight altogether. The story of the fight with a devil-fish, which Victor Hugo gives in his "Toilers of the Sea," is grossly overdone, but it is not without its grim basis. The difficulty is, however, to separate the wheat from the chaff in fishermen's tales, and we shall not pursue the subject. There is no reason to believe that a cut-off cuttlefish arm can be re-grown.

The Argonaut. Many of the cuttlefishes (*e.g.*, squids) liberate their eggs in gelatinous tubes which are fixed to seaweed; in other cases (*e.g.*, octopus) the bunches of eggs are fixed in branched masses, deserving their popular name of "sea-grapes" (Fig. 7). The development is telescoped-down within the egg, with a suppression of the larval stages which are usual among molluscs, and out of the egg-envelope there comes a fully-formed miniature of the parent. But in the case of the female Argonaut, or Paper Nautilus (a cuttlefish of the open sea), two of the arms, expanded into webs, secrete a fragile shell which is used as a cradle for the eggs and the young (Fig. 1). The shell begins to be formed ten or twelve days after the young creature leaves the egg, and is added to as the animal grows. It differs entirely from any other molluscan shell in being a product of two arms, and not of the mantle or skin-fold. It differs from the shell of the Pearly Nautilus in not being chambered, and in being a cradle, not a house. It is interesting biologically in being quite unrepresented in the pigmy male. The old notion that the Argonaut raises its webbed arms to form a sail is entirely without foundation — notwithstanding poems and pictures to the contrary.

Cuttles and Sea-Serpents. There can be no doubt that some of the best sea-serpents were giant cuttlefishes. The tentacular arms of some species of Architeuthis have been known to attain a length of forty feet, to which there would have to be added ten feet for the body and head. Supposing this huge creature to launch itself half out of the water, as Cephalopods often do, we get at once a very presentable sea-serpent. On the Irish coast, a specimen was once caught with tentacles thirty feet long and eyes fifteen inches in diameter. Larger forms occur, as one might expect, on North American coasts. A big piece of a scale-covered cuttlefish was shown by the late Prince of Monaco at the last Paris Exhibition. It was obtained from the stomach of a sperm-whale, and as the animal to which it belonged has not yet been found, we are warned not to be too dogmatic about what the sea does or does not contain. In any case, the cuttlefishes are among its masterpieces.

HUNTING WITHOUT RIFLE: A REMARKABLE CLOSE-RANGE PHOTOGRAPH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAJOR A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE. BY COURTESY OF NATURAL FILMS, LTD.



UNCONSCIOUS "FILM ACTORS" OF THE AFRICAN WILD: ZEBRA COMING TO DIG FOR WATER IN THE DRY SAND OF A RIVER—FROM "THE WONDERLAND OF BIG GAME," AT THE POLYTECHNIC.

The Polytechnic Hall, hitherto known as the "Poly Cinema," has been taken over by Natural Films, Ltd., as a permanent theatre in central London for showing popular pictures of travel and the wonders of natural history, science and industry—in a word, "the romance of the real" as contrasted with imaginary screen drama. It aims at becoming "London's window, overlooking the world." The field is a wide one, including, among other subjects, the life-history of wild animals in their native haunts, revealed in a way only possible to the cinematograph. It was arranged to produce on April 11 the first public view of a very remarkable film entitled, "The Wonderland of Big Game," made and personally described by Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore, the well-known naturalist-author and big-game photographer. On the following pages we give photographs, from the same film, of lions photographed by flashlight at a range of only a few yards.

HUNTING WITHOUT RIFLE: THE KING AND QUEEN

Photographs by Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore, the Well-Known Naturalist-Author

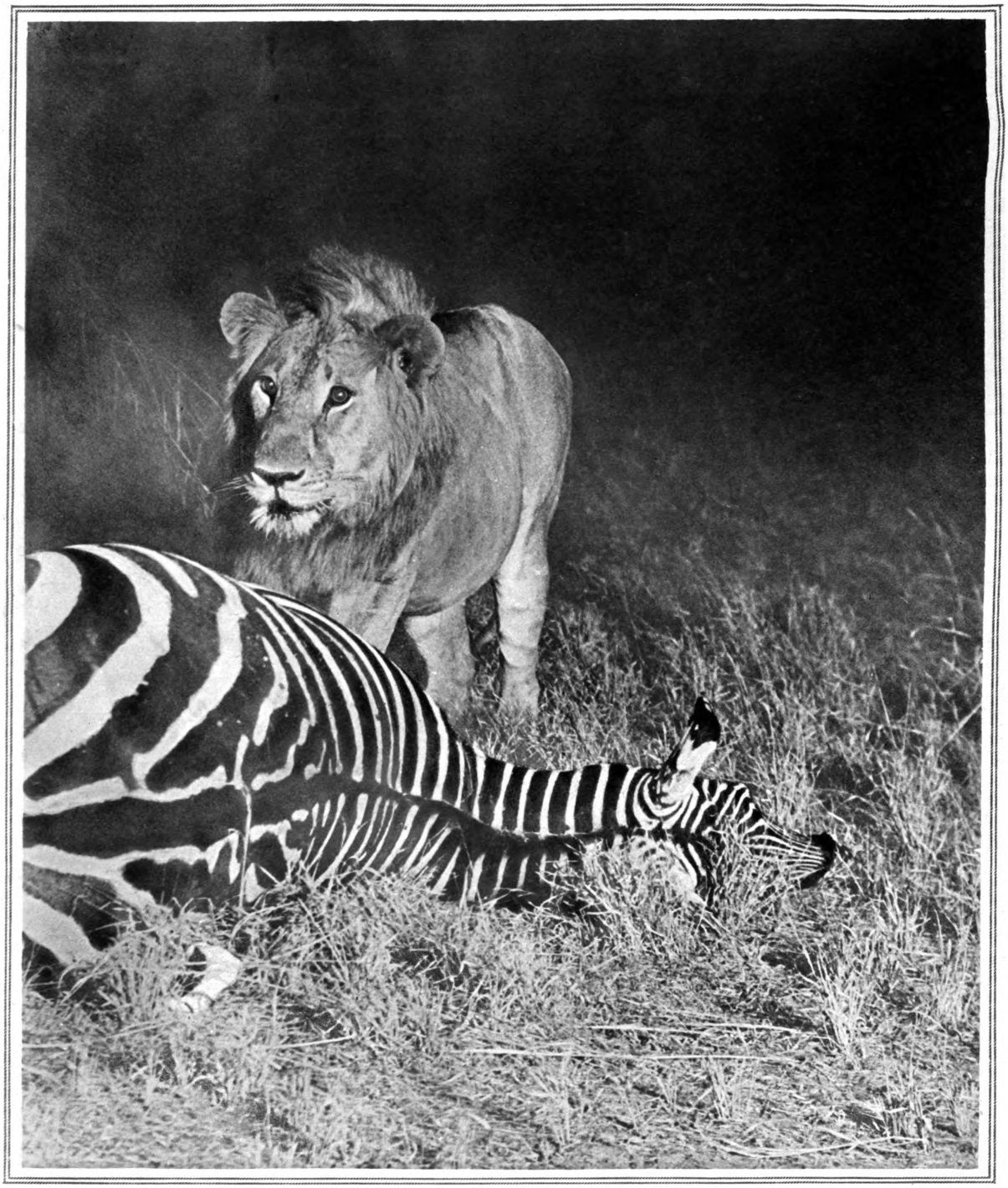


FILMED BY FLASHLIGHT AT 16 YARDS: A LIONESS COMING TO HER OWN "KILL" IN THE EAST AFRICAN BUSH—FROM "THE WONDERLAND OF BIG GAME," AT THE POLYTECHNIC.

To stand within a few yards of a lion and lioness, roaming free at night in the African bush, and take a film photograph of them by flashlight, must be a task requiring the strongest nerve and dauntless courage. Such is the work of Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore, whose wonderful results (illustrated on this and the pages preceding and following) are shown in the new film, "The Wonderland of Big Game," which it was arranged to produce at the Polytechnic Hall in Regent Street on April 11. As already mentioned, this hall has been acquired by Natural Films, Ltd., as a permanent picture theatre for the presentation of films dealing with natural history, travel, native customs, industry, and science. It will enable those who cannot wander about the world themselves to observe and enjoy in comfort all the marvels of nature and reality. Major Dugmore, who personally describes his film as it is shown, is a grandson of the

OF BEASTS PHOTOGRAPHED AT POINT-BLANK RANGE.

AND BIG-GAME PHOTOGRAPHER. BY COURTESY OF NATURAL FILMS, LTD.

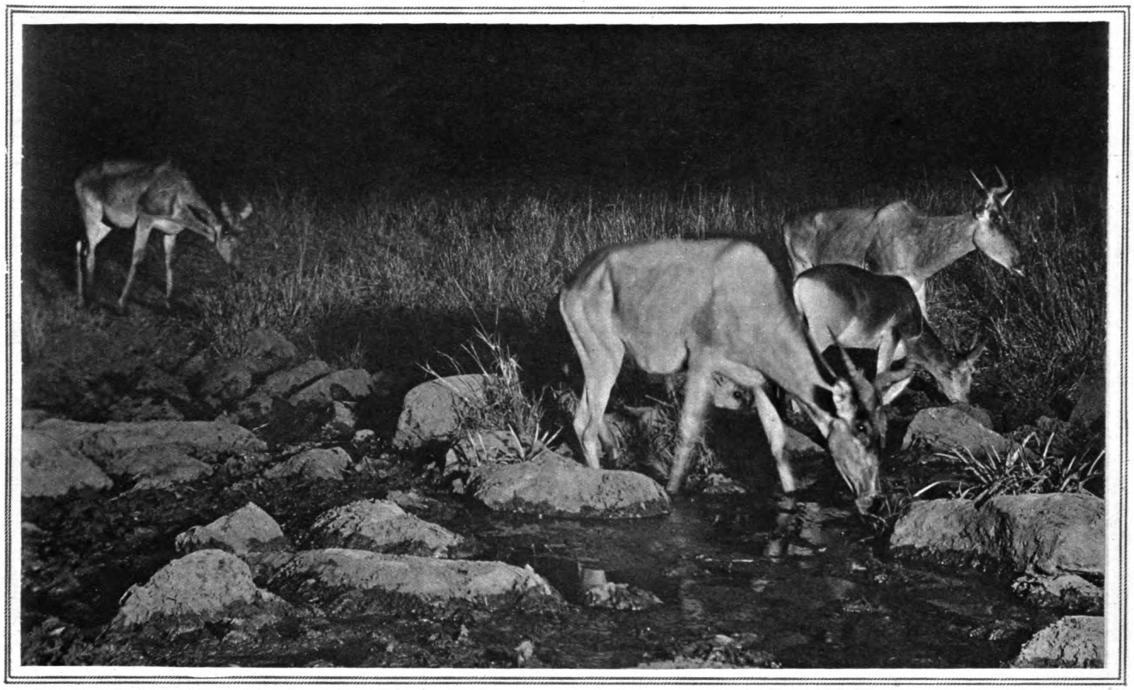


THE LORD OF THE JUNGLE FILMED BY FLASHLIGHT AT 12 YARDS: A DANGEROUS SUBJECT—A BIG EAST AFRICAN LION STANDING BESIDE THE CARCASE OF A ZEBRA.

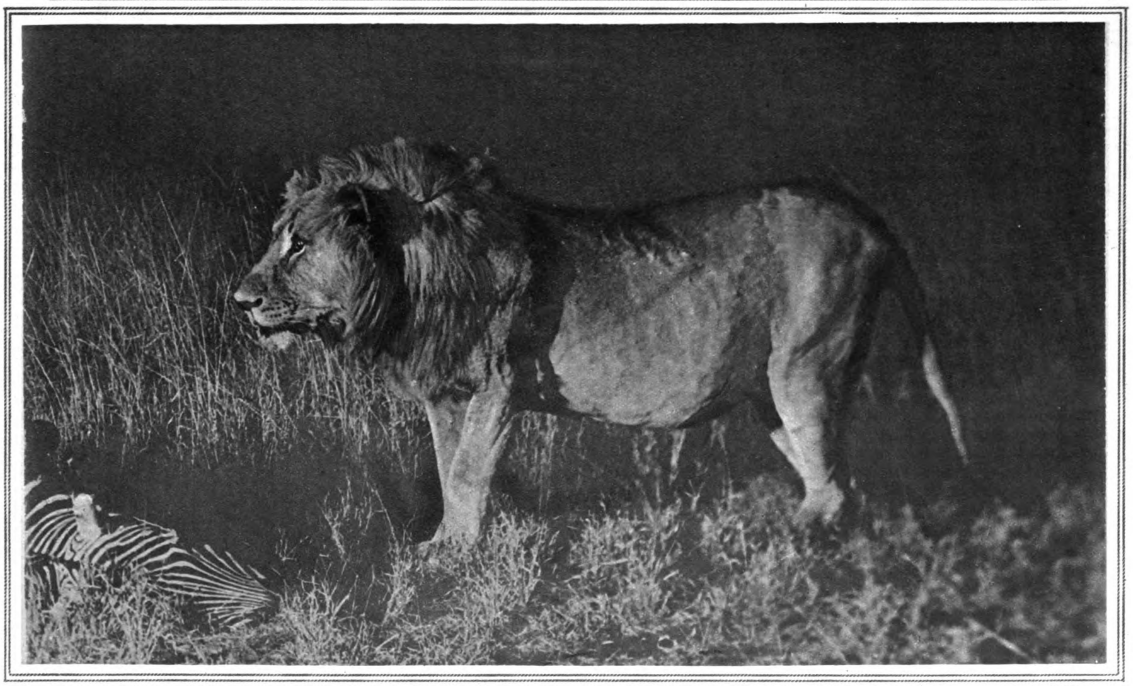
late Lord Brougham, and is a highly trained naturalist as well as a pioneer in the photography of wild animals in their native haunts. He served all through the war, in which he was wounded and gassed. His travels have taken him not only to Africa, but also to Europe, Asia, and America, and he has written a number of books, including "Nature and the Camera," "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds," "The Romance of the Newfoundland Caribou," and "The Romance of the Beaver." He has also filmed at close quarters lions, elephants, rhinoceros, and buffalo, the most dangerous of all. He has sometimes been stalked himself by wild animals, and on one occasion nine elephants came within a few feet of him. When filming at night he carries a little electric bulb on his forehead, which he switches on at the critical moment, so that the animal looks straight towards him. Then comes the flashlight, which causes it to retreat.

HUNTING WITHOUT RIFLE: AFRICAN BIG GAME FILMED AT CLOSE RANGE.

Photographs by Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore. By Courtesy of Natural Films, Ltd.



"THROUGHOUT THE FILM THERE IS NO KILLING, AND NO WOUNDING": A GROUP OF COKE'S HARTEBEESTE AT A WATER-HOLE, FROM "THE WONDERLAND OF BIG GAME," AT THE POLYTECHNIC.



A THRILLING MOMENT FOR THE BIG-GAME PHOTOGRAPHER: A FINE SPECIMEN OF AN EAST AFRICAN LION, BESIDE A DEAD ZEBRA, TAKEN AT NIGHT BY FLASHLIGHT, AT A DISTANCE OF ONLY TWELVE YARDS.

"The Wonderland of Big Game," which it was arranged to produce at the Regent Street Polytechnic on April 11, shows more intimately than any previous film the home lives of African wild animals. It has all the thrills of big-game hunting without the bloodshed, and the danger is all on the side of the photographer. "Throughout the film," says an official description of it, "there is no killing, and no wounding; every animal is shown alive and happy, and in its own natural surroundings, so that no one's feelings can be hurt. Few of those who have had the luck to visit any part of Africa will ever have had opportunities of seeing the wild animals as they are shown in this really beautiful film. All who know Major Dugmore's earlier photographs of African animals—and they have been seen by over a quarter of a million people in various parts of the world—will be glad to see this life-like film of the wonderland of big game."

MOST FAMOUS OF DISCOVERERS IN EGYPT: A TRAGIC DEATH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. J. MORTIMER, F.R.P.S.



BAULKED BY FATE OF HIS FINAL TRIUMPH AT THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN: THE LATE EARL OF CARNARVON, WHOSE NAME IS ASSOCIATED WITH THE GREATEST OF EGYPTIAN DISCOVERIES.

Lord Carnarvon died in Cairo on April 5, from double pneumonia supervening on erysipelas and blood poisoning caused by an insect bite in the Valley of Kings at Thebes, the scene of his great discovery. The news of his death was received with universal regret and sympathy, especially from the fact that he had not lived to see the crown of his life's work in Egyptology, the confidently expected disclosure of the actual mummy of King Tutankhamen when the sealed tomb is reopened next autumn. Nevertheless, Lord Carnarvon's name will always be linked in history with the greatest discovery ever made in Egypt, and, as some think, in the whole domain of archæology. The story is so fresh in the public mind that it is hardly necessary to recall the details. The late Peer was born in 1866, and in 1890 succeeded his father, the fourth Earl, who had been Colonial Secretary twice, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In 1895, Lord Carnarvon married Almina, daughter of the late Frederick Wombwell. They had one son, Lord Porchester, who has now succeeded to the Earldom; and one daughter, Lady Evelyn Herbert. At Highclere Park, his seat near Newbury, where he was very popular, Lord Carnarvon possessed one of the finest private art collections in existence. Before he took up Egyptological research in 1906, he had for some years been engaged in racing, and in 1904 won 29 events.

Gardens of the Pharaohs: A Temple Precinct.

By H. E. Winlock, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, Expedition to Thebes.

MUCH light on the fascinating subject of ancient Egyptian landscape gardening, some 4000 years ago, is thrown in the following extract from Mr. H. E. Winlock's report on "Excavations at Thebes," reproduced from the "Bulletin" of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, by courtesy of the Trustees.

"The Temple of Mentuhotep III. was discovered and cleared by Naville and Hall for the Egypt Exploration Fund, between 1903 and 1907. At the same time the parts of the court immediately adjacent to the temple had been cleared of the deep rubbish to within a foot or two of the ancient surface, but this latter had not been examined by our predecessors on the site. The outlines of the court and of the avenue have always been visible except where they were covered by Naville's dump at the south-east corner.

"Our object was to clear the southern half of the court from front to back to discover whether there was a pendant tomb to the Bab el Hosân and whether there were any other tombs outside of the southern wall. We found that there was neither the one nor the other. But there was a condition of affairs which cannot fail to interest the student of the temple's history and plan.

"To our surprise the front of the courtyard was not the rock levelled off—it turned out to be a hollow filled some fifteen feet deep with rock and sand. Originally it had been intended to fill this hollow less deeply, and at that time a wall of rough field stone was built along the southern side. Then the plan was changed; the eastern part of the court was filled a yard deeper over the original grading, and a well-built stone wall was erected, starting out in a curve from the temple end—a most unusual scheme in Egyptian architecture. Up to this point the court had been oriented directly toward Karnak in the heart of Thebes across the river, but, as the avenue thus projected ran into hills near the cultivation, a complete change was made, pointing the court and the avenue in a more south-easterly direction on the lines which we now see. The curved wall was thereupon demolished—it may have been built only a few courses high—and the existing stone walls were built with brick outer walls beyond them. The Bab el Hosân was now dug and the building of the temple started.

"These three changes of plan in the courtyard were enough to get us into a thoroughly puzzled state, but still more was yet to come.

"In the front part of the courtyard we dug parallel trenches to bed rock. In the latter we began to strike the mouths of enormous circular pits thirty feet deep (Fig. 9). The men were wild with excitement because one of the local workmen said that these pits were just like the Bab el Gûsus in which Daressy had found hundreds of untouched burials years ago. We ourselves were sceptical, because we did not like the circular plan and curious funnelling shape. In fact, we thought they were tree holes, because as we found them one after another they formed a double row leading directly to the temple ramp. The only difficulty was that they were filled with rocks instead of earth in which a tree could grow.

"Eventually, as our gangs drew nearer the temple, one pair of holes turned out to be filled with soil, and in it we could see tree roots. Gradually it dawned on us what had happened. The avenue had been laid out across the court, parallel to the existing stone walls which belonged to the third plan. But the front wall of the court remains to this day on the line of the second plan, at right angles to the curved walls, and the gateway is where the centre of the court would be if that second plan had been carried out. This point was not taken into consideration when the rows of trees were planned, and it was only after the holes had been dug that it was noticed that at the far end they led to a blank wall. A fourth change of plan was now made to correct somebody's blunder. Ten holes in each row were filled with rock and covered over, and only the four nearest the temple in each row were planted with sycamore fig-trees.* These were so far from the gateway that the architects judged that no one would notice that they were out of alignment with it.

"This was interesting enough. It changed our whole conception of the temple. The colonnade was two storeys high, but it was intended to mask the whole first storey with an oasis of green in the rugged bareness of the desert cliffs. And even yet the interest in the whole scheme was by no means exhausted, for just at this time the workmen clearing away one of Naville's old dumps turned up in it two pieces of sandstone faintly marked with red lines (Fig. 3). They were clearly pieces of a floor slab from the temple, and, judging from the part of the dump in which we found them, they came originally from the ambulatory on the upper level.

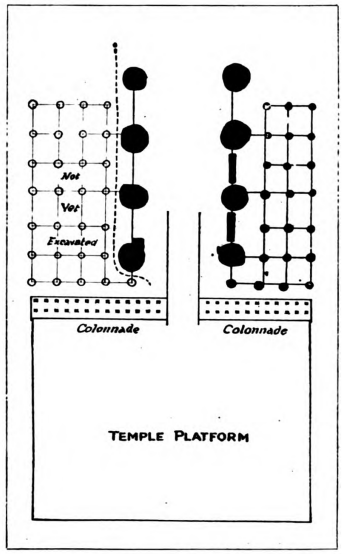


FIG. 1.—GARDENS OF THE TEMPLE OF MENTUHOTEP III.: A PLAN OF THE GROVE.

The eight large black spots indicate plots in which sycamore fig trees were planted. To the right are plots for tamarisks, and, on the left, ground not yet excavated.

Illustrations by Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

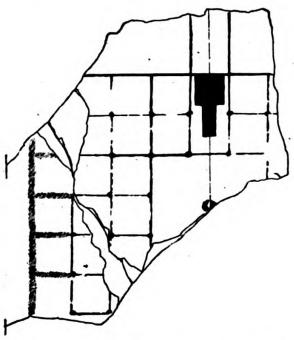


FIG. 2.—SHOWING THE PROJECTED TEMPLE GROVE: A DIAGRAM OF PART OF THE SANDSTONE FRAGMENT SHOWN IN FIG. 3.

"A little consideration convinced us that here we had the actual plan—or, perhaps better, project—for laying out the trees which we had just found. First, we must remember that drawings to scale were practically unknown to the ancient Egyptians, who were careless even of proportions. We need not be surprised to find, therefore, that the square temple platform and the ramp leading to it are represented by a mere symbol laid out on the centre line. The most interesting point to notice is that the later extension of the temple (around the tomb E in Fig. 4) is not drawn and may not have existed when this plan was made (Figs. 3 and 1). To right and left dots are laid out at the interesections of ruled lines. To the left we find three long rows of seven dots each—the tamarisk grove already excavated—but a closer examination of the stone shows a fourth row erased. Now it is an important fact that the left, or southern, portico is shorter than the right, and it is easy to see what has happened. The old landscape architect has paced off the length of the right-hand portico and found that he could work in four rows of trees. Then he has gone up into the temple, and, squatting down on the floor, has laid out a symmetrical design with four rows on both sides, which has stood until some more observant colleague has pointed out his mistake in supposing that both colonnades were the same width, and he has scratched out his fourth row on the left. Close to the temple, trees are marked which do not exactly agree in disposition with the finished lay-out, and the circular feature in front of the ramp we searched for in vain. In short, this plan must be taken as a mere project which was altered when it was transferred to papyrus or a tablet, but it is none the less interesting for that.

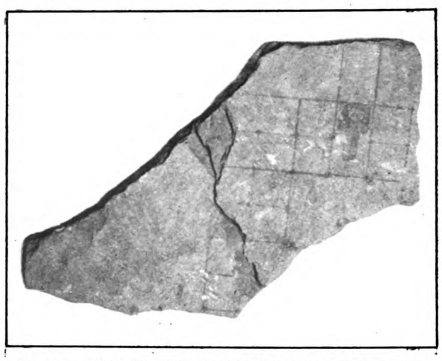


FIG. 3.—PART OF THE ARCHITECT'S PROJECT FOR THE TEMPLE GARDEN: A PIECE OF SANDSTONE FAINTLY MARKED WITH RED LINES.

"So much for the way the landscape architect went about his job. We next discovered the way the gardener planted the trees. The holes dug in the rock to the needless depth of about thirty feet have already been mentioned. Those in which trees were to be planted were filled with black soil sufficiently lightened with river sand. In this earth, lying horizontally and quite close together about five or six inches below the surface, we noticed round poles three inches in diameter and six feet long. These poles were readily identified as sycamore fig branches, but their presence there was very puzzling until we came to clear one of them of the surrounding mud. The miraculous dryness of the Egyptian desert had preserved the explanation for four thousand years, and we were able to photograph shoots and roots sprouting from every knot (Fig. 5). In other words, these poles were nothing more nor less than a gardener's cuttings of unusual size and crowded close together to give quick results and a thick clump of green. For a short time they had been a great success, and then the caretakers of the temple had neglected to water them; the young trees had parched and dried, and the axe marks of the wood-choppers still showed how they had been cleared away. . . . Returning to Mentuhotep III. and his temple, we found there, too, a curious relic of the builders. Just outside of the southern courtyard walls the men turned up over forty immense rope baskets full of stone chip. There is no doubt that they are of the XIth Dynasty, for one of Mentuhotep's walls goes right over them. There they stand lined up in rows as the workmen left them. Some change in plan was made. Dirt was dumped on top of them, the wall was built on top of that, and thus they remained forgotten (Fig. 7).

"Once the Temple of Mentuhotep III. was built at Deir el Bahri, the surrounding district became one of the holy places of the necropolis of Thebes.

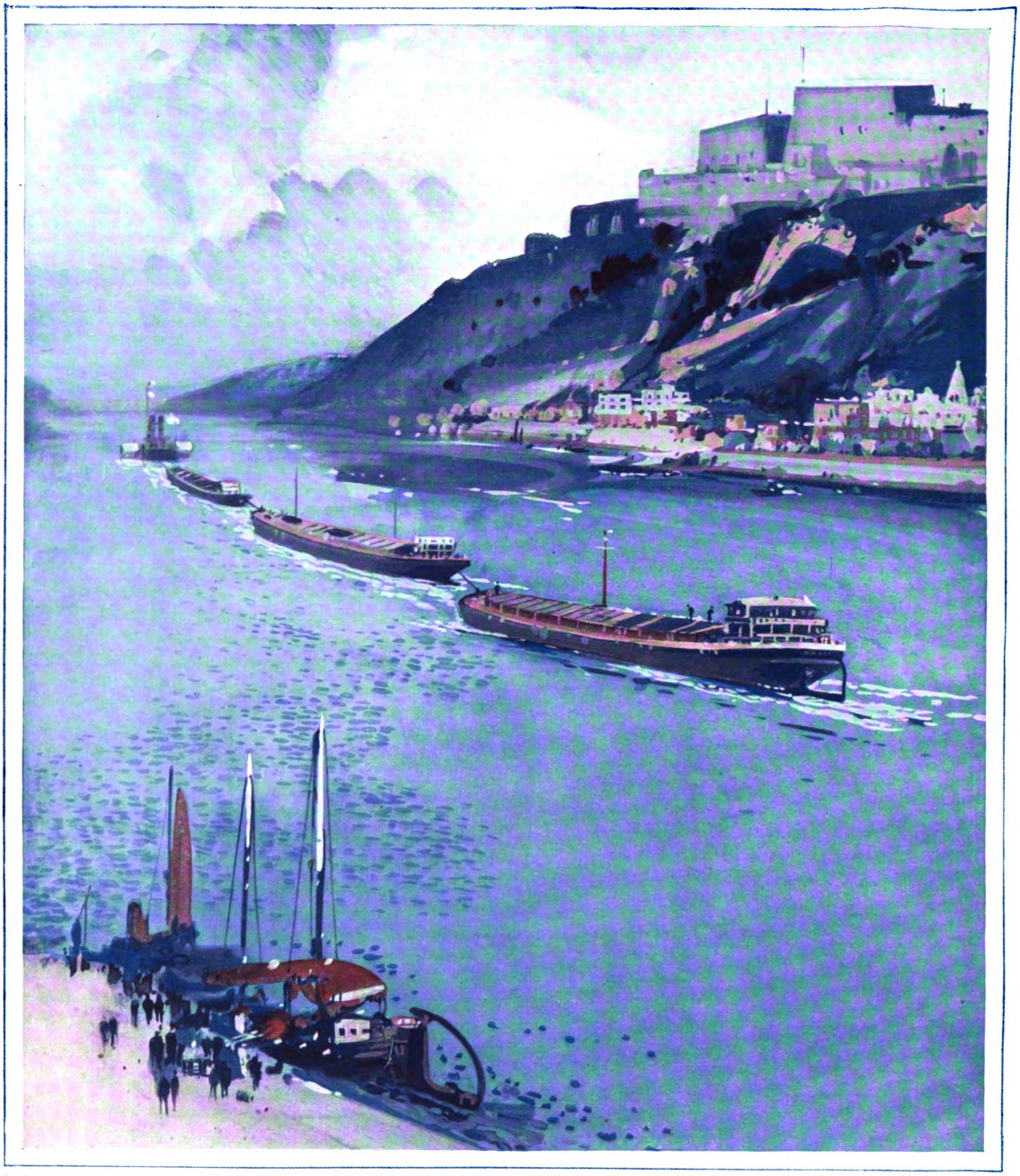
"The reader must think of archæology in Egypt as a rather ghoulish calling, and sometimes it must be hard to understand why there is so much that is connected with death and burial in every account of digging there. At least one half of the answer is that the ancient Egyptian's tomb—his 'eternal house'—was one of his chief cares, and it is only through it that we can see his earthly dwelling.

"To the Egyptian the life of the world to come was always the big problem. It is really very hard for us, who take the future more or less as a matter of course, to realise how ever-present a problem it was. The most popular tales turned on the sacrifices a man would make to assure himself and his family a rich turn-out with which to enter heaven. The king could give a faithful servant no more welcome reward than a fine tomb perpetually endowed with offerings, and a man's social position might be measured by the magnificence of his coffin. The undertaker's trade was highly lucrative, and, even if tradition goes that the embalmer was considered an unclean person, his work was looked upon as a veritable means to eternal life, for above all things the Egyptian feared that the dissolution of his body would leave his soul a homeless wanderer in limbo."

* The identification of all the botanical specimens from the excavations was very generously made by T. W. Brown, of the Horticultural Section, Egyptian Ministry of Agriculture.

MUCH USED FOR THE RUHR TRAFFIC: RHINE BARGES OF UNIQUE SIZE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.—C.R.)





THE COMMERCIAL ASPECT OF A RIVER OF ROMANCE: RHINE BARGES SOME 600 FEET LONG, TOWED BY A 2000-TON STEAMER, PASSING THE FAMOUS FORTRESS OF EHRENBREITSTEIN—(BELOW) A BARGE AND STEAMER COMPARED.

The economic situation in the Ruhr lends interest to this picture of the Rhine in its more prosaic aspect as an artery of trade. In a note on his illustration, Mr. Frank Mason says: "Much of Germany's industrial traffic is water-borne, for the Rhine is not solely a river of romance (as the tourist who views its embattled crags is apt to consider it), but a 'line of communication' of the utmost commercial importance. The Rhine barge, in which much of the traffic of the Ruhr is carried, is unique among vessels of its type. One thinks usually of a barge as ancillary to a ship, but the spectacle of one alongside an ocean-going steamer (as suggested in the small pen-and-ink sketch below) almost suggests a reversal of rôles! The colour drawing shows a string of Rhine barges proceeding downstream past the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, recently evacuated by the American troops." These barges are from 400 to 600 feet long, and are towed by a 2000-ton steamer.

GROVES OF A PHARAOH'S TEMPLE: SYCAMORE AND TAMARISK.

BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

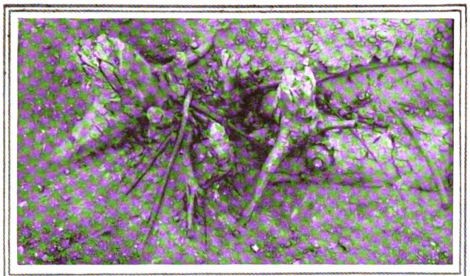


FIG. 5.—PRESERVED FOR 4000 YEARS IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT: SPROUTS FROM A SYCAMORE-FIG CUTTING.

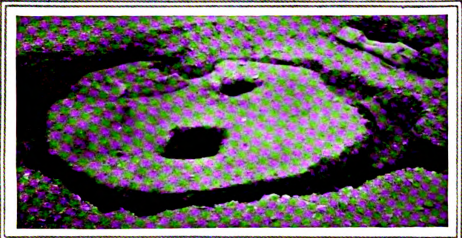


FIG. 6.—WITH A STATUE OF THE KING (RIGHT BACKGROUND): A PLOT IN WHICH A SYCAMORE-FIG TREE HAD BEEN PLANTED.



FIG. 7.—IN ROWS AS THE PHARAOH'S GARDENERS HAD LEFT THEM 4000 YEARS AGO: ROPE BASKETS FULL OF STONE CHIPS UNEARTHED OUTSIDE THE COURTYARD (11TH DYNASTY).



FIG. 8.—SHOWING PLOTS FOR TAMARISK TREES IN FRONT OF THE SOUTHERN COLONNADE OF THE TEMPLE OF MENTUHOTEP III. (11TH DYNASTY): REMARKABLE RELICS OF EGYPTIAN LANDSCAPE GARDENING SOME 700 YEARS BEFORE THE TIME OF TUTANKHAMEN.

"As a semi-poetic touch," writes Mr. H. E. Winlock, whom we quote on page 598, "under each tree they placed a sandstone statue of the king standing in its welcome shade—we found the broken statues lying beside each one and the holes in the mud where they had stood—and in one case some pious person had made a little altar of earth by the tree trunk (Fig. 6, above). We began to find circular tree plots in front of the southern colonnade of the temple, and cleared three rows of seven plots each, filled with soil and planted with tamarisks (Fig. 8). . . . We next discovered the way the gardeners planted the trees. . . . The miraculous dryness of the Egyptian desert had preserved the explanation for 4000 years, and we were able to photograph shoots and roots sprouting from every knot (Fig. 5). . . . These poles were a gardener's cuttings. . . . Just outside the southern courtyard walls the men turned up over forty immense rope baskets full of stone chips (Fig. 7). There is no doubt that they are of the 11th Dynasty, for one of Mentuhotep's walls goes right over them. There they stand lined up in rows as the workmen left them. Some change in plan was made. Dirt was dumped on top of them, the wall was built on top of that, and thus they remained forgotten."

TEMPLE GARDENS IN EGYPT 4000 YEARS AGO: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

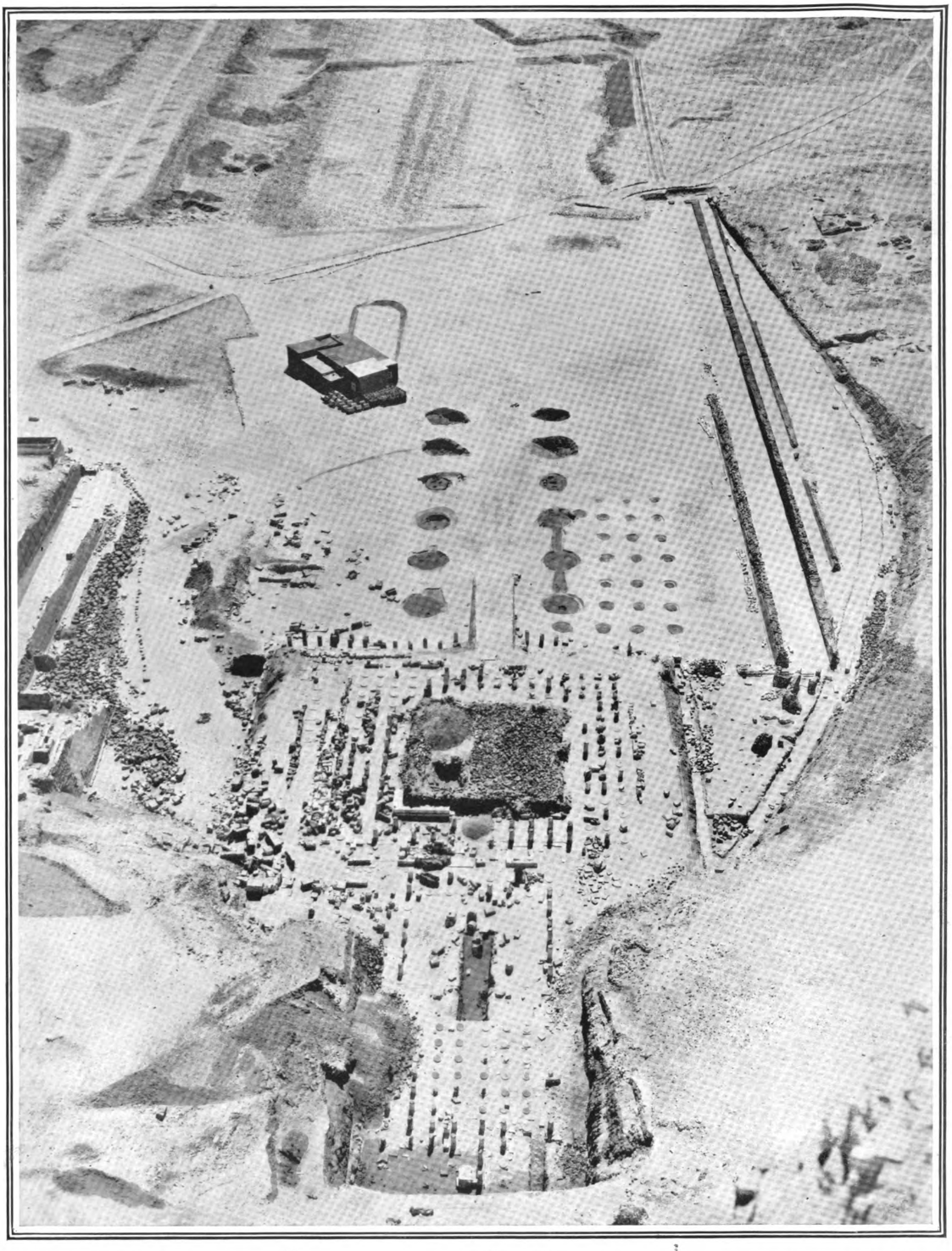
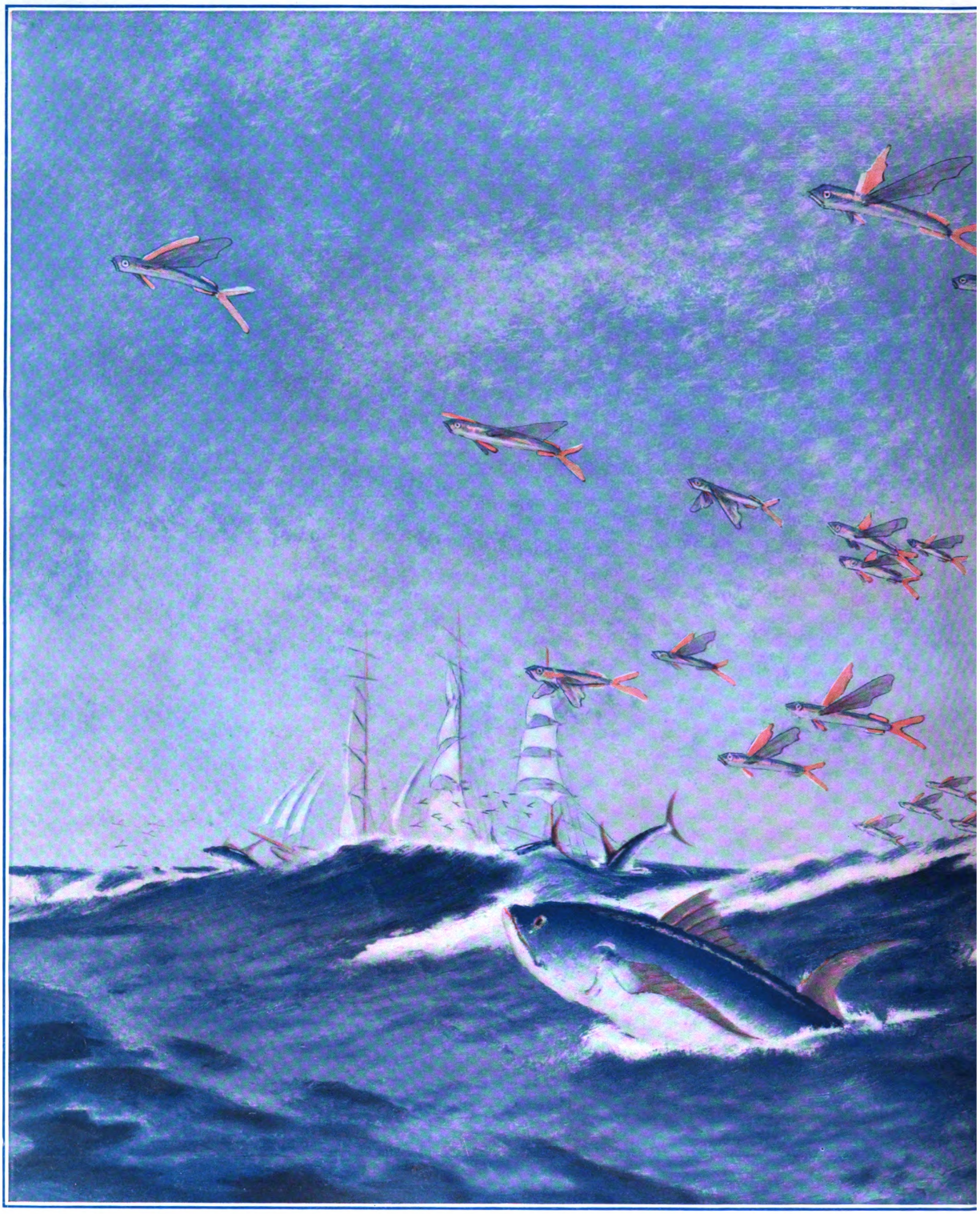


FIG. 4.—THE TEMPLE OF MENTUHOTEP III. AND ITS SPACIOUS GROUNDS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SITE FROM THE DEIR-EL-BAHRI CLIFFS, SHOWING SYCAMORE AND TAMARISK GROVES, AND TRACES OF AVENUE WALLS.

"The Temple of Mentuhotep III.," writes Mr. H. E. Winlock, on page 598, "is built under a cliff (from which Burton took the photograph). As one stood in the temple doorway, there stretched in front an enormous courtyard, over 200 yards long and 100 yards wide, surrounded by a high limestone wall. On the far side of the courtyard there was a gateway, through which one entered from an avenue, lined on either side with statues of the king, tamarisk trees, and two more high stone walls. (Traces of these walls are seen in the extreme centre background.) Toward the front of the court and partly under the old house built by the Egypt Exploration Fund (left middle distance), was the mouth of a gigantic tomb called Bab el Hosân by the Arabs, found by Howard Carter in 1900." The double row of holes in the centre middle distance indicates a grove of sycamore-fig trees, and the smaller ones to the right, tamarisks. Next (coming nearer) are the temple ruins. The oblong aperture (centre foreground) leads to the tomb of Mentuhotep III. (*c.* 2030-2002 B.C.). This photograph is numbered 4 to correspond with the numbering in the article on page 598.

FISH THAT CATCH THEIR PREY IN THE AIR: PURS

FROM THE PAINTING BY



A "SUPER-MACKEREL" THAT LEAPS OUT OF THE WATER AFTER FLYING-FISH: THE ALBACORE

"The Albacore," writes Mr. Charles Pears in a note on his picture, "is an enlarged mackerel, with additional trimmings in the way of fins, but surpassing the mackerel in iridescent splendour and brilliance of colour. The Albacore is found in the Tropics, and its presence is first made known by the appearance of the flying fish, which is its principal food. The little glittering flying fish break out of the water and glide through the air. The Albacore greedily breaks out after them,

JERS AND PURSUED OUT OF THEIR OWN ELEMENT.

CHARLES PEARS, R.O.I.



N CHASE OF ITS PREY—A BRILLIANT SPECTACLE FOR OCEAN TRAVELLERS IN TROPIC SEAS.

amid a splutter of spray, and, gorgeous in the glint of the tropical sun, provides a delightful spectacle for passengers on passing liners. In the days of sails, much more was seen of the finny population of the deep. A great variety of fish, whales and so on, can be observed from sailing-ships, but the Albacore remains unfrightened by the propellers of steamers, and is still one of the sights to be seen by ocean travellers."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]*

When the Pope was Mountaineer: A Personal Record.

"CLIMBS ON ALPINE PEAKS." By ABATE ACHILLE RATTI.*

WHEN his Eminence Cardinal Ratti, Archbishop of Milan, devoted priest, great librarian, proved diplomatist and conciliator, became his Holiness Pope Pius XI., one of the first bodies to send him reverent congratulations was the Alpine Club of Italy, and our own Alpine Club followed suit. When the last "glorious failure" in mountaineering was at its beginning, the Pope gave his benediction, telegraphing to the daring mission designed to conquer Mount Everest: "May God, who dwells on the heights, bless the Expedition." To-day one of his treasures is a fragment of rock broken from the highest point the explorers reached.

The reason is not far to seek: in his day, the name of Achille Ratti was honoured among mountain-climbers as that of a man ranking with the most enthusiastic, the most intrepid of their kin. As the Bishop of Salford puts it: "His elevation to the Papacy has not destroyed his love of Alpinism, though it has for ever cut him off from its pursuit." There is tragedy in that "for ever"; but some day, perchance, when Church and State shall have come to closer understanding, his Holiness will once more revel in the sunrise on the crest he conquered so gallantly; in the words of Douglas Freshfield: "The snows of Soracte viewed from the windows of the Vatican can be but a poor substitute for the vision of Monte Rosa 'shining faintly flushed and phantom-fair' among the spires of his former cathedral."

There is nothing surprising in this alliance of cleric and climber. History is full of similar cases. Mr. Freshfield chronicles some: "The worthy Bishops and Abbots who were forced to intrude on the Alps in order to reach the goal of their pilgrimage, Rome, looked on the Great St. Bernard, the Mons Jovis, as the haunt of a Pennine army of evil spirits, 'Penninus exercitus malignorum spirituum'"; but by the middle of the eighteenth century the procession of "Visitors to the Glaciers" had begun. The Benedictine monk of Disentis, Placidus à Spescha, became vigorously familiar with the mountains of Graubünden; M. Murith, a Canon of the Great St. Bernard, scaled Mont Vélan; and M. Clément, Curé of Val d'Illiez, brought low the Dent du Midi. Later—in 1800—came Cardinal Count Franz von Salm's party, to subjugate the Gross Glockner; and, about 1840, the mountain-climbing Cardinal who was Prince-Archbishop of Prague. Later still, in connection with Tyrolese peaks particularly, were Peter Karl Thurwieser and Valentin Stanig. All knew the "deep and, as it were, religious silence of the highest crests."

Thus the present Pope followed goodly company when, as Abate Achille Ratti, he climbed Alpine peaks, bent not only on the physical joys of mountaineering, but on the realisation of the belief of him who wrote: "Why do men go up on to the heights? Is it perchance a mysterious, inexplicable fascination . . . ? Or is it perhaps merely the desire to boast of his prowess? We find it difficult to believe as much.

"It is rather a longing to know his beloved native land even to its utmost boundaries and its highest summits, with its indescribable beauties.

"It is the feeling in him of his spiritual energy, which inspires him and drives him to overcome the terrors of lifeless matter; it is the desire to measure man's individual faculties, the infinite power of intelligent free-will, with the brute forces of the elements; it is the sacred instinct which bids us explore in the service of science the inmost structure and life of the earth, the mysterious organism of all created things; it is, perhaps, the ambition of the lord of the earth to seal with a vigorous act of his own volition his relationship with the Infinite, on the highest point which he has at last attained, and when his glance can sweep over the world which lies at his feet."

Those records of his Holiness which are now published in English are from the "Rivista Mensile" of the Italian Alpine Club, and they reveal the Pope Pius XI. of the future as a most practised and practical mountaineer of splendid endurance, a climber with the experience that forbade undue risks when



FAMOUS AS A MOUNTAINEER IN HIS DAY: HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI.
Reproduced from "Climbs on Alpine Peaks," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

precautions could prevent them and the skill that defied the unforeseen when it came.

His most noteworthy deed was the crossing of Monte Rosa. Of this, Mr. Freshfield writes: "Few more daring feats are on record. The ascent of the precipitous face of Monte Rosa above Macugnaga was for years reckoned one of the unsolved problems of the Alps. It was accomplished at last and more than once, but not by Italians. The successful climbers on their return agreed in declaring that, owing to the unavoidable risk incurred from avalanches and falling stones, the expedition ought to be banned."

Monsignor Ratti thought otherwise, and his patriotism was thoroughly aroused. Hence his expedition with his colleague, Professor Luigi Grasselli and the Courmayeur guides Gadin and Proment, the latter acting as porter.

In his account he makes light of dangers. That they were there is very evident. From the hut at 10,500 feet, the party took eighteen hours to gain the Ost Spitze; then, as it was too late to continue their progress, they had to descend a hundred feet and spend the night on a ledge at a height of 15,000 feet. The next day they finished the ascent of the Dufour Spitze, returned to their bivouac, and forced the first passage of the Zumstein Sattel, finally descending, to be benighted under the rocks of the Gornergrat. All that meant much hardship, despite excellent weather for the undertaking. Monsignor Ratti himself wrote: "Shortly before one o'clock we started for the Marinelli hut, and, greeted on our way by a herd of chamois, arrived there at about seven in the evening, without encountering any difficulty except a terrible sleepiness, which came upon the writer just at the wrong time, and against which, though Gadin's excellent arguments were of no use, a very few drops of ammonia proved a sovereign remedy."

Again: "We were obliged to attack an ice-wall which rose perpendicularly on our left. Though only a few metres in height, it took us at least half an hour to climb, and we had to use every trick of hand and foot. It was, perhaps, at this point that the watchers with their telescopes at Macugnaga thought we were stationary far too long, and began to fear for the safety of the party."

Then Professor Grasselli met a mishap. He lost his axe, and, as a consequence, he was compelled "that evening and next morning to put his hands on the cold rocks and in the snow more than was convenient. His gloves were soon torn to pieces and became quite useless to him; the final result was severe frost-bite in the fleshy parts of his fingers."

Next, the night on the ledge: "It was impossible to take a step in any direction. Anyone sitting down found his feet dangling in space; one had, however, every facility for stamping them, provided we were careful not to lose our balance. And these elementary gymnastics were most necessary.

"The cold was intense; without being able to reckon the exact degree, I may mention that our coffee was frozen hard, and our wine and our eggs resembled it, in that they were neither respectively drinkable nor eatable." Sleep was, of course, impossible, and there the climbers remained, at 4600 metres above the sea, from 8.30 one night until a quarter-to-five the next morning! There, too, the silence was broken by a sound like a mighty thunder-clap. "It was an avalanche which was breaking loose and falling below us, but too far away to cause us any trouble. Awestruck and amazed, we listened attentively to the terrible sound of destruction, the sight of which was denied to us, as the mass, ever increasing in volume, hurled itself downwards."

So to the summit, the placing of a report in a bottle found in a chink of the "stone man," and a descent of much arduous work during which, at one point, the climbers had to go down backwards, as on a ladder, faces to one of the steepest of snow slopes, making large holes in the snow with feet and hands, first digging in axes as deeply as possible.

The heat of Milan cured Grasselli; and in this connection may be added Monsignor Ratti's notes as to the treatment for frost-bite as applied to Prince E. Gonzaga and his guide in 1891. "It may not be without interest to mountaineers," he wrote, "to learn the principal points of this treatment, which can be summed up in very few words: alternate massage with snow and compresses of spirits of camphor, followed by bandaging with cotton-wool and indiarubber, which latter, on Dr. Sormani's suggestion, was applied directly to the affected parts with immediate benefit."

There we must leave a volume of singular interest, a book noteworthy not only because of its illustrious author, but for itself. With the utmost safety, it may be said that all reading it will find great entertainment and yield much admiration.—E. H. G.



HEIGHTS THE FUTURE POPE CONQUERED: MONTE ROSA—FROM THE PIZZO BIANCO.
Reproduced from "Climbs on Alpine Peaks," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. Photograph by Kilchberg.

* "Climbs on Alpine Peaks." By Abate Achille Ratti, Mountaineer (now Pope Pius XI.). Translated by J. E. C. Eaton. With a Foreword by Douglas Freshfield, and an Introduction by the Right Rev. L. C. Casartelli, Bishop of Salford. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.; 8s. 6d. net.)

BY LINER THROUGH EQUATORIAL FORESTS: 1000 MILES UP THE AMAZON.



TYPICAL OF THE WONDERFUL BIRD LIFE OF THE AMAZON: AN EGRET AND HER NEST.



A NATIVE BRAZILIAN RIVERSIDE PILE-DWELLING, WITH PALM-THATCHED ROOF.



AS SEEN IN THE NARROWS OF THE AMAZON: THE TWILIT EQUATORIAL FOREST.



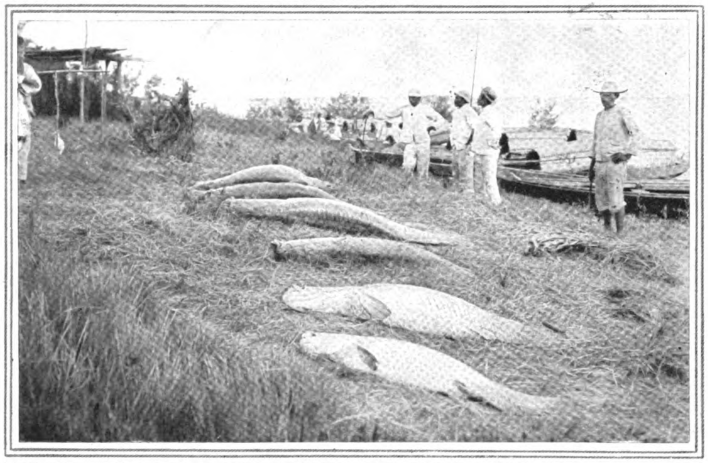
WHISKING THEIR PONDEROUS TAILS OR FLOATING IDLY WITH THE TIDE: A SHOAL OF ALLIGATORS ON THE BANK OF THE RIO NEGRO, NEAR MANAOS, THE LIMIT OF THE CRUISE.



NATIVES FISHING ON THE AMAZON: TWO MEN ON A RAFT.



AS LARGE AS ITS CAPTORS: AN AMAZONIAN DOLPHIN—A RARE FISH SELDOM CAUGHT.



THE LARGEST OF ALL KNOWN FRESH-WATER FISH, ATTAINING 15 FT. AND WEIGHING ABOUT 400 LB.: A CATCH OF PIRARUCU, A KIND OF GIANT PIKE, IN AMAZON WATERS.

The mighty Amazon, the greatest river in the world, is generally regarded as a region of mystery beyond the range of the ordinary traveller. Such an idea, however, is entirely mistaken, since, by the enterprise of the Booth Steamship Company, it is now possible to step aboard a 7000-ton liner, the R.M.S. "Hildebrand," at Liverpool, and go for a cruise of 11,800 miles, of which 2000 are traversed on the Amazon, from Para to Manaos and back. On the way across the Atlantic, the ship passes Portugal, and visits can be paid to Oporto and Lisbon; thence the course lies straight to Brazil, by way of Madeira. The trip up the Amazon is made in the same vessel, and, while surrounded with all the luxuries of modern ocean travel, the voyager traverses a realm of romance and enjoys at leisure the beauty of the great river and the interesting glimpses of native life on its banks, with palm-thatched dwellings built on piles, fishermen in strange craft catching unfamiliar fish, and, in places, shoals of alligators. At times, especially in the Narrows, the ship threads her way through dense walls of equatorial forest, only some thirty yards away on either hand. At Manaos, the limit of the cruise, an expedition can be made by native boats and on foot into the heart of the jungle, which is a veritable paradise for the naturalist, with its giant trees and luxurious undergrowth, haunted by birds of bright plumage and gorgeous butterflies.

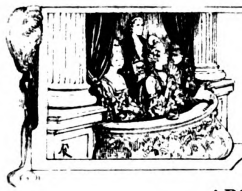
AS IF CARRYING A NESTLING? A FLUSHED WOODCOCK'S CURIOUS FLIGHT.

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. E. LODGE, MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



GAME BIRDS THAT OFTEN CARRY AWAY ONE OF THEIR YOUNG WHEN FLUSHED FROM THE NEST: WOODCOCK.

"When flushed off its young ones," says Mr. G. E. Lodge of this illustration, "a woodcock assumes rather extraordinary features in its flight. With head, feet and tail drooping down, it looks most clumsy and awkward. The tail being partly spread as well as hanging down gives the bird the appearance of carrying something away, and I have no doubt that this appearance has not seldom been mistaken, and has led to the assumption that the bird is carrying away one of its young ones. But, although the bird may assume this attitude without carrying off a young one, there are too many apparently well-authenticated accounts of woodcock having not only been seen but shot in the act of carrying a young one, that the fact cannot well be denied. The great majority of woodcock that are shot in this country are migrants from Scandinavia; but there is a good supply of resident woodcock which nest here from the south of England to the north of Scotland."



The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.



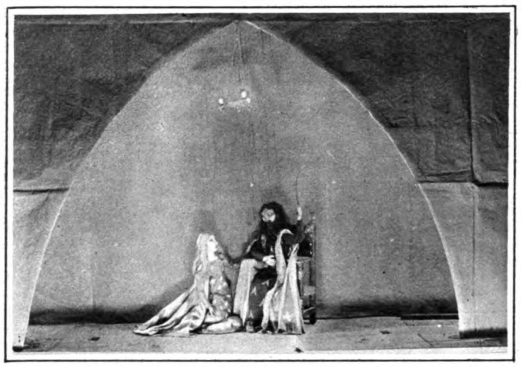
ABOUT SARAH BERNHARDT.—STORIES FROM RUSSIAN OPERAS.

I COULD write a book about her. About her greatness and—her follies: her cub; her coffin; her boxing the ears of the great Taillade, her horse-whipping Marie Colombier; her idolatry of her son Maurice and the fortune which it cost her; her marriage to Damala, Greek aristocrat, actor and morphinist; her affront to the German Minister who drank to "France" at a banquet, when she exclaimed: "*Toute* la France, Excellence?" (for it was after 1870); her defection from the Comédie Française; her quarrel with the lovely Croizette; her incredible efforts to make and fan *réclame*; her almost comic upholding of her "sovereignty" off the stage as well as on! Never shall I forget a little visit, years ago, to Boulevard Pereire: the ante-chamber where visitors lingered in waiting; the quaint noise next door as of *frou-frou*-ing gowns and shuffling feet; then folding doors flung apart as by magic; a figure in white on a gilded fauteuil; around her, in semi-circle, her secretaries, intimates, devotees; the confusion of the visitor, dazzled by this unexpected *mise-en-scène*; her graceful smile, her suavity of address, her witchery to make one feel as if a great queen were bestowing favours; her sublime acceptance of words of homage and her sudden bow to the next worshipper. It was very solemn at the moment, and very comic in the after-thought, like so many things which Sarah did *pour la galerie*—all part and parcel of a policy which for decades has kept the world busy with gossip, yet indirectly always led to the aggrandisement of her renown.

For, as in most great personalities, there lived two souls in Sarah Bernhardt. In the intimacy of the family and a circle of friends, there was no more delightful, womanly woman than this spoilt child of kings and nations. Then she was the typical *Française*: cordial, simple, vivacious, full of tenderness and consideration for her own, full of charm and simplicity towards those whom she knew to be abashed by her greatness and would make to feel at home. She always towered above her surroundings, but, especially as she grew in years, she would make efforts to suppress the superman in her; and she listened to the young with such benevolent patience as would urge them to give free rein to their thoughts, however opposed to hers, so that—as she put it—she could forget the calendar and fall into line with the growing race.

"To forget the calendar"; that was the greatest of all the favours showered upon this child of a family of eleven. She forgot it, when a mere girl, she triumphed in Coppée's "Passant" and made a poet as well as an actress. She forgot it when, for more than forty years, she conquered the world by her "Dame aux Camélias," her Phèdre, her Queen in Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas"; and would not abdicate these earliest honours until the surgeon's knife condemned her to sedentary rule. For, whatever may have been the splendour of her laurels in Fédora, Tosca, Théodora, Gismonda, Princesse Lointaine, Jeanne d'Arc, Aiglon, and the will-o'-the-wisp-like glamour of her Hamlet and Lorenzaccio, to us of the older generation there was but one monumental memory. It was her progress of the 'Seventies of the last century, when from Paris she marched triumphantly through the Netherlands and set her pennant towards England, to become for ever an idol of our public, and—let it not be forgotten—a mighty ally in the development of the better understanding between the two nations. To those who, like myself, saw, in their 'teens, Sarah Bernhardt's Phèdre, her Marguerite Gauthier, her Donna Sol, the sensation was indescribable. Revelation is not the word for it—her voice; her majestic personality, powerful by its very frailty; her regal gesture; her metamorphosis into different beings of intense contrast; her sway by silence; her overwhelming magnetism, which seemed to stifle the very breath of the audience; her, to the youthful mind, sublime crystallisation of all that is embodied in the word "genius"—struck us with dumbness, anon to be released by vociferous ecstasy, to drive us to the stage-door and to unhorse her carriage that we might drag the conquering heroine through the streets, as in Ancient Rome they greeted the victor.

Such enthusiasm may seem madness in retrospection. But was it? Were we mad to propel the chariot of genius when nowadays ten thousand troop round the window of a cinema star whose name one would not dare utter in the same breath as that of the greatest actress of a life-time? For that she was, and her only contemporary peers were Eleonora Duse and Clara Ziegler, the latter long since dead and unknown to the present generation of England, if she ever acted here at all. For, compared with Sarah in her Phèdre period, even Ristori, Wolter, and Réjane—to name a few whose vogue ran parallel—were of the second plane. So long as she appeared in drama worthy of her power, she stood alone on the summit. There was no voice so flexible in its prismatic power, no manner so imperious or so suave, no mentality so dominating by its penetration and manifestation of the human soul on its loftiest summits, in its tenderest nooks, and darkest corners. Nor would I maintain that the Sarah Bernhardt of the Sardou period and all that followed, until during the war, in "Les Cathédrales," she once more ascended to the august heights of the past, does not deserve to rank with her antecedents. That would be unjust as well as retrograde. To the younger generation of this country, Sarah, even to the last—save the painful farewell of 1921 in Verneuil's play—must have been the same revelation as to us of some decades ago. But there is this difference. We saw the bursting into flower; they, the younger, the second blooming. We by constant worship at her shrine learned the secrets of *métier*, perhaps the limitations of genius. That is the way (and perhaps the tragedy) of life, to say nothing of familiarity. But what of it? History will but remember one Sarah Bernhardt, and that name will radiate on its scroll in indelible glory.



SHAKESPEARE ACTED BY MARIONETTES: PROSPERO AND MIRANDA, FOUR FEET HIGH, IN "THE TEMPEST."

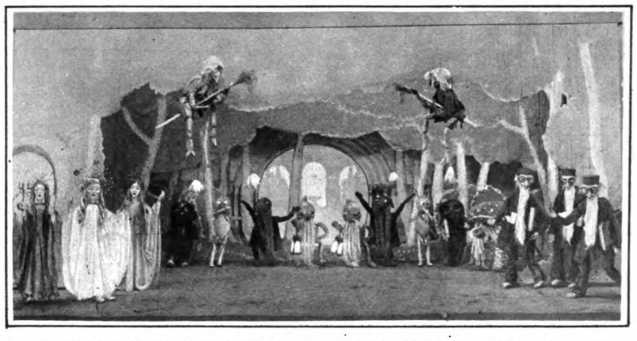
The famous Italian marionettes from the Teatro dei Piccoli at Rome have just been brought to London by an Anglo-Italian syndicate. It was arranged to open their season at the New Scala Theatre on April 12 with "The Sleeping Beauty," by Gian Bistolfi, with music by Ottorino Respighi, conducting in person at the *première*. There are over 500 of these wonderful puppet players, over 4 ft. high, and their repertory comprises over 25 operas, 5 plays, and 5 ballets, besides variety numbers. No such marionette show has ever before been seen in this country. Duse said of them: "These marionettes are perfect because they are guided by a soul." Here all the productions are to be played and sung in English.

. . . . . .

A delightful little book has come to hand in Miss Gladys Davidson's "Stories from the Russian Operas." It is even a more welcome companion than its excellent predecessor, "Stories from the Operas." For these dealt with the more familiar themes of France, Italy, and Germany, and would be accessible to many more people than the Russian stories—our general knowledge of Russia, its people and history, fairly deserving, as far as the majority is concerned, the description of "*Nitchevo*." The book has a double interest: it is leavened with folklore, and it is full of romance. Miss Davidson, a lover of the imaginative, does not relate her tales in the reporting form of a synopsis, but narrates them, one and all, as if the plot inspired her to remould the libretto in the form of a short novel. It makes pleasant reading, and informing too, and I for one, who dislike studying the text-book whilst music and acting claim our attention, found it an agreeable pastime to wed memories of melody to a graphic reconstruction of the intrigue, many details of which became lost in the often indistinct enunciation of singers, or—when produced in Russian—by the inability to understand the development beyond the broad outline printed on the programmes. Apart from the student, the film-producer will find this volume both useful and of great practical value. For some of the stories, such as "Boris Godounov," "Ivan," the Terrible," would make splendid reels in the hands of a skilful and well-informed "film-editor." As several of the operas have fallen into the "common domain," Miss Davidson might claim a share in the collaboration.



"GUIDED BY A SOUL": ITALIAN MARIONETTES, CLAIMING TO RIVAL THE RUSSIAN BALLET IN ARTISTRY, IN A SCENE FROM "ALI BABA."



A THEATRICAL NOVELTY AT THE NEW SCALA THEATRE: THE WONDERFUL MARIONETTES FROM THE TEATRO DEI PICCOLI, ROME, IN A FAIRY PLAY, "LITTLE PEBBLE."

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

IT was Lord Dufferin who said long ago, with reference to a then coming man who is much in the public mouth this week—"All Winston's indiscretions will be found to have been very carefully calculated."

. . . . . .

One or two of Mr. Churchill's indiscretions will not bear out Lord Dufferin's saying, for even the greatest men are but human, and under the stress, say, of a critical public meeting, they are apt to sacrifice proverbial calculated suavity of manner to impromptu vigour of statement, with sorrowful results, when it comes to a ballot. In these isolated cases the indiscretion is manifestly indiscreet, but on the larger question of a man's acts and all that he did, the wisdom of his indiscretions is harder to evaluate, at any rate, while he is still alive. Even the verdict of history must be unsatisfactory, for Mr. Guedalla has just been telling us on a neighbouring page that history is never written until it is not worth reading. If that be so, there is something to be said for the public man who risks indiscretion and dares to become the historian of his own life and times.

. . . . . .

The fine question as to a statesman's right to reveal the secrets of his prison house may be left to purists. Much is to be forgiven the writer who offers to his contemporaries revelations not yet mouldy. He may not forestall the verdict of posterity, but he has considerable claims on its gratitude. For it is a commonplace practice of the historian to give preferential credit to contemporary documents. "If only," the historian has exclaimed, "Blenkinsop had set down his own account of the Wangaloo crisis, how much less difficult it would have been to arrive at the truth!" And he bears Blenkinsop a grudge for the omission.

. . . . . .

Some, however, declare that while the writing of such memoirs is in itself a praiseworthy act, it is nevertheless more decent for the writer to lock them away in his desk, not to be seen of mortal eye until the worms have him, and possibly his papers also. This feeling has something to commend it, and it rebukes an age too greedy of the hot cakes of daily journalism, which are accounted stale a moment or two after they leave the oven's mouth. But even the writer on high politics who refuses to wait for his own demise before publication may do the historian a service; for he not only supplies the document, but he challenges a contemporary criticism which, if not wiser, is at least more lively and intimate than anything posterity could find to say on the subject.

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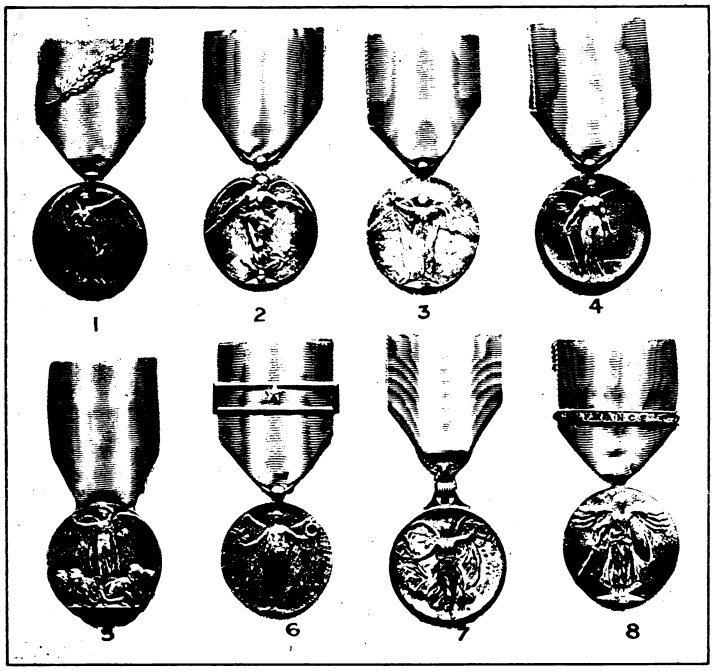
So then, on this count alone, the latest "literary indiscretion"—the phrase, I think, was coined by the late Duke of Argyll as a modest euphemism to describe his own writings—the latest literary indiscretion of Mr. Winston Churchill may be found to have been very carefully calculated. The future historian will have before him not only Mr. Churchill's contemporary testimony, but the opinions of his contemporaries upon it. He may have chosen to publish now, as a prophylactic against the moth and rust of time and the ingenious errors of still far-distant Bodleian, B.M., and Record Office moles.

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It is well to be beforehand, for there is no saying what may happen when the critic of future ages gets thoroughly going. When Mr. Verrall, for example, let himself loose on the "Agamemnon," the world heard a story of which Æschylus never dreamed. Nor had any of his contemporaries caught a whisper of the amazing thing, or, if they did, they conspired to hold their tongues. The cryptic inwardness of the Argive Crisis, as Verrall read it, inspired no Athenian Churchill. Alcibiades, unfortunately, did not write. He was content to specialise in disastrous military expeditions abroad.

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Whatever talents Mr. Churchill may possess as a strategist, as a writer he has long ago established a reputation. His biography of his father gave him an assured position in that most difficult form of literature, and the same skill has gone to the making of his latest book of memoirs, "THE WORLD CRISIS, 1911-1914" (Thornton Butterworth; 30s.), the most momentous chapter of our national history written from a personal standpoint by one who took a large hand in these crucial happenings. Mr. Churchill has a fine sense of drama, and the power of communicating it to his reader. He can actually make one feel the breathless suspense of August 1914, when official minds were racked by the agony of decision. One is allowed to share the intimacies of the Admiralty at that moment, and to see a harassed First Lord receiving an epoch-making telegram, even as he emerges still dripping from his bath. This is intimacy with a vengeance, and some may think it beneath the dignity of Clio, but history supplies sufficient precedents for bathing scenes. And then, this extra "price of Admiralty" gives the irresistible "human touch."



ALL THE ALLIED VICTORY MEDALS SO FAR ISSUED, WITH SIMILAR RIBBON: (1) BRITISH; (2) BELGIAN; (3) FRENCH; (4) ROUMANIAN; (5) ITALIAN; (6) PORTUGUESE; (7) GREEK; (8) AMERICAN.

The institution of a Victory Medal for all mobilised men in the Great War was decided by representatives of the Associated Powers in Paris in March 1919. It was to be a round medal of bronze, 36 millimetres wide, attached by a ring to a ribbon identical for all countries and consisting of two rainbows joined by the red in the centre. Each country was to select a single artist to design its medal, and all were to be as nearly alike as possible, with a winged figure of Victory on the obverse, and on the reverse an inscription—"The Great War for Civilisation"—translated into the various languages. Full particulars are given in Commander Taprell-Dorling's book, "Ribbons and Medals of the Great War."—[*Photograph supplied by G. Drummond Lovell.*]

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The human touch is at its best when Mr. Churchill writes of his relations, personal and official, with Lord Fisher, of whose originality this book gives new and amiable glimpses. In spite of differences, sharper, perhaps, than the record admits, the Ablest Seaman and his lay colleague loved one another to the end. In Fisher's official letters the "Beloved Winston" of earlier days might stiffen to "First Lord," but the personal regard weathered all storms.

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Mr. Churchill has an eye for small points which a chronicler of large events might be tempted to pass over. But even grave preoccupation with arrangements for counterchecking von Spee did not prevent him from noting a touch of sailor-like superstition in Lord Fisher. When he heard the earliest date at which the *Invincible* and the *Inflexible* could be ready for sea, Fisher exclaimed—"Friday the thirteenth—what a day to choose!"

Another minor touch of almost comic relief occurs in the brief but very graphic account of the First Lord's anxious two hours after Admiral Oliver had come in bringing word that Sturdee was engaged with von Spee.

> The door opened again, and this time the countenance of the stern and sombre Oliver wore something which closely resembled a grin. 'It 's all right, Sir; they are all at the bottom." And with one exception, so they were.

Books about battles and the secret acts of those who direct them are certain to provoke controversy, and Mr. Churchill's vivid pictures of the Admiralty from within at the moment of highest tension in its history will be no exception to the rule. The serial publication of extracts has already drawn fire. "The World Crisis" is likely to be the most widely read and hotly discussed of the season's books.

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Lovers of controversy will find plenty of that in Mr. A. G. Gardiner's "LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT" (Constable; two vols.; 45s.); so much, in fact, that even the keenest politicians have confessed to a surfeit. But if the book is too long and too polemical, and at times too fondly eulogistic, it enables the discerning reader to form a just estimate of Harcourt's character, both in its weakness and in its strength. The best part is the domestic, and the picture of an aristocratic Conservative family, still so little assailed by democracy as to be shocked at leisure by the sight of a patrician in the Liberal ranks. When Harcourt's elder brother, the Squire of Nuneham, told him he "had no landed ideas," Sir William retorted with one of his best *mots*: "You have the land, and may leave the ideas to me." The biography, if over long, is full of good things, and, like all Mr. Gardiner's work, written in an easy, agreeable style.

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Another way of forestalling the historian is that of Father Ronald Knox, whose ghostly gifts of prescience have given him access to the memoirs of Opal, Lady Porstock, who flourished between the years 1915 and 1988†, for the engaging writer has not presented us with any "damned post-obit." "MEMORIES OF THE FUTURE," being Memoirs of the Years 1915-1972, edited by Ronald A. Knox (Methuen; 7s. 6d.), is a piece of spoof writing distinguished even in a period of extraordinarily clever spoof literature. To miss reading it is to miss a huge delight.

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Lady Porstock wrote these reminiscences in 1988, but, as they do not reach further up than 1972, one may reasonably hope that the author will be spared to give us the story of the sixteen years still unrecorded, and even further. So abundant is Lady Porstock's vitality, even at the age of seventy-three, that one would lay odds on her seeing her hundredth birthday. She is a true child of her age, a great lady who is still great and a lady, although the giddy flapperism of the present day seems to her a very tame thing and our most go-ahead institutions sad back numbers. When Lady P. was married in 1944, she promised, according to the Revised Book of Common Prayer, "to respect and co-operate with" her husband, *not* "so long as ye both shall live," but "until the King shall take other order." These uncanonical jests are all in the vein of Knox's remark in his Oxford days. "Such fun! The new Fellow 's been preaching heresy—all about Transubstantiation." He has been called "a wit that loves to play tricks with the subtlety of a curiously agile brain." This book is the least dangerous of all the tricks in Father Knox's bag.

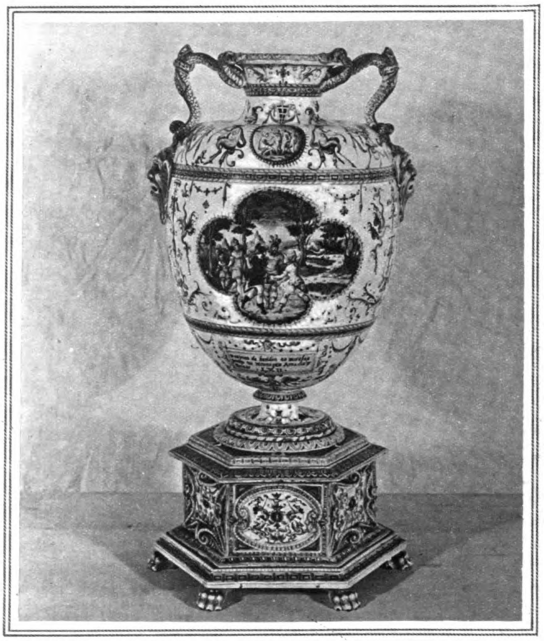
£22,000 FOR THREE MAJOLICA VASES: A GREAT ART SALE.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Duveen Brothers, Ltd.

1

THE Salomon Collection comprised 700 lots, including early Italian, Flemish, and German paintings; canvases and pastels of the French eighteenth-century school, rare colour engravings, Renaissance and other bronzes, Italian Renaissance and French furniture, porcelain, and a few pieces of rare Italian majolica. Some of the highest prices given were as follows. A pair of sculptured marble groups by Pajou—"Satyr and Infant Bacchus" and "Wood Nymph and Infant"—fetched £8800. Two bronze and *cuivre doré* candelabra, by Feuchère, formerly in the Château d'Eu, brought £2240. For a pair of Venetian andirons, of the early seventeenth century, representing "War" and "Peace," £1700 was paid. A cope worn by Pope Sixtus IV. (1471-84), 9½ ft. long by 5 ft. wide, wrought

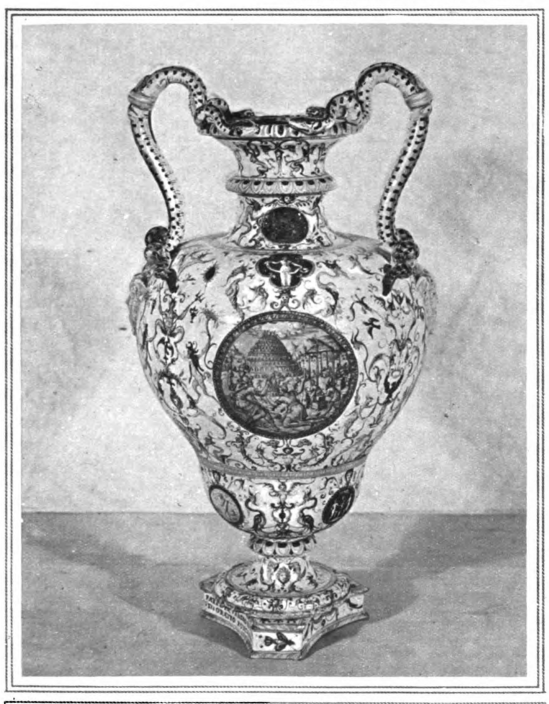
[*Continued in Box 2.*



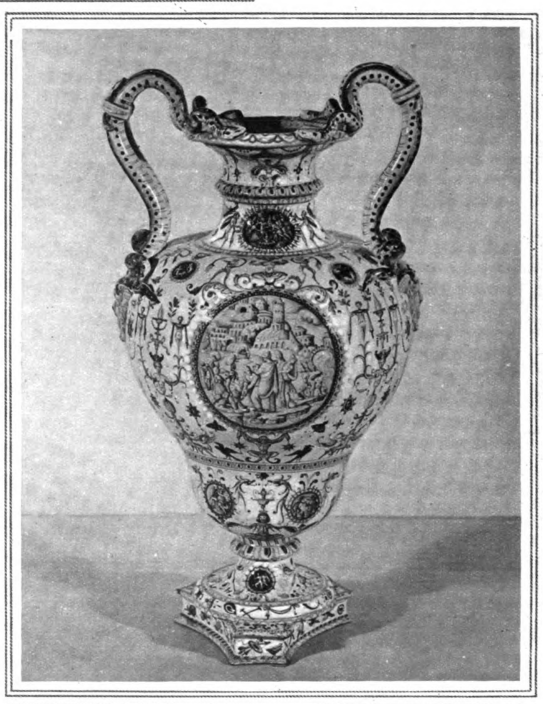
MADE ABOUT 1545 BY ORAZIO FONTANA: AN URBINO VASE (26½ IN. HIGH) WITH MEDALLIONS OF AMADIS OF GAUL AND THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

2

in coloured silks and gold threads, obtained £2600. A sixteenth-century Persian hunting rug was sold for £1800, and an Indian silk prayer rug (seventeenth century) for £4020. Four splendid seventeenth-century Brussels tapestries, illustrating the triumphs of Scipio Africanus, realised £10,500. Three Italian Gothic stalls of inlaid carved walnut went for £10,560. Six Beauvais tapestry carved fauteuils, with a carved and gilded sofa—the tapestry originally made for Marie Antoinette—fetched £13,000. Two Aubusson tapestry fauteuils, carved and gilded, of the Louis XVI. period, with two banquettes and two seats, brought £4500. An inlaid tulip wood and satin wood cabinet, mounted in *cuivre doré*, by J. F. Leleu and Gouthière, of the Louis XVI. period, were bought for £2800.



INSCRIBED AT FOOT, "MADE IN URBINO IN BOTEGA BY ORAZIO FONTANA" (*C.* 1545): **A VASE (21 IN. HIGH) WITH** MEDALLION—THE TOWER OF BABEL.



WITH A MEDALLION REPRESENTING THE BUILDING OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE: A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY URBINO VASE (21 IN. HIGH) BY ORAZIO FONTANA.

The four days' sale of the great collection of Italian Renaissance and French eighteenth-century work, left by the late William Salomon, of New York, took place there on April 4, 5, 6 and 7, in the galleries of the American Art Association, the "Christie's" of New York. The total amount realised was 1,292,847 dollars, or £258,569, a result which constitutes it the third greatest art sale ever held by public auction in the United States. The total would have been still higher but for the fact that fifteen of the chief Italian pictures were withdrawn before the public sale, and acquired by Messrs. Duveen Brothers. That famous firm were the purchasers of most of the principal lots, including the set of three Urbino two-handled vases by Orazio Fontana (illustrated above), for which Sir Joseph Duveen paid £22,000. They are of undoubted pedigree, having previously been in the collection of the late Baron Adolphe de Rothschild and the celebrated Spitzer Collection. Other high prices which were given at the Salomon sale are particularised in the note above.

MARTYRDOM IN RUSSIA: THE BOLSHEVIST PERSECUTION OF PRIESTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., AND P. AND A. PHOTOS, LTD.



THE HEAD OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCH HELD UP TO RIDICULE: A GROTESQUE EFFIGY OF THE PATRIARCH TIKHON AT MOSCOW.



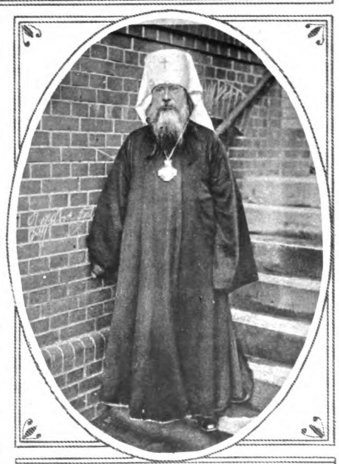
WHERE THE BOLSHEVISTS ARE WAGING WAR ON EVERY FORM OF RELIGION: AN EFFIGY OF BUDDHA CARRIED IN PROCESSION THROUGH MOSCOW.



SHOWING THE ACCUSED CLERGY, UNDER GUARD (IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND); THEIR ADVOCATE, M. PUSHKIN (BENDING DOWN, AT LEFT-HAND TABLE); THE PRESIDENT (CENTRE), AND KRYLENKO (RIGHT): THE TRIAL IN MOSCOW THAT LED TO THE EXECUTION OF MONSIGNOR BUTKEVITCH.



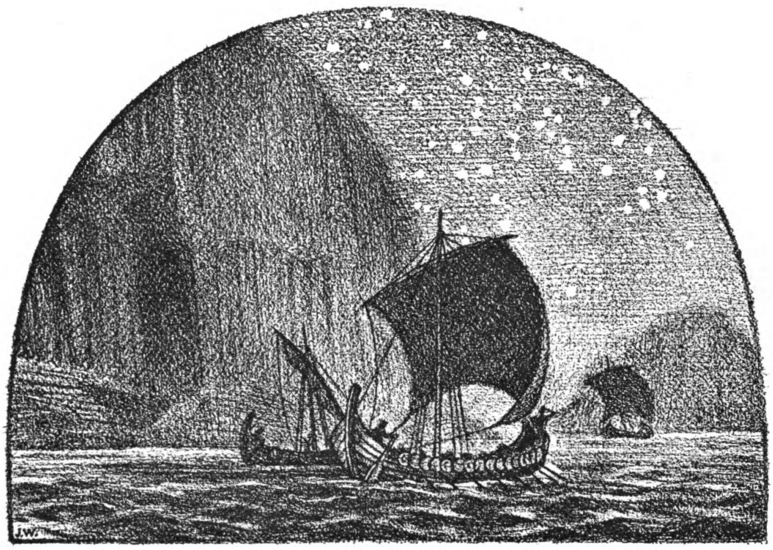
WITH MONSIGNOR BUTKEVITCH (SECOND FROM RIGHT, FRONT ROW), AFTERWARDS EXECUTED, AND ARCHBISHOP CIEPLIAK (CENTRE), WHOSE DEATH SENTENCE WAS COMMUTED TO TEN YEARS: THE SIXTEEN ACCUSED PRIESTS.



IMPRISONED BEFORE HIS TRIAL ON APRIL 11: THE PATRIARCH TIKHON.

The execution of Monsignor Butkevitch, the Roman Catholic priest who was tried in Moscow, with fifteen others, for conspiracy against the Soviet State, and condemned to death by the Bolshevist tribunal, has sent a wave of horror and indignation through the civilised world. It was reported that the execution took place at 4 a.m. on Saturday, March 31 (Easter Eve), in a cellar beneath the Cheka building in Moscow. Monsignor Butkevitch, it is said, was made to stand with his back to the executioner, who shot him through the head from behind with a revolver. The sentences had been pronounced on March 26, and Archbishop Ciepliak, whose coadjutor Monsignor Butkevitch had been, was also condemned to death, but his sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for ten years. Protests had reached the Soviet Government from all over Europe, and the Pope instructed the head of the Pontifical Mission for the relief of distress in Russia to intervene on the Archbishop's behalf. It was stated that the trail of the Patriarch Tikhon and other Russian prelates would begin on April 11, and that on the 15th the Convocation of the "Red" Church would meet for the purpose of unfrocking him. Meantime, he was confined in the Donskoi Monastery at Moscow. The indictment against him, it is said, includes a charge of sending an appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Pictures from OSSIAN—I.



OINA-MORUL.

It was in the days of the king, while yet my locks were young, that I marked Con-cathlin, on high, from ocean's nightly wave.

B.L.
GOLD LABEL
Scotch Whisky
15/- Per Bottle

BULLOCH, LADE & COMPANY
GLASGOW 149, *West George Street.*
LONDON 36, *Mark Lane.*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

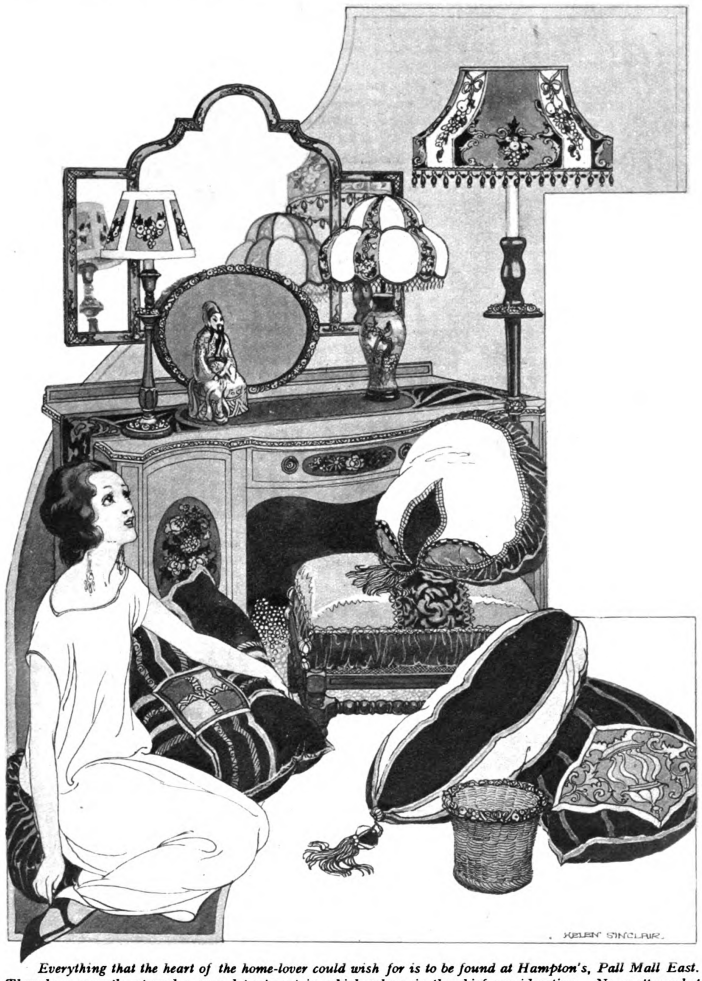
THE Prince of Wales looked very pleased with his reception as he passed the winning-post and in the Paddock at Hawthorn Hill after his win. He was very, very hot — and no wonder, for the sun beat down, and his red jacket with purple sleeves was of thick knitted wool! He hopped off, and ungirthed his horse and took his saddle, and gave such a funny look at the ring of people round as he made for the weighing-in room. It was rather amusing to see scores of silk-clad legs in quick motion as their owners fled from seeing the finish to try to see the victor dismount. Some of the skirts were rather of the confining order, and their owners had to be careful not to split them. One lady said, and very rightly, "I should think they were both Little Favourites," to which a burly cook, in white coat, apron, and cap, replied, "My word, Madam, you 're right!"

That the Queen's witnessing of her eldest son's success was not all pleasure was very evident. Rather pale on her arrival, during the race—when the glasses never left her eyes — she was very flushed. An umbrella shooting-seat fell, and the Queen jumped and looked really frightened. Lord Derby smilingly retrieved the brollie, which was rolling down the steps of the little stand with much noise, and again the Queen watched. There was such a happy, relieved look in her face when the last fence was cleared, and the shouts and cheers greeted the victory of the nation's favourite. The King, too, struck one as being nervous while the race was on. It was a good, hearty handshake he gave his son when he went back to the stand in his tweed suit and yellow sweater, and the Prince looked as if he very much liked it.

There is something specially enjoyable about the Household Brigade Steeplechases. So many present officers meet past officers, and such talks they have over the runs and races that are gone! The Earl of Athlone, looking quite bronzed and, as ever, handsome after his trip abroad, found many friends. He was joined by Princess Alice, looking very neat and pretty in a grey tweed coat and skirt, a black fox fur, and a small black satin hat. Her daughter, Lady May Cambridge, is quite a young lady now with hair up. She has a delightfully pretty face, and is like her mother in expression. She is small and dainty too, and is quite likely to be in the Court circle at the first Court, although her acquaintance with her eighteenth year is as yet slight. She walked about with her father in grey tweed and a grey straw hat trimmed with coloured ribbons.

The officers entertained their friends in a big marquee at lots of round tables, with bowls of pink carnations in the centre of each. The band of the "Blues" played, and it was all very delightful. Those who must grumble said that the sport was poor. Womenkind did not seem to notice it. Country clothes are always worn for this meeting. The Queen had a long purple blue cloth coat covering her dress. It had one of the new cushion collars, not unlike substantial versions of Elizabethan ruffs, which, together with the Bishop sleeves, were embroidered in blue and silver. A small turban-shaped hat was worn, the brim made of folds of alternate blue and purple, and on it dull crimson flowers were laid quite flat on the hat. The Prince of Wales's manner to the Queen is charming—a mixture of deep affection, sympathetic understanding, and deference.

Everyone—except, perhaps, such artists as may have cherished hopes of being commissioned to do the work—will be relieved at the King's decision that there is to be no commissioned picture of the Duke of York's wedding. These canvases are necessarily very large, and the figures always stiff, formal, and unsatisfactory to everyone present. As his Majesty has four sons, four big pictures which would be of historical interest would take some housing. On all accounts, it seems wise not to have one of the approaching marriage ceremony. It will be a splendid affair, of course, although not so many seats will be available in the Abbey as for Princess Mary's wedding. It will, at all events, give the public and the friends of the bride and bridegroom a better show than did any royal weddings before that of Princess Mary.



Everything that the heart of the home-lover could wish for is to be found at Hampton's, Pall Mall East. They have recently opened a new department in which colour is the chief consideration. No matter what the colour scheme of a room may be, Hampton's can provide the right cushions, lamp-shades, rugs, and furniture to harmonise with it. (See page 614)

The season should be a good one, ushered in with a wedding of one of the King's sons, and with the wedding of the Queen's niece to the heir of one of our oldest and most distinguished Dukedoms to come later. This month is fairly filled with weddings, but May will not be so filled, for brides seem to fear the merry month's superstitious ill favour more than the discouragement of the Church to wed in Lent. The King and Queen go to Rome in May, and will be away from London for over a week. The Queen is, one hears, looking forward very greatly to her visit to the Eternal City and to the Vatican. The Pope will receive their Majesties directly after their arrival, and his Holiness will arrange that the Queen sees as much of the Vatican as is possible.

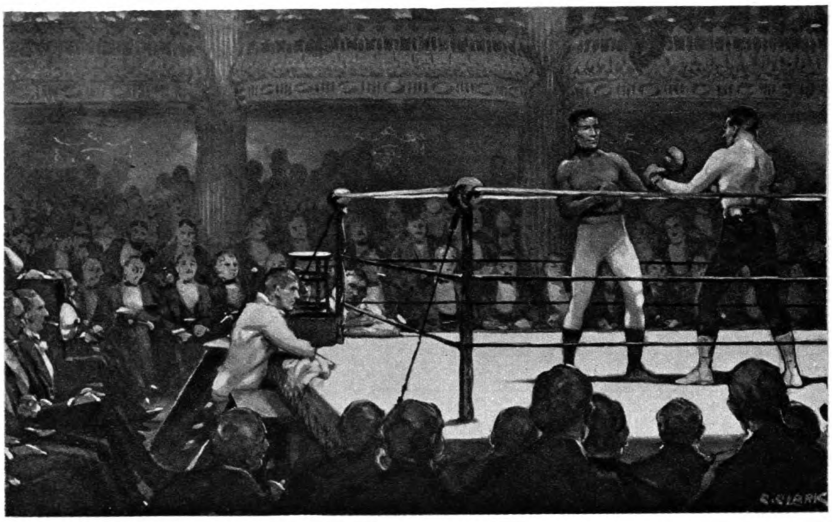
The King and Queen have had a quiet time at Windsor with their sons with them and their prospective daughter-in-law. The Prince of Wales's energy is tremendous. He rode on Windsor race-course over jumps so early that he was back at the Castle, changed, and out on horseback with the King and his brothers at 9 a.m. After the Household Brigade Steeplechases he went off to Larkhill to ride there. Horses are a hobby with him, and ride he will. The Queen, I hear, wishes with all her heart that he had some less dangerous taste than for steeplechasing. However, that is what he likes, and he has evidently that very admirable asset of the cross-country rider, a knowledge of how to fall free — and long may he keep it, if fall he must, and most riders between the flags do at times.

Miss Field made a delightful bride in her soft white velvet attire, with just a little warm tint in it from the pink lining. She looked nervous too, and that, if unfashionable, is very attractive, as she passed up the church with Lord Beatty to join her tall, handsome, upstanding bridegroom. Of him the report is by men that he is a splendid fellow, and by women that he is a dear boy. Lady Katharine Hamilton and Lady Patricia Ward walked together, and looked a couple of real handsome, British, highly bred girls. The two smaller girls were also pretty, and so were the train-bearers. Lady Katharine and Lady Patricia were much amused at being described as the large bridesmaids to differentiate them from the medium pair. Countess Beatty's cloak was a pleasant prophecy of large designs and brilliant colour, albeit the ground was black.

Princess Christian is more than ever like Queen Victoria; her expression is softer and her smile more genial. Shall we ever quite realise what her Royal Highness does by way of real work and good influence? For hours at a telephone trying to arrange for a very sick woman to be taken into a home is quite a usual experience. Making things easier for the poor and happier for all is what she loves to do. She is a royal lady who deserves well of us all, and gains from those who know her devoted affection.

A. E. L.

The John Haig Clubland Series No. 24.



The National Sporting Club.

ALTHOUGH the history of the National Sporting Club as it exists to-day dates only from 1891, the building itself is full of historical associations. The site of the present ring was once occupied by a cottage tenanted by John Kemble and the birthplace of the famous Fanny Kemble.

William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, was the first tenant of the present building, and among his successors was the Earl of Orford, better known to fame as Admiral Russell. The fine staircase in the Entrance Hall actually formed part of the Man-of-War Britannia, Russell's flagship at the battle of La Hogue in 1692. The building was the scene of the first Cabinet Council, so called, ever held in England. Later on it was converted into the first hotel in London. From 1800 to 1805 it was known as "The Star" from the number of men of rank by whom it was frequented. It is said not to have been unusual for nine Dukes to be dining there.

The illustration depicts the great fight between Peter Jackson and Frank Slavin which took place on 30th March, 1892, completing in a blaze of enthusiasm the National Sporting Club's first season.

And all through the building's long and distinguished career its successive occupants, we may be sure, valued at its true worth that famous old whisky John Haig. For so widely reputed has this the *original* Haig Whisky always been that whether of English Admiral on his flagship in 1692 or of modern post-war clubman there has never been real need to ask, in the words of the famous slogan :

Dye Ken

John THE ORIGINAL **Haig?**

By Appointment.

The Clubman's Whisky since 1627

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1

St. James's 24

Fashions and Fancies.

The Charm of Organdie.

Organdie, if the dress-designers have prophesied correctly, is to take precedence of almost all other fabrics this summer, so that many gossamer-light frocks of this persuasion are already in course of preparation in the salons of the most notable artists in dress. The newest and finest form of organdie has one superb quality which renders it particularly suitable for garden-party or river wear—although it appears the most fragile material imaginable, it does not crush easily, and can be washed again and again without losing its freshness. Organdie can be had in every imaginable shade, or printed in various designs; and a novel idea which will find expression in some of the most fashionable light dresses this season is the use of an organdie slip of one colour worn under a frock of contrasting shade, with the result that the two colours blend together in a fascinating "shot" effect which alters whenever the fabric is moved.

For the Schoolboy.

Many mothers know to their cost that in the matter of clothes there is no more fastidious person than the schoolboy. He insists on the correct outfit having learnt by painful experience that the most scathing critics of the least irregularity of dress are his own contemporaries at school. No woman would willingly submit her son to the humiliation of the wrong equipment, and to avoid the danger of such a thing the matter should be placed in the hands of such recognised experts as Charles Baker and Co., whose chief branch is at 137, Tottenham Court Road. Forty years of experience in school clothes guarantees the reliability of their outfits, and, as they possess the regulation lists of the leading public schools, they are in a position to know exactly what is required. Their prices are extremely moderate, for the material used is always of splendid quality, designed to stand hard usage, and yet a well-cut suit can be had from 46s. 6d. in a variety of sporting tweeds. Another suit is made in worsted, blue serge, or tweed from 41s. 6d.; while of the trio of serviceable suits sketched on this page, which are destined for boys between the ages of eleven and thirteen, the one on the left is obtainable in grey twill for 18s. 11d.; the standard grey flannel jacket and shorts are 10s. 11d.; and 29s. 6d. is the sum required for the useful school suit on the right. It



A trio of serviceable school suits which stand to the credit of Charles Baker's, 137, Tottenham Court Road.

is important to notice that all boys' clothes from Baker's are cut and made by skilled men tailors, so that perfect fit is assured.

The Care of the Skin.

In the spring the complexion is particularly susceptible to the unaccustomed attacks of sun and air, and now that warmer days are inviting an out-of-doors existence, special attention should be paid to the care of the skin. Beetham's La-rola, the fragrant toilet milk which can be obtained for 1s. 6d. a bottle from all chemists and leading stores, is indispensable to the open-air woman, since it affords excellent protection against sunburn and the roughness and redness induced by exposure to high wind. Golfers and motorists alike will find it invaluable, as it will preserve the skin in perfect condition under the most trying circumstances if it is applied immediately before going out. It is neither sticky nor greasy, and is quite invisible when it has been rubbed in. A fresh, healthy colour is always an attractive asset, but, unfortunately, it is often only an attribute of youth which passes with the years, and older women frequently find that in the evening, when they would naturally wish to look their best, the fatigue of the day has left them pale. La-rola Rose Bloom adds just the touch of colour to the cheeks which gives new life to the whole face, and seems in some unaccountable way to brighten the eyes. La-rola Rose Bloom is indetectible, and may be had in 1s. boxes.

A Display of Tailor-Made Fashions.

All sportswomen should make a point of being present at the display which Burberrys, of the Haymarket, are holding on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, April 17, 18, and 19, for, besides fashionable town wear, there will be a number of racing and country suits worn by the mannequins. Fashions in tailor-mades and weather-proofs will be in evidence, and the time is from 11 till 1, and 3 to 5.

For Home Lovers.

Strong sunlight is far less kind to furnishings than the subdued winter light, and it is always in the spring that curtains, carpets, and cushions reveal their need of renovation. Before deciding on their new furnishings home lovers should visit Hampton's, in Pall Mall East, who are responsible for the interior decorations sketched on page 612. Many an otherwise artistic room has been completely spoilt by one single touch of the wrong colour, which strikes a discordant note, and Hampton's, who have made a special feature of colour-effects, are prepared to give expert advice on the subject.

E. A. R.

NEW SUPER MOTOR OIL

SHELL CHEMISTS' GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

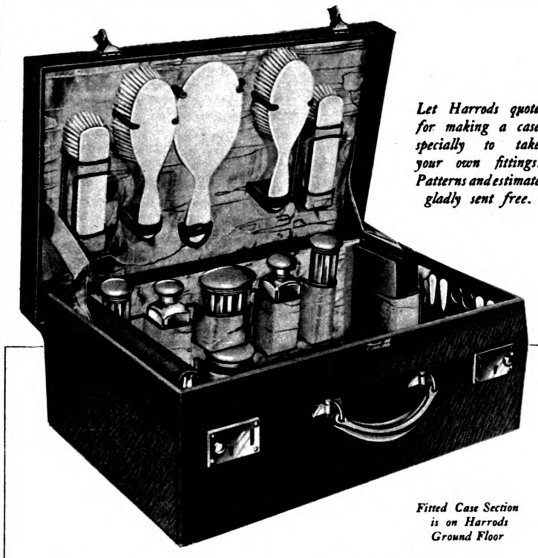
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P. 198



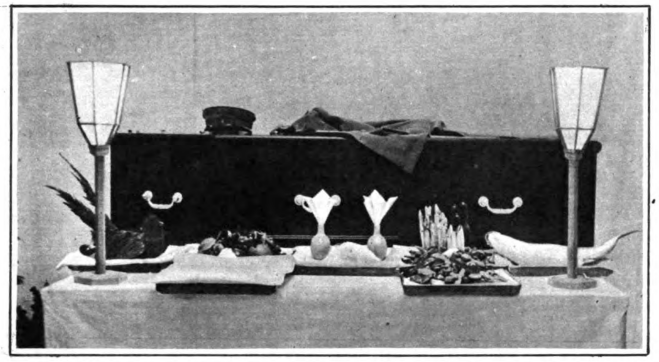
THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

NOW that the spring publishing season is in full swing, and the booksellers' windows present new and alluring wares, we take occasion to glance at a few that catch the discriminating eye.

"Edmond Warre." Etonians and public-school men generally will not be the only readers to enjoy Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher's biography of a famous Headmaster of Eton, "Edmond Warre" (Murray; 21s. net.). Born in the year of Queen Victoria's Accession, Dr. Warre entered Eton as a boy in 1849, was an assistant master there from 1860 to 1884, Headmaster from 1884 to 1905, and Provost from 1909 to 1918. He died in 1920. As one of the pioneers of volunteering and of Officers' Training Corps in the public schools, he led a movement of incalculable value to the Empire.

"The Underworld of London." From the career of a great teacher to "The Underworld of London," by Sidney Theodore Felstead (Murray; 7s. 6d. net), is a transition distinctly abrupt, but, as somebody said, it takes all sorts to make a world. Here we turn to the seamy side of life, and read of such things as night resorts, swell "crooks," burglars, dope merchants, jewel thieves, blackmailers, picture-fakers, kleptomaniacs, and the chequered *clientèle* of a pawnbroker. It is all very illuminating, and, if saddening on the moral side, by no means without its human interest and its humour.

"Siwa: the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon." It is a far cry, again, from the last-named book to "Siwa: the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon," by C. Dalrymple Belgrave (John Lane; 15s. net). This is a very interesting account of modern life at a place renowned in antiquity, especially for the visit of Alexander to the famous oracle in 331 B.C. Siwa (pronounced "Seewah") is an oasis in the Libyan Desert, on the borders of Egypt and Tripoli. A chapter is devoted to its history, and a long, appreciative foreword is contributed by General Sir Reginald Wingate. The author's numerous photographs and colour-sketches add greatly to the book's attractions.



PROVIDED, LIKE THE DEAD PHARAOHS, WITH OFFERINGS OF FOOD: THE LATE PRINCE KITASHIRAKAWA OF JAPAN LYING IN STATE, WITH A PHEASANT, FRUIT, AND FISH BESIDE THE COFFIN.

The body of the late Prince Kitashirakawa, brother-in-law of the Emperor of Japan, was taken to Paris after he was killed in the recent motor accident near Bernay, and lay in state at the Japanese Embassy, guarded day and night by Japanese officers. In accordance with Shinto rites, beside the coffin were placed funeral offerings of rice, asparagus, apples, oranges, pears, fish, and pheasants. Two vases held wine and water, and the funeral table was lit by paper lanterns. It was arranged to take the body to Japan in a Japanese liner.—[*Photograph by Keystone View Co.*]

"On." That indefatigable and provocative essayist, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, can write an excellent essay on anything. He has, in very fact, written volumes "On Nothing," "On Everything," and "On Something," not to speak of "This and That and the Other," and so on. His latest book is called simply "On" (Methuen; 6s. net). This laconic title, however, is amplified in verse on the "jacket," as indicating a book—

> On Lads and Poets, Pyrenean Springs,
> Ambition, and the loves of Eastern Kings:
> The Eternal Sea . . . and several other things.

Mr. Belloc deals faithfully with poets. An example is the essay in which he trounces Tennyson for "an intolerably bad line"—that is, "Kind hearts are more than coronets"—though accepting the statement itself as true. Under his last head must come, to give one more example, the essay "On a Piece of Rope." Here he has many stimulating things to say. There is no poem, he finds, entirely inspired by ropes. Again, he says: "Ropes more than any other subject are, I think, a test of a man's power of exposition in prose. If you can describe clearly without a diagram the proper way of making this or that knot, then you are a master of the English tongue."

"The Shakespeare Memorials of London." If the dream of a National Theatre dedicated to Shakespeare seems as impalpable as ever, there is at least one form of commemoration which continues to grow year by year, and that is the literature about him. A welcome addition thereto is Mr. W. Bailey Kempling's delightful little book, "The Shakespeare Memorials of London" (T. Werner Laurie; 5s. net), which every Londoner—and, indeed, every reader of Shakespeare—should make haste to possess. Mr. Kempling has taken the word "memorial" in its widest sense, and has traced, in the spirit of a devout pilgrim, what London has to show in the shape of Shakespeare statues, paintings, drawings, and prints, stained-glass windows and commemorative tablets. He also touches on many other indirect "memorials." The illustrations consist of twenty-four photographs by William J. Roberts.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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SPRING, 1923.

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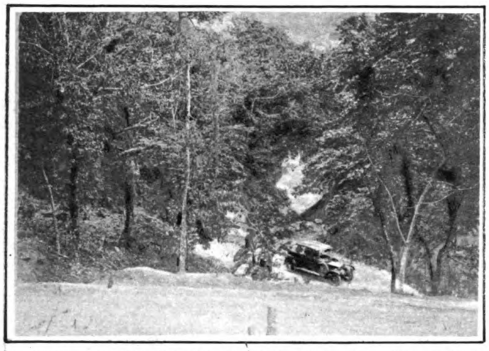
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

No Change This Year.

Just before the House of Commons rose for the Easter recess it was announced by Colonel Ashley, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, that the report of the committee on taxation would not be rendered in time for its conclusions to affect the motor taxation clauses of the Finance Bill. On the whole, I think this is a good thing as matters stand. There is not a shadow of doubt but that the committee would have rendered a majority report in favour of a retention of the tax on horse-power. Therefore, there would have been no change, and we are thus no worse off than we should have been. As a matter of fact, we are probably better off, because there is a chance that during the ensuing twelve months we may succeed in getting a really impartial inquiry into the taxation question. By no stretch of imagination can the present committee be described as other than extremely partial. It seems to have been appointed on the principle of setting a number of partisans to fight out the matter among themselves. The result was a foregone conclusion, since the partisans of the horse-power tax were in an easy majority. The net result would obviously have been the retention of the tax on horse-power, with the added disadvantage that we should have been told once more that the matter had been inquired into by a committee consisting mainly of people identified with motoring, and that they, as motorists, had agreed that this form of taxation is by far the best, and the one which the motorist himself most approves.

In all the circumstances, it would seem the proper course to be adopted for the opponents of the horse-power tax, who represent the private owner and the motor trade, to withdraw altogether from participation in what is really neither more nor less than a farce. The next step is to urge the appointment of a Select Committee of Parliament to conduct an impartial inquiry and to see that proper measures are taken for presenting the case for an alternative method of taxation as it really should be put. It is not only a waste of valuable time for these representatives to continue the work of the present inquiry, but it is actually detrimental, and may even be fatal.

In the meantime, the organisations concerned are lying low and saying very little. I think the time has come when a pronouncement is due, and for them to explain what their present and future attitude towards this burning question is and is going to be.



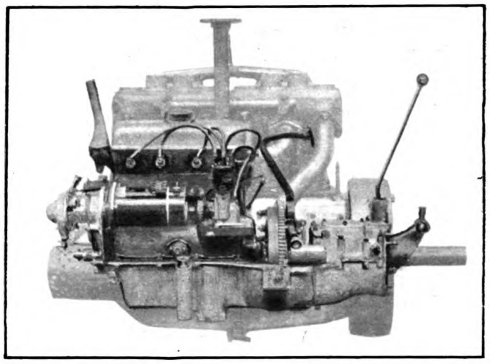
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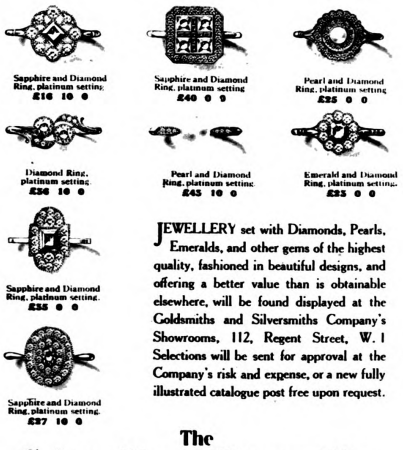
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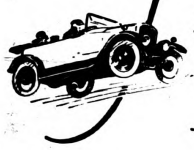
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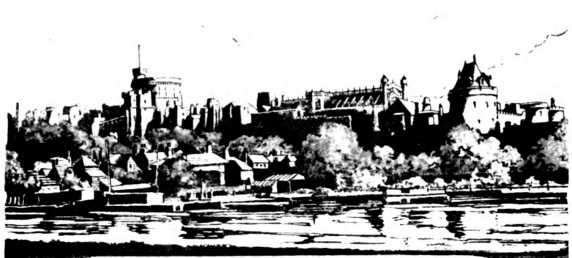
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Full particulars from the Maison du Tourisme, Chambery, or from Sphere Travel Bureau, Great New Street, London, E.C. 4.

Continued.]

petrol or benzol. Incidentally, while on the subject of fuel, it is claimed that a new bacillus has been discovered which will produce, practically for nothing, a motor fuel, closely allied to alcohol, from brewers' and distillers' waste! Let us hope it is true.

Tyre Life. Before the war five thousand miles of use was considered good for a set of pneumatic tyres. In fact, if one got any greater service than is expressed in such a mileage figure it was thought to be something very remarkable indeed. Manufacturing processes and rubber mixtures have since been so improved that twice or even three times this mileage is considered quite ordinary, and the motorist who succeeded in wearing out his tyres in the conventional five thousand miles would consider he had a legitimate grievance against the manufacturers. There are several quite remarkable tyre tests going on just now. In one case a set of tyres is being tested on a six-cylinder Napier which has covered very nearly 30,000 miles without anything that can properly be called trouble. Yet another set has covered fifteen thousand, the intention in this case being a mileage of 20,000, which will almost certainly be achieved. These are very remarkable records, and reflect immense credit on the manufacturers of the tyres concerned. All the same, I believe that any good British tyre of the day will stand up equally well, given proper attention to inflation pressures and ordinary care in driving. I have three tyres on my car now that are close on to their thirteenth thousand, and look good for many more yet. The fourth was scrapped as a result of sheer bad luck, or it might still be running to complete the record of the whole set. No accessory of the car has been so much improved since the war as the pneumatic tyre.

Hire and Drive. Quite a number of people who are expert drivers sometimes find themselves in the position of having to hire a car while awaiting delivery of a new one, or through some fortuitous reason which has deprived them for the time being of a car of their own. Of course, it is easy enough to hire a car, but there is nothing your true motorist dislikes more than being driven. One or two firms in London will hire out cars for the hirer to drive himself, but, generally speaking, the cars available are not quite all they might be. There is one concern, however—Messrs. Godfrey Davis, Ltd., of 141, New Bond Street—which makes a strong feature of this kind of business. They possess a fleet of new 13.9 standard cars which are kept in the very pink of condition, and which can be hired and driven by a hirer on quite moderate terms. This service is really a boon to people who, as I have said, are temporarily without a car, and to motorists home on leave from Overseas who desire to tour, but do not consider it worth while to purchase a car for use during a short stay in England. W. W.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15 Essex Street, W.C.2. Strand,*

E J SCRIMGEOUR (East Sheen).—Thanks for problem, which shall receive attention.

R S WALTERS (Kensington).—We do not agree with you. There is plenty of scope for genius still, though we must not expect a Morphy or a Pillsbury in every generation.

PROBLEM No 3903.—By JAMES M. K. LUPTON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3900 received from Senex and James M K Lupton (Richmond); of No. 3901 from E M Vicars (Norfolk), E J Gibbs (East Ham), George Sale (Bournemouth), Senex, E Pinkney (Driffield), T H Weston (Streatham) and P W Hunt (Bridgwater).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3902 received from Joseph Willcock (Southampton), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham) and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3901.—By JAMES M. K. LUPTON.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Q to Kt 4th	K to Kt 4th
2. Q to K 7th (ch)	K to R 3rd
3. Q to R 4th (mate).	

If Black play, 1. K to Kt 6th, 2. Q to K sq (ch) etc. and if 1. P to Kt 6th, then 2. Q to K 7th (ch) etc.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played on No. 1 Board in match between the Blackpool Central and the Lancaster Chess Clubs (Mr. O. A. LABONE and Mr. G. KIER).

(*Centre Counter Gambit.*)

WHITE (Mr. O. H. L.)	BLACK (Mr. G. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th
2. P takes P	Q takes P
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to Q sq

Many authorities, including Mason and Blackburne, consider this Black's best reply.

4. B to B 4th	P to Q B 3rd
5. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
6. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 5th

A strange mistake to be made by the chooser of the opening. He appears to have been taken out of the regular track by White's continuation at his fourth move. The game is here practically lost.

7. B takes P (ch)	K takes B
8. Kt to K 5 (ch)	K to Kt sq
9. Kt takes B	Q to Q 5th
10. Kt to K 3rd	P to K 4th
11. Castles	P to K Kt 3rd
12. Q to K 2nd	B to Q 3rd
13. K Kt to Q sq	Q Kt to Q 2nd
14. B to K 3rd	Q to K R 5th

The Queen is in a parlous plight, and can only be extricated at the expense of time and position. We consider Q to Kt 4th at once was better.

15. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to R 6th
16. P to B 3rd	B to B 2nd

Now Q to K 3rd, followed by B to B sq, seems the right play.

WHITE (Mr. H. H. L.)	BLACK (Mr. G. K.)
17. Kt to B 2nd	Q to K 3rd
18. B to R 6th	

Seizing the key of the position. Black cannot now escape.

18.	K to B 2nd
19. Q Kt to K 4th	Kt takes Kt
20. Kt takes Kt	B to Q sq
21. P to K B 4th	R to K sq
22. P to B 5th	

Better than P takes P (dis. ch), as, by opening the way for White's brilliant continuation, it secures for him command of the file.

22.	P takes P
23. R takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq
24. Q to R 5th	Q to Kt 3rd
25. Q to R 3rd	K to R sq
26. Q R to K B sq	R to K Kt sq
27. R to B 7th	Kt to Kt 3rd
28. R takes Kt P	Kt to Q 4th
29. Q R to B 7th	B to K 2nd
30. K takes B	Kt takes R
31. R takes Kt	P to B 4th
32. Kt to Kt 5th	K R to K B sq
33. B takes R	R takes B
34. R takes KRP (ch)	K to Kt sq
35. R to R 8 (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
36. Kt to K 6 (ch)	

Black resigns.

From the very opening, White has completely out-generalled his opponent.

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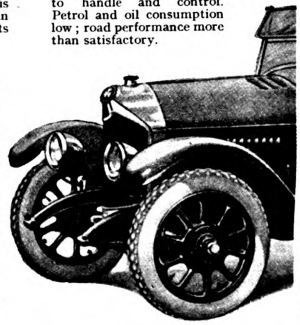
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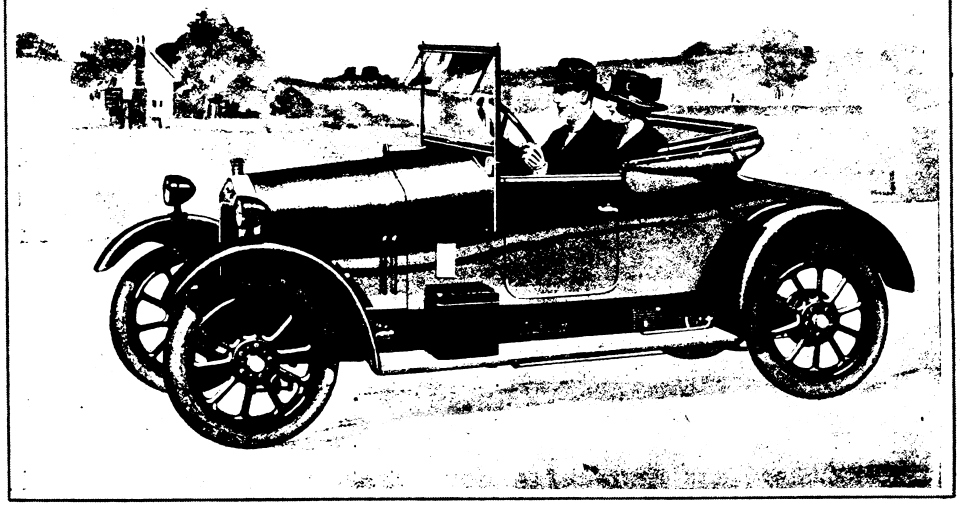
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. GROSSMITH'S REVIVAL OF "THE GAY LORD QUEX." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

IT comes as something of a shock to the middle-aged playgoer to discover that twenty-three years have gone by since Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Sir John Hare thrilled our nerves in the exciting bed-room scene of "The Gay Lord Quex." Yet a play which is found on revival to treat a manicurist's shop in Bond Street as a new fad of Society and regards palmistry as also very nearly a novelty obviously dates; and even more old-fashioned are at least a couple of Sir Arthur Pinero's Society types and their jargon. Robertson might have fathered Sir Chichester Frayne, the battered old blackguard who leers at every woman he meets; while the Duchess of Strood, that sentimental amorist who is so rhapsodical in her reminiscences, might have walked straight out of an old-time novelette. No wonder that at His Majesty's Mr. Nicholas Hannen and Miss Viola Tree boldly travesty these parts—they must, to make their stilted speeches endurable to-day. The whole story, indeed, and atmosphere of the drama are novelettish when not consciously or unconsciously farcical. And yet there remains enough in the old piece to make its revival worth while. The character of Sophy Fullgarney, the Cockney manicurist, loyal champion of youth in love, unscrupulous mischief-maker who assumes the mission of rescuing the foster-sister she adores from marriage with a roué, still has flesh and blood in her; and the big scene between Sophy and the "gay" Lord provides sufficient opportunities for acting of the fireworks kind to make a new actress's attack on the rôle of the heroine an event of more than common interest. Miss Irene Browne comes out of her ordeal surprisingly well; an artist of ripe experience could not have ranged more successfully than she does through the gamut of emotions in the bed-room episode, and her comedy moments have only one fault—that of being slightly too hysterical. What she misses in Sophy—and a young actress who has scored so great a triumph can afford to hear the truth—is the note of pathos. Who can forget the sob that was a heart-break in Miss Vanbrugh's Sophy when she thought her Muriel had left her without a word? That we do not get from Miss Browne. Mr. George Grossmith's Quex is adequate, and now and then pleasingly boyish, but seems to be too self-effacing in the interests of his Sophy. Not only are his movements stiff and automatic, he appears afraid to let himself go. Still, if he lacks charm and sometimes authority, he never lets the play down.

"THE RAINBOW." AT THE EMPIRE.

An unrehearsed event in the shape of a speech delivered at curtain-fall by one of the comedians, who protested that he had not been given sufficient scope in the piece, caused a sensation at the first night of "The Rainbow," and has come in for far more comment than the revue itself. Mr. Jack Edge was the comedian, and he is no longer in the Empire cast. If Mr. Edge has gone, Mr. Ernest Thesiger remains, and continues to be the strong prop of the entertainment. Indeed, it is interesting to note how skilfully this accomplished actor, who has won fame in Barrie, Galsworthy, and Arnold Bennett plays, adjusts himself to his new *milieu*. He gets his best effects as the red-haired lady with a past in the sketch entitled "The Price of True Love"; but he is not always given good enough material, and the sooner the Empire librettists find him parts as effective as that of this gay dame the better will be the chances of their entertainment. Not that Mlle. Andrée is not very delightful in the dancing turn, "My Lady's Boudoir," or the sixteen Empire Girls in their ensemble dance with tambourines; not that the "Plantation Days" scene, rendered by coloured artists, is not at once amusing and bizarre, or that there is not a certain gorgeousness in the scenic effects; but a revue depends largely on its leading comedian's opportunities, and Mr. Thesiger needs more.

"AT MRS. BEAM'S." AT THE ROYALTY.

The hopes of the younger generation of playgoers—and perhaps playwrights—are pinned so resolutely to the work of Mr. C. K. Munro, author of "The Rumour" and "At Mrs. Beam's," that it is a matter of satisfaction to have the latter of these two plays transferred from the stage of Everyman's to the more central Royalty Theatre. The wit and unconventionality of this brilliantly written burlesque "crook" drama seem to be just as thoroughly appreciated in West London as in the northern suburb, and there is just as much laughter in the one theatre as in the other over its caustic studies of boarding-house types. Fortunately, many of the original players remain in the cast, notably Miss Jean Cadell, whose portrait of that inquisitive gossip, Miss Shoe, is really little less than a masterpiece. Miss Adela Mavis replaces, satisfactorily enough, Miss Hilda Moore; and in Mr. Franklin Dyall's part now appears Mr. Dennis Eadie.



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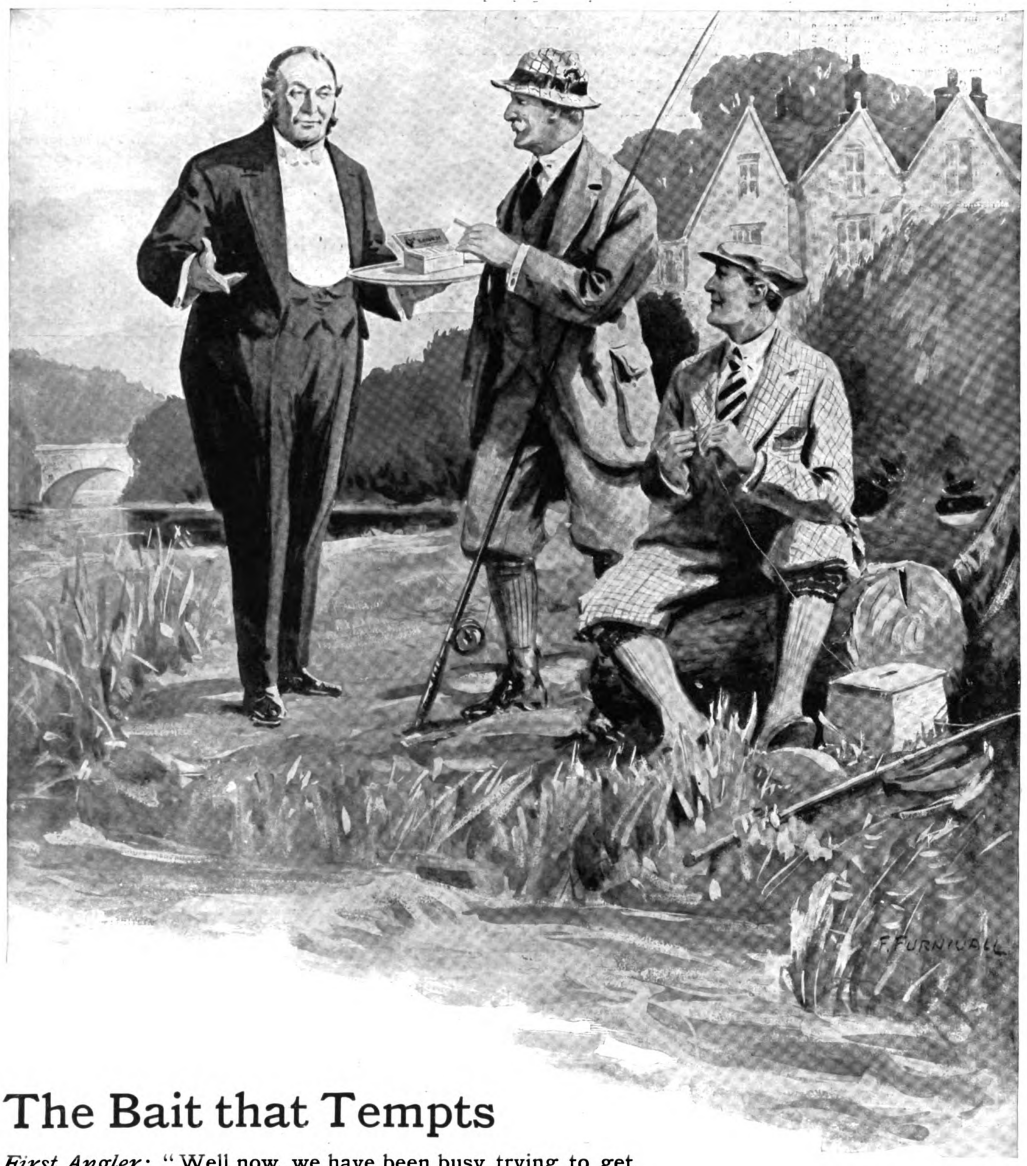


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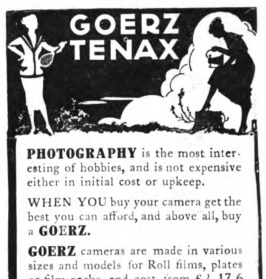


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SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1923.

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AUTHOR OF A SOUND AND SATISFACTORY BUDGET: THE RIGHT HON. STANLEY BALDWIN, P.C., M.P., CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WITH HIS WIFE, AT CHEQUERS.

Mr. Baldwin's Budget, which he introduced in the House of Commons on April 16, has been commended as a piece of sound finance which strengthens the national credit, while affording welcome relief to the taxpayer in several directions. Its main proposal is to allot £40,000,000 this year to the Sinking Fund for the reduction of the National Debt. The Income Tax has been reduced from 5s. to 4s. 6d. in the pound, and the price of beer by a penny a pint. Among other reductions are those in the rates for postage and telephone calls. The suggested tax on bets is to be inquired into by a Select Committee. Mr. Baldwin, who sits, as a Conservative, for the Bewdley Division of Worcestershire, became Joint Financial Secretary to the Treasury in 1917 and again in 1919, President of the Board of Trade in 1921, and Chancellor of the Exchequer last year. Last January he visited the United States for the settlement of the British debt. In 1892 he married Miss Lucy Ridsdale, daughter of the late Mr. E. L. J. Ridsdale, of Rottingdean. She is an O.B.E. Our photograph was taken at Chequers, where Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin took up residence last December until the Premier should be ready to take possession. They have two sons and four daughters.

PHOTOGRAPH BY P. AND A.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I WONDER if anybody has noticed that there are two tides in the world to-day—reason running one way and imagination the other. It is especially notable that newspapers seem to point one way and novels the other. What we call public opinion is supposed to be tending to certain ideas; but what we may call popular taste is really tending to quite the opposite ideas. Take, as one example, the case of the relation of the sexes. When the politicians went over in a body to Female Suffrage, the political leader-writers also went over in a body to what is called Feminism. Politicians and political leader-writers seldom suffer, indeed, from a bigoted fixity of conviction. But it is taken for granted, and to a great extent it is true, that the public now accepts the intellectual independence of women. Sometimes the intellectual independence is completed with what is called economic independence. What is called the economic independence of women is the same as what is called the economic wage-slavery of men. The true progressive mind regards it as one of the wrongs of workmen and one of the rights of women. But I am not arguing these points now; I am only noting that a certain feminine independence, and even pride, is theoretically a matter of admitted principle now.

But if we actually look at a lot of the economically independent women—typists and shop-girls and flappers of all shapes and sizes—going home in a tube or a tram, we shall probably find a large number of them very naturally engaged in reading novels and novelettes. We shall generally find, for instance, that a large number of them are reading the stories of Miss Ethel M. Dell. I am not blaming them for that; her stories are at least stories, in which they have a marked superiority to the mass of mad diaries that make up what is called psychological fiction. But the most ardent admirer of Miss Ethel M. Dell will hardly pretend that she preaches an austere and arrogant doctrine of the independence of woman. The doctrine she preaches is exactly like the doctrine of Ouida, and not very far removed from the doctrine of Mahomet and Mr. Brigham Young. That is the curious contradiction to be found in our popular publications. We turn to the newspapers, and we find women as the high priestesses of politics, reforming the world that men have mismanaged. We turn to the novels, and find women grovelling on the ground, while men stride about waving a metaphorical and sometimes a material horsewhip. This contrast is particularly conspicuous and comic in the popular literature of America. American idealism revolves almost entirely round the reverence due to the dignity of woman. But there is by no means a complete agreement between American idealism and American romance. American romance is haunted by the shadow of a mythical character who is called a Caveman. His manner of paying his addresses to ladies generally leads up to what is, I believe, technically called "rough stuff." Personally, in my antiquated superstitious style, I should think it unnecessary to call him a caveman so long as I could call him a cad; and I should not conceal the impression that the rough stuff is very poor stuff indeed. But I am not at the moment taking sides about either of these two tendencies; I am not trying to prove that either of them is wrong, or, for that matter, that either of them is right. I am pointing out that, if one of them is right, the other is certainly wrong. There are two tendencies tugging opposite ways; there is a theoretical current on top and a contrary current underneath. If I were asked, I should say that both showed the nemesis of vagueness and an avoidance of the clarity of creeds. If your ideals ignore reason, your instincts will ignore restraint. But anyhow the practical process seems to be that popular fiction proceeds in flat contradiction of all modern ideas. It might be summed up by saying that we give an exaggerated freedom to women that they may give an exaggerated homage to men.



IN COLOUR, LIKE MUCH OF THE CONTENTS: THE COVER OF THE ROYAL WEDDING NUMBER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"—A SPLENDID PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S MARRIAGE.

The special Royal Wedding number of "The Illustrated London News," to be published on April 28, will form a magnificent pictorial record of the marriage of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, to take place in Westminster Abbey on the 26th. The number will be rich in colour reproductions, as well as photogravure, and the actual ceremony will be very fully illustrated. It will be a companion to the Princess Mary Wedding Number. Our readers are advised to order their copies early, in order to avoid disappointment.

But there are other examples of the same thing. The impossibility of ghosts or witches, or magic generally, was taken for granted in most serious books until quite lately. It is still taken for granted in most daily papers, for daily papers are always behind the times. But all the time that nobody was allowed to believe in such things there seemed to be a steady increase in the number of people who brooded and bothered about such things. Spirits thronged the novels long before they began to appear fitfully even in the newspapers. All through the Victorian age there was a steady growth in the very things the Victorian age was supposed to have outgrown. The Dickens who wrote "Edwin Drood" was much more of a spiritualist than the Dickens who wrote "Pickwick." Wilkie Collins, the friend of Dickens, was a figure very typical of the transition in the latter part of that time. The type was the very opposite to the old type that was secretly a sceptic, but was forced to conform outwardly to a belief in the mysteries. The Victorian was secretly a mystic and conformed outwardly by being a sceptic. If we say that Wilkie Collins was secretly a mystic, it would be perhaps truer to say he was subconsciously a mystic. But the novel of "Armadale" comes very near to conscious mysticism, or even occultism. For in that story (by a really fine artistic device) the scientific doctor actually quiets the fears of the dreamers about their dreams by tracing them to purely natural causes; and, nevertheless, the dreams afterwards proceed to fulfil themselves, presumably from preternatural causes. At the end of the nineteenth century it is obvious that mere tales of mystery are turning into tales of mysticism.

In all this imagination is the signal of instinct. Journalism only tells us what men are doing; it is fiction that tells us what they are thinking, and still more what they are feeling. If a new scientific theory finds the soul of a man in his dreams, at least it ought not to leave ont his day-dreams. And all fiction is only a diary of day-dreams instead of days. And this profound preoccupation of men's minds with certain things always eventually has an effect even on the external expression of the age. It would seem that, in the case of psychic curiosity, the thing only masqueraded as a fable till it was ready to make its appearance as a fact. In other words, the popular feeling at last overflowed into public life. It would be interesting to speculate about whether, in the parallel case, the rather irresponsible romance of the sexes may yet overflow into public life. It might be permissible to wonder whether the caveman may yet come out of the cave of poetry into the forum of politics. It seems possible by analogy that the man might follow the ghost across the frontier from fiction to fact. It seems possible that Miss Ethel M. Dell may yet be a most powerful rival to Miss Christabel Pankhurst as a real popular demagogue. She may yet be the more fiery prophetess of a new kind of Feminism—as she would perhaps claim, a much more feminine kind of Feminism. It is not fanciful thus to look to fancies for the hints of the future. He was a wise man who said that if he could make men's songs anyone could make their laws; for it has sometimes happened that a song made a law, but no law has ever by itself made a song. It is only an election agent who looks at election returns for the real movements of the mob. The philosopher will be found poring over penny dreadfuls and sentimental serials in the cheap magazines.

I for one have always felt that there is a real fear of a reaction against Feminism. It might come quite as unexpectedly as the new boom of magic and marvels, and all that Sir Rider Haggard truly calls the modern movement towards superstition. And it might very well tend to polygamy as the other really tends to polytheism. I need not say that I do not agree with either polytheism or polygamy. But they both have behind them a great mass of human instincts and imaginative appetites, which were utterly ignored both by the rationalists who merely rationalised religion and the idealists who merely idealised the modern woman. And both can quite easily be covered with a scientific jargon, just as good as the scientific jargon on the other side. Just as science may come to mean Christian Science, so marriage may come to mean Mahomedan marriage. It is as easy to quote Schopenhauer against women as Shaw in favour of women. It is as easy to talk materialistic nonsense about the female skull as to talk materialistic nonsense about the criminal skull; and there will probably be many learned professors prepared to identify the two. And behind all the professorial trash there would be a practical truth. Moslem and Mormon marriage is one of the most practical institutions in the world, so far as it goes. Polygamy is as practical as slavery. They are both equally practical, equally probable, and equally base. They would really meet a great many of the merely utilitarian difficulties of the modern world. I can think of nothing to say against them, except that they are intolerable. But they are only intolerable to those who happen to believe in certain sacred abstractions, that were called liberty and chivalry. On any lower level harems are as humane as homes, and more humane than homelessness. Slave-compounds are as comfortable as slums, and much more comfortable than starvation. If this reaction does come in some such crude form, the fault will be largely theirs who stated the female case in a form equally crude. If the Suffragette is turned into the Sultana, it will be because in both capacities she has been too impatient to understand the mystery of marriage and the dual basis of Christendom.

A MASTERPIECE OF CHINESE SCULPTURE: A CELESTIAL MOTHER GODDESS.



"HEAVY, SUBTLE, PURE CHINESE FORM": A WONDERFUL STATUE OF THE GODDESS KWAN-YUN—"DESPITE ITS HEAVINESS, LESS A MATERIAL SHAPE THAN A CRYSTALLISED MELODY."

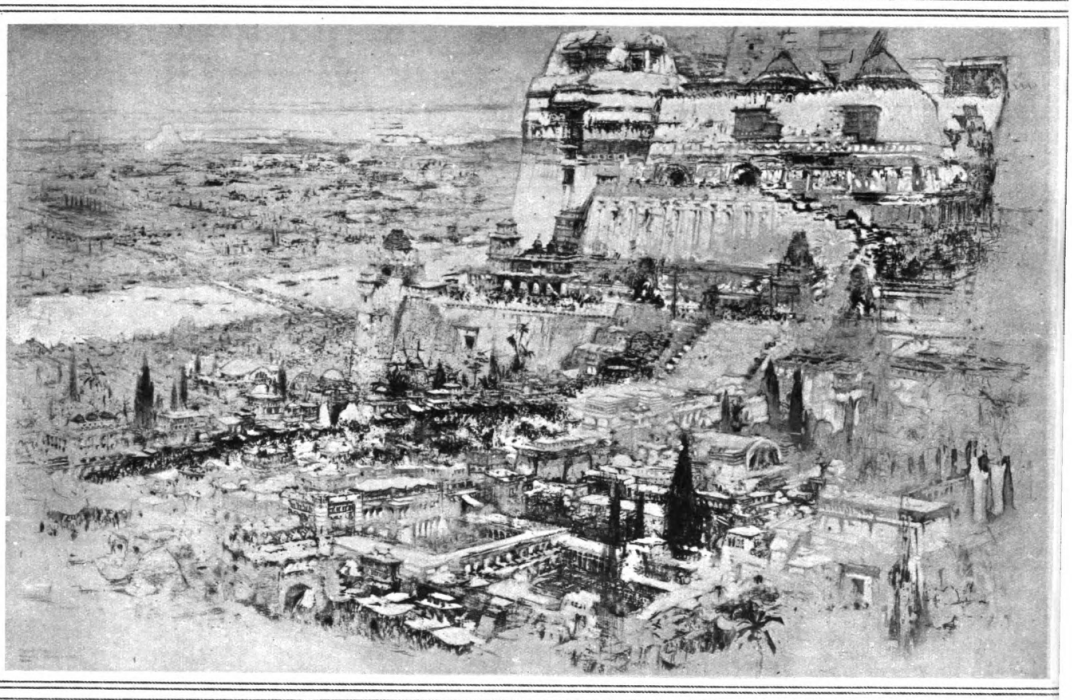
This remarkable statue, which is in the Museum at Boston, U.S.A., evoked from M. Clemenceau, when he recently visited America, the remark: "I never imagined that the art of China had produced anything so marvellous." A French writer, M. François Crucy, in describing it, says: "The Kwan-Yun wears a kind of skirt, which is sculptured with sureness and ease: here the fabric falls in ample folds; there, it adheres closely to the knee. The torso is nude, large and supple, suggesting the characteristics of a mother goddess. The face is heavy, but its expression has beauty. The hair is crowned with a kind of helmet surmounted by a tiny Buddha. On the dress ornaments are traces of painted colour—light blues and shades of rose. The fineness of the design and the delicacy of the decoration contrast with the rather ponderous mass of this figure, which is yet so supple and so alive. A word of Elie Faure recurs to my mind: 'Heavy, subtle, pure Chinese form!' One might call it, despite its heaviness, less a material shape than a crystallised melody."

MIGHTY WORKS OF ANTIQUITY REBUILT IN AN ARTIST'S

By Courtesy of the Artist, Mr. William Walcot, and the Publishe



"THE LAST STAND OF PAGANISM AGAINST CHRISTIANITY": THE GREAT TEMPLE OF THE SUN AT BAALBEK (A.D. 131-161), WHERE CONSTANTINE AND THEODOSIUS BUILT A CHRISTIAN BASILICA IN A.D. 350.



WHERE NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S HANGING GARDENS WERE ONE OF THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD: THE GLORY THAT WAS BABYLON—A GREAT TEMPLE AND ITS MAGNIFICENT APPROACH.

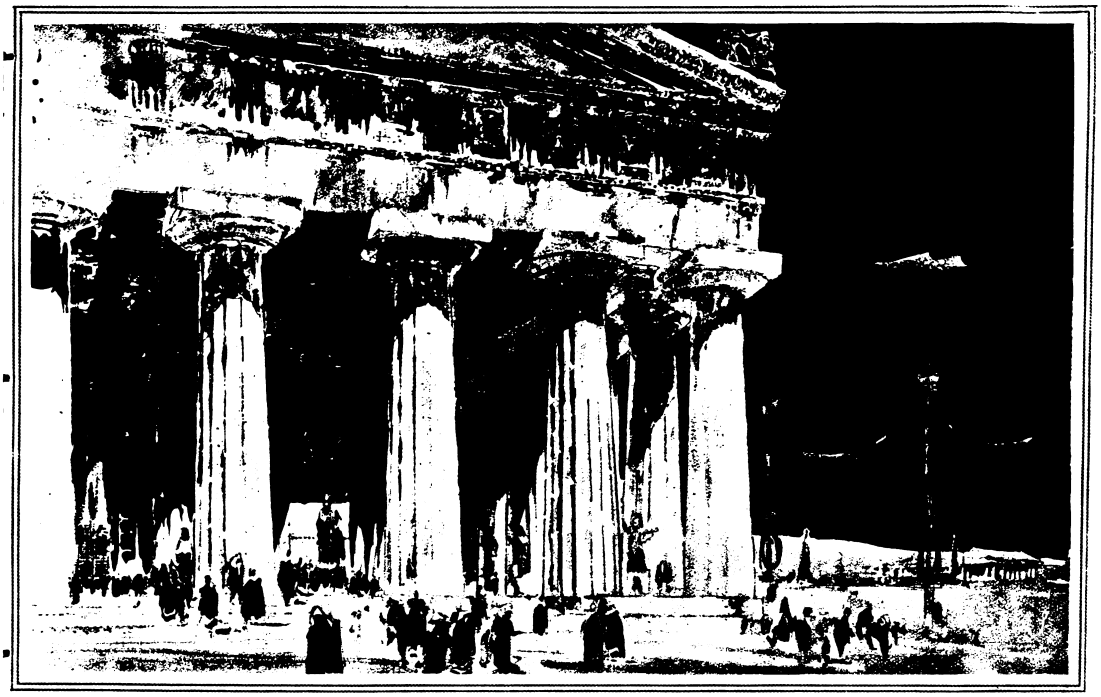
Mr. William Walcot's exhibition of drawings and etchings, recently opened at the Royal Institute of British Architects, represents a remarkable effort to visualise the great temples of antiquity as they were at the height of their splendour, the centres of a living creed and thronged with worshippers. In our issue of April 14, we gave two of Mr. Walcot's etchings of Imperial Rome, the Coliseum and the Baths of Caracalla. Above we reproduce another etching, that of Babylon, and three pictures, of which the originals are in colour. Many ancient buildings, which nowadays we think of as being of pure white marble, were in antiquity vividly coloured, and the artist's work thus corrects a false impression. A number of the etchings are published by Mr. H. C. Dickins, of 9, Great Pulteney Street. "The Temple of the Sun at Baalbek (A.D. 131-161)," Mr. Walcot writes, "stood in a court 380 ft. square, flanked with porticoes. It was 160 ft. wide, 189 ft. long, and the columns 65 ft. high. In the centre was the high altar. The temple represents the last stand of paganism against

VISION — BAALBEK, EPHESUS, BABYLON, AND SELINUNTE.

OF HIS ETCHINGS, MR. H. C. DICKINS. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



BURNT BY THE FANATIC HEROSTRATUS ON THE NIGHT THAT ALEXANDER THE GREAT WAS BORN IN B.C. 356: THE SEVENTH AND LAST WOODEN ARCHAIC TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHESUS, AS IT WAS IN B.C. 40[illegible].

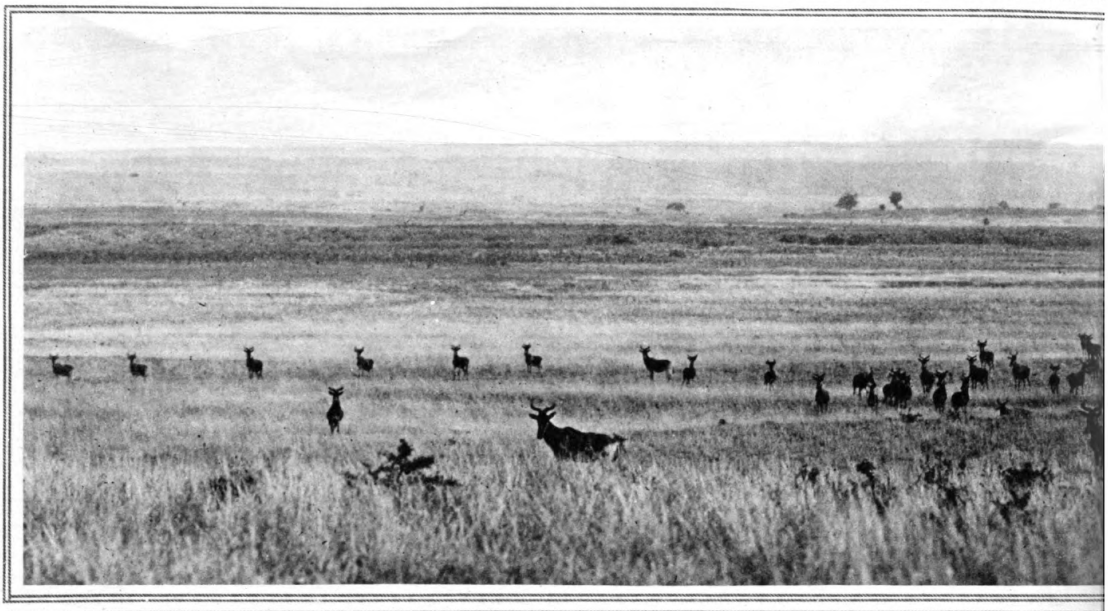


DEDICATED TO ZEUS OR APOLLO: A GREEK TEMPLE AT SELINUNTE IN SICILY BEGUN IN ARCHAIC TIMES, RESUMED ABOUT 400 B.C., AND LEFT UNFINISHED A FEW YEARS LATER.

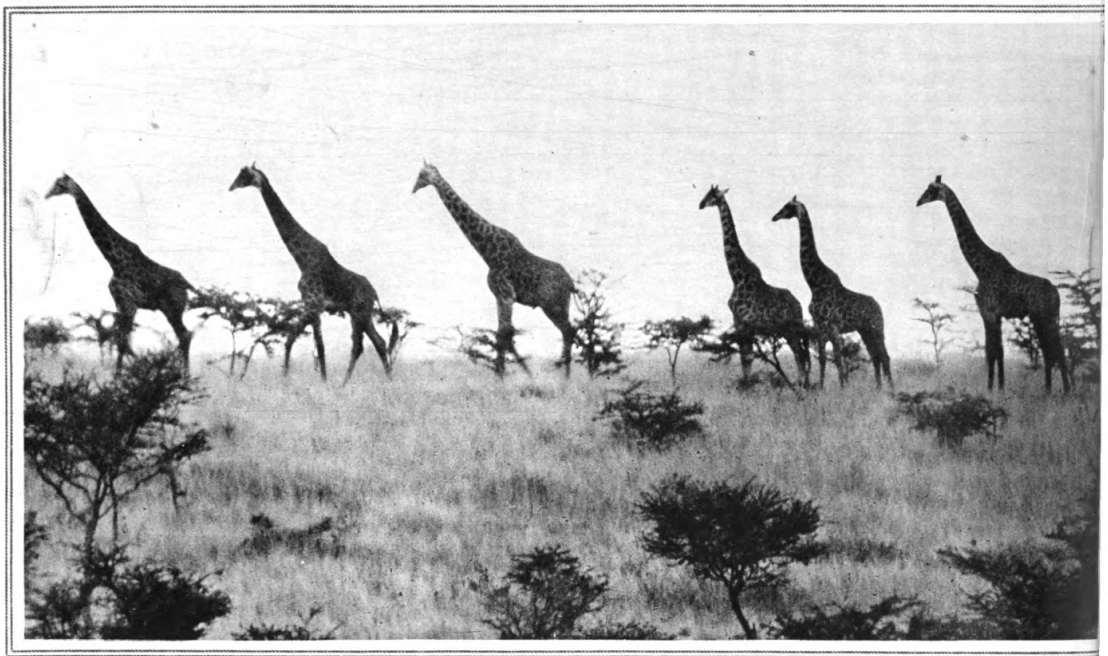
Christianity. In A.D. 350, Constantine and Theodosius built a Christian basilica in the main court." The magnificent ruins of Baalbek (in Syria), some of whose stones are the largest ever used in architecture, were illustrated in our issue of December 28, 1918. "The seventh and last wooden archaic temple of Diana at Ephesus," says Mr. Walcot, "was burnt by the fanatic Herostratus the night on which Alexander the Great was born, B.C. 356. Its width was 205 ft. and length 415 ft." Babylon stood on both sides of the Euphrates. According to Herodotus, its walls, 330 ft. high, had a circumference equal to about 55 miles. The walls were built by Nebuchadnezzar, who also constructed the famous Hanging Gardens, rebuilt temples, and made Babylon perhaps the most splendid city in the world. The fourth building Mr. Walcot describes as: "Temple G. or T. at Selinunte in Sicily, dedicated to Zeus or Apollo. Begun in the archaic period, the work was abandoned, resumed in 400 B.C., but abandoned again, never to be finished. Its width was 162 ft., length 367 ft., and height of columns 52 ft."

HUNTING WITHOUT RIFLE: AFRICAN ANIMALS AT HOME

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAJOR A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE



LIKE A LINE OF TROOPS DEPLOYED IN EXTENDED ORDER: A LARGE HERD OF HARTEBEESTE ON THE AFRICAN PLAINS—PART OF A REMARKABLE FIL
AT THE POLYTECHNIC HALL, IN REGENT STREET, WI

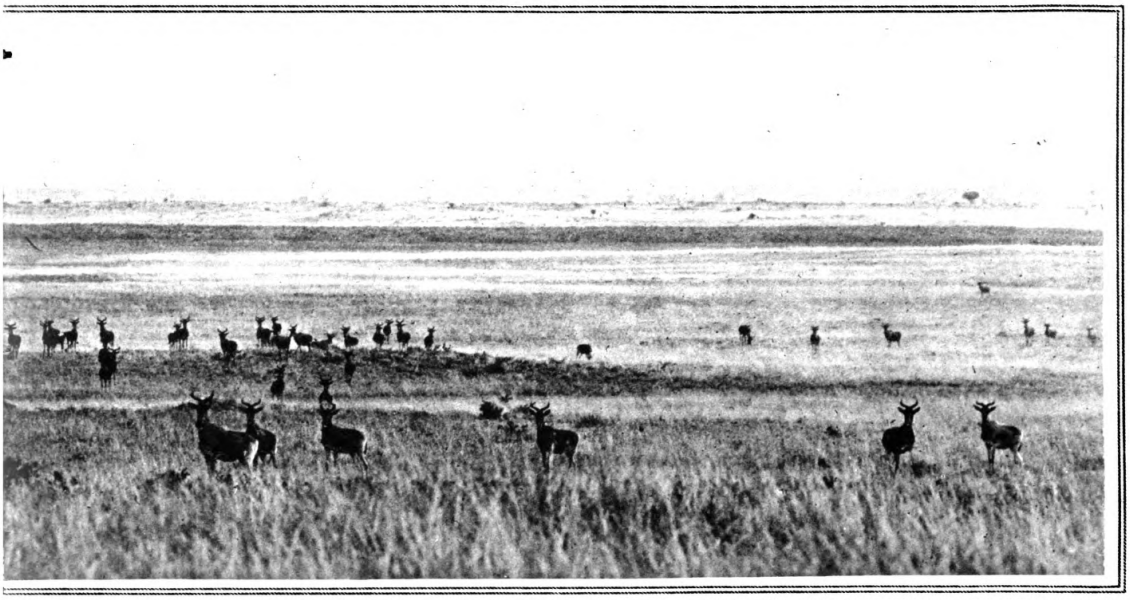


PECULIARLY WELL BUILT FOR OBSERVATION PURPOSES, AND ACCUSTOMED TO ENHANCE THEIR HEIGHT BY GOING TO THE TOP OF A HILL TO EXTEND THEIR VIEW:
A GROUP OF GIRAFFE, DWARFING THE LITTLE TREES OF THE AFRICAN BUSH.

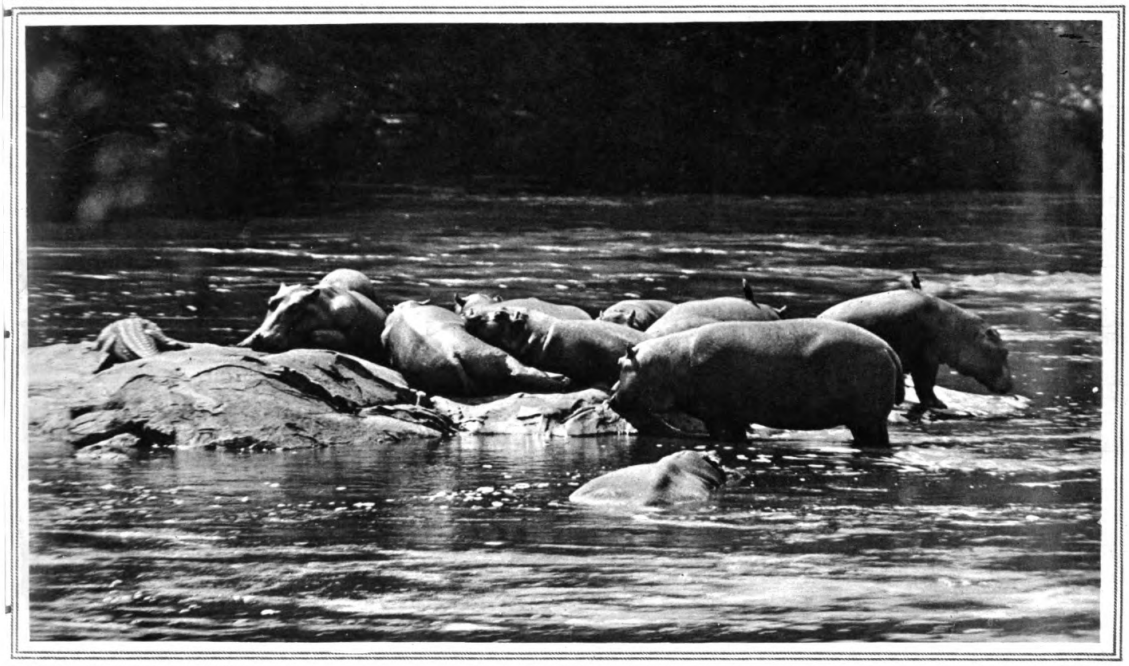
We have already given (in our issue of April 14) examples of Major Radclyffe Dugmore's remarkably interesting photographs of African animals in the wild state, as shown in "The Wonderland of Big Game," at the Polytechnic, one of the most striking natural history films ever presented on the screen. In view of the excellence of the photographs, however, we need hardly apologise for returning to the subject. The creatures previously illustrated included zebra, a lion and lioness, and a rhinoceros prepared to charge, all taken at very close quarters. As we then pointed out, the charm of this film is that it affords the spectator all the thrills of big-game hunting without the painful element of slaughter. At the same time, the photographing of wild beasts at short range frequently demands as high a courage as that of any sportsman, if not higher. Every animal in the film—and they are of many varieties—is shown alive and happy, and in its natural surroundings. Herds of giraffe are seen coming down to a water-hole to drink, having been photographed, all-unconsciously, at

FILMED FOR THE "WONDERLAND OF BIG GAME."

By Courtesy of Natural Films, Ltd.



OF WILD ANIMALS IN THEIR NATIVE HAUNTS, TAKEN BY MAJOR A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE, AND NOW BEING SHOWN IN "THE WONDERLAND OF BIG GAME," A DESCRIPTIVE COMMENTARY BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

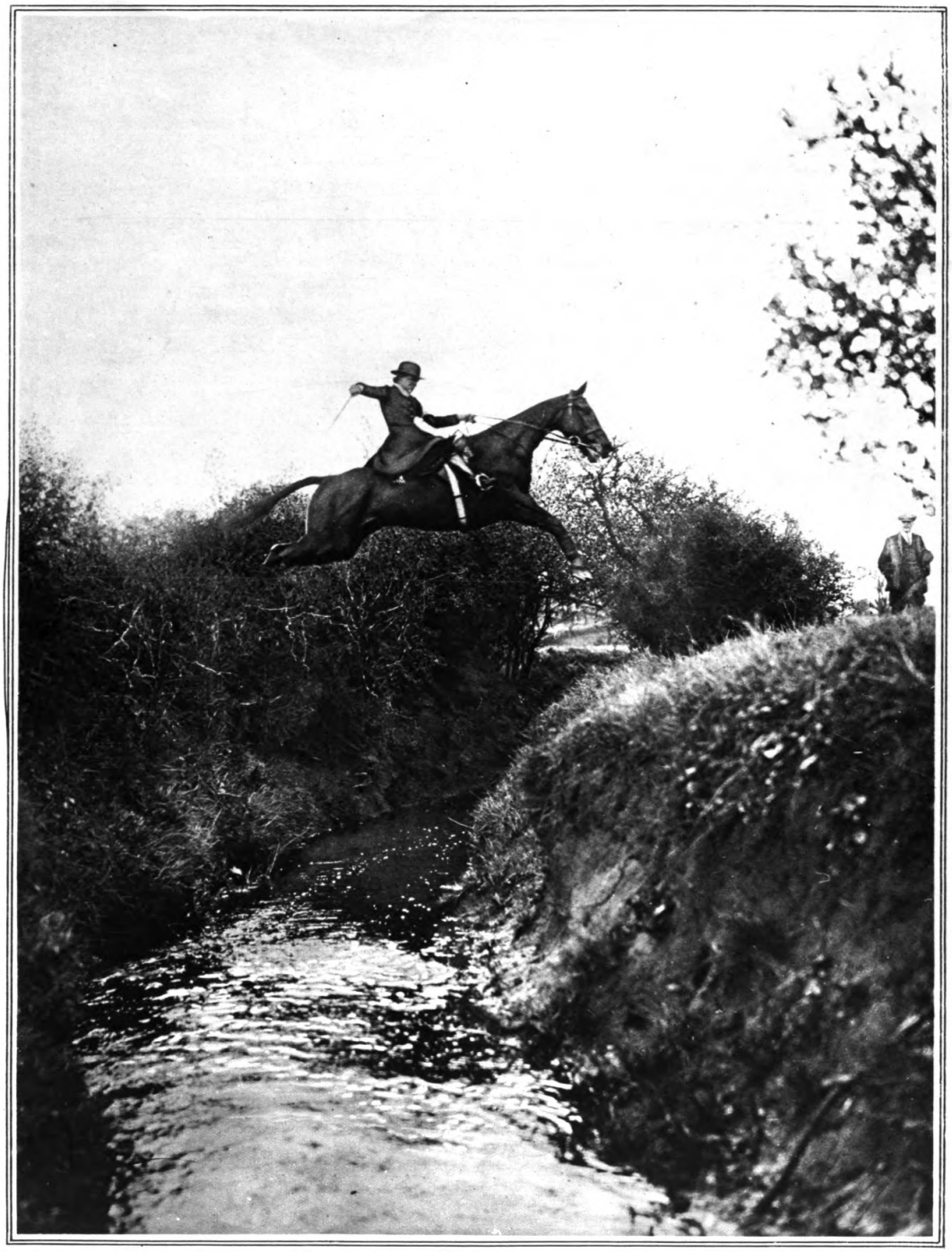


HOBNOBBING WITH A CROCODILE (ON THE EXTREME LEFT) AND SOME WITH SENTINEL RHINO BIRDS PERCHED ON THEIR BACKS: A FAMILY PARTY OF HIPPO ON THE TANA RIVER IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

absurdly close range, so that all their curious attitudes and movements are visible, and even the expression on their faces. A note supplied with the hippopotamus group says: "These animals are getting very scarce and are extremely shy. During the war they were shot for their fat, which is greatly prized." A somewhat similar photograph of a school of "Hippo," by Mr. Russell Roberts, appeared in our issue of January 3, 1920, and describing it he said: "It is not often that one is able to get a close view of hippopotami lying in masses. They require to be entirely undisturbed and unsuspicious before they will relinquish their usual caution and, giving up all thoughts of danger, lie sleeping in family heaps. They are protected by a few rhino-birds, which can be seen seeking an insectivorous diet on their recumbent hosts." From the name of these birds, taken in conjunction with the photograph, it may be assumed that they are equally at home either with rhinoceros or hippo. They perhaps serve as sentinels, their behaviour giving warning of an intruder's approach.

WOMAN AS STEEPLECHASER: A BIG JUMP IN A POINT-TO-POINT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.

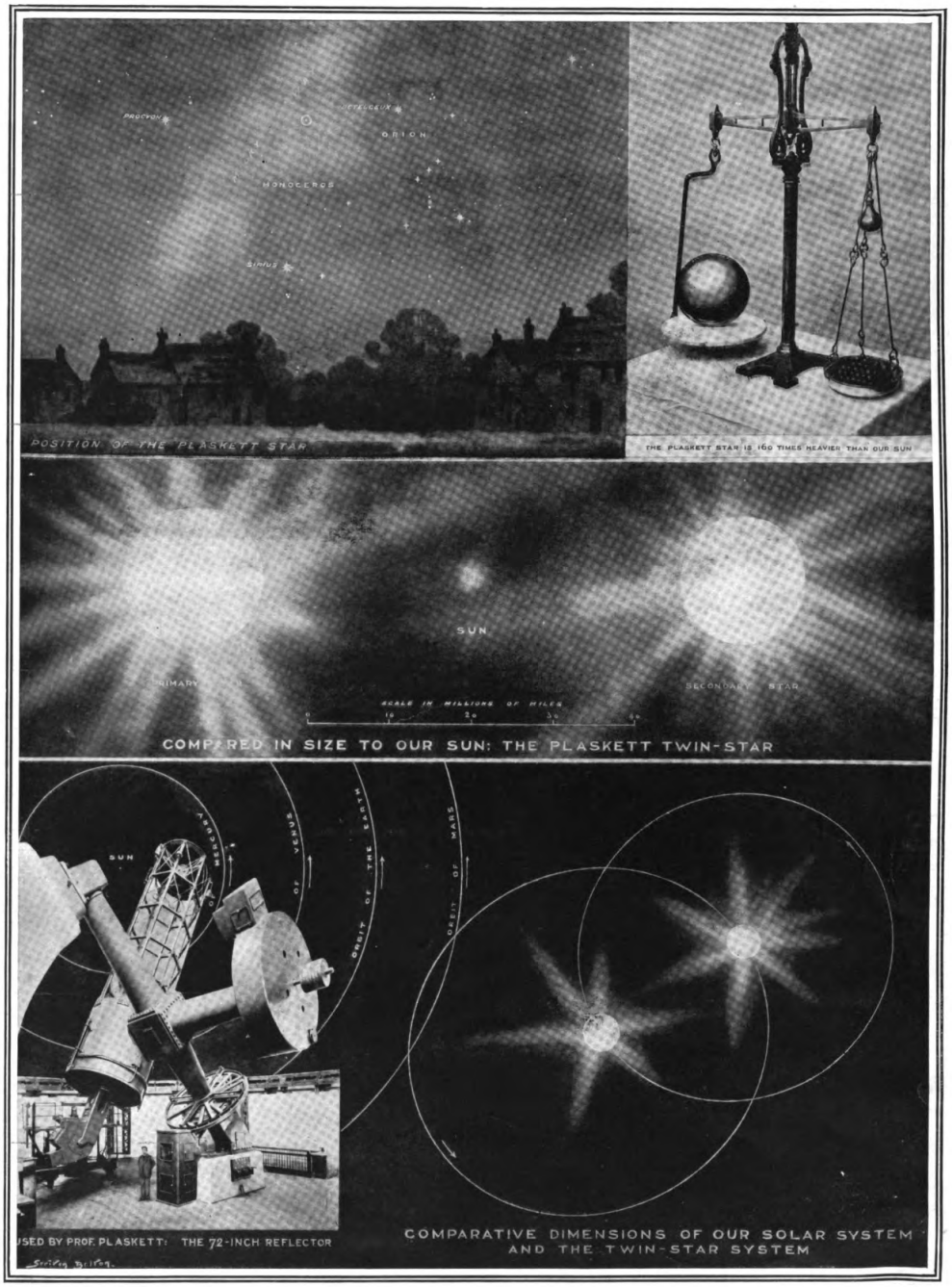


THE WINNER OF THE LADIES' RACE AT THE ESSEX POINT-TO-POINTS: MISS AVILA ON HER WESTERN MAID TAKING THE WATER-JUMP.

The Essex Union Hunt's Point-to-Point meeting was held on Saturday, April 14, over a three-and-a-half miles course at Fremnells, Downham, near Wickford. The second event on the programme was the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts Race, which was won by Miss Avila, of the Essex Hunt, riding her own Western Maid. Our photograph shows her taking the water jump in fine style. Miss Joan Parry, also riding her own horse, was second, and Mrs. C. L. Cook came in third on a horse owned by Mrs. Barraclough. Other competitors were Miss W. A. S. Hocking's Kitten, Miss Meeson's Pierrette, Miss Murray-Prior's Cantering Saint, and Mrs. Wild's Misfit.

A STAR OF 10,000 YEARS AGO: A NEW WONDER OF ASTRONOMY.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., THE WELL-KNOWN ASTRONOMER-ARTIST.



OUTWEIGHING EARTH 53 MILLION TIMES: A HUGE TWIN-STAR WHOSE LIGHT TAKES 10,000 YEARS TO REACH US; AND THE MEANS BY WHICH IT WAS DISCOVERED, WEIGHED, AND MEASURED.

"Above," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "is given a typical instance of what astronomy is doing in unfolding the hidden secrets underlying those twinkling points of light scattered by the million across infinite space. . . . Many of the largest telescopes are now equipped with the interferometer, an instrument by which the actual diameter of a star can be measured, a star, indeed, so remote from the earth that it still appears as a mere point of light, however powerful the telescope employed. Only latterly has the device been made practical use of, and for this we are indebted to Professor A. M. Michelson, who has been duly awarded this year's Gold Medal of the Royal Astronomical Society. The latest discovery is in connection with an insignificant star almost beyond the range of the naked eye, situated, as shown above, in the Milky Way, to the left of Orion. However much magnified, it still remains a needle-point of light, without a perceptible disc. . . . By using the great 72-inch spectrographic reflector of the Dominion Observatory at Victoria, Canada, Dr. J. S. Plaskett finds it to be composed of two stars revolving round each other once a fortnight. Their diameters, and actual distance apart, have also been measured. Each has been weighed; its physical properties and temperature determined, its intrinsic brightness and distance from the earth, 52 million billion miles. A spectator on one of them would now see our earth as it was in prehistoric times."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.—C.R.*

BAGHDAD ALMOST ISLANDED: 300 SQUARE MILES OF TIGRIS FLOODS.



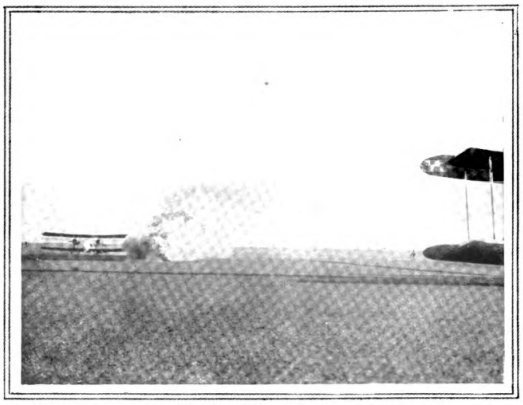
REINFORCED BY MATTING FASTENED WITH PILES AND ROFES: THE BUND THAT SAVED BAGHDAD FROM INUNDATION.



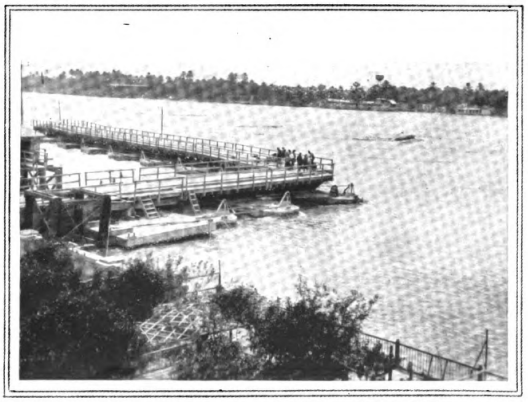
SHOWING (BEYOND) NUMEROUS FORD CARS JUST ABOVE WATER AT A LARGE DEPOT: POLICE GUARDING SALVAGE FROM THE COLLAPSED CIVIL GAOL.



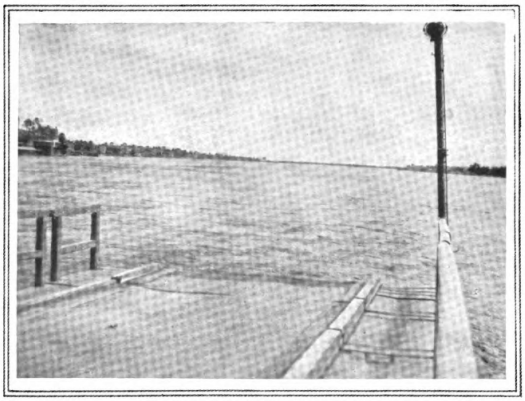
THE ONLY BRIDGE THAT SURVIVED THE FLOOD WHICH THREATENED TO INUNDATE THE CITY: THE QOTAL, BUILT OF PONTOONS, AT BAGHDAD



THE CAIRO-BAGHDAD AIR MAIL: THE LANDING NEAR ISMAILIA A SECOND VICKERS-VERNON COMING DOWN IN RESPONSE TO A SMOKE-SIGNAL.



AFTER THE COLLAPSE OF THE MAUDE BRIDGE AT BAGHDAD, WHICH WAS SWEPT SIX MILES DOWN STREAM: HALF-SUBMERGED PONTOONS IN MID-RIVER.



BROKEN OFF SHORT BY THE SWIRLING FLOODS: ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE MAUDE BRIDGE, BUILT BY THE BRITISH DURING THE WAR.

Last month the Tigris, swollen by heavy rains and the melting of snows in the mountains of Kurdistan, rose to an unprecedented height, and on March 23 the Maude Bridge at Baghdad, constructed by the British during the war, gave way under the terrific pressure of the current. The fifteen pontoons were swept down-stream towards Basra, a great danger to river steamers. Telegrams were sent to Kut and other towns, and aeroplanes went out to locate them. They were found stuck in a sandbank six miles away. In places the river was only a foot from the top of protecting banks, the overflowing of which meant 15 ft. of water in low-lying districts. By March 26 the Tigris had burst its banks 17 miles north of Baghdad, and some 300 square miles of desert were inundated. The city became almost an island. The water came through the bank near the Royal Palace, and King Feisal himself directed his bodyguard as they repaired the breach. The Civil Gaol was encircled by the flood and collapsed, causing loss estimated at £20,000. The prisoners had previously been removed. The racecourse and golf course were covered by six feet of water. Even after the Tigris began to subside the flooded area extended. It will probably not dry until the autumn, and may cause much malaria.

Indian Frontier Crimes: An Officer's Wife Killed and her Daughter Abducted.



CARRIED OFF BY NIGHT FROM A BUNGALOW BY ASSASSINS WHO KILLED HER MOTHER: MISS MOLLY ELLIS.



STABBED TO DEATH BY ASSASSINS IN HER BUNGALOW AT KOHAT: THE LATE MRS. J. V. ELLIS.



ONE OF THE TWO OFFICERS OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS MURDERED NEAR LANDI KHOTAL: THE LATE MAJOR F. ANDERSON, D.S.O., M.C

Major Fearnley Anderson and Major N. C. Orr were shot dead by unknown assailants on the evening of April 8, while they were out walking some four miles from Landi Khotal, in the Khyber Pass district. Major Anderson was a son of a well-known York solicitor, the late Mr. F. N. Anderson. Early on April 14, Mrs. Ellis, the wife of Major J. V. Ellis, of the Border Regiment, was stabbed to death in her bungalow at Kohat, and her daughter Molly, aged 17, was carried off. The bungalow was next to that of the General in command, and an officer was occupying the spare room as a protection during the absence of Major Ellis on a punitive expedition, but no sound was heard, and the assassins escaped without raising an alarm. The Under-Secretary for India stated that every effort was being made to find the culprits and rescue Miss Ellis. Major Ellis is a son of Mr. J. H. Ellis, for many years Town Clerk of Plymouth.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY STERB (PLYMOUTH), AND CENTRAL PRESS.]

To Meet in the First Cup Final at the New Stadium at Wembley: The Opposing Teams.



TO MEET WEST HAM AT WEMBLEY IN THE FINAL FOR THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP: THE BOLTON WANDERERS TEAM.



TO MEET THE BOLTON WANDERERS AT WEMBLEY IN THE F. A. CUP FINAL: THE WEST HAM TEAM; AND THEIR TRAINER.

The Cup Final, to be played on April 28, is arousing exceptional interest, partly because a London team is competing, and also as being the first event of its kind to take place in the great new Stadium at Wembley. The photograph of the Bolton Wanderers shows (from left to right): Joe Smith (captain), Haworth, Butler, J. R. Smith, Nuttall, Finney, Jennings, Vizard, D. Jack, Pym, and J. Seddon. The figures in the West Ham group are (left to right): R. Richards, J. Ruffell, W. Moore, J. Tresadern, W. Brown, V. Watson, J. Young, W. Henderson, G. Kay, S. Bishop, A. E. Hufton, and C. Paynter (trainer). The composition of the above teams may, of course, be subject to changes before the match is played. We give them as arranged at the time of writing.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.]

Mystical, Magical, Medicinal: "They Say."

"MAGICAL JEWELS OF THE MIDDLE AGES AND THE RENAISSANCE." By JOAN EVANS.*

THIS is of jewels, mystical, magical, medicinal; preservative, preventative, curative; and the one cannot be divorced from the other, not even by the most ingenuous or the most ingenious. For, when folklore and fact, history and hysteria, are intermingled, who can resolve the resultant brews into their elements? One draught may savour chiefly of the clerical, another of witchcraft and wizardry, a third of leechdom: yet all are close akin—save the "mascot" of the present era of irreverence, which is a mere plaything for the pseudo-superstitious, and not to be reckoned with such potencies as the stone from the marrow of the head of the earth-toad; rings of the teeth of the hippopotamus, "very effectual against the cramp"; elk's claws or hoofs, "a sovereign remedy for the falling sickness"; and little stones from the maw of the young of the swallow, "good against headache, pain in the eyes, temptations, goblins, tertian fevers, incubus, herb-magic, witchcraft, and evil sorceries."

Immemorial antiquity is behind the properties of the true amulets and alleviates. The first lapidary set down the beliefs that had been passed by word of mouth from generation to generation; his successors grafted their knowledge to his; and it was not until the Age of Criticism that any had to bear the cross of serious criticism.

Thus, at one time or another, were strange things almost innumerable; not only in the periods of our author's chronicling, but ages before, and for a long while after.

Theophrastus classified stones as male and female, originating the theory that they breed, which is still credited in the English countryside. Dioscorides prescribed sapphire (lapis-lazuli) against the bite of serpents; selenite for epilepsy; coral for skin troubles, sore eyes, and blood-spitting. Pliny, who wrote "as a man of science, taking his information at second-hand, but criticising it rationally," conceded to agates held in the mouth the property of quenching thirst, but continued: "The magicians make other distinctions in reference to these stones; those, they tell us, which have spots upon them like a lion's skin are efficacious as a protection against scorpions; in Persia, they say, these stones are used by way of fumigation for arresting tempests and hurricanes, and for stopping the course of rivers, the proof of their efficacy being their turning the water cold, if thrown into a boiling cauldron. To be duly efficacious, they must be attached to the body with hair from a lion's mane. The stone that is of a uniform colour renders athletes invincible."

In less spirit of "they say," the *Kyranides* was "the source of the mediæval fables of the rhinoceros, or unicorn; of the pelican, whose self-sacrifice found her a place in the iconography of the Christian Church; of the salamander, and of the plover, who breathing the breath of a sick person bears his sickness from him heavenwards." Further, it favoured the stone from the serpent's head as a cure for rheumatism, and the toad-stone as victor over dropsy and the spleen—little realising that as late as the middle seventeenth century it was also to be a purgative against poisoning. The *Lithica* went several points better on occasion, and to its honour are "The stone found in the brain of a stag prevents baldness and gives concord between man and wife," and the statement that the magnet may be used as a test of chastity.

St. Isidore, Bishop of Seville, encyclopædist of the early seventh century, affirmed that memphitis, powdered and drunk in vinegar, would make men insensible to torture. Later, in the first half of the eleventh century, a West Saxon lapidary attributed marvellous properties to the mocritum, "said to prevent armies coming into conflict if it lies between them." At a still later date—the thirteenth century—France knew jet as an anæsthetic. And it was in the same century that the sigil, "un home ki set sor une charus longobard si ad en son col quatre homes gisanz," engraved on a stone set in a ring to be worn at the neck would enable its owner to dream of all the treasures in the land and how he might obtain them—provided he also slept on a pillow of undyed black wool stuffed with straw!

But turn from the general to the particular, and to the anointed of the particular royalty, than whom few have been more superstitious in their day—to the Medicinal and Precious Stones known to the seventeenth-century "Dispensatory" of Renodaeus: "with them Kings and Princes do adorn their Crowns, enrich and Illustrate their Fingers, beautifye their Houses, expel Enchantments, cure Diseases, preserve Health, recreate the Eyes, exhilarate the Minde, and drive away sadness therewith."

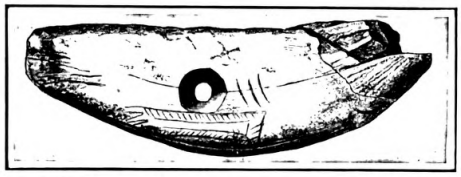
Let Miss Evans speak: "The most valuable concoctions of the alchemists included gems in their composition; an interesting receipt for making an 'Elixir of precious Stones,' written by Robert Greene, of Welby, in 1531, is in the Bodleian Library. They were also included in the recognised pharmacopæia; preparations of them were administered to Charles VI. of France and Lorenzo dei Medici on their death-beds . . . the 1586 inventory of the jewels of Mary Queen of Scots includes 'a littel bottel of golde conteyning a stone medicinale for the colike' . . . Palma Cayet records that Philip II. was given by his physicians two days before his death in 1578 'un breuvage de hyacinte, pierre precieuse, duquel il dit, en le prenant, que sa mère l'impératrice, un an devant sa mort, en avoir beu un semblable.'"

Then Ivan the Terrible at Moscow, in his last hours. Sir Jerome Horsey tells how the Emperor was carried each day into his Treasury, and spoke of the stones within it, saying: "This faire currell, this faire turcas you see; take in your hand; of his nature are Orient coullers; put them on my hand and arm. I am poisoned with disease; you see they shewe their virtue by the change of their pure culler into pall; declares my death. . . ."

Of happier omen, it is to be hoped, were regal cramp rings, for cure of cramp and falling sickness; and touching-pieces. "These royal cramp-rings may be considered to fall into the half-religious category of magical jewels, since their virtue was derived from the Holy Oil of coronation and their material from the Royal offering [the Good Friday offering of money]. Another class of magical jewels deriving their virtues from royal power, this time in connection with the image of a saint, are the 'touching-pieces' given by the King as amulets to those he touched for the King's Evil. There is no certain evidence of their use before the reign of Henry VII., but from that time onward the King personally hung the coin 'about the neck' of the sick person that he might wear it 'untill he be full whole.' The use of the figure of St. Michael, who was considered to have power over this malady, upon the angels of Edward IV., Henry VI., Edward V., and Richard III. points to their use as touching-pieces, and Sir John Evans was of opinion that the annulet on the angels of Henry VIII. was not there as a mint mark, but as an indication of where the coin should be pierced for suspension."

In the case of many a royalty also, there was treachery to be guarded against: hence the value of "langues de serpent," probably fossils or prehistoric arrow-heads, which were thought to detect poison, and were prized above all else in this matter. Other jewels counted as well; but the serpent's tongue was supreme. "The inventory of the treasure of Charles V. made in 1380 . . . records several pieces of table-plate to which stones used to detect poison were attached. One of these was set with *langues de serpent*." And thus it was in many another instance. In 1504, Henry VII. had "a unicorns bone and a serpent's tongue hang be a cheyne"; and Mary Queen of Scots had "une pierre noire contre le poyson, de la forme et grosseur d'un œuf de pigeon, ayant sa couverture d'or' and 'une rouelle de licorne garnye d'or, attachée à une chaisne d'or.'"

Miss Evans has written a book full of such things, a record and a commentary learned, lucid, analytical, and fascinating. It should gain, in addition to the academic readers that are its just due, a public far greater than that usually attracted by such works. E. H. G.



THE EARLIEST-KNOWN GLOVE, LONG BEFORE MINOS OR TUTANKHAMEN: A PALÆOLITHIC CARVING ON A BEAR'S TOOTH.

The gloves found in Tutankhamen's tomb are probably the earliest actual gloves extant. Sir Arthur Evans has since supplied us with an earlier pictorial record of Minoan gloves in Crete. Now Dr. Smith Woodward, Keeper of the Geological Department of the British Museum, in sending us the above illustration, recalls that "the wearing of gloves in Europe is proved to date back to remote prehistoric times by the clearly recognizable drawing of one on a bear's tooth found by Messrs. L. Lartet and C. Duparc in the cave of Duruthy, near Sordes (Landes), France. The tooth is pierced for use in a necklace, worn by a Palæolithic man or woman of the Magdalenian period. The specimen was first brought to the notice of English readers by Sir William Boyd Dawkins in his "Early Man in Britain."—[*By Courtesy of Dr. Smith Woodward.*]



LEAVING THE SELAMLIK ON HORSEBACK AFTER THE BLESSING OF HIS BEARD, RECENTLY GROWN IN HONOUR OF THE PROPHET: THE CALIPH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Photograph by James's Press Agency.

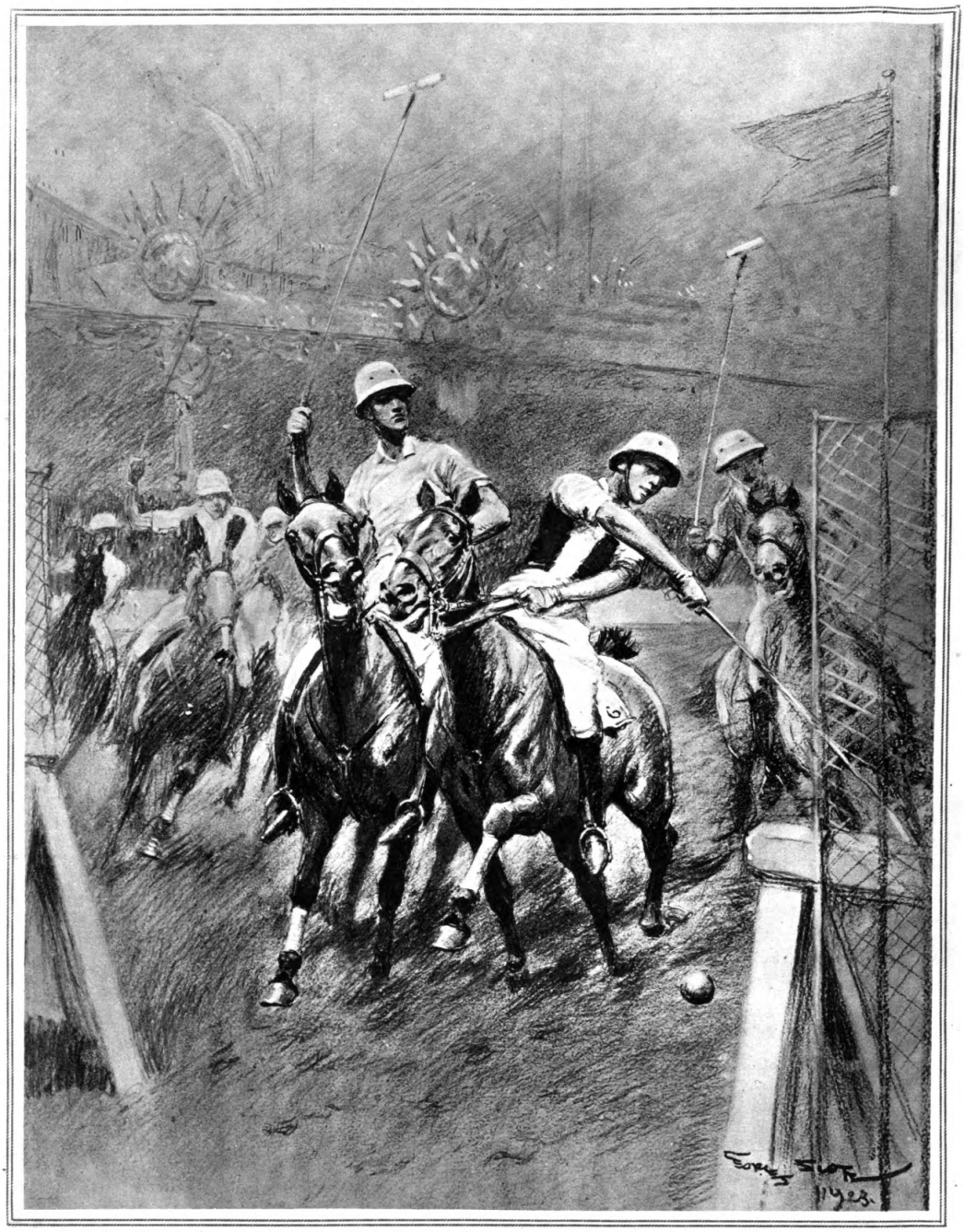


AFTER THE BLESSING OF HIS NEW AND HOLY BEARD AT A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY IN CONSTANTINOPLE: THE CALIPH OF ISLAM, IN THE ROYAL BARGE, ABOUT TO CROSS TO THE PALACE.—[*Photograph by James's Press Agency.*]

* "Magical Jewels of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, particularly in England." By Joan Evans, B.Litt., Librarian of St. Hugh's College, Oxford. (Clarendon Press, Oxford.)

INDOOR POLO: A GAME THAT HAS "CAUGHT ON" IN PARIS.

FROM A DRAWING BY GEORGES SCOTT.



WITH TEAMS OF THREE A SIDE, AND A RUBBER BALL IN A NETTED ARENA: INDOOR POLO AT THE CONCOURS HIPPIQUE—A STRUGGLE IN GOAL BETWEEN A FRENCH OFFICER (RIGHT) AND AN AMERICAN PLAYER.

Indoor polo matches at the Concours Hippique in Paris have lately become very popular. The competitors were British, American, and Parisian teams, and a team of French cadets from the military school at Saumur. In addition, military cups were contested between teams of the 11th Cuirassiers and the 22nd Dragoons of the French Army. One of the chief differences between indoor polo and polo proper is the use of an elastic rubber ball, and to prevent it from being hit among the spectators the arena is surrounded by nets. The goal-posts, one of which is shown in the drawing, are about 16 ft. apart. As in real polo, the game is divided into several periods (or "chukkers"). They last 7½ minutes, with intervals of 5 minutes for changing ponies. The opposing teams consist of three instead of four players a side, and are distinguished by the colours of their jerseys. At the Concours Hippique, the colours were—British, white; American, a gold button; Parisian, blue; Saumur team, black and gold. In spite of a brilliant defence, the French teams were outplayed by the British and Americans. An English team has just returned from playing indoor polo in the United States.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

"DUSTER" or "Knuckle-duster" books continue to multiply. The original wielder of the rag, having for the moment exhausted his contemporaries, has now diligently dusted Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Augustine, Erasmus, Cromwell, Wesley, and Another, with his customary smart and practised flick. He is always entertaining, but this sort of treatment is more suitable for living mediocrity than for departed greatness. Consequently, "SEVEN AGES" (Mills and Boon; 5s.) does not show our Gentleman with a Duster to the best advantage. He has handicapped himself by his choice of subjects for these impressions of his elders.

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Mr. St. John Ervine, playing a somewhat similar game, has been wiser in his generation; for in "SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS" (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.) he has not gone beyond the generation just one step above his own. The ancients, in their foolishness, used to say that the greatest reverence is due to youth, and tacitly they expected a return of the compliment. The young moderns endorse the proverb heartily, as a fair statement of the whole duty of old men, but about its reciprocal action some of them take leave to differ.

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Mr. Ervine, however, holds a just balance between the two opinions. If he claims the young man's right to handle his elders freely and frankly, he does so with becoming modesty, even with a little gracious diffidence. With an excellent humour he examines his own qualifications for his task, and, although he finds many reasons for silence, his readers will not regret that, after much heart-searching, he decided to publish these impressions. It is good to know what the young, or youngish men, who have outgrown their first pardonable impatience and impertinence, think of their elders.

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In this case the elders, with one or two exceptions, are not so alarmingly ancient. Mr. Bennett, Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Wells, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Yeats, at any rate, are still on the right side of patriarchhood. About Mr. Shaw one hesitates to give an opinion, so successfully does he combine the rôles of Peter Pan and Methuselah. But then he is, like a lesser dramatist, not for an age, but for all time. You cannot pin him down to a generation or an epoch. One doubts whether Mr. St. John Ervine should have included G. B. S. among his Elders. With very little effort Mr. Shaw could prove that he is Mr. Ervine's junior.

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Such a book as this calls for the retort courteous—"Some Impressions of My Juniors." Perhaps Mr. Shaw would be the proper person to write it, and it would gain point if he avoided, as is likely, the obvious converse for a title, and, putting Methuselah aside for the moment, produced "Some Impressions of *My* Elders," dealing faithfully with old fogeys like Ervine, Squire, Shanks, Mackenzie, Lawrence (D. H.), Aldous Huxley, the two Normans (Douglas and Davey), Sadleir, and the infant prodigy, David Garnett, whose impression upon the Shavian genius must be as profound as that made by Mr. Ervine's Elders upon Mr. Ervine. I am compelled to omit Walpole and McKenna, because both have reached that hoary-headed stage at which men write their Reminiscences. Mr. Walpole's are now running in the American *Bookman*.

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It gives the reader now somewhat senescent an odd shock to realise that these Elders inspired Mr. St. John Ervine, in his salad days, with a reverence and devotion which the generation just before his own reserved for the very elect of letters a little further removed from it in time than the worthies of this book are from their candid critic and admirer. Perhaps present-day "Eyes of Youth" are more discerning than ours; or Mr. Ervine was happier in the opportunity of his birth and in the literary stars that smiled upon it. If his book had to be written it could not have been done with greater spirit and decency.

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Of all present-day cudgellers of life, literature, and public characters, none lays about him so stoutly as Mr. H. L. Mencken. His latest celestial rain of thwacks is poured out between the boards of "IN DEFENCE OF WOMEN" (Cape; 6s.). To say "latest" is to speak strictly with reference to publication in this country: for the book has been out quite a long time in America, and has even seen an extended edition there. This, however, did not mean that it was an overwhelming success; in fact, Mr. Mencken tells us quite frankly that it was roundly slated. He now appeals to "a wider audience in more civilised countries." It seems to me less witty, because more truculently vehement, than "Prejudices," which carried its agreeable heresies with a lighter hand.

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Mr. Mencken, although not much given to endorsing trite proverbs, is inclined to agree that absence makes the heart grow fonder, and to advocate occasional separations as a remedy for the boredom of marriage. This, he admits, may make the parties "perhaps not actually fonder, but at any rate more tolerant, more curious, more eager." Some further light is thrown on this knotty question by the first and last stories in Mr. D. H. Lawrence's new book, "LADY-BIRD" (Secker; 7s. 6d.), where the subject of separation and its consequences is treated with an almost dæmonic subtlety, and an entire absence of old sentimentality.

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In one case, at least, the returned husband's tolerance is left in no doubt, and it results in a situation which Mr. Mencken has not immediately in his mind, but which, to judge from the latter part of his book, he would not condemn. He is not so profound an analyst of complex emotions as Mr. Lawrence, but the two books, read together, are characteristic symptoms of the New Age.

. . .

Explorations of the more obscure recesses of the mind, while necessary enough to the pathologist, are receiving rather disproportionate attention from writers of fiction. The practice is robbing the novel of its power to give a complete picture of life, and threatens to sink it into a rather dreary specialism. More regrettable still, it is the death of humour, for many investigators of the dingy back-slums of passion seem to be unconscious how nearly their profundities border on the ridiculous. It is a phase, the result, perhaps, of that mental twist from which shell-shocked humanity still suffers, and no doubt we shall get over it. Meanwhile the habit grows rather tedious, and it is wasting much talent that could be put to better use. But one of these days some great robust humourist will arise and laugh the whole fetid imposture away. Then we shall rub our eyes and wonder how we could have been gulled by these forcible-feebles, some of whom have mistaken the monkey-house for the human scene.

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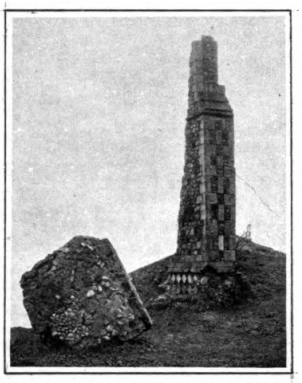
One of these partial, highly specialised and morbid views of life, that given by Mr. Victor R. Emanuel in "THE STORY OF JOHN PAUL" (Constable; 7s. 6d.), may be larger in conception than it looks, for as yet we have only the first volume of a trilogy. In some ways the novel recalls "Jean Christophe," for it is the biography of a hypersensitive boy out of touch with his surroundings, miserable at home, miserable at school, at college a failure. John Paul Caplin was a Jew, the son of a fairly well-to-do professional man in Bayswater, whose household is drawn with uncompromising candour, distorted, possibly, by the author's intense realisation of his hero's eternal quarrel with his family and the Race. In spite of the jerkiness of Mr. Emanuel's style, the book is strangely alive, consistent, and able. This first volume is sufficiently curious, and, in a perverse way, sufficiently brilliant, to whet our appetite for its successors.

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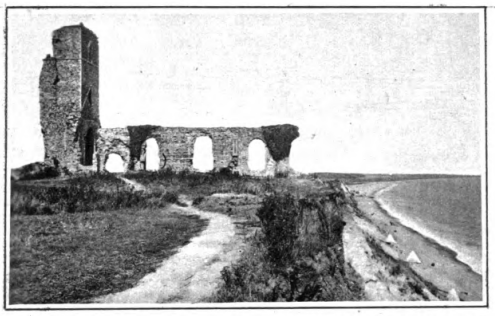
Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness have only an incidental place in Mr. Archibald Marshall's picaresque novel, "PIPPIN" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), the story of a country lad's wander-year. It is as good as a long day's tramp in the sun and the wind over a wide country; you stop at good inns, and meet all sorts of amusing folk, good, bad, and indifferent. Some of them are skilful hands at a tale told by the wayside, so that "Pippin" is not only a novel, but a collection of short stories as well.

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As a companion to "Pippin," you may very well take Mr. Neil Lyons's "FIFTY-FIFTY" (Butterworth; 7s. 6d.), short stories dealing also with the open road, the town, the village, the tavern, and the whimsies of vagrant folk: good plain tales for plain people.



THE LAST REMNANT OF A FAMOUS SUFFOLK RUIN ENDANGERED BY THE SEA AND TRANSFERRED INLAND: A BUTTRESS OF DUNWICH CHURCH STILL ON THE CLIFF EDGE BEFORE REMOVAL.



RECENTLY REMOVED TO SOUTHWOLD, OWING TO THE CONTINUED COAST EROSION: THE RUINED CHURCH OF DUNWICH, ONCE A ROMAN SEAPORT AND LATER AN EPISCOPAL CITY.

In order to save it from collapse through the encroachment of the sea, the last remnant of the ruined church of Dunwich, on the Suffolk cliffs, some 15 miles from Lowestoft, has been removed and re-erected in the churchyard of St. James's, Southwold. Dunwich was once a famous seaport, possibly the Roman Sitomagus, and for 200 years was the seat of a bishop. It suffered from the encroachments of the sea in the eleventh century, and more severely in 1329, when the port was choked and 400 houses swept away. The old church was damaged by a great storm in 1740.—[*Photographs by Topical.*]

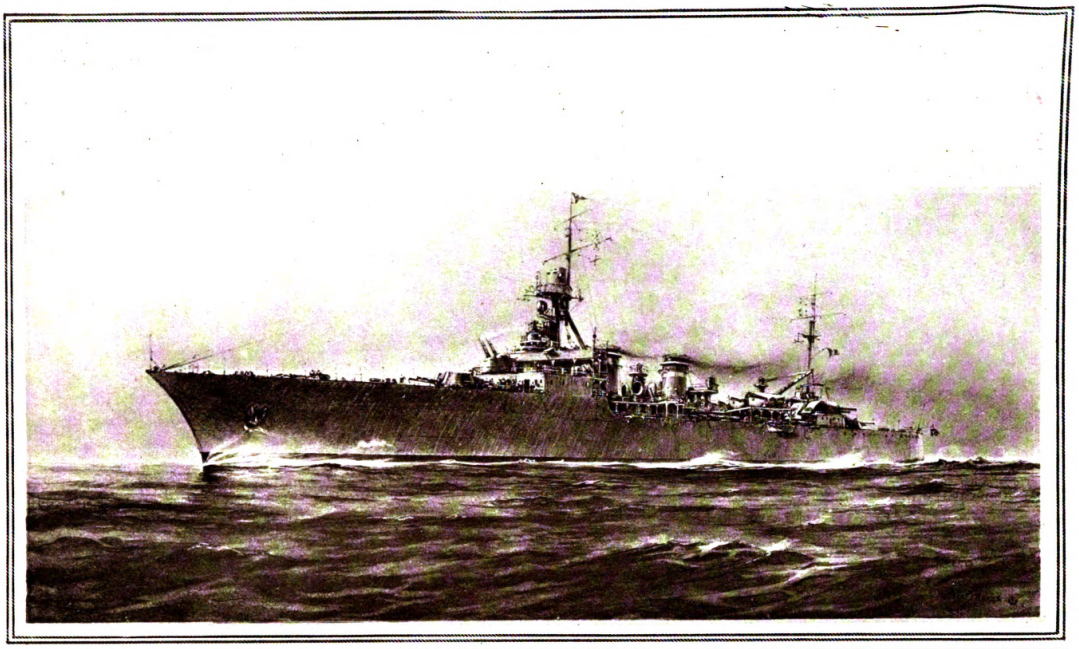


TO REPLACE THE VILLA HE HAS GIVEN TO ITALY: D'ANNUNZIO'S NEW HOME—THE VILLA GONFALONIERI AT FRASCATI (ANCIENT TUSCULUM).

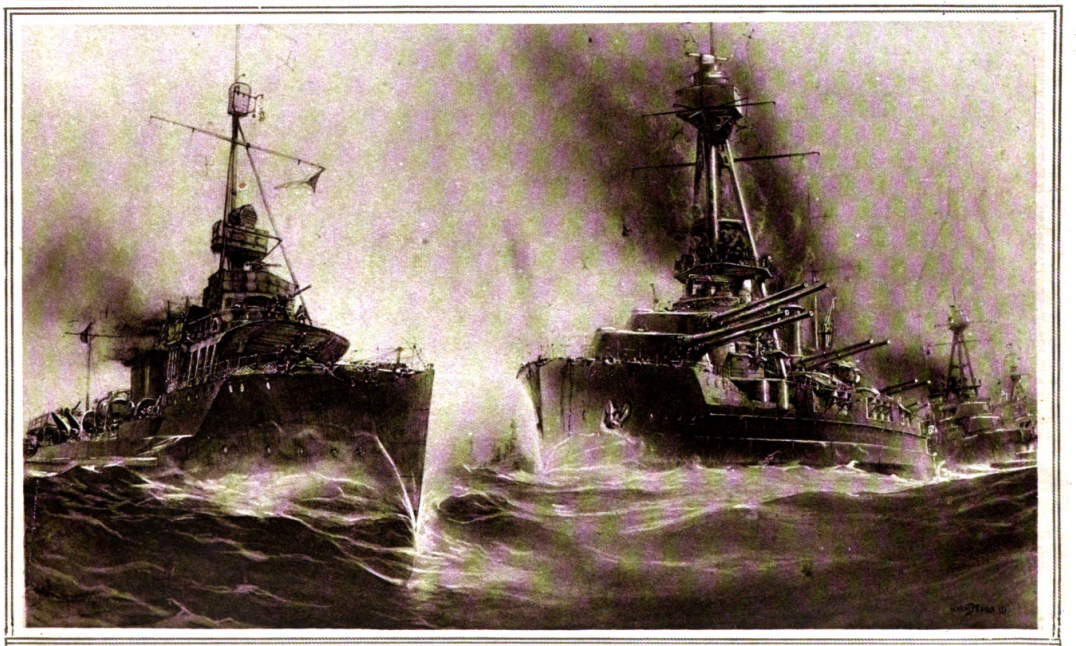
Our correspondent who sends this photograph states that Gabriele D'Annunzio has offered his Villa Cargnacco on the Lake of Garda to the Italian Government, to help the Budget deficit, and that he will shortly remove to the Villa Gonfalonieri at Frascati. The main entrance of the house was designed by Jacopo Barozzi, of Vignola. Frascati stands high on the hills some 18 miles from Rome, on the site of the ancient Tusculum, where Cato was born, and Cicero, Mæcenas, Lucullus, and Marcus Brutus had their villas.—[*Photograph by Oscar Vianello.*]

THE FRENCH NAVY'S RENAISSANCE: NEW FAST CRUISERS; TRIPOD MASTS.

DRAWINGS BY ALBERT SÉBILLE.



SHOWING THE HIGH-ANGLE HEAVY GUNS OF THE UPPER FORWARD TURRET IN ACTION AGAINST AIRCRAFT, AND TWO HIGH-ANGLE "75'S" BESIDE THE AFTER FUNNEL: A PICTORIAL FORECAST OF ONE OF THE THREE NEW LIGHT CRUISERS BEING BUILT FOR THE FRENCH NAVY

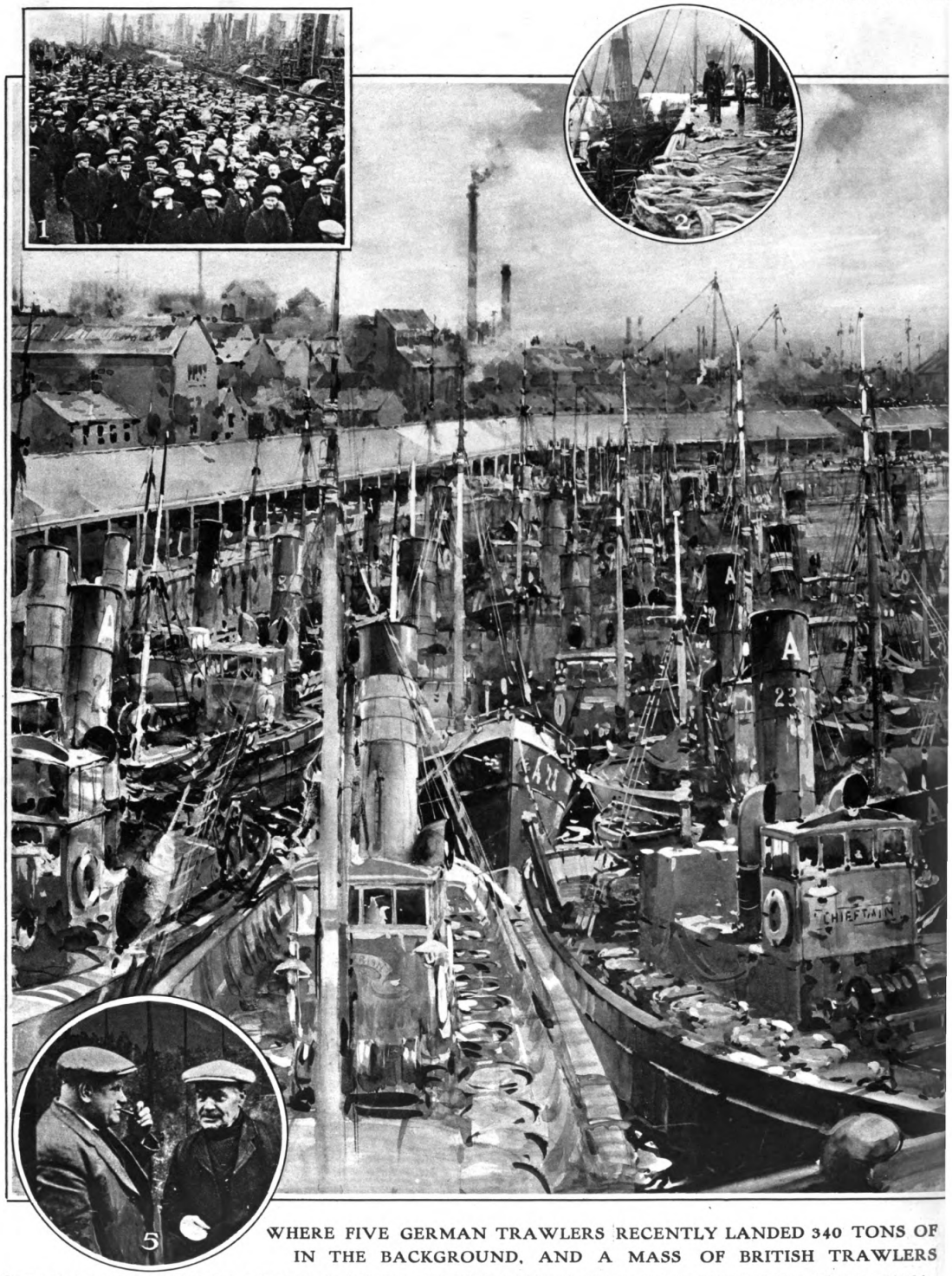


FITTED WITH NEW TRIPOD MASTS SUPPORTING THE FIRE-CONTROL TOP: THE THREE NEWEST OF EXISTING FRENCH ARMOURED SHIPS—(L. TO R.) "LORRAINE" (RIGHT FOREGROUND), "PROVENCE," AND "BRETAGNE"—AND ONE OF THE LATEST FRENCH DESTROYERS (LEFT FOREGROUND) DURING MANŒUVRES.

The French Navy is being vigorously reorganised. It was recently stated that the number of battle-ships (three) allotted to France by the Washington Conference agreements would not be exceeded, and no battle-ships would be begun before 1932; but the tonnage proposed by France at Washington for other craft would be provided—i.e., 360,000 tons of light surface vessels, 65,000 tons of submarines, and 60,000 tons of seaplane-carriers. In the first eight years there would be built 6 light cruisers, 15 destroyers, 24 torpedo-boats, and 34 submarines. The first three light cruisers are to be called the "Duguay-Trouin," "Primauguet" and "La Motte Picquet." The first-named was laid down at Brest last August, and is to be launched next September. The displacement is 8000 tons, and speed 34 knots. The armament includes eight 155-mm. guns, on four turrets; four 75-mm. anti-aircraft guns, and four triple torpedo-tubes. They will also carry a small reconnaissance aeroplane. In the upper drawing the identification marks of such a machine are visible beside the after mast. The three latest existing armoured ships—the "Lorraine," "Provence," and "Bretagne"—have been modified, their light short masts being replaced by tripod masts with a solid base, giving a higher elevation to the long-range fire-control top, as shown in the lower of our illustrations.—*[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

ABERDEEN'S PROTEST STRIKE AGAINST GERMAN TRAWLERS:

DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.

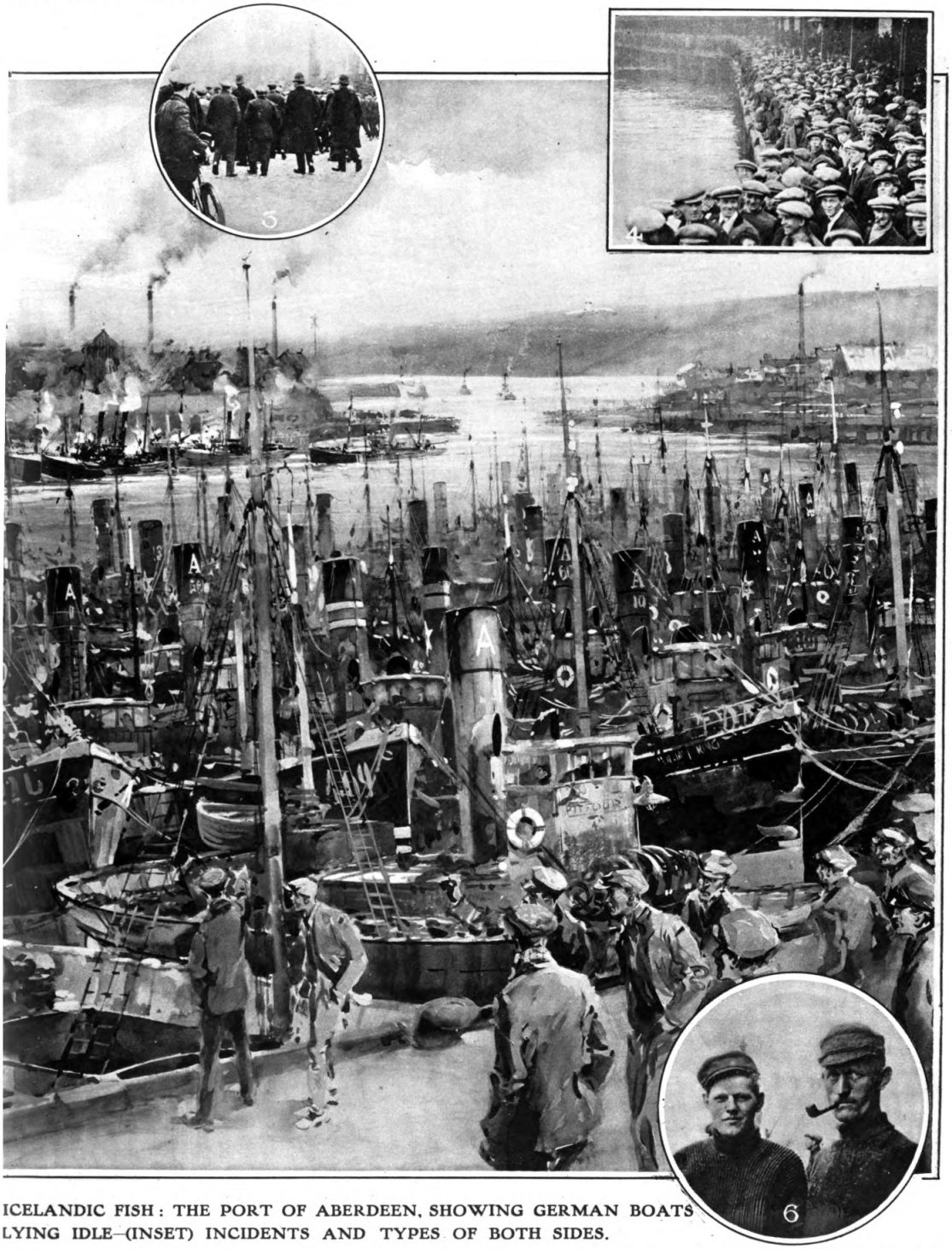


WHERE FIVE GERMAN TRAWLERS RECENTLY LANDED 340 TONS OF IN THE BACKGROUND, AND A MASS OF BRITISH TRAWLERS

German trawlers have been allowed to do a thriving trade at Aberdeen, while 3000 British fishermen, who went on strike against the landing of German-caught fish on British soil, have been suffering from the results of their protest. Some 350 British trawlers have been lying idle since the trouble began on February 23. A few days ago it was stated that five German trawlers had landed 340 tons of Icelandic fish at Aberdeen, and that their trade was increasing every day. Apparently the buyers consider that all is fish that comes to the quays, and do not differentiate between the nationalities of the sellers. At Grimsby and the Southern fishing-ports Germans are prohibited from landing Icelandic fish, but it is claimed that, if such a prohibition were made at Aberdeen, the fish-curers would not get a

STAGNATION AMONG 350 BRITISH BOATS AND 3000 MEN.

FILM PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE TOPICAL BUDGET.

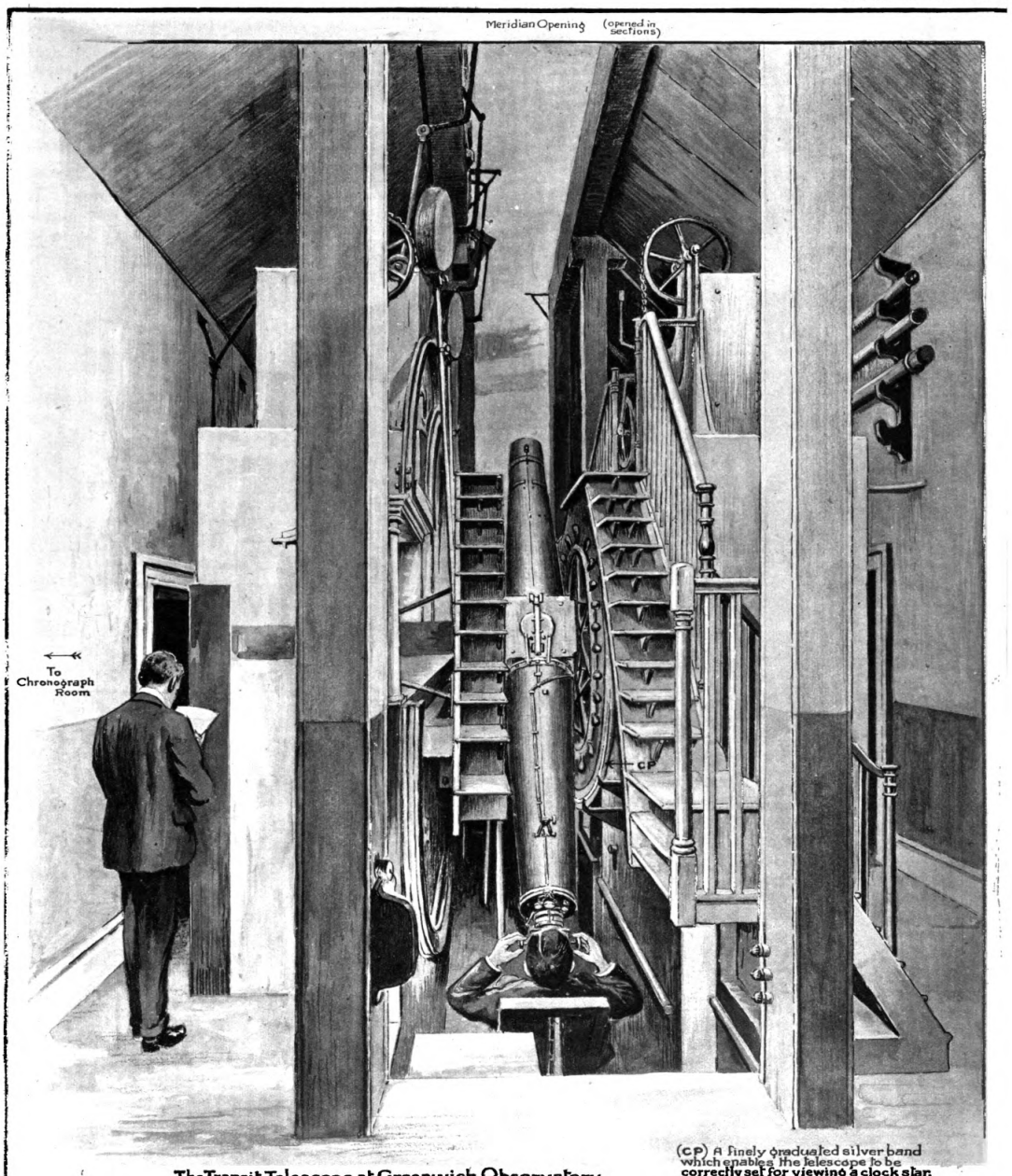


ICELANDIC FISH: THE PORT OF ABERDEEN, SHOWING GERMAN BOATS LYING IDLE—(INSET) INCIDENTS AND TYPES OF BOTH SIDES.

sufficient supply, and the port would be in a worse state than at present. It was decided recently that 2500 weekly wage hands affected by the strike should receive unemployment benefit. The inset photographs above show: (1) Strikers marching to the quay-side, with their idle boats in the background; (2) A German catch being dumped; (3) Police controlling strikers; (4) Strikers lining the quay-side to prevent the dumpers from landing; (5) Types of British fishermen; (6) Types of German fishermen. In the background of the large drawing is a group of German boats landing fish at the quay. The long roof over it is that of the Fish Market. In the distance are three other German trawlers entering the port.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]*

HOW TIME—"SUMMER" AND OTHERWISE—IS RECORDED:

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



(CP) A finely graduated silver band which enables the telescope to be correctly set for viewing a clock star.

The Transit Telescope at Greenwich Observatory.

This illustration shows the Transit Instrument for observing the times of passage across the Meridian of Greenwich of "clock stars" (standard stars whose positions in the sky are specially well-known). These times are used to find the small deviations from perfect time-keeping to which the standard clock may be subject. This standard clock keeps "sidereal time" and it is by comparison of this with the mean solar clock that the mean solar clock is corrected. The Transit Telescope can turn only in the meridian plane.

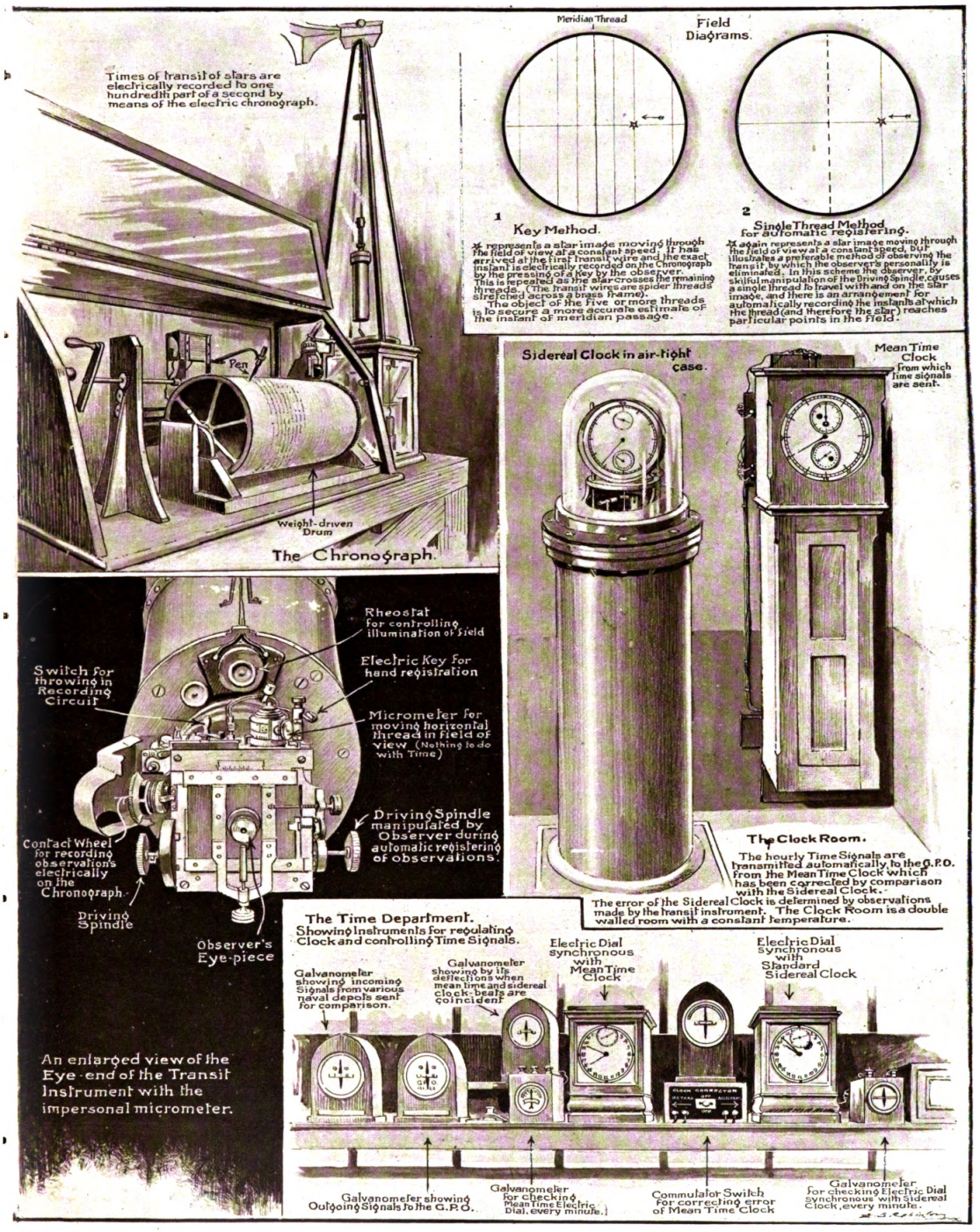
(For an enlarged view of the eye-piece, field of view etc., see separate diagrams).

DETERMINING TIME BY THE TRANSIT OF STARS AS THE EARTH—OUR "FUNDAMENTAL INCLUDING THE TRANSIT TELESCOPE, CHRONOGRAPH,

Most people take time for granted, without much thought of what it is or how it is determined. When, however, we put our clocks back an hour on Sunday, April 22—the date fixed for the commencement of British "Summer Time" this year—it may occur to the more reflective to speculate on time in general, and in particular on Greenwich time, which is our standard time. The apparatus used in recording time at the Royal Astronomical Observatory there is explained in an article on another page by Mr. William M. Witchell, F.R.A.S., a member of the Observatory staff, and is illustrated by the above diagrams. "The earth," he explains, "which turns on its axis without the smallest variation in speed . . . is a fundamental clock, and the first problem in determining time is to

THE PUNCTUAL EARTH AS FUNDAMENTAL "CLOCK."

ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



CLOCK"—REVOLVES ON ITS OWN AXIS: GREENWICH OBSERVATORY APPARATUS, SIDEREAL CLOCK, AND "MEAN TIME" CLOCK.

ascertain when the earth has made an exact revolution on its axis." This is done by observing the "transit" of certain well-known fixed stars, and recording it by means of the chronograph, as shown above. Mr. Witchell also explains the difference between "sidereal time" and "mean solar time." Reverting to the question of "summer time," it may be noted that France is not adopting it this year, while Belgium decided to follow British "summer time," beginning similarly on April 22. Holland's plans were uncertain. It was arranged to hold an international railway conference in Brussels on April 16 to consider the readjustment of railway and boat time-tables to avoid confusion in cross-Channel traffic.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]

HOW GREENWICH TIME IS OBTAINED.

By WILLIAM M. WITCHELL, B.Sc., F.R.A.S.

"TIME," to quote the words of Sir Isaac Newton's definition, "flows in virtue of its own nature, uniformly, and without reference to any external object."

In order to measure time, therefore, we require some kind of apparatus which will maintain indefinitely a perfectly uniform and constant rate of action. No device possessing this characteristic has yet been invented by mankind. The most perfect specimens of the clockmaker's craft are in some degree subject to the effects of wear, as well as of climatic and other changes in their environment. Nevertheless, there exists *one* perfect timekeeper. This is the immense globe of the earth itself, which, isolated in space, endlessly turns about its axis without the smallest variation in speed.

The earth, then, is the fundamental clock, and the time taken by the earth to turn exactly once about its axis is the fundamental unit of time. Therefore, the first problem in determining time is to ascertain when the earth has made an exact revolution about its axis. For this purpose an observer on the earth must, by some means, take a "sight" of a fixed spider-thread marking the centre of the field, the telescope will be momentarily in alignment with the star, and the instant shown by his clock is recorded by the observer as the time of the star's "transit." Succeeding transits of this star will give an exact check on the clock's timekeeping. For greater accuracy, several threads are employed on each side of the meridian thread; and a number of stars may be observed in succession, taken from a list of "clock stars" specially chosen for the exactitude with which their proper times of transit have been determined.

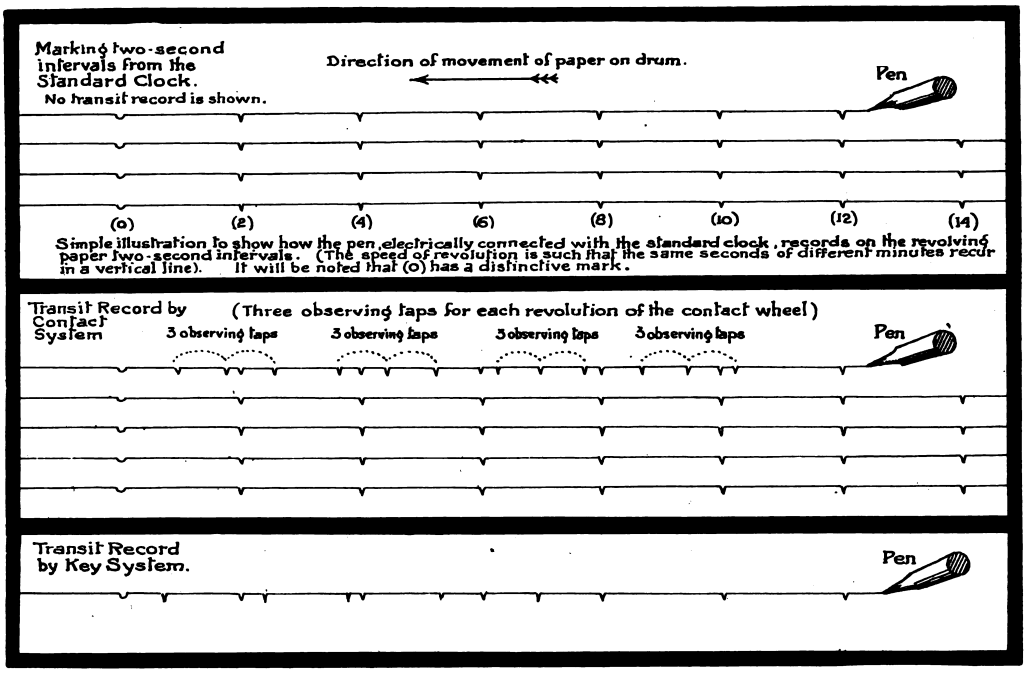
Exactness in recording the instant of transit is secured by the employment of a chronograph. Here a pen draws a continuous spiral line round a steadily revolving cylinder, but, whenever a galvanic current is sent through the apparatus, the pen is instantaneously deflected. In this way the standard clock is made to record its beats on the cylinder automatically; and any signal sent electrically from the transit-telescope is recorded among them (see diagrams) and can be timed to a hundredth part of a second by using a scale to measure the fraction of the year contains. (For, supposing that no diurna rotation took place and the earth always presented the same face towards the sun, nevertheless, in making a circuit of its orbit it would have turned precisely once on its axis.)

Since human occupations are inevitably related to the solar day, it is necessary to have a clock for timing them which goes uniformly at such a rate that it will accomplish 365 circuits of twenty-four hours while a clock keeping sidereal time is making 366 circuits. Such a clock keeps *mean solar* time.

The sidereal clock will be seen to gain on the mean solar clock at the rate of one second in every 365 seconds—more precisely, 3 minutes 56½ seconds each day—and will gain the whole twenty-four hours in exactly a year.

When the clocks are first started off, they are set according to certain astronomical requirements. Thereafter, the time which the mean solar clock should give at any instant is obtained from the sidereal clock by calculation.

Elaborate precautions are taken to ensure the *nearly* perfect going of the clocks, so that in practice



TIMING THE TRANSIT OF "CLOCK" STARS AT GREENWICH: A DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW THE PEN OF THE CHRONOGRAPH MARKS BEATS OF THE STANDARD CLOCK ON A REVOLVING CYLINDER (SEE DIAGRAM ON DOUBLE PAGE).

The top diagram shows how the pen marks a spiral line on the paper of the chronograph's revolving drum, and how this line is marked by two-second intervals by the pen being deflected by galvanic current. The middle diagram shows two-second intervals, with further marks, on the additional top line, of a record made by the contact system or single spider thread method. This record of a star crossing the meridian is made by the contact wheel shown in the diagram (on double page) of the enlarged eye-end of the telescope. This is the usual system. An observer employing it is seen on the left of the double page. The lower diagram above shows a record by the key method (now obsolescent), in which the observer makes a hand registration by means of the electric key, which may be seen in the diagram of the enlarged eye-end of the "transit" telescope (already mentioned on the double page).

Drawn by W. B. Robinson.

object unconnected with the earth and remote from it; and when the object next returns to his sighting-line, obviously the earth will have made an exact revolution.

The sighting apparatus in use for refined time observations is known as a transit-telescope. This is a telescope carried on an axis at right angles to it, the axis being supported at each end so that the telescope may turn in one plane only—the meridian plane—that is, the vertical plane passing due north and south.

The transit-telescope at Greenwich Observatory is eleven feet long. It is of extraordinarily rigid construction, but admits of great delicacy of movement, and has a magnifying power of 180 diameters. The objects observed are selected stars, which, having regard to the practically infinite distance separating us from them, may be considered as points of light occupying fixed directions.

When a star image, moving through the field of view of the telescope as the latter is swept past the star by the revolving earth, reaches the fine the distance between the clock-beats on each side of it. Further details of the operation of observing a transit appear on the illustrations.

The greatest care is exercised to maintain the telescope in correct meridianal adjustment, a deviation of one ten-thousandth part of an inch being sufficient to affect the results, under the high magnificatione mployed.

The interval of time between successive transits of a star is called a "sidereal day," and a clock which records twenty-four hours during this interval is said to be keeping "sidereal time." This sidereal day, however, is a different thing from the civil, or "mean solar" day in common use, and their relation to one another must now be explained.

It is a matter of general knowledge that, besides rotating about its own axis, the earth also revolves round the sun, making one complete circuit of its orbit in approximately 365 solar days. A little consideration will enable the reader to see that in consequence of this the earth really turns once more on its axis in a year than the number of solar days this calculation need only be done once daily. In comparing the clocks, advantage is taken of the fact that, as the one clock gains on the other about a second every six minutes, the two clocks will be beating in unison for a few moments at six-minute intervals. The theoretical times at which this ought to take place can be computed beforehand; and if, for instance, the beat-coincidences are found to be occurring one minute late, the deduction is that the mean solar clock is one sixth of a second slow.

The sidereal clock, self-winding in its sealed, air-tight case, in not corrected; its error, as ascertained from the star-transits, being allowed for in the calculation; but the error of the mean solar clock—never, in practice, more than a small fraction of a second—is removed by an ingenious device. In this, an electro-magnet with reversible poles is made to exert a small force upon another magnet permanently attached to the clock's pendulum, accelerating or retarding the swing until the error has disappeared, and the clock is again showing "correct time."

ROUMANIA IN TURMOIL: NEW LAWS THAT DESTROY HER COHESION.



CARRYING A BANNER INSCRIBED "DOWN WITH THE OLIGARCHY!" A PROCESSION OF DEMONSTRATORS IN BUCHAREST PROTESTING AGAINST THE NEW MEASURES OF THE BRATIANO GOVERNMENT—SHOWING A STRONG FORCE OF TROOPS IN THE BACKGROUND.



WITH A BANNER INSCRIBED "WE WANT TRUE PROPERTY": A DEMONSTRATION IN BUCHAREST AGAINST THE NEW RENT LAW AND THE CONSTITUTION REFORM BILL, PREVENTED FROM REVOLUTIONARY PROCEEDINGS BY A STRONG MILITARY FORCE.

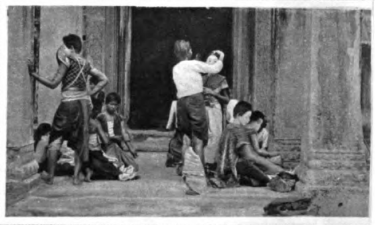
Bitter discontent prevails in Roumania against a series of new laws introduced by the Government of M. Bratiano, which tend to alienate the new provinces that formerly belonged to Austria-Hungary. Although the Charter of Alba Julia in December 1918 recognised the rights of national minorities, thus forming the only possible foundation for a greater Roumania, the Government now declares that "the mistake of Alba Julia must be remedied." The most startling of the new laws is the Constitution Reform Bill, which suppresses all religious Orders other than Roumanian. This affects numerous Roman Catholic Orders in Transylvania, with its Catholic population of over 1,500,000, and will mean the closing of many schools and hospitals. The Rent Law, again, which provides that anyone who fought against Roumania in the war is liable to be evicted or expropriated, covers the whole adult male population of Transylvania, the Banat, and Bukovina. This disruptive legislation is vigorously opposed by the Nationalist Party of Transylvania and the Peasants Party, who accuse the Government of terrorism and corruption, deny the validity of the last elections and of the actions of the present Parliament, and hint at revolution. A demonstration in Bucharest on March 18 was only prevented, it is said, from assuming a revolutionary character by an imposing display of armed force.

TRAINING FOR THE CAMBODIAN ROYAL CORPS DE BALLET

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SHOWING A VISTA OF ANOTHER GREAT TOWER SEEN THROUGH THE ENTRANCE PASSAGE: THE TEMPLE AT ANGKOR, WITH DANCERS POSED ON THE STEPS.



WITH OLD WOMEN AS "DRESSERS" AND GIRL ATTENDANTS: DANCERS "MAKING UP" AT THE TEMPLE.



WHERE PRIESTESSES ONCE DANCED: A CAMBODIAN GIRL BEING "MADE UP" IN THE TEMPLE.

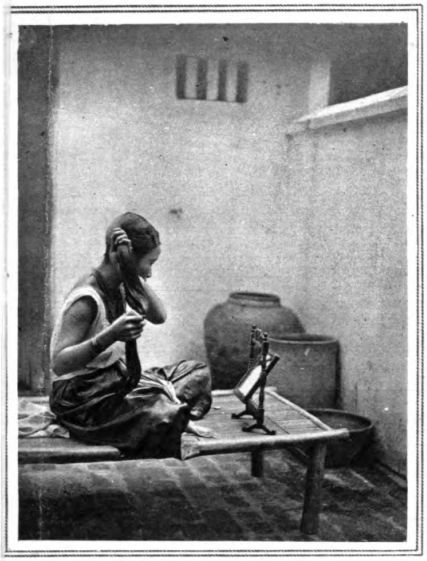


IMITATING THE FIRST-CENTURY SCULPTURED DANCERS ON THE WALL BEHIND, OR UNCONSCIOUSLY FOLLOWING THE SAME TRADITION NEARLY 2000 YEARS OLD? CAMBODIAN GIRL DANCERS MIMING IN THE ANCIENT TEMPLE OF ANGKOR.

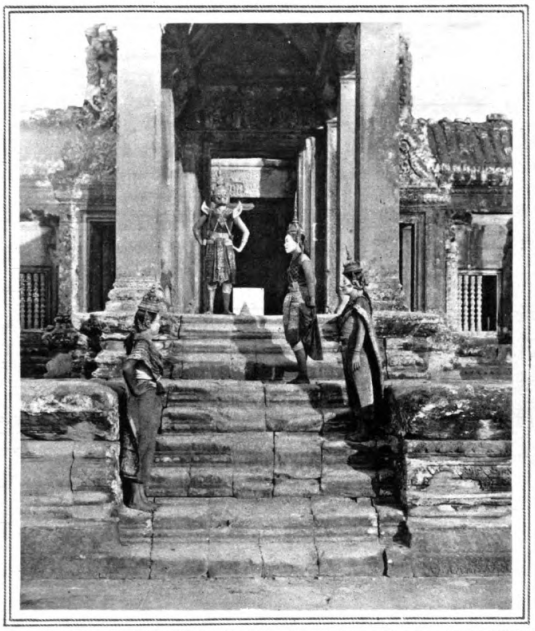
On a later page in this number we give a translation of a French article, by M. V. Forbin, describing a visit to the great temple of Angkor Vat, in Cambodia, and the performances of some girls who had gone on pilgrimage to dance there as part of their training for the Cambodian royal *corps de ballet*. "By executing sacred dances on the threshold of the venerable temple," he writes, "which reminds the natives of the past splendours of their race, the little Cambodian dancers are convinced that they are fulfilling an act of piety, which will ensure them the protection of the good goddesses. . . . The troupe consisted of four dancers, two old women expert in the art of costume and make-up, and two little girls in charge of the accessories—diadems of gilded bronze, metal masks, heavy necklaces and pendants, and other objects. . . . They finished dressing and made themselves up on the actual threshold of the pagoda, in a little courtyard

ıT A FAMOUS TEMPLE: PILGRIM DANCERS AT ANGKOR.

ONOMIQUE DE L'INDO-CHINE.



PREPARING FOR THE PILGRIM DANCE AT THE TEMPLE OF ANGKOR: ONE OF THE GIRLS DOING HER HAIR.



WEARING THEIR DIADEMS OF GILDED BRONZE, METAL MASKS, NECKLACES AND PENDANTS: GIRL DANCERS (INCLUDING A "HERO" AND A "DEMON") ON THE STEPS OF THE ANGKOR TEMPLE.

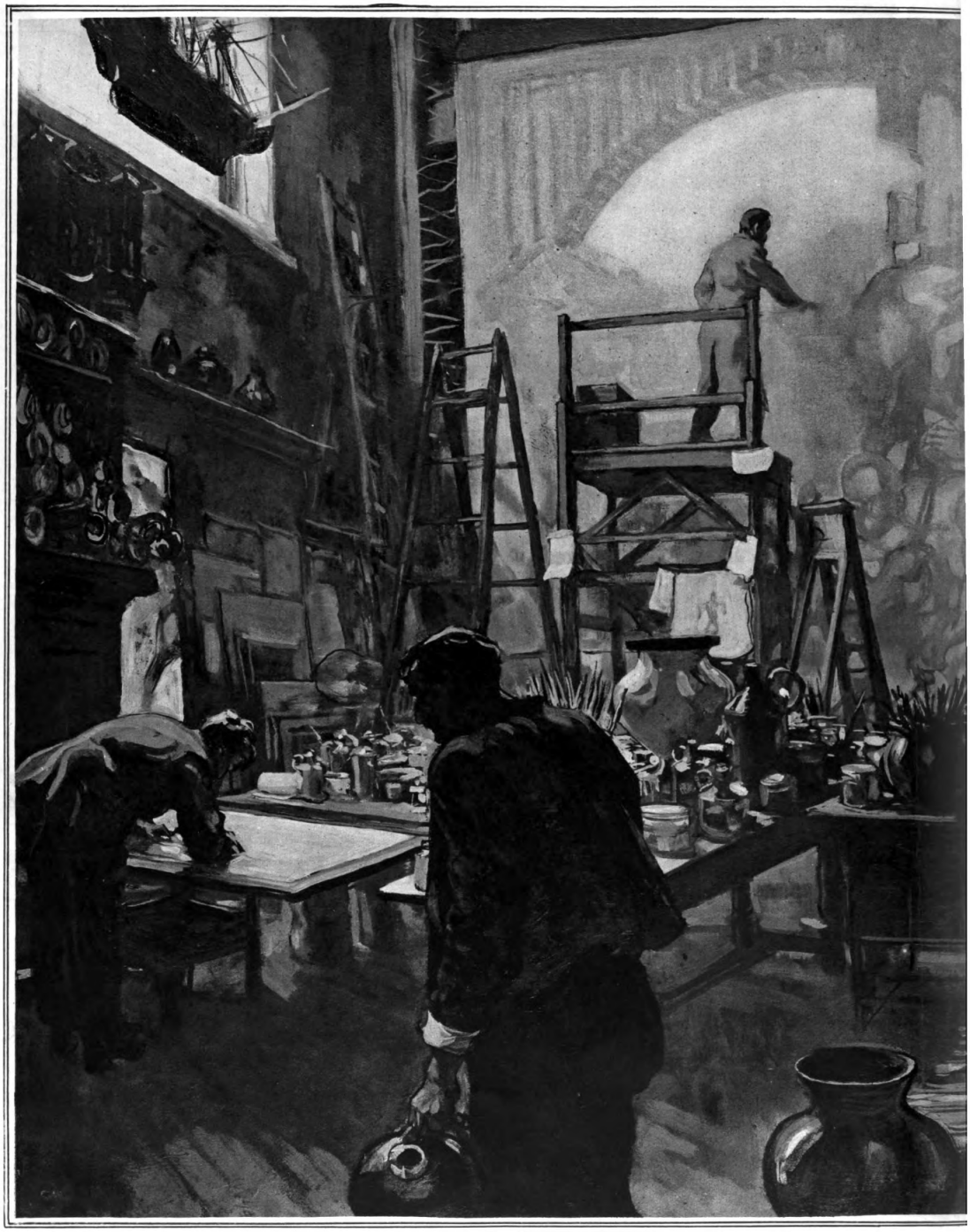


COME TO DANCE AT THE ANGKOR SHRINE AS AN ACT OF PIETY, TO OBTAIN THE FAVOUR OF THE GODDESSES AND REMIND THE PEOPLE OF THEIR SPLENDID PAST: CAMBODIAN DANCING GIRLS AT THE FOOT OF THE TEMPLE STEPS.

where the priestesses of Angkor probably danced in far-off days. . . . I was impressed by some miming which the four dancers displayed before a bas-relief said to date from the first century, and representing dancers. I was struck by the similarity of pose between the living dancers and those portrayed in stone. Did they copy them, or were they merely following a tradition of nearly twenty centuries?" Angkor Vat has been called the Versailles of Cambodia, and a replica of its magnificent temple was built at Marseilles for the French Colonial Exhibition there last year. A photograph of Cambodian dancers in France miming before the Marseilles model was given in our issue of August 5, 1922; and in that of December 3, 1921, were photographs of the temple itself in Cambodia, with its wonderful Khmer sculptures, including an avenue of giant stone statues bearing the sacred serpent.

PAINTING ON A COLOSSAL SCALE, WITH FIGURES EIGH

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ART

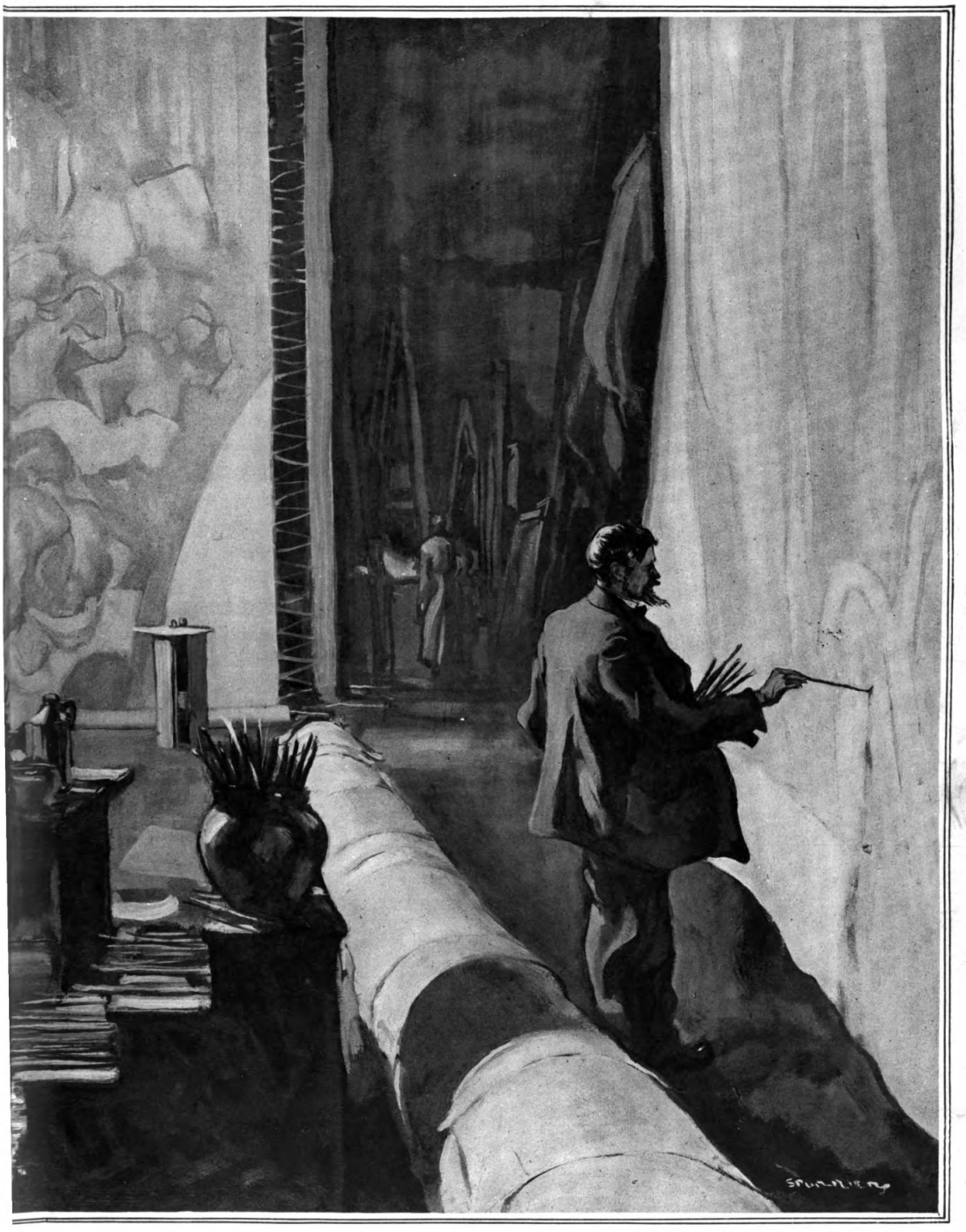


AT WORK ON HIS HUGE CANVASES FOR THE NEW STATE CAPITOL OF MISSOURI: PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A MURAL DESIGN, W

Mr. Frank Brangwyn is considered by many to be the greatest living decorative painter, and to be not so well appreciated in this country as he ought to be. Most of his more important commissions have come from abroad—America, France, and Italy—where his reputation stands even higher than in his native land. He has just completed for the new Capitol of the State of Missouri, U.S.A., near St. Louis, some of the largest mural decorative panels produced for many years, which were recently despatched to America. They comprise a gigantic ceiling piece (45 ft. by 25 ft.) and four lunette panels (24 ft. high by 40 ft. wide), and there are eight more to be painted. The figures in the ceiling piece are 18 ft. high, and those in the panels 12 ft. high. The subjects typify the history and industries of the State. It is interesting to see from the above drawing, which shows Mr. Brangwyn (on the right)

TEEN FEET HIGH: THE GREATEST LIVING DECORATOR.

IST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



MR. FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A. (ON THE RIGHT) IN HIS STUDIO AT HAMMERSMITH, HILE HIS ASSISTANTS PREPARE OTHERS FROM HIS PLAN.

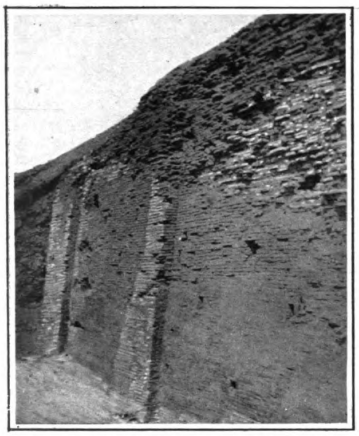
at work in one of his studios, in an old-world corner of Hammersmith, the methods by which such enormous designs are carried out. The pictures are painted on canvas, to be cemented to the stone by a patent process. One of his assistants is correcting, from the design, the outlines of a canvas in preparation, while another (in the left foreground) is squaring up an elevation. Mr. Brangwyn's work in this country is represented by some of the panels in the Royal Exchange, those in the banqueting hall of the Skinners' Company, two in Lloyds' building, others in the Grand Trunk Railway offices in Cockspur Street, and tempera paintings at Christ's Hospital, Horsham. He is to execute the decorations for Mr. Gordon Selfridge's new building in Oxford Street, taking as his subject "The Trade of the World."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]*

The Temple of the Moon at Ur of the Chaldees.

By Dr. H. R. HALL.

A YEAR ago *The Illustrated London News* published the first photographs of the remarkable discoveries of copper lions and other works of early Sumerian art which rewarded the British Museum expedition of 1919 to Ur of the Chaldees. Tell el-Obeid, the small mound covering an ancient Sumerian temple or fort, is near Ur, and was, no doubt, a suburb of the great Babylonian city, the seat of the worship of Nannar, the Moon-god. At El-Obeid the local deity was not Nannar, but Damkina, a goddess who was the consort of Enki, the god of Eridu, the modern Abu Shahrein. Eridu, which was also partially excavated in 1918 and 1919 by the British Museum expeditions under Captain Campbell Thompson and myself respectively, was the most ancient city of Babylonia, and vied in importance with the neighbouring Ur, only fourteen miles away. It was, however, never the seat of a great ruling dynasty, as Ur was, being too close to the greater city ever to be independent of it. Eridu was always the satellite of Ur, a lesser moon in the orbit of the Moon-god himself.

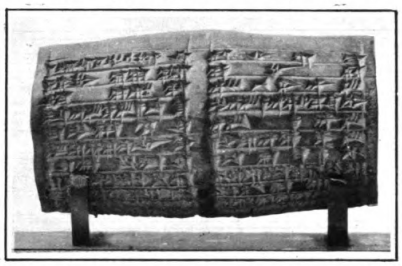
Ur and Harran, in Northern Mesopotamia, were the two great centres of the worship of the Moon-god, and their close connection is exemplified in the story of Abraham.



RE-FACED BY KING NABONIDUS ABOUT 540 B.C.: THE SOUTH-EAST SIDE OF THE GREAT *ZIGGURRAT*, OR TOWER, OF THE MOON TEMPLE.

It is obvious that one of the most interesting sites in Mesopotamia must be the mounds of Ur, and that the shrine of the Moon-god in the city from which Abraham came must be one of the most important objects of archæological discovery in the Euphrates land. The identification of Tell el-Muqayyir, as it is now called, with Ur was made by Sir Henry Rawlinson when he read the inscribed bricks brought back by Loftus after his visit to the Tell in 1850. These bricks had already been noted, and a remarkably correct guess as to their contents made, by an Italian traveller to Mesopotamia, Pietro della Valle, so long ago as 1625. The whole site is covered with them. Most of them have fallen from the great *ziggurrat*, or temple-tower, which has always stood up four-square to the elements on the summit of the mounds. This was the centre of the temple of the Moon. Among the débris surrounding it have been found the socketed blocks of basalt and diorite in which the bronze-shod doors of the temple turned.

In 1854 the Trustees of the British Museum, on the reports of Loftus and Rawlinson, commissioned Mr. J. E. Taylor, H.M.'s Vice-Consul at Basrah, to begin excavations there, which he did with success, finding the four "foundation-cylinders," one at each corner of the tower, which commemorate its restoration by King Nabonidus about 550 B.C. The tower and temple are, however, much older than this, the main buildings dating from the time of the kings Ur-Nammu (or Ur-Engur) and Shulgi (or Dungi), about 2300 B.C.; but Taylor found evidence of older buildings than theirs.

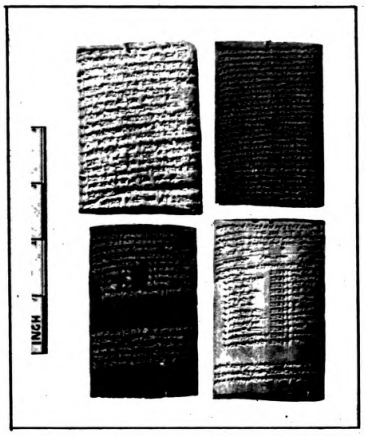


WITH AN INSCRIPTION OF NABONIDUS, KING OF BABYLON, ABOUT 555 B.C.: A TERRA-COTTA CYLINDER FROM THE MOON TEMPLE AT UR.

In 1855 he also dug at Eridu, but then the work was stopped, and was not resumed till 1918, when Captain Thompson made a short excavation at Ur for the British Museum before going on to Eridu. Next year I took up the running, and continued the tradition of the British Museum work at Ur by a three months' excavation there, as well as the work at El-Obeid and an excavation at Shahrein. The main work of these three months was the discovery and excavation of an important building of burnt brick, originally thought to be part of a palace of King Shulgi, but more probably, in reality, a portion of the temple of the Moon itself, if the latest views on the subject hold good. In any case, it was a building closely connected with the temple. Some description of this building was given in *The Illustrated London News* last year. One interesting find was the foundation tablet of King Ur-Nammu, commemorating the building of Ê-Makh, the temple of the goddess Ninsun. There were, of course, many temples within the enclosure of the Moon-god, some dedicated to subsidiary deities like this, and, no doubt, annexed temples outside the main enclosure also.

There were not many finds of objects of the time of the building of the temple, the most interesting being fragments of statues of the time of Ur-Nammu, which had been broken up, probably at the time of the invasion and destruction by fire by the Elamites (?) about 2200 B.C., traces of which are everywhere apparent.

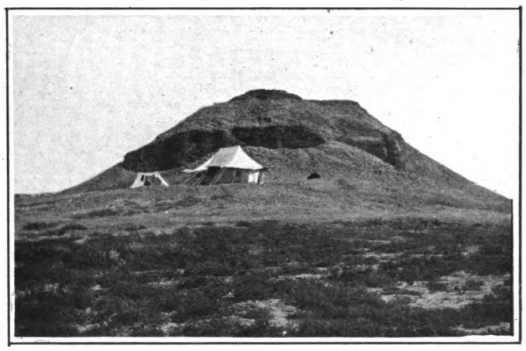
This building was later occupied by priestly families, who have left behind interesting traces of their presence, notably four beautifully inscribed tablets containing legal documents—wills and bequests and lists of property—of the priests in the time of King Ashurbanipal, about 650 B.C. These tablets were actually found at the moment of the visit of some distinguished officials and officers from India, who had the opportunity of seeing an interesting discovery made.



DATING FROM THE TIME OF ASHURBANIPAL, ABOUT 650 B.C.: FOUR FINE CUNEIFORM TABLETS CONTAINING LEGAL DOCUMENTS OF PRIESTS OF THE MOON.

The brick *temenos*-wall of the *ziggurrat* was also found in 1919—a great wall thirty-eight feet thick, with casemates or storage-chambers in its thickness. This excavation has been continued with interesting results by Mr. Woolley this year.

As has been announced in the Press, the work has been resumed by the Museum in conjunction with the University of Pennsylvania, the expedition being under the direction of Mr. C. L. Woolley, assisted by Mr. F. G. Newton, the well-known archæological architect who has worked at Amarna in Egypt, at Knossos with Sir Arthur Evans, and in Palestine and Sardinia with Dr. Duncan Mackenzie; by Mr. Sidney Smith, Assyriologist, of the British Museum; and Mr. A. W. Lawrence. The results of their three months' work this year will be announced later by the Museum authorities; but the Press has already recorded the fact of the discovery of another portion of the temple of the Moon-god—or rather, another of the brick-built temples that anciently surrounded the tower of the Moon. Several of the burials in pottery bath-shaped coffins that are found all over the mounds have also been excavated, and interesting antiquities found both in them and in the temple, including gold ornaments and jewellery of the Assyrian and Persian periods. Many of these burials were excavated also during the former diggings, chiefly on the periphery of the mounds and in the southern portion of the site, where the ancient city probably lay, separated from the great temple-complex to the north by a canal or arm of the Euphrates, which is still marked by a transverse *wadi* or valley running from east to west.



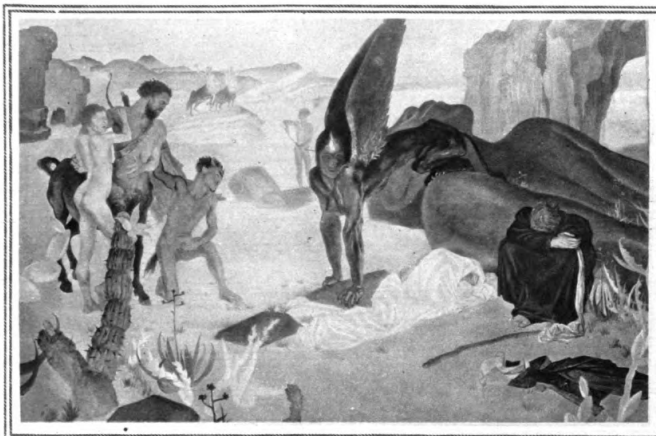
SURMOUNTED BY THE *ZIGGURRAT*, OR TOWER OF THE TEMPLE OF THE MOON: THE MOUND AT UR, AND THE BRITISH MUSEUM EXPEDITION'S CAMP.

It was stated in a message of March 16 from Baghdad (received in London, by air mail, on April 1) that Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, director of the British Museum and Pennsylvania University joint excavations at Ur, had just left for England on the close of the digging season. Before his departure he lectured at Baghdad on the latest discoveries at Ur, the chair being taken by Miss Gertrude Bell, Honorary Director of Antiquities for Iraq.

There is no doubt that the continued excavation of Ur will produce much that will be of interest to both the archæologist and the architect. Ur is such an interesting site, and was a city so important in the early history of the civilised world, that its excavation is one of the foremost tasks of archæology at the present time.

BY AN ARTIST OF RARE DISTINCTION: THE GLYN PHILPOT EXHIBITION.

BY COURTESY OF THE GROSVENOR GALLERIES.



"THE REPOSE ON THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT": A FANTASY OF MYTHICAL CREATURES OF PAGANISM CURIOUSLY WATCHING THE INFANT SAVIOUR AND HIS MOTHER ASLEEP.

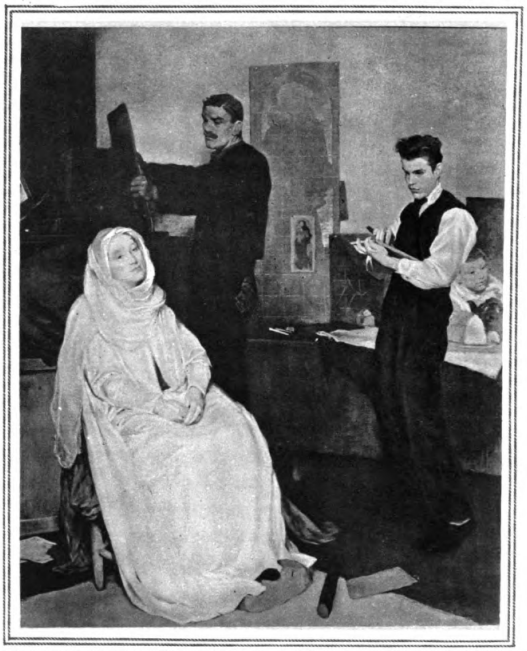


"ROLAND HAYES SINGING": THE WELL-KNOWN NEGRO TENOR—STRIKING WORK IN PORTRAITURE.

THE subjects we have chosen for reproduction from Mr. Glyn Philpot's exhibition at the Grosvenor Galleries represent different phases of his art, which, as noted below, is remarkable for its wide range of subject and treatment. The first is a singularly effective fantasy, in which various mythical creatures of paganism are seen gathered, in unsuspecting curiosity, around the Infant Saviour (asleep in His mother's arms during the Flight into Egypt) who was destined to destroy the world's belief in their existence. Among them are centaurs and a human-headed Sphinx of the type seen in ancient Egyptian decorative art—as, for instance, on several of the boxes found in the tomb of Tutankhamen. In the illustration below this, on the left, another Biblical scene, the Adoration of the Magi, is treated more in the orthodox manner. On the right (above) is a notable example of Mr. Glyn Philpot's work as a portrait painter, while that on the right underneath shows what a fine thing he can make of a domestic interior with a group of figures.



"THE ADORATION OF THE THREE KINGS": AN INTERESTING MODERN INCURSION INTO THE REALM OF THE OLD RELIGIOUS PAINTERS.



"A FAMILY": A FINE STUDY OF A DOMESTIC INTERIOR, SHOWING THE RANGE AND VERSATILITY OF MR. GLYN PHILPOT'S ART.

It is some years since Mr. Glyn Philpot, A.R.A., the well-known painter, had a "one-man" show in London. The last occasion was at the Baillie Gallery, which has long been closed, in the early days of his career. He has just brought together, in his new exhibition at the Grosvenor Galleries, a fine array of pictures, as well as sculpture, which mark him out as an artist of rare distinction and imaginative power, with remarkable range and versatility. In this respect he differs widely from some artists who, having once made a "hit" with a particular type of subject, continue thereafter to ring the changes thereon, or pursue the same theme with variations, for the remainder of their career. The exhibition is one which all art-lovers in London should make a point of visiting. Appraising his development as a colourist, formerly under the influence of the great Venetians, Mr. P. G. Konody says: "In the past he used the sumptuous palette of Paolo Veronese and of Titian. To-day, he dispenses with this colour emphasis, and sets his palette with the sober, but still rich, greys and browns of Moroni."



The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.



"AT MRS. BEAM'S" AND "ANNA CHRISTIE."

THERE has been such a plethora of revivals of late that our Jobs, in sackcloth and ashes, will be drawing their accustomed conclusions. They will say we are in the doldrums of dramatic effort; that we are suffering from a paucity of dramatic material, and the theatre in effect is dead. Yet I believe two of the most considerable influences of our time have appeared in London. I refer to Mr. C. K. Munro and Mr. Eugene O'Neill. These young men have something to say, and they are very impatient to say it.

A cynic might retort that these revived theatrical plays have nothing to say. They say it uncommonly well. To us they are interesting and provide a sharp comment. They emphasise not only the success of craftsmanship, but its limitations. Governed by the curtain, these plays *du théâtre* have set up a tyranny of form. Characters are in chains. They can never rise impregnable in their own strength above the action. They are always generalled into position, and the "big scene" of necessity compels obedience to the plot. They never surprise their creators, though their creators by their skill may surprise us. We are deceived, however, just so long as the curtain is up, for as soon as we bring the acid test of validity the play crumbles. Considered theatrically, they are great acting plays. They are justified revivals even if they only touched our memories of past triumphs and matched our present-day actors and actresses with a day that is gone. The player, not the play, is the thing. Yet, let us be gracious and grateful; for these plays, that bear their date on them now, brought order out of chaos. They rescued the theatre from the idiots that had condemned it to tea-table inanities.

The drama of to-day is something different, and, in the hands of Mr. Munro and Mr. O'Neill, something very different. "At Mrs. Beam's" is a comedy that is diabolically clever and penetrating. Mr. Munro's Notting Hill boarding-house harbours a world of rogues, sycophants, and futilities. There is no real pathos, no tenderness, no genuine humour that "smiles while our hearts do ache," as Bunyan put it. The world of Mr. Munro is desperately narrow, but it is desperately true. His vision is like the searchlight pouring down in a laboratory on a wriggling bit of life. Miss Shoe is maddeningly futile, and Laura Pasquale worthlessly false; and yet it is when the false woman rounds on the foolish, good-intentioned old maid that we touch depths deeper than comedy. Mr. Munro's mind is corrosive. Let him bring sympathy and a sense of tears, and he will do something very big for our theatre. He has an easy mastery of its devices; he has an eye for uncomfortable truth; and youth is still on his side.

. . . . . .

If you did not go to the Everyman, then you must go to the Royalty. Mr. Dennis Eadie deserves our thanks, and there you will see acting that will make you realise what our actors can do when they have a play which presents true character. The secret of Mr. Munro's genius does not lie in his verbal felicities or his inventive surprises, nor yet his strategic mastery of plot. His peculiar power is his concrete grip of actualities. He pins down his figures and mercilessly dissects them. They stand revealed in their futility. Then he laughs as savagely as Swift in contempt.

Eugene O'Neill sees the same show, but how differently he expresses it! Where Munro laughs to preserve his sanity at this idiocy we call life, O'Neill feels with intense sympathy. He touches the tragedy with imaginative beauty. He makes us feel that sense of pity and tears which sends us into the world cleansed and purified—*Katharsis*, as the Greeks termed it. His "Anna Christie" has the same inevitability, the same steady march towards its crisis, that a Sophoclean drama has. This tragedy is the burden of her soul. It wreaks its own punishment.

I call O'Neill a vagabond in drama. Oddly enough, he reminds me of George Borrow. He has the same sense of dramatic telling, the same discursiveness, the same love of physical strength and interest in the world of the inarticulate and despised, and the same impulsive revolt against discipline. He



AS THE BARGEE FATHER OF A "LOST" DAUGHTER STRIVING TO LIVE DOWN HER PAST: MR. GEORGE MARION AS CHRIS CHRISTOPHERSON, IN "ANNA CHRISTIE," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

is a "wise wild beast," who has roughed it as a gold prospector, a man before the mast, and a dock labourer.



AN AMERICAN TRIUMPH AT THE STRAND THEATRE: MISS PAULINE LORD IN THE NAME-PART OF "ANNA CHRISTIE."

Mr. Eugene O'Neill's play, "Anna Christie," made a triumphant success on its production at the Strand Theatre on April 10, not only for the dramatist's power of insight and pathos, but through the excellent acting of Miss Pauline Lord, Mr. George Marion, and others in the cast. The scene is laid among American bargees, longshoremen, and loose women, one of whom, the heroine, seeks to redeem her past and win real love.

But it is not enough to endure life. The artist must understand it. He must be able to transfigure it. Eugene O'Neill has that power. His grip of emotional crisis is wonderful. Here, of course, we mark the sharp difference between O'Neill and Borrow. The Vagabond of English Letters was too self-contained and too egotistical to feel intensely. The Isopel Berners of "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye," who loved him so passionately and left all to follow him, only served as an amusement. In return for her devotion, as they camped together in the Dingle, he taught her Armenian! Could anything be more pitifully illuminating?

But the creator of "Anna Christie" has suffered. He has something big to say. He says it careless of dramatic forms, and his plays burn with the fire of his sincerity. Yet no man can defy the theatre altogether without loss. The "Emperor Jones" and the "Hairy Ape" are vivid and moving in the study. I do not think they would stand the test of the stage. The form is too loose. There was something curiously unsatisfying in the Everyman production of "He" and "In the Zone"—which, again, is a question of form. The theatre is a vessel which Time has shaped. The great dramatist will fill it to the brim. O'Neill is a young man who can deal with the deep elementals of life with moving power. He sees life not as Mr. Munro does, with a harsh laugh on his lips—O'Neill has no laughter—but with infinite sympathy and infinite pain.

"Destroy the theatre!" said the great Duse, impatient with machine-made drama. There is hope in the comedian Munro and the tragedian O'Neill. A recollection from Matthew Arnold comes to mind with pathetic poignancy: "I see a fugitive vision of delicate features under a shower of hair and a cloud of lace, and hear the voice of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt saying, in its most caressing tones, to the Londoners: 'The theatre is irresistible; organise the theatre!'"

The theatre *is* irresistible. These two young men have brought freshness, validity, intuition, and lucidity to the stage. Their dialogue is more than clever talk; it is self-revealing. It has the inevitability of character. They have yet to learn that the theatre is a tyrant, and that form cannot be despised. But their error is one of youth. They have youth's impatience and urgency. They are both agonists of life, but Munro escapes from his feelings in mocking cynicism. He is a beak and talon in drama. He is merciless in his incisive repetitions. His comedy is Meredithian in its implacable war on folly. His genius may be compared to the lightning. It scorches and withers whatever it touches.

The genius of Eugene O'Neill is like that of a torrid, slow heat. It is akin to that of Whitman, Conrad, and Hardy in its intensity and elemental force. These dumb creatures of his imagining have their counterparts in life. Their hearts are laid bare, and we watch with awe the conflict in their lives. The simplicity, the cumulative force of minutiæ, the irony of circumstance and the devastating effects of accident—all these are set down with such sympathy and such stark, passionate intensity that we recognise at once a new force in drama. Feverish, excitable, impetuous, vital, he is engrossed with life—not content to note the bad only—watching with intense preoccupation the mingling of the finer qualities—sexual devotion, pity, courage, endurance—with the coarser "ape and tiger" instincts, and creating anew the great Empire of Pain in terms of drama.

Munro is an ironist and a satirist of cogent clarity. O'Neill is a humanist and a psychologist of compelling sincerity. Munro is filled with profound contempt. O'Neill is moved by a profound pity. They both as yet work in a limited *milieu*. Within that narrow compass I can use the word I only use sparingly: their work bears the unmistakable stamp of genius.

BEHIND THE MARIONETTE SCENES: THE WHOLE ART OF WIRE-PULLING.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



MANIPULATED BY OPERATORS ON A BRIDGE ABOVE THE STAGE, AND OTHERS IN THE WINGS FOR PUPPETS "OFF": THE ITALIAN MARIONETTES OF THE TEATRO DEI PICCOLI AT THE NEW SCALA THEATRE.

In our issue of April 14, we gave some photographs showing how the Italian Marionettes at the New Scala Theatre look from "in front." Here Mr. Spurrier lets us into the mechanical secrets of their lifelike movements by a peep behind the scenes. "The operators and assistants," he writes; "number eight persons. There are, as a rule, six operators on the bridge at once, who very cleverly handle whole groups of puppets. Some that are not needed for action are hooked on to the structures on each side of the bridge. In some groups the figures are wired together, so as to form a distinct group, such as a troupe of dancers. In large, concerted movements, the operators cross each other on the narrow bridge, and pass the marionette in action on from one to another, thereby showing extraordinarily subtle touch on the strings to be able to carry on, without detection from the front, the whole character and movement created by the first operator. It is said that this art of the marionette operators is handed down from one generation to another."—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]



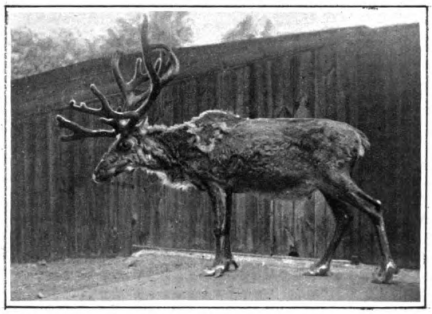
THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



LAND MAMMALS OF THE FAR NORTH.

By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen.

THE Arctic Sea is rich in "floating meadows" of animalcules and microscopic plants; it is therefore rich in small crustaceans, which are very nutritious; it is therefore rich in fishes, as in the case of the Newfoundland Banks; it is therefore able to support many kinds of seals, and these feed the Polar Bear. This we saw in a previous study; our business now is with the *mammals on land*—with those that manage to subsist in the not very promising environment of the Tundra. The continental tundra is the treeless area north of the great forests, and otherwise bounded either by the Polar Sea or by eternal snow and ice. Of course, there is also a fringe of tundra around Arctic islands. But there is no tundra in the Antarctic, and *therefore* no land mammals occur there.



WITH "SHOVEL-LIKE" FEET, SUITED FOR RUNNING ON SNOW OR BOGGY GROUND: THE CARIBOU, OR REINDEER.
Copyright Photograph by W. S. Berridge, F.Z.S.

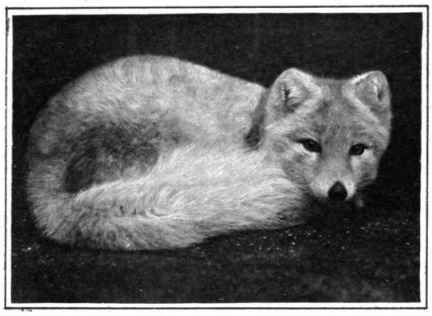
The physical peculiarities of the tundra are briefly these, allowing some license to generalisation: there are only two seasons, summer and winter; the mean temperature is always low and the rays of summer sunlight are very oblique; the subsoil is permanently frozen; there is a very dry winter and the summer precipitation, though frequent, is slight; the snow is of unequal depth and is often cleared off locally by the strong winds—all the better for the reindeer! The rivers are only summer rivers, being frostbound in winter; and this implies that the land is very imperfectly drained and liable to be boggy.

The Plants of the Tundra. As for the seals and bears, the walruses and whales, we understand their abundance (or it would be in every case abundance if man did not interfere), for they express transmogrified sea-soup; but what of the land mammals? We must find the answer in the abundance of a characteristic tundra-vegetation of hardy, stunted plants, many of which are unexpectedly nutritious. There are many lichens, those strange dual plants—combinations of alga and fungus in an intimate partnership or symbiosis. They were primeval soil-makers, and they continue their task to-day. A good example is the so-called "Reindeer Moss," which spreads over vast areas, and is much used by the reindeer in winter.

There are vast tracts of hair-mosses and bog-mosses, not of much direct use for the sustenance of animals, yet useful indirectly. But in the "treeless" tundra there are Lilliputian forests of dwarf willows, such as we sometimes see on our golf-links, not over an inch in height; likewise dwarf birches and dwarf alders, and their upper branches with buds and fruits may be cropped by the reindeer (still more by birds like ptarmigan and snow-bunting), just as their roots may be nibbled by the lemming. Root-pruning has its uses, but it must be a hardy plant that can survive being cropped at both ends! Of considerable importance are the hardy berry-bearing dwarf-bushes like the crowberry, which have a considerable nutritive value, being relatively rich in proteins and fats. Then in areas with relatively good drainage there is in the short summer a surprisingly luxuriant display of flowers.

In some places the tundra deserves its American name of Barren Ground, where it is, as Mr. Seebohm says, "little else than gravel beds interspersed with bare patches of peat or clay, and with scarcely a rush or a sedge to break the monotony." But this is quite exceptional. In most places the tundra is a richly-clad, undulating plain—though there is high tundra and low tundra—diversified with rush-fringed lakes, bogs covered with cotton-grass, and summer rivers. "But," as Mr. Seebohm writes, "it has one almost fatal drawback—it swarms with millions of mosquitoes." One must remember, however, that they form an important part of the food of some of the insectivorous birds that come to the tundra as summer visitors from the South.

The Secret of the Reindeer. The list of tundra mammals is not a long one, but it is very interesting. It includes reindeer, musk-ox, lemming, and Arctic fox; and each of these animals has its particular secret—*a combination of qualities*—in virtue of which it holds its own in an unfriendly environment. What is the secret of the reindeer? The long, dense hair and the thick skin must help to protect it against the Polar winter. The shovel-like feet, with the hoofs spreading out under pressure, are well suited for running on snow-covered or boggy ground, and they also serve for scraping down to the lichens. From the wolf it is more or less saved by its keen senses of sight, smell, and hearing, and also by its enduring speed. From "the wolf at the door," it is saved by its capacity for thriving on scraps of vegetation of all sorts—from the lichens on the mountains to the seaweed on the shore. The Peary Caribou, a species of reindeer frequenting Alaska and the Canadian Barren Grounds, stores up in late summer a thick layer of "back fat," which is gradually absorbed through the grim winter. This animal extends to beyond 83 degrees North latitude, where the vegetation is very scanty (the related Woodland Caribou is more of a forest animal), and where the Arctic wolves form hungry packs. We read that "in these northern wilds, amid the most intense cold, the caribou passes from three to five months of continuous night, its wanderings lighted only by the moon and the stars, and the marvellous displays of waving Northern lights."



WITH A WHITE "DRESS" THAT TENDS TO CONSERVE WARMTH IN COLD SURROUNDINGS: THE ARCTIC FOX, A FRIENDLY AND INQUISITIVE ANIMAL THAT LIVES BY ITS WITS.
Copyright Photograph by W. S. Berridge, F.Z.S.

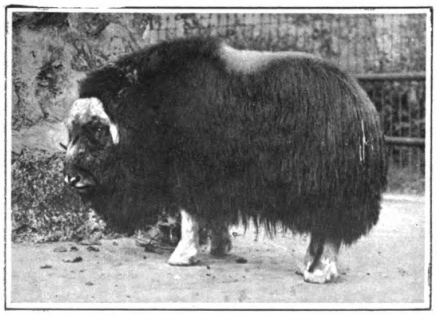
The Musk-Ox. This unique ruminant, which links cattle and sheep, is represented by fossil remains in North Europe and Asia, but is restricted nowadays to the Barren Grounds of Canada. It is a strongly built animal, about three feet high at the shoulder, with shaggy fine hair, on the whole deep-amber coloured, and sometimes harmonising protectively against a background of rock. Apart from man it has no enemy but the wolf, which it baulks by its gregariousness—herd against pack! When threatened, the musk-oxen retreat to an elevation and form a line or circle of defence with their sharp horns against the enemy. If there are calves they are kept between the crags and the front line, or inside the circle. A herd may consist of a male and a dozen or more females, or there may be several males in the herd, each with a large following. The voice is quite different from that of sheep or cattle; it has been described as a whine or like the snorting of a walrus. If it were not for the mania for "big bags," the musk-ox would flourish bravely in the Canadian tundra.

The Secret of the Lemming. The most prolific Arctic mammals are the Banded Lemmings (*Dicrostonyx torquatus*), the counterparts of the Brown or Norwegian lemming (*Lemmus lemnus*), which is larger and more given to "migrate" or trek. The banded lemmings have a brown, grey, or chestnut colour in summer, and, unlike their relatives to the south, they turn pure white in winter. The banded lemmings are not much bigger than mice—about four inches long. Admiral Markham remarks: "When roasted and served up on toast, like sparrows, they were found to be excellent eating, although provokingly small." They make underground nests lined with grass and moss, but do not hibernate. Their food is chiefly roots of plants.

Also characteristic of some parts of the tundra are the Arctic hares (*Lepus arcticus* and its relatives), found even in North Greenland. They are snowy white in winter, all but the black tip of the ear, and the fur is long and thick. They usually change in summer to iron-grey or greyish-brown, but those that live farthest north are white throughout the year. The winter whiteness, seen also in the banded lemming, may have a protective value, hiding the animal from the hungry eyes of fox and falcon; but its deeper significance is probably that for a warm-blooded animal in very cold surroundings a white dress is physiologically best, for it loses least of the precious animal heat.

The Arctic Fox. Most explorers speak with some enthusiasm of the Arctic fox (*Alopex lagopus*), for not only is it very handsome, but its inquisitiveness relieves situations that are often grim. The creature cannot resist coming to see what man is doing, and it is venturesome to the verge of recklessness. The late Dr. W. S. Bruce gave a vivid description of their ways: "The Scottish explorers (in Prince Charles Foreland) in 1906 and 1907 had these animals coming within a few feet of them, eating the fat out of the frying-pan of the canteen, stealing the sugar, bacon, and other food-stuffs, feeding even out of the hands of the explorers, and sleeping within a few yards of the tent, preferably on the tops of the covered caches of provisions."

The Arctic fox is two-thirds the size of the common red fox, and it is normally clothed in long and loose white fur of great beauty. "Blue" Arctic foxes are colour varieties. We have dealt with reindeer, musk-ox, and lemming, which are all vegetarian; but the Arctic fox is, of course, a carnivore, and it must often find it difficult to keep body and soul together. Now and then it gets a lemming, occasionally a hare, and more rarely still there is a prolonged feast on a whale's carcass, stranded on the shore. Mainly, however, it depends on birds, which it captures among the snow—*e.g.*, ptarmigan—or by lake-side, or at the foot of the sea-cliffs. Every tundra mammal has its particular secret, and the secret of the Arctic fox is its resourcefulness. It lives by its wits.



ANIMALS THAT REPULSE WOLVES BY FORMING THE HERD INTO A LINE OR CIRCLE, ENCLOSING THE CALVES: THE MUSK-OX.
Copyright Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

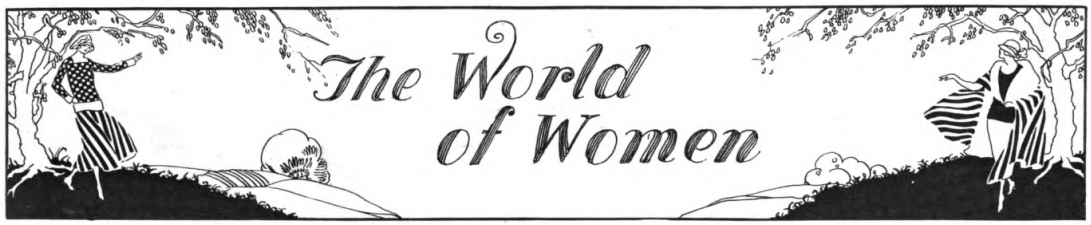


GLAMIS CASTLE, FORFARSHIRE:—Macbeth, thane of Glamis, is believed to have lived in the old Castle which stood on the site of the present fine 17th century edifice—Home of the fiancée of the Duke of York.

Shade of Macbeth: "What brings you here, King of Scottish Spirits?"

Johnnie Walker: "To see the ancestral home from which the son of a King has selected his bride."

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THIS time next week we shall have a Duchess of York. One, too, whose only thought is to be worthy of a title held by Queen Mary, who is, the royal bride has always held, ideal as a Queen, as a wife and as a mother. The wedding will be a stately affair, and the parties at Buckingham Palace have been much looked forward to. That the Duke of York has thought of the children in great cities in connection with his marriage, has endeared him still more to the public than his strict attention to all the duties of his exalted position, and his altogether pleasant way of fulfilling them. His bride is perfectly delightful. That is the verdict of all who have been brought into contact with her, gentle and simple alike. The keynote of her lovable character seems to be her thought for and consideration of others.

The marriage of the Marquess of Worcester and Lady Mary Cambridge is to be on June 14. It will almost certainly be in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where the bride-elect's sister was married. Her father is Constable and Governor of Windsor Castle. The date will be that of the opening day of the Royal Richmond Horse Show. It will be the week previous to Ascot, so that the Court will probably remain at Windsor from the wedding on the Thursday over the week-end, which is usually spent at Windsor Castle, and over Ascot Week. The King and the Queen have always had a great affection for their niece Lady Mary Cambridge, who is remarkable for her fine supply of sense, her unselfish disposition, and her devotion to her father and mother, brothers and sister.

The close of the hunting season was marked by three country weddings. That of the Earl and Countess of Eltham was the most important, the bridegroom being a nephew of the Queen. Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone were at it. The bride's father comes of a great hunting family. Her uncle, the Earl of Huntingdon, said to be a descendant of the original of Robin Hood, must have broken, at various times, most of his bones in the field, and the bride's father is an enthusiast, too. His mother, the late Wilmot Countess of Huntingdon, was well known for her love of hunting and hounds. There was a great gathering of distinguished hunting people at the wedding. Lady Mary Cambridge, soon herself to marry into a famous hunting family, was a bridesmaid. Lady Sybil Argles and her husband are well known in the hunting-field, as are Mr. Clare and Lady Doris Vyner.

The Hon. Julia Hamilton, now Lady Raglan, was a white-and-silver bride, with yellow-clad bridesmaids. Lord Raglan is a soldier-administrator, who retired from the Grenadier Guards as Major, and has had work in Syria and Palestine, and will probably have more employment of a like nature. He succeeded his father, who was Governor of the Isle of Man, two years ago. His mother, now Dowager Lady Raglan, is a sister of the late Earl of Bessborough. The new Lady Raglan is Lord and Lady Belhaven and Stenton's only daughter. Lord Belhaven succeeded his brother, whose only son, a gallant officer in the R.F.A., was killed in the war, and left no family. He married the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dundonald, who before the war distinguished herself as a big-game hunter, securing very fine bags.

It is rather a business to get in all the weddings arranged between Lent and May, which are regarded as wrong and unlucky periods, according to the point of view. Last week there were several, each on the earlier days of the week and one on Friday, in town. A Duchess, much in demand as a guest, decided to go to one of the country weddings, as by so doing only one could be attended, and so no offence given. Great ladies have to be diplomatists! Miss Flavia Forbes looked very pretty at her wedding. She is the least that there is of Egyptian in appearance, but all long straight dresses are now dubbed Egyptian, for



Simple raiment for the sportswoman which stands to the credit of Burberrys, in the Haymarket. Game-feather tweed makes the suit on the left, while the other is of fine Lovat suiting. A deep-apricot tint is the novel colour chosen for the suède coatee in the centre.
(*See page* 658.)

lack of originality and discrimination is very noticeable in naming modes and colours in our country. Her sunny, Titianesque hair looked charming under her orange-blossom Juliet cap, and the children attendants were sweet.

Master John Robert Warrender, whose experience of this planet is two years and two months, looked a wonderful wee man in his Forbes tartan kilt, of about a finger-length, and creamy-tinted chiffon frilled shirt, and his behaviour was wonderful too. It will not be surprising, and it will result picturesquely, if the example of bridesmaids carrying between them beautifully filled flower-baskets is followed. Miss Mevagh Forbes and Miss Mary Chichester, in their dainty yellow dresses, carrying their yellow arums and other yellow flowers in a gracefully shaped basket, made a pretty picture. We were back in midwinter that day, so long dark fur coats were worn over pretty dresses, and hats were the most spring-like parts of costumes. Mrs. George Forbes, the bride's grandmother, who is great-grandmother to Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair's children, was an example of smartness, upright bearing, and of years worn lightly and brightly. The reception was held at her house.

The King and Queen will hold four Courts this season, which is quite good news. They are arranged in pairs, the first two May 30 and 31, the second two June 14 and 15. It is therefore certain that if their Majesties attend the wedding of Lady Mary Cambridge and the Marquess of Worcester, and if it takes place at Windsor, the Court cannot make the long week-end at the Castle foreshadowed in an earlier paragraph. It is fairly certain that the Queen will attend the wedding of her niece, and it is said that the Prince of Wales is quite likely to be best man to Lord Worcester, whom he greatly likes, and with whose hounds he has seen such good sport this past winter. The wedding will be second in importance to that of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon next week.

The old days when the Grosvenor Gallery suffered from the super-aesthetic craze, and was dubbed by W. S. Gilbert "greeneryyallery," were great times for private views. This has come round again to be quite an occupation for the smart. At the Grosvenor Gallery private view of Mr. Glyn Philpot's and Mr. David Muirhead's pictures, there were lots of distinguished art lovers. Princess Helena Victoria paid a long visit, so did Lady Patricia Ramsay, who is devoting quite a lot of time and excellent talent to painting, and who looked very handsome in black, with copper-colour in her hat. Viscount Esher was there with Lady Esher, who is very artistic, and looked picturesque in brown. Lady Diana Cooper was there in homespun, looking less like Queen Elizabeth than her own charming and vital self. Lord Crawford seemed to like all the pictures better than his own portrait, which is excellent. There were all sorts of people of light and leading at this private view.

A maiden fresh from the isle called Emerald, now it has assumed a different hue, was asked why she came to a hated England when at home was a free country, more than Home Rule, and the foreign enemy occupation ended? "Shure, I know nothing about them things. I know there's divil's work goes on; but that 's not why I left. It 's because the sojers and the bands is away that I came over: for I hear they 're here, and life 's that dull without them that it 's not life at all, so it isn't; it 's nothing but hard work and bad words." This was her view on the Irish question. A Colonel's wife, in charge of a regimental depot, has secured her services, and is daily thankful for the "sojers and the bands" that have obtained for her a real Irish jewel of a cook!

A. E. L.

The John Haig Clubland Series No. 25.



The Brothers' Club.

IN the year 1713, Dean Swift founded "The Brothers' Club," and that he was well equipped to do so is attested by Timbs, according to whom "few men appear to have so well studied the social and political objects of club life."

"The object of our club," says Swift, "is to advance conversation and friendship and to reward learning without interest or recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest."

The Club rapidly gained in distinction, and in his Journal to Stella, Swift writes: "We are now in all nine Lords and ten Commoners. The Duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propose his brother-in-law, the Earl of Danby, but I opposed it so warmly that it was waived. Danby is not above twenty and we will have no more boys."

In our illustration we see how "fifteen of our club dined together under a canopy in an arbour at Parson's Green. I never saw anything so fine and romantic."

Although Swift does not mention it specifically in his Journal, it is fairly certain that the nine Lords and ten Commoners, being men of at least average discrimination, were among the admirers of John Haig, because this, the *original* Haig Whisky, had even in 1713 been firmly established in public favour for nearly a century.

Dye Ken

John THE ORIGINAL **Haig?**

By Appointment.

The Clubman's Whisky since 1627

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St. James's 25

Fashions and Fancies.

For the Sportswoman.

Fashion has been unusually kind to the sportswoman lately, and has evolved any number of interesting things for her especial benefit. Chief among these come the crêpe rubber-soled shoes, without which no golfer now considers her outfit complete. Plantation rubber is another term for this excellent material, which will prove its worth more fully as the summer advances, for one of its chief qualities is the fact that it gives an excellent grip on dry soil. It is, moreover, a splendid damp-resister, and soles of this description cut down the weight of the brogue shoes they adorn very considerably, since crêpe rubber is one of the lightest mediums obtainable. Batik printing, which has hitherto been confined to cloth, has taken on a new lease of life, for the newest idea in jumpers is a knitted silk or wool representation of this artistic method of printing. Sportswomen are nothing if not thorough, so they will, of course, insist on having their stockings to match their tweed suits, and spun silk stockings with a plain or check design are high in favour, and can now be had to resemble any kind of tweed.



A Suède Cloche Hat.

Sports Coats and Waistcoats.

When buying that invaluable friend, the woven sports-coat, every wise woman will see that it is complete with the new shoulder-strengthening, which runs from the collar to the top of the arm-hole, and prevents the unsightly slipping of the shoulder which these soft knitted garments often develop after a certain period of use, particularly if they are worn for golf. As a complement to a knitted suit, a woven sleeveless waistcoat of silk or wool has a far more businesslike appearance than a blouse, and the latest novelty in this direction is a "shot" effect obtained by using two different-coloured silks or wools together.

Tailored Suits of Note.

To say that a suit originates from Burberry's is a sufficient assurance of its perfection in cut and fit alike, for the splendid tailoring of this Haymarket firm has won world-wide recognition. On page 656 may be seen three of their productions, which are carried out in special Burberry materials. Game-feather tweed is used for the well-cut suit on the left. Like all their creations, it is simplicity itself, and depends for its quiet distinction on the beauty of line. Suède coatees are firm favourites with the sportswoman at the present time, and Burberrys have a wide selection of them in every imaginable colour. A deep apricot tone is the newest shade in these coatees, and the charming model in the centre is carried out in this tint. Lovat suiting makes the other attractive suit, and a Burberry speciality which will appeal to all practical people is a convertible overcoat of light tweed with a reverse side of mackintosh. Cuffs, collar, and even pockets are double, so that the garment can be turned inside out at a moment's notice, and the fit is equally good whichever way it is worn.



For the Motorist.





A Monogram Handkerchief.



Gauntlet Gloves.





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An Important Change of Address.

During the rebuilding of their premises, Aquascutum, Ltd., the famous firm of weatherproof and sports-clothes specialists, will be missing from 100, Regent Street, where they have been established for over seventy years. They are not far to seek, however, for they are in temporary premises at 126, Regent Street, where they will remain until the proposed extension of the other building is completed.

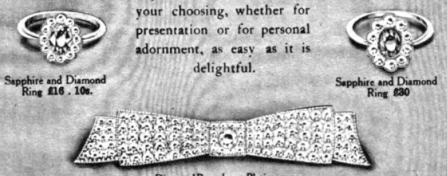
A Splendid Tonic.

Those who have suffered from the nerve-wracking effects of constant insomnia know that an excellent means of inducing sleep without the use of drugs is to take light, nourishing food just before going to bed. Ovaltine is a splendid tonic for this purpose, for it is very wholesome and easily digested, and, moreover, it is an ideal nerve food, containing the strength-giving properties of barley malt, creamy milk, and eggs. After a hard day's work a cup of Ovaltine is a wonderful restorative, and it is to be had in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. tins from any grocer. Children, who are often difficult to please where tonics are concerned, welcome Ovaltine on account of its delightful flavour, and no better body and brain-building food could possibly be found for them.

E. A. R.

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The intriguing variety of tasteful designs in the Jewellery Salon at Harrods makes your choosing, whether for presentation or for personal adornment, as easy as it is delightful.



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The charming Tea Frock illustrated has been especially designed for this season. It is cut on most graceful and becoming lines, and made by our own workers from rich quality silk georgette, and is typical of the many attractive and inexpensive Tea Frocks we have now in stock.

SIMPLE PLEATED TEA FROCK (as sketch) in rich quality pure silk georgette, falling in set of three vandyked frills, plain "v" shaped piece of georgette at neck, and a "v" shaped opening over arms, finished belt of dainty ribbon to match or in a contrasting shade. In black, jade, reseda, sage, lemon, salmon, tan, yellow, flame, cyclamen, ivory, and other fashionable colours.

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The Cigarette with the Pedigree.



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W. M. Thackeray — The Virginians Chapter 1.

Tobacco and Virginia - inseparable terms and in particular inseparable from Thackeray and the "Three Castles" Brand of which he wrote in "The Virginians". And here in the person of Henry Esmond Warrington Esq., is a link with the old and the new - a link of which every "Three Castles" Cigarette is a symbol. Rich in quality and full of dignity in the "pedigree" - typical of the sterling worth of an English ancestry and an honourable House.

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better Brand than the "THREE CASTLES"

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T. C. 64.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

ANTHROPOLOGY AND THE RULE OF NATIVE RACES.

THOSE who are responsible for the administration of our Colonies are beginning, at any rate, to realise that the normal standards of British justice cannot be applied to the native races under our rule. As was pointed out by the late Dr. W. H. R. Rivers, one of the most distinguished anthropologists of our time, it is to the injudicious way in which white officials, missionaries, and traders have treated native customs and beliefs that we must ascribe the dying out of these "children of nature." It is not, as is generally contended, that they have succumbed to diseases and poisons introduced with an alien civilisation, so much as to a mental paralysis. We have bemused them with our strange standards of right and wrong, and have thereby sapped the will to live; we have sapped their vitality. Every native custom, however unreasonable it may appear to us, has arisen in response to the needs of the human being in relation to his environment.

Here and there, wise governors have realised this fact, and have tempered their rule accordingly. To ensure an increase in the number of such administrators, the Royal Anthropological Institute have urged time and again that all Civil servants who are appointed to the charge of native races should first undergo a training in anthropology, to fit them for the difficult task before them.

"In this wise spirit," we have just been reminded, Mr. J. H. P. Murray, Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, is administering Papua, and what was formerly German New Guinea. In his last report to the Commonwealth of Australia, he announced his appointment of a Government anthropologist and an assistant anthropologist. The report which they have just issued makes good reading. But it shows, if I may venture to say so, one defect, which needs to be seriously considered.

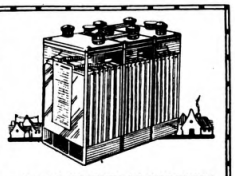
It is based upon ethnological, rather than upon somatological data. That is to say, "physical anthropology" apparently entered into their investigations only in so far as purely superficial characters are concerned—the colour of the skin, the quality of the hair, and the stature. On these three factors they have made an analysis of the composition of the native population of New Guinea, in which they find three elements. The original inhabitants, they hold, were Negritos, a short and dwarfish race, low in culture, and allied to the Negritos of the Andaman Islands, of the Malay Peninsula, and of various islands of the Pacific. "Later, in prehistoric times," we are told, "a taller, and fairly dark race of 'Papuans' invaded the territory, driving the pigmies to the hills. Still later there arrived a straight-haired and lighter race, generally known as the 'Melanesians.' They were probably the first seamen of the Pacific, and arrived in outrigger canoes," a form of craft unknown to the earlier inhabitants. Since they do not seem to have brought their womenfolk with them, they interbred with the Negritos and 'Papuans,' producing the mixed race of to-day." I venture to suggest that a more extensive study of the physical characters, and especially of the skull, would have very materially modified these conclusions. And this because, just seven years ago, it fell to my lot to have to make a report on the natives of Dutch New Guinea, based largely upon a collection of skulls made by the Wollaston Expedition, and supplemented by data derived from skulls in the British Museum, the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, and the University of Cambridge.

(Continued overleaf.



WHERE THE KING PLANTED AN OAK AND THE QUEEN A COPPER BEECH: THEIR MAJESTIES IN A GROUP AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AT CIRENCESTER.

The King and Queen on April 12 visited the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, recently reopened after having been closed for seven years owing to the war. It was incorporated under Royal Charter in 1845. Our photograph shows (l. to r.): Seated—the Earl of Ancaster, Lady Bertha Dawkins, Lady Marling, the Countess of Suffolk, Lord Bledisloe (Chairman of the Governors), Countess Bathurst, the King, the Queen, Earl Bathurst, the Hon. Mrs. Ben Bathurst, Lady Bledisloe, Mrs. F. W. B. Cripps, Lady Weigall, and Mrs. Dunstan. Standing—Major R. Seymour, Colonel Clive Wigram, Colonel Sir P. Marling, V.C., Professor M. J. R. Dunstan (Principal), Sir Robert Sanders, Bt. (Minister of Agriculture), Lord Apsley, and the Hon. Ben Bathurst.—[*Photograph by W. Dennis Moss, Cirencester.*]



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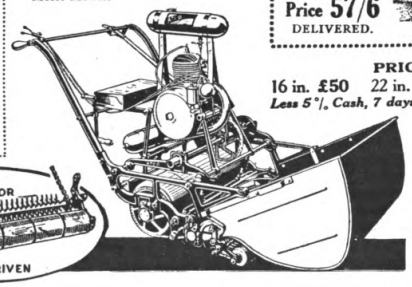
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"I have had the 'Atco' Mower since June, 1921, and have cut over half an acre a week in the season. . . . The condition of it is equal to new and I would not be without it at treble the cost."
A. Openshaw, Esq.

"Your Mower gives me every satisfaction, and with it a boy does the work easily of a man, boy and pony combined."
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"My lawns are extensive, with some steep slopes down to the river. From being a constant source of worry your 'Atco' has made them a pleasure. I have now had the 'Atco' in use for two summers."
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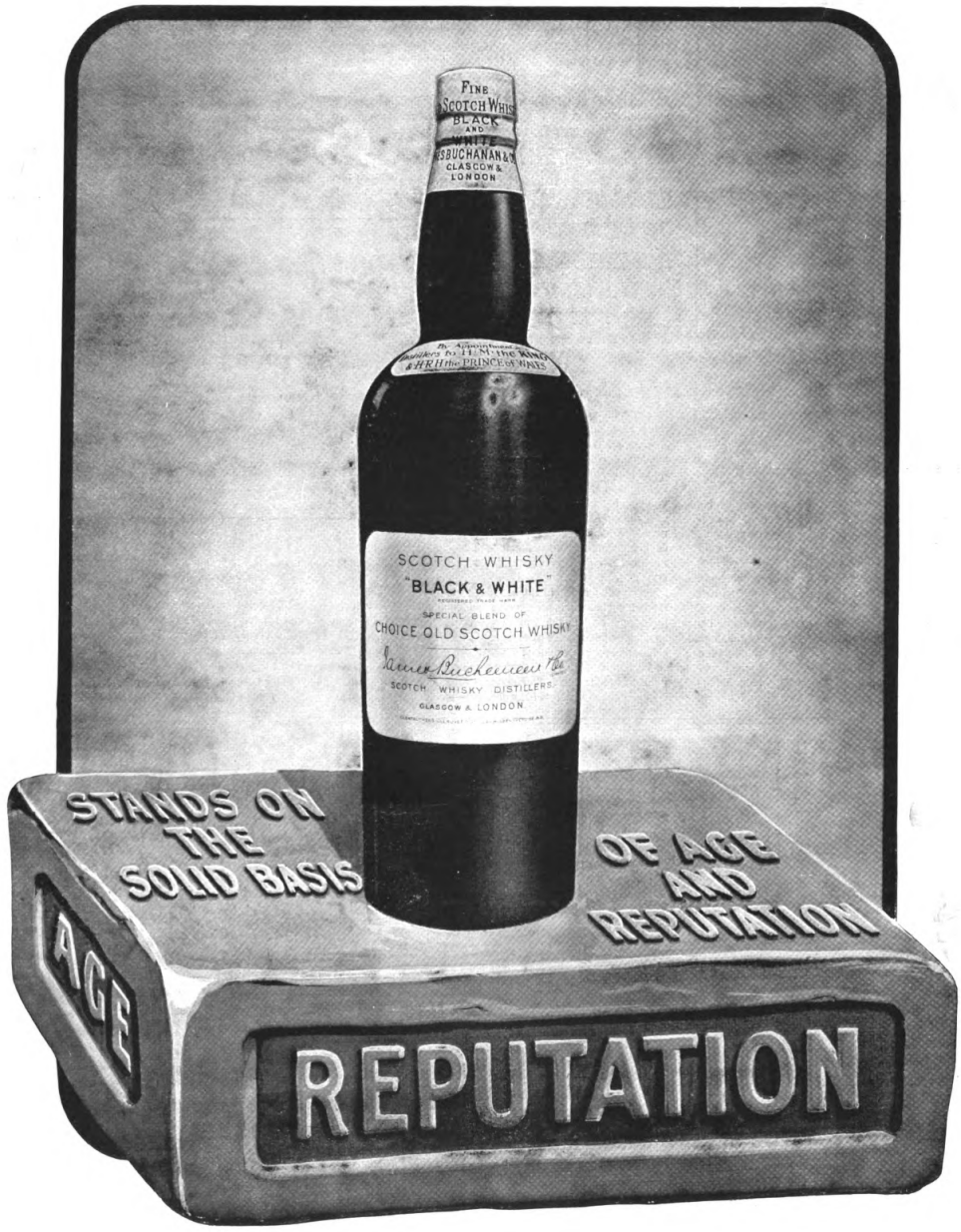
It gives a straight edge by the actual continuous 'shears' action, working with great speed and simplicity.

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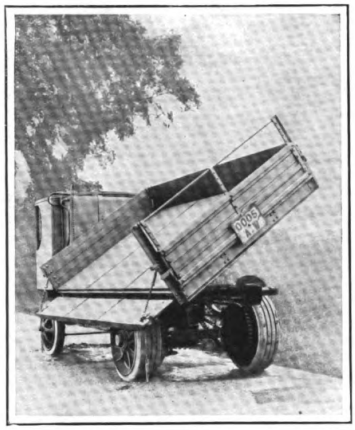
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Continued.]

The report of Dr. W. M. Strong, the anthropologist appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, confirms my contention that the aboriginals of New Guinea were "Negritos." But there seemed to be



MOUNTED ON A SUPER-SENTINEL STEAM-DRIVEN CHASSIS: A USEFUL FORM OF TIPPING-WAGON.

conclusive evidence to show that, at some very remote period, these pigmies had been swamped by an invading race, represented to-day by the inhabitants of the Utakwa River. They are a remnant of a Dravidian stock. But these Utakwa people showed unmistakable traces of Tasmanian blood. How and when these Tasmanians entered New Guinea has yet to be discovered. They can be traced, however, not only through New Guinea, but also across Australia into Tasmania, where they were exterminated by the white settlers. A fourth and quite distinct element is unmistakably present in New Guinea to-day, and this is the Polynesian, of which no mention appears in this report. Physically this Polynesian element is quite distinct from the Utakwa people, and the skull is no less readily separable. Finally, we have what I have called the "Purari-Australoid type." This was probably formed by a blend of the Utakwa type with the Australian aboriginal, who passed through New Guinea on the way to Australia. Those who are content to employ only "ethnological" data in their analysis of races—that is to say, data derived by combining observations made upon such superficial characters as the colour of the skin, hair and eyes, and the stature, with tribal customs, religious beliefs, and arts—are building upon a very insecure foundation. They must inevitably miss vital clues to the problems they are striving to unravel. The data derived from the study of physical anthropology must always form the foundation on which all investigations into the history of peoples must be built up. Religious rites, marriage customs, arts and crafts, and language are matters which have evolved out of this inter-mixture of successive invasions of alien peoples.

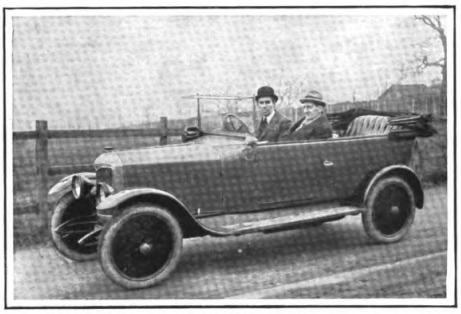
Of this much I was convinced in my search for evidence of the typical "Polynesian," in the course of my work on the natives of New Guinea. The text-books told me no more of these people than the colour of the skin, hair, eyes, and the stature. So there was nothing for it but to set to work to discover for myself "Who were the Polynesians?" But that is another story, which I must reserve for another occasion.

As a further illustration of the futility of depending upon the ethnological side alone—the superficial bodily characters, in combination with the customs, language, arts and crafts—one may take the common practice of calling the natives of Torres Straits "Papuans." They are nothing of the sort. They are Australian. It is only in this very matter of arts and crafts and customs that they show any evidence of "Papuan" influence, and this is due solely to their close proximity to New Guinea. Thus, then, it seems clear that the official recognition of the value of "anthropology" as a factor in the right government of native races needs adjustment. "Anthropology" must no longer be confused with "ethnology."—W. P. PYCRAFT.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Trials and Tribulations.

Whenever I have discussed the question of reliability trials, I have endeavoured to emphasise the point that until the motor-car arrives at a state of absolute perfection—which it obviously never will do—the holding of reliability trials must be not only defensible, but even necessary. The motor-car as we know it to-day has been very largely evolved through the process of trial and error. It is only by trial that we discover errors either in design or in material, and are thus able to eliminate the causes which militate against the reliability of the whole. Lest those who hold that such trials are redundant should be disposed to argue without the book, so to say, it is useful occasionally to glance at the results which are attained in long-distance road trials, which are not by any means



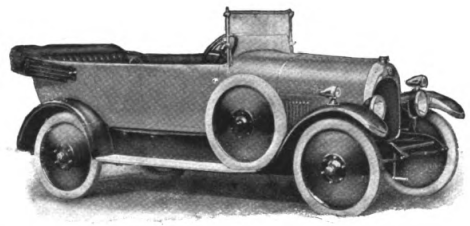
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to be compared with racing. These trials are designed as far as possible to reproduce touring conditions, admittedly of a severe kind, but, nevertheless, conditions which are likely to be met with in the course of ordinary road travel. The recent London—Land's End event supplies many cases of failure which go to point the moral that we are still in process of discovering

Continued overleaf.





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Continued.]

errors and endeavouring to remedy them. No fewer than 119 cars started, and the very large number of 29 failed entirely to finish — that is to say, the astonishingly high proportion of 25 per cent. failed on this comparatively short journey of about 400 miles. It has also to be borne in mind that most of the cars taking part were picked vehicles, driven by picked drivers. Over and above the absolute failures, of the 90 cars that actually finished, only 53 performed sufficiently well to qualify for the award of gold medals. So far as it is possible to discover, the chief mechanical weaknesses disclosed were engine failures, clutch trouble, and brakes, in the order named. It is quite unnecessary, however, to go into the detailed causes of failure. It is sufficient to point out that, good as the modern motor-car undoubtedly is, it is still a very long way from being the perfect mechanism we should like to see it.

Thermostat Control.

Very few cars are properly cooled, having regard to the variations in weather and temperature to which this climate is subject. Overcooled in winter, or hopelessly undercooled in summer, are the two extremes of criticism which one often hears levelled against many cars. My present car is very much overcooled. Even without the fan belt, in summer the water never rises to a sufficiently high temperature to ensure the maximum efficiency of the motor. This means that during the winter months one is running with a practically cold engine unless a portion of the radiator is blocked out. I have three sheets of tin which I use to assist the cooling—a large one for the winter, a medium-sized for between seasons, and a comparatively narrow strip for the summer. The car is designed primarily for use in very hilly country, where, no doubt, its very large radiating capacity and efficient water-pump would be a blessing. In this comparatively flat country of ours it is rather the reverse. Still, I would rather have it thus than like some cars I know, which are almost always on the boil. In some of the more expensive cars the difficulty has been overcome by the fitting of a thermostat to control the water circulation; but until quite recently this form of control was not available for use on the ordinary car as delivered by its makers. My attention has been called to a device called the "Sylphon," manufactured by the Delco-Remy Company, well known as lighting and ignition specialists. This is a simple form of thermostat which can be fitted without the aid of skilled labour to almost any car which is normally overcooled. (Obviously, where undercooling is the trouble, no check to the circulation is desirable.) I intend to instal one of these devices, and shall have more to say about its efficiency when I have tried it. In the meantime, however, and with summer approaching, many will be glad to hear that such a form of control is now available and is so easily installed.



ACQUIRED BY THE MANCHESTER DIOCESAN BOARD OF FINANCE: THE RUINS OF WHALLEY ABBEY—THE SCRIPTORIUM.

The ruins of Whalley Abbey, a Cistercian foundation dating from 1296, and latterly owned by Mr. J. Travis-Clegg, have been bought by the Manchester Diocesan Board of Finance. Whalley is some 3½ miles from Clitheroe, in Lancashire. The church was originally founded in 628, and was rebuilt in 1100. [*Photograph by Sport and General.*]

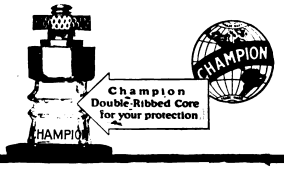
Steam and the Heavy Vehicles.

Appreciable advances in steam-wagon design have been made since hostilities terminated. War experience with heavy lorries showed that the methods of automobile engineering are sound and to be relied upon, and steam engineers are now inclined to adopt them. Hence, in the design of post-war steam-wagons, we find the acceptance of petrol-vehicle practice—as, for instance, in working to close limits, in standardisation, and in the enclosing of gearing and moving parts and their immersion in oil baths. Thus, in the new Super-Sentinel six-ton steam-wagon, shown to and demonstrated before a party of experts on Thursday last, the differential gear formerly connecting the halves of the back axle is now incorporated in the crank-case of the engine, being, by the way, original in its form; whilst, instead of a rear live axle driven by a single chain, two chains transmit the drive from the crank-shaft (through the self-contained differential gear) to chain-wheels bolted to the rear wheels. A new boiler, offering the advantage of better water circulation, greater cleanliness, and better fuel economy, has been devised, and the utmost efficiency has been aimed at in every feature of the design of the vehicle. It is claimed for the new Sentinel that, under favourable conditions of load and road, water need only be taken in once in 50 miles, whilst the bunker will hold sufficient fuel for 150 to 200 miles, the fuel cost being a penny per vehicle-mile with Welsh coal at 37s. per ton, and even less on coke or on a cheaper kind of coal. Experience has shown that 1·8d. per ton mile is the cost of transport by a Sentinel.

The Sentinel Works, with the new machine shop and new body shop now being put into use, will have an output capacity of fifty steam-wagons per week. Hitherto, the maximum output attained has been thirty-two. That steady progress has been made by the company is shown by the fact that the Sentinel wagon was first produced at the rate of one or two per month in 1906, by the old-established firm of Glasgow engineers, Alley and McLellan, Ltd., whereas it has now reached the figure mentioned. Adjoining the company's works at Shrewsbury is a garden city of a hundred houses, erected for employees, four hundred houses being embraced in the scheme. From the works a constant supply of hot water is conveyed in jacketed pipes to every house; whilst electric current for lighting and heating the estate is produced in the company's power-house.

W. W.

On page 632 of this number appears a photograph titled as "The Winner of the Ladies' Race at the Essex Point-to-Points: Miss Avila on her Western Maid taking the Water-Jump." After the section containing this page had gone to press and it was impossible to alter it, the photographers informed us that they had incorrectly named the rider and the horse. The photograph really shows Miss Joan Parry, who, as stated in our note below the picture, came in second.



A64 Metric
Price 5/-

Motor-Car Owners Now Buying Sparking Plugs By The Set.



Formerly sparking plugs were bought as actually required, one or two at a time. Shrewd car-owners found that new plugs and old plugs in the same engine made a difference in individual cylinder power and was the cause of many engine troubles, due to faulty ignition.

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Probably no plug ever will be made that is entirely immune from deterioration in such service as a sparking plug must perform, but Champion has gone a longer distance in that direction.



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CHAMPION

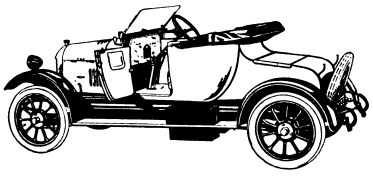
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COWLEY, OXFORD.

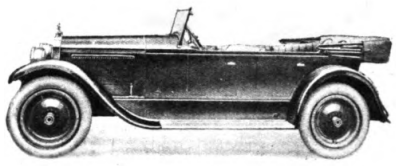


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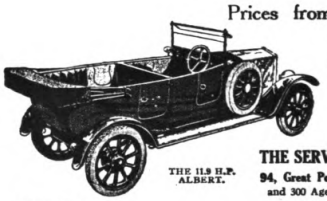
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A CAMBODIAN DANCER'S PILGRIMAGE TO ANGKOR.

(*See Illustrations on Pages 646-647.*)

"GOOD-MORNING, Monsieur; how are you?"

"Very well, Mademoiselle, thank you."

I had hesitated before replying, as I was surprised to hear a young Cambodian speak such good French. They were in a cart, which our car had all but upset on the road which led us from Pnom Penh to Ankgor. The familiar tone of the young woman seemed to suggest that she knew me personally, and I was embarrassed to find that I could not remember her, so took refuge in diplomacy to get out of this difficult situation.

"You speak French like a Parisian, Mademoiselle; it is marvellous."

"Have I not taken advantage of your lessons?"

"Of my lessons?"

"I see you do not recognise me. It is true that I have grown during the last ten years. *Kandali*—does not that name mean anything to you, Monsieur?"

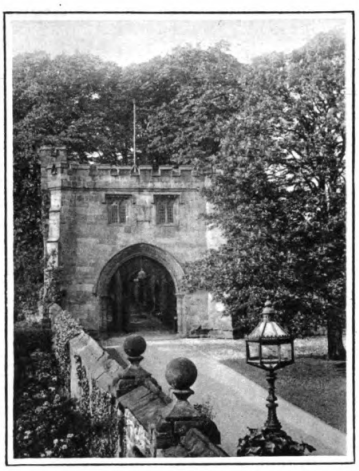
"Kandali. Are you little Kandaliette? But, of course, I remember now. You are my little Kandaliette with whom I exchanged French lessons for Cambodian lessons. And I am delighted to meet you."

Ten years ago I had started my career as a Colonial official at Pnom Penh, the capital of Cambodia, and I had in my service the father and mother of Kandali, who was then a charming little girl of between eight and nine. After a sojourn in France and several years service at Tonkin, I took up a newly created appointment at Pnom Penh, and now I was taking advantage of a tour of inspection to see the celebrated ruins of Angkor Vat.

"If I can trust my memory, Kandali," I remarked, "your ambition when you were little was to become a dancer, and in that capacity to be attached to the King's Court?"

"It is an ambition I hope to realise soon," she declared, not without pride.

She went on to tell me that she had studied, and that she would shortly be examined to decide whether she would be admitted to the royal *corps de ballet* or not. Her examiners would be old dancers belonging to the Court. Following an ancient custom which has come into fashion again during the last twenty years, she was making a real choregraphic pilgrimage in going to Angkor Vat, with some other young girls whose ambition it also was to become royal dancers. That tradition may be regarded as being either touching or silly; it all depends whether you look at it from the European or Oriental point of view. By executing sacred dances on the threshold of the venerable temple, which reminds the natives of the past splendour of their race, the little Cambodian dancers are convinced that they are fulfilling an act of piety, which will ensure them the protection of the good goddesses and the realisation of their hopes.



POSSIBLY TO BE THE "PALACE" OF THE NEW BISHOP OF BLACKBURN: THE ABBOT'S HOUSE AT WHALLEY ABBEY—THE NORTH-EAST GATEWAY.

The North-East Gateway at Whalley Abbey leads to the Abbot's House, where lived John Pastew, the last Abbot of Whalley, who was executed on March 10, 1537. It is reported that the house may become the residence of the new Bishop of Blackburn.

Photograph by Sport and General.

I made up my mind to witness the mystic dances of Kandali and her companions on the morrow, but I had counted without the slowness of their carriage. Whereas our motor made the journey in six hours, they only got to the ruins two days later. Luckily, my inspection had kept me pretty long at Nakhor Thom, a neighbouring locality, and I was back at Angkor Vat in time to see the arrival of the cart, and to help the old and young pilgrims to alight.

The troupe consisted of four dancers, two old women (venerable matrons expert in the art of costume and make-up), and two little girls who had in their charge the indispensable accessories—diadems of gilded bronze, metal masks, heavy necklaces and pendants, and other objects. A chest of teak wood contained all that was required to paint the dancers' faces.

The company took possession of a spacious hut which the French authorities have erected in the vicinity of the ruins for the use of Cambodian pilgrims. Beside it is a more comfortable house for European tourists. It was in the hut that the dancers changed their costumes, but for some reason—probably an old custom—they finished dressing and made themselves up on the actual threshold of the pagoda, in a little courtyard where the priestesses of Angkor probably danced in far-off days when this majestic building was visited by thousands of worshippers.

At last, after the matrons had fixed the tiaras with their long gilded points on the heads of the dancers, the ceremony began. Great knowledge of the religious traditions of the Cambodians would be required to describe accurately and to interpret the dances and miming which now took place. Several episodes represented the eternal combat between the Spirit of Good and the Spirit of Evil. Kandali—who, in spite of her sex, represented a hero—had a fierce duel with a masked companion who played the part of a demon, and whom she vanquished after very complicated steps.

I was much more impressed by some miming which the four dancers displayed in the principal courtyard of the pagoda, in front of a bas-relief which is said to date from the first century of the Christian era, and represents dancers. I was struck by the similarity of pose between the living dancers and those portrayed in stone. Did they copy them, or were they merely following a tradition of nearly twenty centuries? Both suppositions are admissible.

A few months later I was informed that the pilgrimage had been successful. Mlle. Kandali and her three companions passed their examinations brilliantly, and now belong to the *corps de ballet* of his Majesty King Sissowath of Cambodia.

And I rejoiced for Kandali, who has realised the dream of her life.

V. FORBIN.



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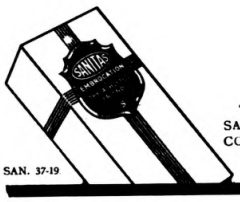
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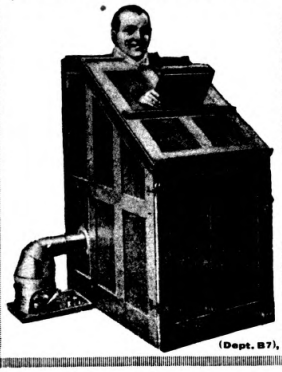
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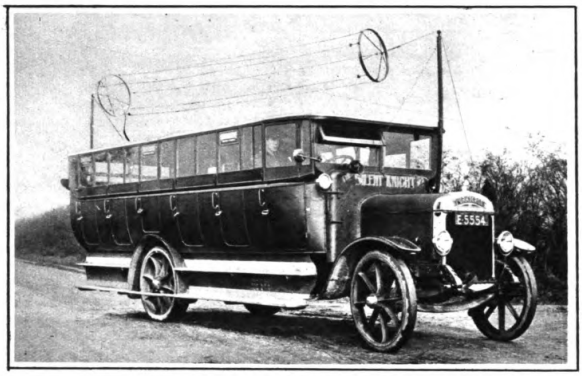
J. FOOT & SON, Ltd.,

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RADIO NOTES.

TO those who have followed the history and development of broadcasting, it seems incomprehensible that there should be numbers of people who, having succeeded in constructing a home-made receiving-set, feel that that fact justifies listening-in free of charge, or nearly so, to the daily entertainments by radio-telephony. When broadcasting commenced last November, an agreement between the Postmaster-General and the British Broadcasting Company was published, and the chief conditions were defined clearly—the B.B.C. would supply regular entertainment provided that the public bought receiving-sets labelled "B.B.C." Graded royalties on such sets, and five shillings from every "Broadcast" and "Experimental" License, were the only sources relied upon to finance the cost of broadcasting. There was no question of a monopoly being created by a few firms, for every British manufacturer of wireless material was invited to become a member of the B.B.C. Upon discovery of the ease with which it is possible to construct simple receiving-sets, thousands of the public endeavoured to obtain "Wireless Experimental Licenses," at a cost of ten shillings, which, if granted to every applicant, would have entailed considerable loss of revenue to the funds necessary for the expenses of broadcasting. What many people failed to understand was that wireless experiments constitute something greater than listening to broadcast entertainment. Whether a person has been skilful enough to construct a home-made receiving-set for a few shillings, or at a cost of many pounds, that fact in no way entitles him to enjoy entertainment supplied at the expense of others. Anyone, if he chooses, may buy or make and assemble the parts of a gramophone; but unless he buys records or is given them, the machine itself is of no use. In like manner, home-made receiving-sets would be of little interest if broadcasts were not available.

There is no doubt that the daily entertainments provided by the British Broadcasting Company during its existence of six months have been highly successful. That they have aroused the interest of the public at large is shown by the thousands of masts and aerial wires which have sprung up in cities, towns, and villages all over the country. Almost everyone in the land has an equal opportunity to listen-in to one or other of the six transmitting stations. With the increased popularity of broadcasting, prices of receiving-sets have been reduced, and it is now possible to obtain reliable crystal sets, complete with telephones, aerial and earth wires, costing as low as £4 5s., including royalties. Single valve sets, complete with batteries, valve, telephones, aerial and earth wires, are obtainable for £10 and under.



FITTED WITH A "CAGE" AERIAL: THE RADIO MOTOR COACH.

It is now possible for those who tour the countryside by motor coach to receive entertainment by radio whilst travelling. Our illustration shows a Thorneycroft motor coach with a "cage" aerial, which receives radio-telephony in conjunction with a four-valve Burndept receiver and loud-speaker.
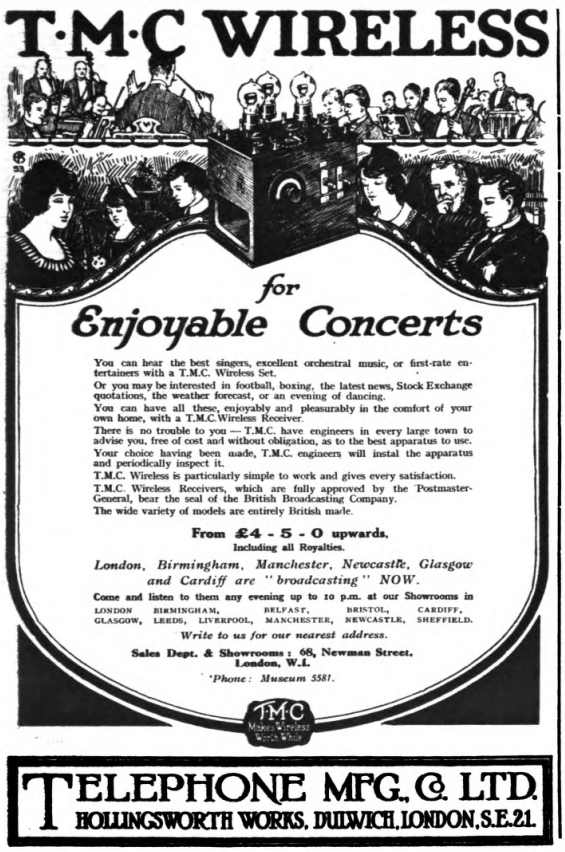
Receiving-sets are available also in the form of graceful cabinets designed to match the furniture of any drawing-room. Such sets are fitted usually, with four valves, which are sufficient to operate a loud-speaking trumpet hidden inside the cabinet behind adjustable louvres for regulating the strength of sound. A "frame" aerial may be fitted within the cabinet, rendering outside aerial wires unnecessary, but if an aerial of the frame type is desired, it is advisable to specify that the first valve should work as a "high frequency" amplifier, to make up for losses which occur by the use of a frame aerial. When turned edge on towards a broadcasting station, a frame aerial will pick up stronger radiations from that station than would be the case if the frame were broadside on to the transmitting station.

This is an important point to remember when deciding upon the position which a cabinet set will occupy in a drawing-room. Another advantage gained by the use of a frame aerial is that atmospherics which occur during hot or thundery weather, do not cause annoyance to the extent they do when receiving on an outdoor aerial.

One or two of the more up-to-date valve sets are arranged with the high-tension battery fitted inside the set, and not as a separate component. The former is a much better method, for not only is it tidier, but it obviates the danger of burning out valves through connecting high-tension battery wires to the valve terminals by accident. The majority of valves work on four or six volts for lighting the filament, and become useless if a greater voltage is applied thoughtlessly. It is a good plan for owners of receiving-sets with separate "h.t." batteries to colour the heads of the "h.t." terminals red, to serve as a reminder when batteries or wires are being changed.

Next Monday, April 23, St. George's Day, will be celebrated by a special radio transmission from "2 L.O." the London broadcasting station. Commencing at 6 p.m., well-known actors and actresses will recite excerpts from a number of Shakespeare's works. On May 1, "2 L.O." will be transferred from Marconi House to a new and larger studio in Savoy Hill, near the Victoria Embankment. To mark the event, the band of the Grenadier Guards will be the great attraction of the evening, and other features of special interest will be transmitted.

W. H. S.





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That's why my cheek isn't so rough as uncle's!

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Wright's does far more for you than keep you clean, my boy, it keeps you healthy as well. It protects you from infectious diseases.

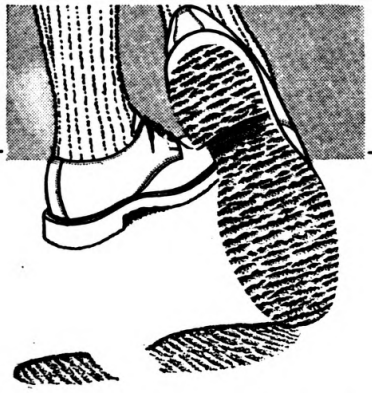
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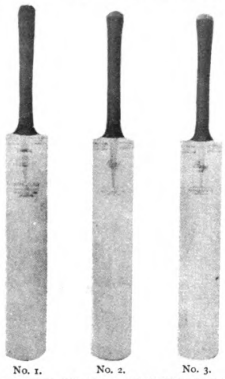
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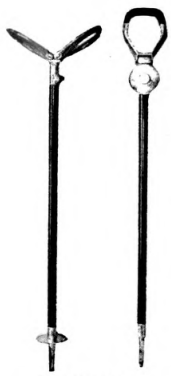
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So far as can be foreseen at present, there is not likely to be any further reduction in the prices of Rover Cars during the 1923 Season.

Catalogue sent post free with pleasure.

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60/61, New Bond Street, London,
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H.P.

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Use Germolene for facial blemishes, red, rough, or chapped skin, eczema, rashes and all ailments of the skin.

INVISIBLE WHEN APPLIED.

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CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

The best and neatest method of preventing laundry losses. Your name is woven on fine cambric tape in fast Turkey Red, Black, Green, Gold, Helio, Sky or Navy Blue lettering.

PRICES
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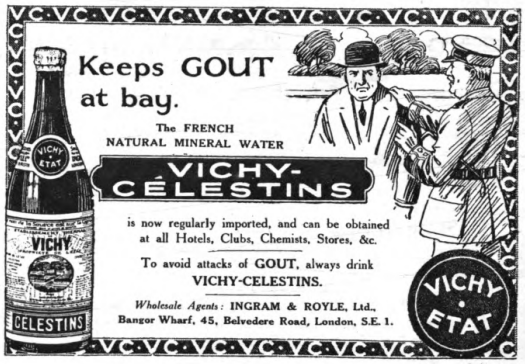
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HENLEY'S GET YOU THERE - AND BACK

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Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

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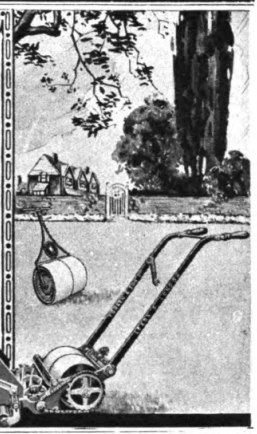
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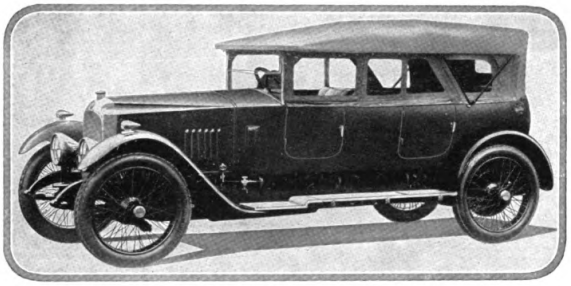
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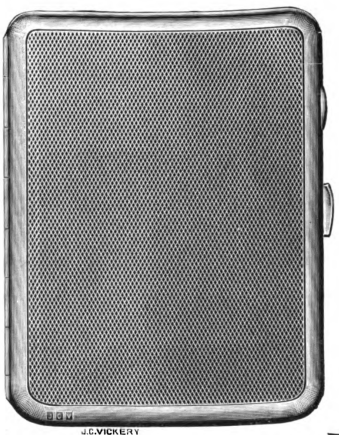
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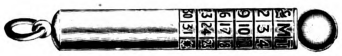
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4–6, Holborn Circus, London, E.C. 1.
for Catalogue No. 18 concerning the Tengor and other Goerz Cameras.

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KNITTED WOOLLEN SUIT, as sketch, made from pure woollen yarn in the open lace stitch, with stripes of contrasting colour. Bound with knitted artificial silk. A very attractive model, in a large range of new season's colours. Can also be had in self colours, including white.

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Write for New Illustrated Brochure, "The Fashion for Knitted Goods," post free.



Value in Hose.

FRENCH SILK HOSE, reinforced feet, thoroughly recommended, with embroidered silk clox, in silver, grey putty, beige, coating, mole, nigger, tan, black, or white. **6/11** per pair

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HENLEY'S HELPS for MOTORISTS



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What's this square of fabric got to do with tyres? Everything—life! This is a sample of the cord that is used in Henley Tyres—made from finest long staple Egyptian Cotton, woven into cords of amazing strength. If you like detail, let me explain that this fabric is "warp" only — the strands are parallel—there's no "weft," no friction. The strands are impregnated with rubber—embedded in it. The tyre is built up of transverse layers of this cord, forming a solid wall of strength—friction-free, smooth and practically impregnable. That's *one* reason for the merits of

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HENLEY'S GET YOU THERE - AND BACK

Henley's Tyre & Rubber
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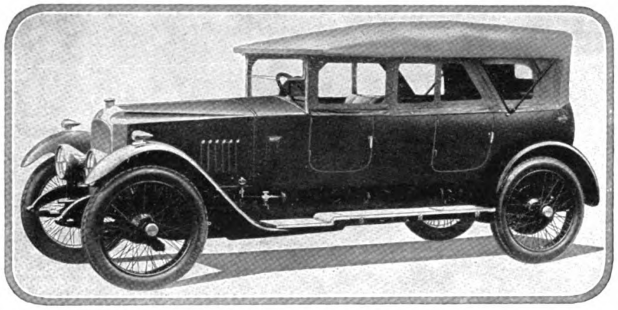
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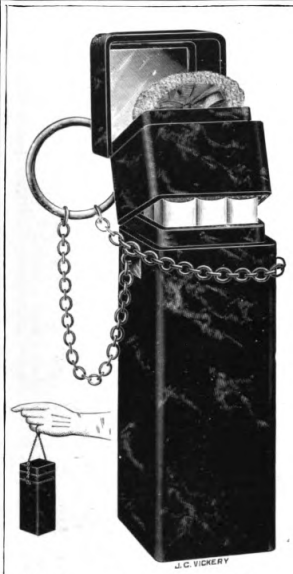
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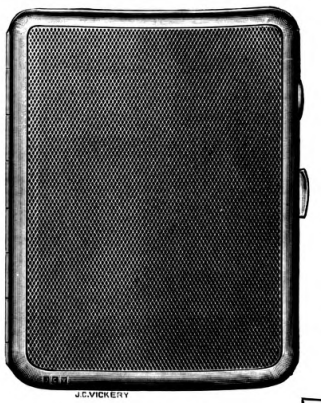
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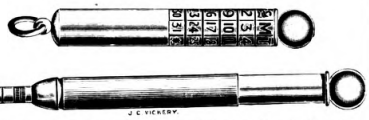
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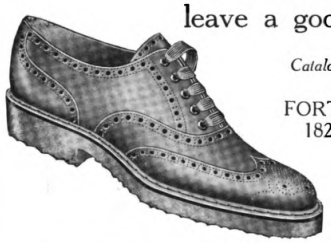
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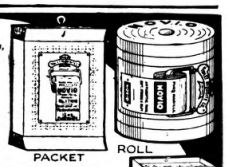
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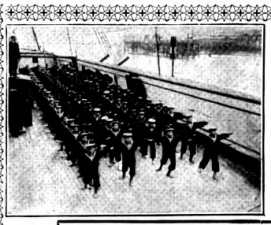
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Our experience teaches us which are good Cars and which are inferior. Our judgment may always be relied upon, because as open Agents we can sell *any* make of car. For instance, if you want a family touring-car with a wonderful reputation for reliability, you could not do better than

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HOUSEHOLD SIZE 3/-





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THE ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1923.

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A CHILD OF DESTINY: THE DUKE OF YORK'S BRIDE, LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON, AT THE AGE OF FOUR, WITH HER BROTHER DAVID, AGED THREE.

This charming record of the bride's childhood recalls some reminiscences of her early days given by her father, the Earl of Strathmore, when her betrothal to the Duke of York was announced. "I find," he said, "that Lady Elizabeth is most popular with all the tenants [i.e., of the Earl's Hertfordshire estate at St. Paul's Walden Bury] and the villagers of Whitwell. They have known her since she first came there as a baby of less than a year old. . . . In her earliest days . . . Lady Elizabeth was always sedate and restrained. She was always more interested in her dolls' houses and her dolls than in how to tease the workmen on the estate and her tutors. Not that she was above childish mischief, as many of the tenants will tell you, but she always preserved a sedate demeanour." She was born in 1900, and her youngest brother, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, in 1902.

PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE.

INCLUDING GIFTS OF SILVER AND GOLD: ROYAL AND

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY W. E. GRAY; NO. 14 BY HALL AND RUSSELL; OTHERS BY COURTESY O



FROM ROYAL RELATIVES AND FRIENDS AND PUBLIC BODIES: NOTABLE

The Duke of York and his bride expressed a preference for gifts of furniture, and many of the presents, it will be noted, were chosen in accordance with this very sensible desire. Those illustrated above are from (1) The Civil Service Sports Council (mustard and pepper pots); (2) The Princess Royal (a gilt clock); (3) The King and Queen of Denmark (a porcelain lamp); (4) Coutts's Bank (an antique Parliament clock of about 1797); (5) The Prince Regent of Japan (one of a pair of vases); (6) The King and Queen and Crown Prince of Norway (gold fruit knives); (7) Twelve City Companies (table silver); (8) The King and Queen (silver candelabra, part of the King's gift to his son, and the Queen's gift to him, consisting of silver baskets and canteens of cutlery); (9) The United Grand Lodge of England (antique silver tray, 30 in. long and weighing 271 oz., by Paul Horr—1813. This tray was supplied by Messrs. Carrington

OTHER PRESENTS TO THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

MESSRS. CARRINGTON AND CO. (No. 9); MESSRS. CATCHPOLE AND WILLIAMS (No. 10); AND THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS CO., LTD. (No. 18).



WEDDING GIFTS TO THE DUKE OF YORK AND HIS BRIDE.—(*See Below.*)

and Co., of 130, Regent Street); (10) The Earl of Strathmore to the bridegroom (one of a pair of silver Monteith Border bowls, with lion mask handles. These bowls were supplied by Messrs. Catchpole and Williams, of 510, Oxford Street); (11) The King and Queen of Spain (a gold cigarette case); (12) King Alexander of Serbia (a gold cigarette-case); (13) The Corporation of Glasgow (part of their gift—a clock); (14) The Mayor, Aldermen and Councillors of the City of Westminster (a silver vase); (15) The Infanta Beatrice and Alfonso of Spain (a green tray with diamond-set arrow); (16) Prince Henry and Prince George (table silver); (17) Australians in London (one of a pair of silver vases); and (18) The Council and Members of the Overseas League, to the Duke as their President (a solid silver tray made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., 112, Regent Street). Our photographs are not all on the same scale as regards sizes.

FURNITURE FAVOURED FOR WEDDING PRESENTS: GIFTS OF

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE



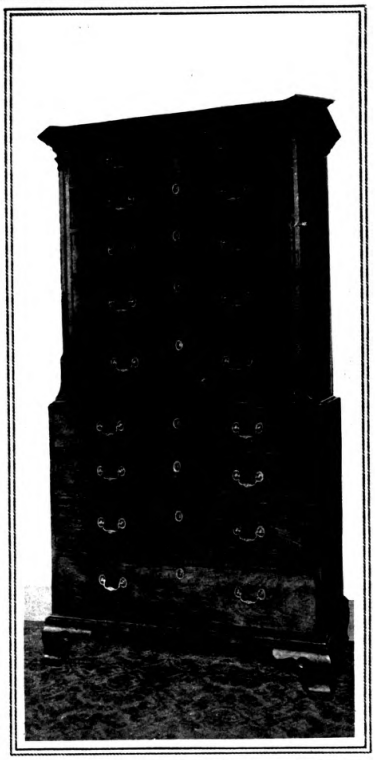
FROM THE KING TO HIS SON, THE DUKE OF YORK: A CARVED MAHOGANY DOUBLE-PEDESTAL WRITING-TABLE OF THE LATER EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



FROM VISCOUNT LEVERHULME: AN OLD CHINESE LACQUER CABINET, ON ANTIQUE ENGLISH STAND OF CARVED GILT WOOD.



FROM THE INDUSTRIAL WELFARE SOCIETY: A CLOCK.



FROM SIR PHILIP SASSOON: A PAIR OF MAHOGANY TALLBOYS OF THE CHIPPENDALE PERIOD.



FROM LORD AND LADY WARING: A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE LACQUER JEWEL CASKET ON QUEEN ANNE STAND CARVED AND GILT.

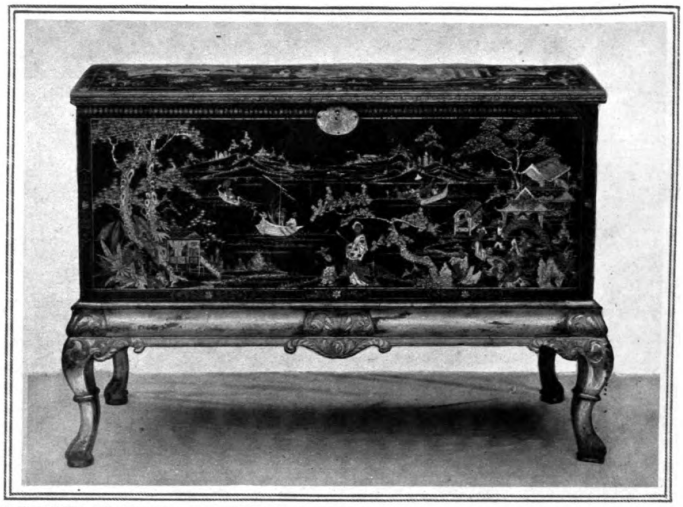
Those who gave articles of furniture as wedding presents to the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon were especially happy in their choice, for both the bride and bridegroom, it is said, whenever they were asked what they would like, invariably replied that they would prefer objects that would be of use to them in the furnishing of their new home. The King, it will be noted, was among the first to gratify their wish by giving his son the handsome mahogany writing-table illustrated above, as well as some table silver. At the same time his Majesty gave the bride a magnificent present of jewellery, of which we give photographs on another page. A group of friends, headed by the Earl and Countess of Derby, combined to make a splendid gift of furniture. The other

THE TYPE PREFERRED BY THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY W. E. GRAY.



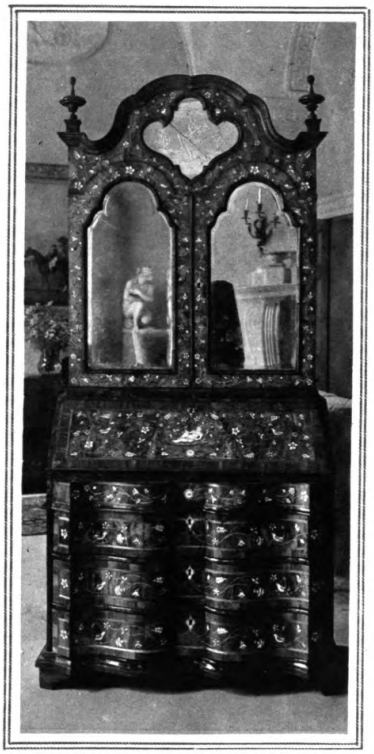
ONE OF THE GIFTS FROM LORD DERBY AND OTHERS (LIST BELOW): A GENTLEMAN'S MAHOGANY WARDROBE.



ONE OF THE GIFTS FROM A GROUP OF FRIENDS (LIST BELOW) HEADED BY THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DERBY: A JAPANESE BLUE LACQUER CABINET ON STAND.



FROM LORD AND LADY WEIR: A CHINESE LACQUER CHEST IN SCARLET AND GOLD.



A PRESENT FROM THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF PORTLAND: AN INLAID CABINET.

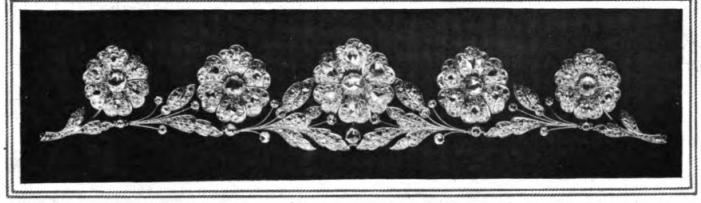


FROM LONDON YORKSHIREMEN: CHIPPENDALE CLOCK.

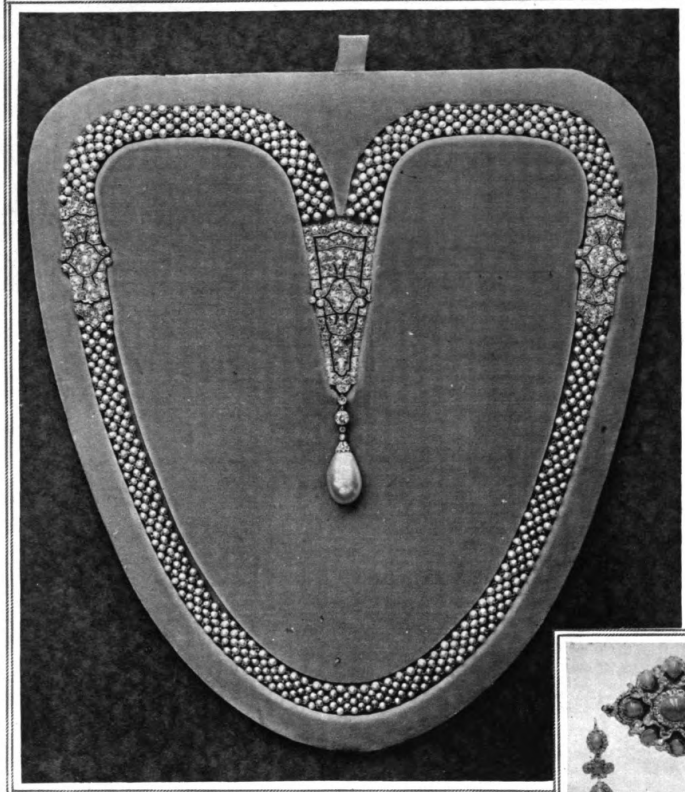
donors in the group were: Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Beckett, Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, Lord and Lady Chesterfield, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Durham, the Hon. Evelyn Fitzgerald, Lord and Lady Granard, the Hon. Walter and Lady Evelyn Guinness, Sir Robert Horne, Lord and Lady Ilchester, Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Lonsdale, Lady Meux, Lord and Lady Mildmay, Lord Charles Montague, Lord and Lady Pembroke, Lord Revelstoke, the Duke of Richmond, Mrs. de Rothschild, Mrs. Sassoon, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and Lord and Lady Wolverton. Before the wedding many of the gifts were placed on view in the Royal Picture Gallery at Buckingham Palace for the inspection of guests at their Majesties' parties.

JEWELS FOR THE DUKE'S BRIDE: ROYAL AND OTHER WEDDING GIFTS.

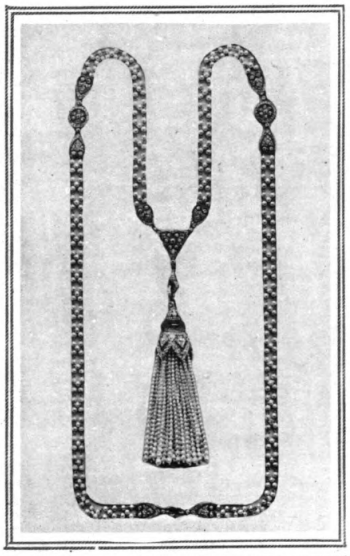
PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 AND 2 BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CATCHPOLE AND WILLIAMS; NO. 3 BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CARRINGTON.
THE REST SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY W. E. GRAY.



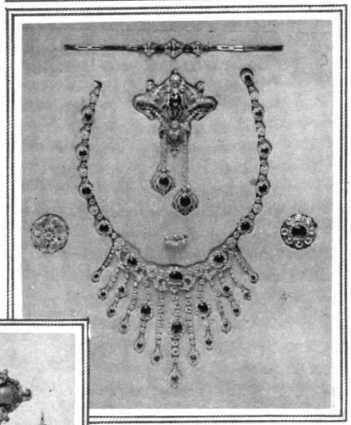
1. FROM THE BRIDE'S FATHER, THE EARL OF STRATHMORE: A DIAMOND BANDEAU OF FIVE ROSES, WITH DIAMOND SPRAYS BETWEEN, FORMING SEPARATE BROOCHES.



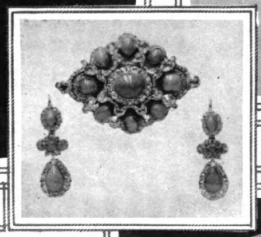
3. FROM THE CITIZENS OF LONDON: A PEARL AND DIAMOND SAUTOIR, WITH FIVE ROWS OF PEARLS MOUNTED ON PLATINUM WIRE, AND DIAMOND END-PIECE.

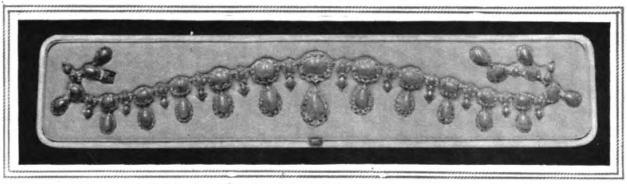


2. FROM THE BRIDE'S MOTHER: A PEARL AND PLATINUM SAUTOIR, WITH DIAMOND MOUNTS.



6. THE QUEEN'S GIFT: A SAPPHIRE AND DIAMOND NECKLET AND SUITE.





4. PART OF THE GIFT OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING TO HIS SON'S BRIDE: A DIAMOND AND TURQUOISE BRACELET.

5. FROM THE KING: A BROOCH AND EAR-RINGS.



7. PART OF THE KING'S GIFT TO HIS SON'S BRIDE: A DIAMOND AND TURQUOISE TIARA.

Wedding presents of the strictly "useful" variety are certainly always very desirable, but few brides would care to dispense altogether with those of the "ornamental" type. The Duke of York's bride was reported to have expressed a preference (in which he shared) for gifts of articles suitable for furnishing their new home. But there is also a "furniture" of a personal kind which no woman will disdain. Jewellery is dear to the heart of every bride, and this fact was not forgotten by the King and Queen, or by Lady Elizabeth's parents, or by the citizens of London. Their Majesties' gifts of jewellery to the bride, as our photographs show, were of great beauty and splendour. In addition, the King gave her an ermine cape, and the Queen an old lace fan with mother-of-pearl frame and handle. The gifts of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore to their daughter were supplied by Messrs. Catchpole and Williams, 510, Oxford Street.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM IN ART: MEMORABLE GIFT PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHS: NOS. 1 AND 2 BY C.N.; NO. 3 BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CATCHPOLE AND WILLIAMS, 510, OXFORD STREET; NO. 4 SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



1. THE BRIDE AS A GREAT ARTIST SEES HER: SARGENT'S STUDY OF LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON, PRESENTED TO HER BY PRINCE PAUL OF SERBIA.



2. THE BRIDEGROOM AS A GREAT ARTIST SEES HIM: SARGENT'S STUDY OF THE DUKE OF YORK, A GIFT TO THE BRIDE FROM THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.



3. THE GIFT OF THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE TO THE DUKE OF YORK: A MINIATURE OF THE BRIDE, BY MABEL HANKEY.



4. A GIFT TO THE BRIDE FROM SCOTTISH RESIDENTS OF TORQUAY AND DISTRICT: A BUST OF HER BY LOUIS F. ROSLYN, R.B.A.

Among the most interesting wedding gifts to the Duke of York and his bride are the various portraits of them, which are memorable not only for their artistic value, but as historical and biographical records. Chief among these are the two studies by the most eminent of living portrait-painters, Mr. John S. Sargent, R.A. Both are gifts to the bride, that of herself from Prince Paul of Serbia, cousin of King Alexander, at whose wedding the Duke of York acted as "Koom," or best man. Sargent's study of the Duke was presented to the bride by the American Ambassador, Colonel George Harvey. The miniature of Lady Elizabeth given by her mother, the Countess of Strathmore, to the Duke of York is the work of Mrs. Mabel Hankey. The frame, of finely wrought silver and gold, ornamented with sapphires, jewelled crown and initials, was designed and made by Messrs. Catchpole and Williams, the well-known jewellers. Mr. Louis F. Roslyn's bust of the bride, presented to her by the Scottish residents of Torquay and district, is to find an ultimate home, it is said, in the Art Gallery of Dundee.

THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, K.G., AND LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON.

By Charles A. H. Franklin, M.R.C.S. (Eng.), F.S.A. (Scot.). Illustrated by H.M. College of Arms, and H.M. Lyon Court.

IT would be hardly possible to let this Royal Wedding pass by without some mention being made of the armorial bearings of the Duke of York and his bride, and how they will be affected by the union.



FIG. I.—THE ARMS GRANTED TO THE DUKE OF YORK: THE ROYAL ARMS "DIFFERENCED," WITH CORONET INSTEAD OF CROWN, AND AN ANCHOR SYMBOLIC OF HIS NAVAL CAREER.

Design by Graham Johnston in Burke's "Peerage," Reproduced by Permission of the Burke Publishing Co.

Arms are the outward and visible sign of nobility; that is, hereditary gentility. The sole criterion of nobility is the lawful bearing of arms, and every man who is lawfully entitled to bears arms is a nobleman, being *nobilis*, or known. The possession of a title alone does not make a man a nobleman.

The nobility of this country, as in all others in Christendom that possess a Sovereign, is divided up into *nobilis maiores* (peers), and *nobilis minores* (baronets, knights, esquires and gentlemen of coat-armour).

The Arms of the Duke of York.

The children of the Sovereign are the only members of an English, Irish, or Welsh armigerous family that do not inherit arms automatically. That is because the Royal Arms are arms of dominion.

The Sovereign bears the Royal Arms, which are standard, the present ones having remained constant since the accession of her late Majesty Queen Victoria (when the inescutcheon of Hanover was removed, owing to the Salic Law); no child or grandchild of the reigning monarch may bear arms until a Royal Warrant has been issued to each one, defining what those arms shall be. The arms granted always take the form of a "differenced" version of the Royal Arms, which are then recorded in H.M. College of Arms, London, in accordance with the wording of the Warrant.

The armorial bearings granted to H.R.H. the Duke of York (Fig. I) consist of "the Royal Arms, differenced by a label of three points argent, the centre point charged with an anchor azure. For a crest he beareth, on a coronet composed of fleurs-de-lis and crosses patée, a lion statant guardant or, crowned with a like coronet, and differenced with a label as in the arms. For supporters, the Royal supporters, differenced with like coronet and label."

In plain language, this practically amounts to the arms as borne by H.M. the King; but the shield, crest and supporters are marked with a silver bar with three tags, the centre tag bearing a little blue anchor (doubtless in allusion to his naval training); and instead of the King's crown, he bears the coronet of a younger son of the Sovereign. As he is a K.G., the shield is encircled by a representation of the Garter the holder wears—a belt of dark blue velvet, edged with gold, ornamented with a heavy gold buckle, and bearing in gold letters of plain Roman character the motto of that most noble order: "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

The Arms of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.

Lady Elizabeth derives her arms (Fig. III.) from her father, the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne. A maiden lady bears her father's arms upon a diamond-shaped figure, called a lozenge; that is, she may bear what is upon her father's shield on a lozenge. No lady may inherit, use, or transmit a crest, nor may she use a helmet, mantling, wreath or motto, because anciently ladies did not take part in battle or in tournaments, and so, to this day, they are only permitted to use the arms.

The Earl of Strathmore's armorial bearings (Fig. II.) are recorded in H.M. Lyon Court, Edinburgh (Herald's College for Scotland), as his is a Scottish noble family, and consist of arms, coronet, helm, crest, wreath, mantling, supporters and motto. The arms (*i.e.*, the shield portion) of Bowes-Lyon afford us excellent examples of canting arms, or *armes parlantes*—a pun upon the name both of Bowes and of Lyon—the blazon being: "Quarterly, in the first and fourth quarters, argent a *lion* rampant azure, armed and langued, within a double tressure flory-counter-flory azure (for Lyon); in the second and third quarters, ermine, three *bows*, strings palewise, proper (for Bowes)." The reason for this quartered coat is because some two hundred years ago, a

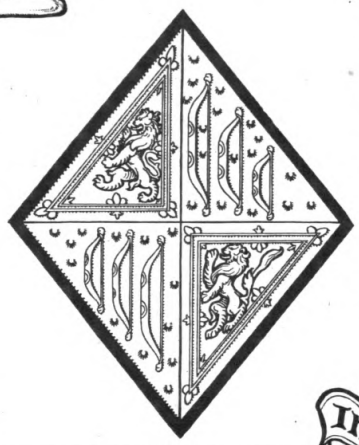


FIG. III.—THE ARMS OF LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON: HER FATHER'S ARMS ON A "LOZENGE," QUARTERED WITH BOWS AND LIONS PUNNING ON THE FAMILY NAME.

Illustrated by His Majesty's College of Arms.

forbear, John, the ninth Earl, married the sole heiress of George Bowes, Esquire, and inherited the estates, whereupon he assumed, by Act of Parliament, the additional name of Bowes, and matriculated in Lyon Register, the coat quartering Bowes.

The armorial bearings of a maiden lady whose father is lawfully entitled to bear arms consist, then, simply of a lozenge, and there is no means of indicating whether her father is a duke, a baronet, or a simple gentleman.

The Armorial Bearings of H.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York. The Arms of Bowes-Lyon and our Royal Arms now Conjoined.

Normally, when two people marry, both of whom possess arms, the arms of the two families are conjoined upon one shield.

If the lady is not an heiress or co-heiress (that is, has a brother or brothers), the shield is divided down the centre. On the dexter side (*i.e.*, the left-hand side of the shield as you look at it on paper, because you have to think of a shield as carried in battle), the husband's arms are depicted, and on the sinister side, the arms of the wife's father. This is called impalement, and is merely a temporary condition, lasting only for the lifetime of the couple, the children inheriting, of course, simply the father's arms.

The shield is surmounted by a helm of his degree, bearing his crest; and flowing from behind the helm, down and around the shield, is the mantling of the livery colours (usually the principal colour and principal metal of the shield).

It may be of interest to note, in passing, that, under modern heraldic rules, there are four grades in helms, namely—

A golden helm with golden grilles, placed affronté (full-faced), for the sovereign and princes of the royal blood; a silver helm with golden grilles, placed in profile, looking towards the dexter side, for peers; a steel helm, with visor raised, full-faced, for baronets and knights; and a steel helm, visor closed, placed in profile, for esquires and gentlemen. No less than three of these are to be seen in our accompanying illustrations. The best authorities and artists alike have been clamouring for the abolition of these position rules for some time, because of the anomalies they produce in heraldic paintings; there is nothing to commend them, and it is hoped that before long they will be officially abrogated.

In the case of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth, the two coats of arms cannot be conjoined by simple impalement upon one shield, for two reasons: firstly, because the Duke is a K.G., which order is personal to himself, and cannot be shared with his wife; and secondly, because he is of the blood royal, whereas she is of merely noble blood, though anciently, in the best period, neither of these points would have proved a bar. Two shields will have to be used, as in the case of Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles.

The married armorial achievement (Fig. V.) of the Duke and Duchess will be as follows: Two shields side by side, slightly inclined towards each other. On the dexter side the Duke's arms, encircled by the Garter; on the sinister side the arms of Bowes-Lyon, encircled by a wreath of oak-leaves (to make the design balance from an artistic point of view); in the centre, immediately above the two shields will be placed the coronet of his rank, surmounted by a helm of his degree, bearing his royal crest; the mantling of his colours will flow from behind the helm, and his supporters, standing upon a compartment (groundwork), one on each side, the lion on the right, and the unicorn on the left, supporting the shields.

(Continued in box on opposite page.



FIG. IV.—THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF LORD GLAMIS, THE BRIDE'S ELDEST BROTHER: HIS FATHER'S ARMS "DIFFERENCED" BY A THREE-POINTED LABEL, WITHOUT CORONET OR SUPPORTERS.

Illustrated by His Majesty's College of Arms.

BRIDAL HERALDRY: "BOWS" AND "LIONS"; ROYAL ARMS "DIFFERENCED."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H.M. COLLEGE OF ARMS AND H.M. LYON COURT, EDINBURGH (HERALDS' COLLEGE FOR SCOTLAND).

Continued.]

THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF LADY ELIZABETH'S BROTHERS.

THE striking differences between English and Scottish Laws of Arms are not too often appreciated. Under the Scottish system, a coat of arms can only be lawfully borne by one man at a time—the head of the family, the heir male—the heir-apparent being permitted to bear his father's arms differenced by a label of three points, during his father's lifetime; but all the unmarried daughters are permitted to bear their father's arms on a lozenge, thus faring better than their younger brothers. Lord Glamis, as the Earl of Strathmore's eldest son, is, I believe, at the present moment, the only one of Lady Elizabeth's brothers entitled to bear arms. He, of course, simply bears an Esquire's achievement, no coronet, peer's helm or supporters being permitted (Fig. IV.). All younger sons are required to matriculate in the Court of the Lord Lyon King of Arms, who then grants to them their father's coat with appropriate heraldic "differences," as cadets, a bordure, or some small mark, being added to the shield, to make it different from that borne by the head of the family. A matriculated coat then descends to the heir male of the matriculee, younger sons again being required to re-matriculate. I understand that Lady Elizabeth's younger brothers have not yet matriculated. In this way, Scottish heraldry has remained the purest in Christendom; but, peculiar and advantageous as it is in some ways, it is doubtful whether it is the system best suited to the present day. There is, indeed, a touch of true romance in seeing the ensigns of nobility of a great Scottish House conjoined with those of a cadet of the Royal House, the second in immediate succession to our Throne.

[*Continued in Box below.*



FIG. II.—THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE EARL OF STRATHMORE: AN "EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF CANTING ARMS OR 'ARMES PARLANTES'—A PUN ON THE NAME BOTH OF BOWES AND OF LYON."

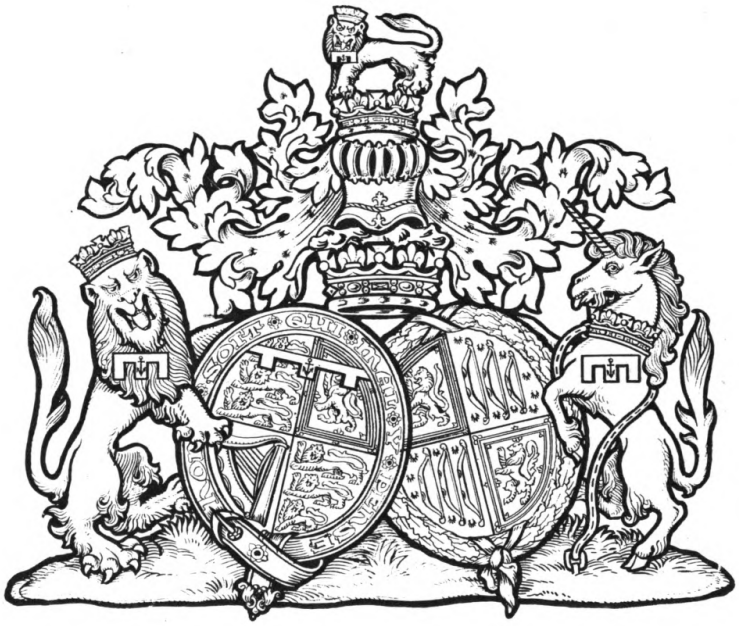


FIG. V.—THE COMBINED COAT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK: TWO SEPARATE INCLINING SHIELDS (AS FOR PRINCESS MARY AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES) INSTEAD OF THE USUAL IMPALEMENT, THE DUKE BEING A K.G. AND OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

Heraldry, which reduces symbolism to an exact science, is a very fascinating subject, both on account of its picturesque designs, colours and archaic language, and of the interest to be derived from tracing the relation between each emblematic variation in a coat of arms and the facts of history or genealogy which it represents. The occasion of the marriage of the King's second son with a daughter of an ancient house of the Scottish nobility has provided the heraldic experts with an unequalled opportunity for exercising their skill. The significance of the armorial bearings of the bride and bridegroom, both before and after their marriage, is explained in the article (begun opposite and continued above) by Mr. C. A. H. Franklin, a well-known authority on the subject of heraldry. He points out many details which might escape the ordinary observer—as, for instance, the "puns" in the Bowes-Lyon arms, the fact that the Sovereign's children do not inherit arms automatically, but have them specially granted, and the restriction of maiden ladies to the use of their father's arms on a "lozenge," without military accessories, because "anciently ladies did not take part in battle or in tournaments."

A HISTORIC HOUSE FOR THE DUKE AND HIS BRIDE: WHITE LODGE.

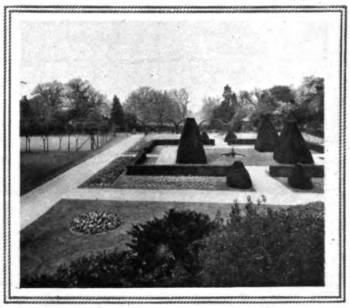
PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



BEARING THE INITIALS OF GEORGE II. AND QUEEN CAROLINE: THE DRAWING-ROOM CHIMNEYPIECE.



A ROOM TO ATTRACT THE NEW POSSESSORS OF WHITE LODGE: THE LIBRARY.



SEEN FROM THE LIBRARY WINDOW: A TENNIS COURT, AND TOPIARY PYRAMIDS.



RICHMOND PARK (FORMED BY CHARLES I.) AND THE PEN PONDS: THE VIEW FROM THE PRINCIPAL BED-ROOM OF WHITE LODGE, ORIGINALLY A HUNTING-BOX BUILT BY GEORGE I. "AS A PLACE OF REFRESHMENT AFTER THE FATIGUES OF THE CHASE."



THE QUEEN'S HOME IN HER GIRLHOOD, AND THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES: WHITE LODGE—THE FRONT ENTRANCE.



COUNTING AMONG ITS FORMER OCCUPANTS QUEEN CAROLINE, QUEEN VICTORIA, AND THE LATE DUCHESS OF TECK: THE BACK OF WHITE LODGE.

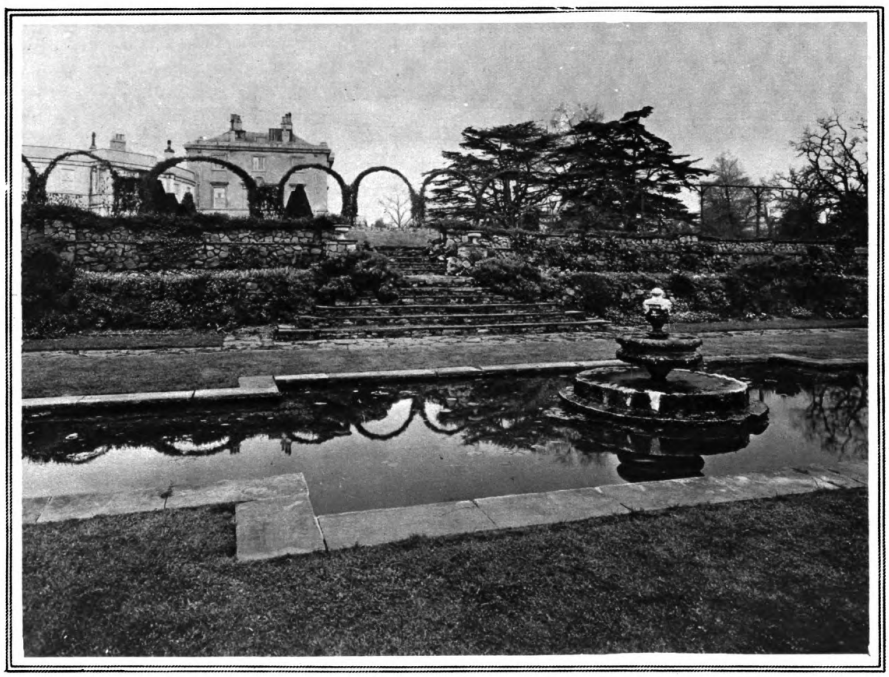
For the Duke of York and his bride their new home—White Lodge—will be a house of many memories. It was there that the Queen spent most of her girlhood, for it was for twenty-eight years the residence of her mother, the late Princess Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. King Edward then lent White Lodge to Mrs. Hartmann, and on her death to Lord Farquhar, then Master of the Household, who has now relinquished his tenancy to the Duke of York. Richmond Park, in which the house stands, was formed by Charles I., and is the largest enclosure of its kind in the kingdom, having an area (including the Pen Ponds) of 2253 acres, and a circumference of nearly nine miles. As mentioned on the other page illustrating the gardens, White Lodge was originally a hunting box of George I., and the present house was built for the Consort of George II., Queen Caroline. It was given by George III. to his Premier, Mr. Addington (Viscount Sidmouth), and later was occupied by George the Third's daughter, Princess Mary Duchess of Gloucester. In 1858 King Edward (then Prince of Wales) went there to study; and in 1861 Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort lived there for several months. Six years later King Edward and Queen Alexandra (then Prince and Princess of Wales) used it for week-end visits. Queen Mary's mother resided at White Lodge from 1869 until her death in 1897.

WHERE JEANIE DEANS MET QUEEN CAROLINE: WHITE LODGE GARDENS.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



ENHANCED IN INTEREST FOR THE DUKE OF YORK'S BRIDE FROM THEIR ASSOCIATION WITH A FAMOUS CHAPTER IN SCOTT, ONE OF HER FAVOURITE NOVELISTS: THE GROUNDS OF WHITE LODGE—THE DUTCH GARDEN.



THE PLACE OF JEANIE DEANS' APPEAL TO QUEEN CAROLINE FOR HER SISTER'S LIFE, IN "THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN": WHITE LODGE AND THE SUNK GARDEN, WITH ITS ORNAMENTAL POND.

Apart from its historical associations with the Duke of York's family and his royal ancestors, White Lodge, to which he will take his bride as their future home, has a place in literature which must appeal to her especially as a lover of Scott's novels. The gardens of the house, it will be recalled, were the scene of the famous chapter in "The Heart of Midlothian" where Jeanie Deans, after her long trudge from Edinburgh, pleaded with Queen Caroline for the life of her sister. It was to that Queen, consort of George II., that White Lodge as it now is owes its existence. She first saw it as a small hunting-box, known as the New Lodge or Stone Lodge, which the Earl of Pembroke had designed for George I. to be "a place of refreshment after the fatigues of the chase." Queen Caroline was charmed with the place, and the present house was built for her, with its fine classical frontage and its beautiful view down the Queen's Drive (named after her), a broad expanse of sward lined with oaks. Queen Caroline was also the originator of the Serpentine in Hyde Park and the lake in St. James's Park.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

THE BRIDEGROOM: HIS CAREER, HIS INTERESTS, AND HIS PUBLIC WORK.

THE royal bridegroom, H.R.H. Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George, Duke of York, K.G., the second son of the King, was born at York Cottage, Sandringham, on Dec. 14, 1895. His early education, like that of his brothers, was superintended by Mr. H. P. Hansell, whose royal pupils early gave promise of developing those splendid qualities of British manhood which distinguish all the King's sons. Prince Albert was destined for the Royal Navy, and went through the usual training at Osborne. At the outbreak of war he was midshipman on board H.M.S. *Collingwood*, and served with distinction, although twice incapacitated from duty by serious illness—a great trial to one so keen in all he undertakes. He was present at the Battle of Jutland, and was commended in despatches by Lord Jellicoe. In 1917 he joined the battle-ship *Malaya*; but the Prince's health made it impossible for him to continue at sea; consequently, he joined the Royal Air Force, in which he qualified as a pilot, and was promoted to the rank of Wing-Commander, and later to that of Group-Captain. At the close of the war he was serving on the Staff of the Independent Force, R.A.F., in France. On Jan. 1, 1921, his appointment to the rank of Commander R.N. was understood to mark the official close of his naval career.

After the Armistice the Prince, together with his brother, Prince Henry, went into residence at Cambridge, where he entered enthusiastically into the work and social life of the University. There was a time when undergraduate Princes lived somewhat aloof, and were hedged about by restrictions of etiquette. But



PERAMBULATOR DAYS: THE DUKE OF YORK (A FEW WEEKS OLD) AND THE PRINCE OF WALES (AGED ABOUT 18 MONTHS) IN 1895.

The Prince of Wales was born on June 23, 1894, and the Duke of York on December 14, 1895.—[*Photograph by W. and D. Downey.*]

Princes Albert and Henry were of the new age; they took their share in sports, and used to ride on their bicycles to lecture, after the free-and-easy manner of their fellows.

Just before he went down in June 1920, the Duke of York attended a dinner given at Emmanuel College in connection with the conferment of honorary degrees on the then Prime Minister and Mr. Bonar Law. Replying to a toast, H.R.H. said he was sorry that that was almost his last evening as an undergraduate at Cambridge. He had enjoyed himself at the university and had benefited by the liberal education he had received there. "On my own and my brother's behalf," he continued, "I wish to thank everyone with whom we have come in contact, from the Vice-Chancellor and masters and tutors down to the proctor's bulldog who once took six-and-eightpence out of me."

At Cambridge Prince Albert's choice of studies indicated his personal interests. He took up history, economics, and civics, and he has since put his knowledge to the most practical use, for he has become a pioneer of Industrial and Civic Welfare. In every movement relating to social betterment he takes a leading hand, and he has proved himself a constructive thinker on these questions. He has paid many visits to the great centres of industry, such as Newcastle, Tyneside, and Sheffield, and has examined not only processes of manufacture and engineering, but the conditions in which the workers live. Nor have these visits been mere ceremonial affairs. Very often, in order to obtain a closer and entirely unhampered view, the Prince has gone incognito to the factory, the workshop, or the mine, and he has frequently put his own hand to the work. Not long ago he drove a railway engine on a stretch of line near London, and his handling of the locomotive was commended by the experts present.

Of a freer intercourse between class and class Prince Albert is a warm advocate. He believes that in the breaking down of artificial barriers lies a key to the solution of many industrial and social problems. In this he has given a striking object-lesson. In the summer of 1921 on his own initiative he organised a seaside camp to which he invited 400 boys, half from the great public schools and half from working-class homes. Under the Prince's personal guidance the boys met in the friendliest spirit, and the experiment proved so successful that H.R.H. repeated it last year.



THE BRIDEGROOM AT THE AGE OF TWO: THE DUKE OF YORK IN CHILDHOOD.

Photograph by Speaight, Ltd.

Prince Albert's public career began in earnest when, on June 3, 1920, he was created Duke of York, Earl of Inverness, and Baron Killarney. From that date onwards the mere list of his public engagements is in itself formidable, to say nothing of the fatigue involved in carrying it out. The Duke of York is as busy a man as the Prince of Wales. Even earlier in the year the list had already been very full, for H.R.H. was attending meetings and delivering speeches in connection with his social work. He was present (to take a few typical instances) at the Boxing Tournament of the London Boy Scouts. He had spoken at Marylebone on Municipal Life, and at the Connaught Rooms on the future of Aeronautics. He had visited the Labour Exchange Centre at Cambridge. In May, at the Royal Academy banquet, he had made a memorable speech on Village Signs, which inaugurated a new movement to promote this form of popular art. Later in the year, at York, he took action in a kindred artistic cause, and spoke on the preservation of the stained glass windows of the Minster. In April he had paid his great visit to Newcastle, and in the same month he began to identify himself prominently with Welfare Work in Industry, on which he spoke at the Grocers' Hall in London. In the work of the Industrial Welfare Society H.R.H. takes the warmest practical interest; he is not content to be a mere figurehead.

On June 24, 1920, the Duke of York took his seat in the House of Lords. During the latter half of the year he spoke at Westminster on Industrial Welfare; at the London School of Tropical Medicine on research in tropical disease; at York on Local Patriotism, and took an active part in the "Our Day" functions of the British Red Cross Society. He opened King George's Home and Institute, Poplar, and the Jubilee Fair of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. In November he unveiled the war memorial to London troops outside the Royal Exchange. This was an exceptional occasion, for H.R.H. had been so much sought after to unveil war memorials that he found himself unable to cope with the invitations.

In February 1921 the Duke of York visited Brussels, where, on behalf of the King, he presented decorations to Burgomaster Max and the Prince de Croy. The same month he was admitted to the United Chapter Rouge Croix of Freemasons, and exalted in United Chapter. In March he presided at the Conference on Industrial Welfare. Among the notable events of that year was the Duke's election to the Jockey Club, which took place on June 30. On the same day he was gazetted a Group-Captain of the R.A.F. With everything that concerns the welfare and progress of aeronautics, both military and civil, his Royal Highness makes himself acquainted, and he loses no chance of furthering the good work, which he has described as a vital link of Empire. The Duke's visit to Sheffield in October 1921 gave him another great opportunity of studying industrial questions at first hand. But he is no "one-subject" man—every form of activity claims his attention. He is a Bencher of the Inner Temple, and President of the Royal Agricultural Society, to which he delivered his first presidential address in July. At the close of the year he attended a meeting at the Queen's Hall to hear the Report of the Mount Everest Expedition.

The engagements of 1922 bear still further witness to the catholicity of his Royal Highness's interests and pursuits. In February he spoke in London on Mr. Balfour's mission to the Washington Conference and on the work of the Metropolitan Police Force. In March he opened the research laboratories of the British Cotton Industry Research Association at Didsbury. In April he undertook another important mission to a foreign Court, when he went to Belgrade to act as "Koom," or sponsor, at the wedding of King Alexander of Serbia and Princess Marie. The same month he spoke in London on trade revival and international peace. In May he paid a visit to the General Post Office to study the working of that Department, and in June he was present at the Air Force Pageant at Hendon. Very soon thereafter he became President of the International Congress on Aeronautics. In July Cambridge conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon the Duke of York. In October his Royal Highness represented H.M. the King at the Coronation of King Ferdinand of Roumania. A week or so before he went to Roumania the Duke of York paid a visit to Glamis Castle, an event of which the happy significance was not then so generally apparent as it is to-day.

With these thronging engagements the Duke contrives to fit in his well-deserved share of recreation. If he is a great social worker, he is also a great sportsman. The early months of 1922 found him hunting with the Pytchley, and towards the close of the season he was with the Belvoir Hounds. He is also a keen hand at tennis, rackets, and polo. He misses few of the greater events of the football world, and is to be found at the University Boat Race. In May 1922 he



THE BRIDEGROOM AS A BABY: THE DUKE OF YORK IN 1896.—[*Photograph by W. and D. Downey.*]

kicked off at the Association Trial Match, and in the same month he played in a tennis tournament in aid of the North London Boy Scouts. He is Patron of the Scottish Golf Union.

The Duke of York is deservedly popular. Like his brother the Prince of Wales, he regards his great position as a public stewardship, for the responsibilities of which he has fitted himself with conscientious toil. His charming personality and good sportsmanship win him friends everywhere, and it is no flattery, but simple truth, to say that Great Britain may count herself fortunate in her Princes.

FROM SAILOR SUIT TO CADET UNIFORM: THE BRIDEGROOM IN BOYHOOD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPEAIGHT, W. AND D. DOWNEY, AND LAFAYETTE.



KNOWN IN THE ROYAL FAMILY AS "BERTIE": THE DUKE OF YORK AS A LITTLE BOY.



THE BRIDEGROOM, HIS SISTER, AND ELDER BROTHER: (L. TO R.) PRINCESS MARY, PRINCE OF WALES, AND DUKE OF YORK.



THE BRIDEGROOM AT TEN YEARS OLD: THE DUKE OF YORK AS HE WAS IN 1906.



AS A CHILD ON HIS MOTHER'S KNEE: PRINCE ALBERT (NOW DUKE OF YORK) AND THE QUEEN.



THE BRIDEGROOM AS A BOY OF SIX OR SEVEN: PRINCE ALBERT (THE DUKE OF YORK) ON HIS PONY—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1902.



AS HE WAS IN 1902: THE DUKE OF YORK ABOUT THE AGE OF SIX.



IN HIS SCHOOL DAYS AT OSBORNE: THE DUKE OF YORK IN NAVAL CADET UNIFORM.



IN HIS "ETON COLLAR" DAYS: THE DUKE OF YORK IN BOYHOOD—AN UNDATED PHOTOGRAPH.

Of the Duke of York's boyhood, before he went to Osborne in 1909, there are some interesting glimpses in a biography of his sister, "Princess Mary," by M. C. Carey, which are recalled by the above photograph showing him with her and the Prince of Wales. We read that the Princess, "born three years after the Prince of Wales and two years after Prince Albert, came right in the middle of the turbulent family of boys, and so was able on the one hand to cope with the younger ones, and, on the other, to enter into all her elder brothers' interests and pursuits." An example of "turbulence" is recorded on a later page. It happened in the return procession after the Coronation in 1911, when the Duke of York drove from the Abbey under very different conditions from those of his wedding. "The Royal children drove through the streets in the State carriage—the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary on the back seat, and Prince Albert, Prince Henry, and Prince George sitting opposite. The story goes that they put Prince George under the seat."

LINKED AGAIN WITH ROYALTY, AS WHEN A LYON WEDDED

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR



WHERE HANGS THE PORTRAIT OF CLAVERHOUSE BY SIR PETER LELY: THE DRAWING-ROOM AT GLAMIS CASTLE.



RICHLY STORED WITH MEDIÆVAL ARMOUR AND HUNTING TROPHIES: THE CRYPT AT GLAMIS CASTLE.



PAINTED BY JACOB DE WET, AFTER CROMWELL'S TROOPS HAD DESPOILED THE CASTLE: THE CHAPEL.

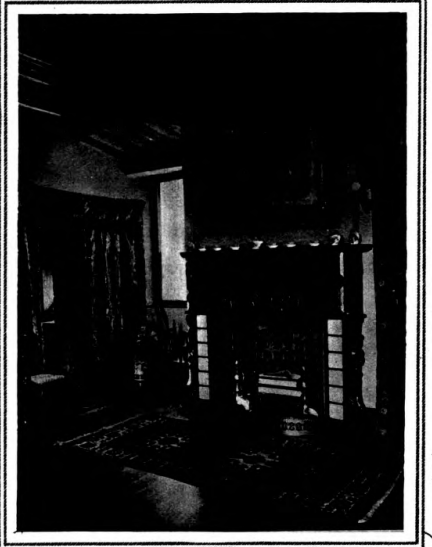


FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY THE DUKE OF YORK'S BRIDE: LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON'S BED-ROOM AT GLAMIS CASTLE.

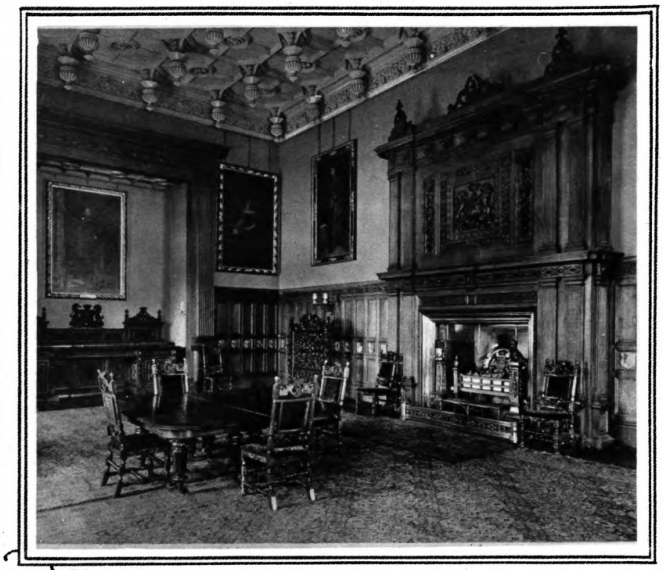
The present Royal Wedding is not the first one in the family to which the Duke of York's bride belongs, for in 1372 (as recorded on another page) her ancestor, Sir John Lyon of Forteviot, Chamberlain of Scotland, married Lady Jean Stewart, daughter of Robert II., and received from the King the Thanage of Glamis. An earlier "Thane of Glamis"—Macbeth—is reputed to have murdered Duncan in a chamber known as the King's Room. Hard-headed historians have contended that the present castle did not exist in Macbeth's day, but the tradition may still be true of an earlier building. Some parts of the existing castle are said to date from the eleventh century. Another literary association of Glamis—founded this time on firm historical fact—is the visit of Sir Walter Scott, who spent a night at the castle in 1793, as recorded in Lockhart's "Life." He occupied a remote chamber, and as he heard door after door shut he

ROBERT II.'S DAUGHTER: GLAMIS CASTLE—THE INTERIOR.

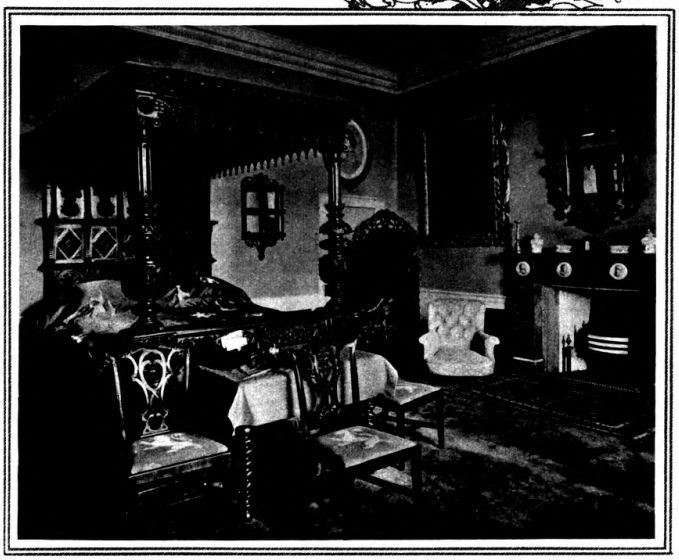
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



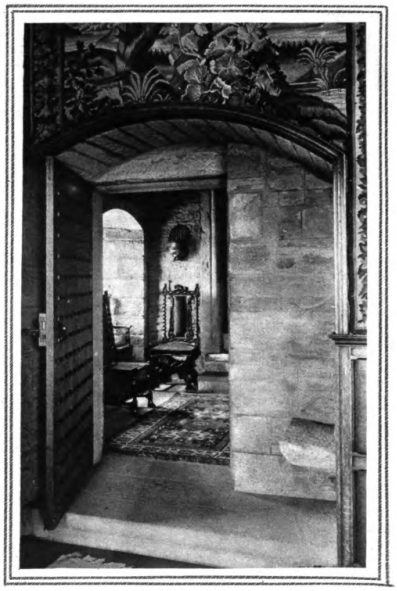
ASSOCIATED WITH MALCOLM II. OF SCOTLAND (DIED 1034): "KING MALCOLM'S ROOM" AT GLAMIS CASTLE.



VISITED BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, WHO DRAINED THE FAMOUS "LION" BEAKER: GLAMIS CASTLE—THE DINING-ROOM.



OCCUPIED BY THE DUKE OF YORK DURING HIS VISIT TO GLAMIS CASTLE LAST OCTOBER: THE OAK ROOM.

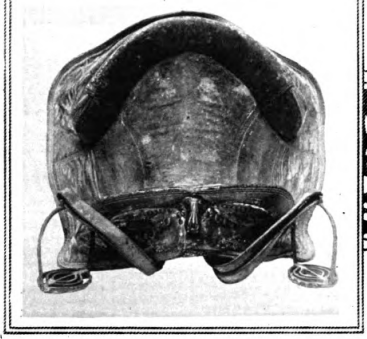


SHOWING THE GUARD'S SEAT: A CORNER OF THE TAPESTRY ROOM AT GLAMIS CASTLE.

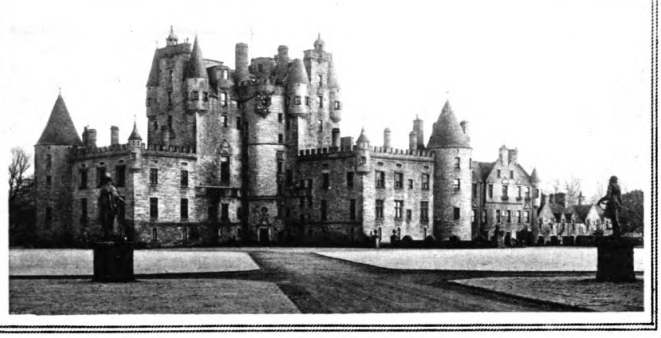
began to feel himself "too far from the living and somewhat too near the dead." His allusion to the famous secret chamber is given in the article on page 696. During his visit, he drained the historic wine-cup known as "the Lion," a silver beaker holding about a pint. It suggested to him the silver "Bear" of Bradwardine in "Waverley." Thomas Gray, the poet of the "Elegy," visited Glamis in 1765, and went on a Highland tour with the Lord Strathmore of his time, whom he knew at Cambridge. The paintings in the chapel at Glamis and the portrait of Charles I. were done by Jacob de Wet for the first Earl of Strathmore, who found the castle bare and despoiled after its occupation by troops of Cromwell. Last autumn the Duke of York stayed at Glamis for the shooting, and saw a great deal of his future bride.

"THIS CASTLE HATH A PLEASANT SEAT": GLAMIS; AND ITS RELICS.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



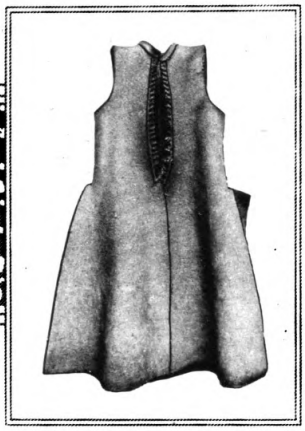
A SADDLE USED BY PRINCE CHARLIE: ONE OF THE HISTORICAL RELICS OF THE BRIDE'S SCOTTISH HOME.



GLAMIS CASTLE, WHICH IMPRESSED THE POET GRAY WITH "ITS MASS, THE MANY TOWERS ATOP, THE SPREAD OF ITS WINGS": PERFECT FEUDAL ARCHITECTURE.



THE DUTCH GARDEN AT GLAMIS CASTLE: PILLARS OF TOPIARY WHICH IT IS INTERESTING TO COMPARE WITH THE TOPIARY PYRAMIDS AT WHITE LODGE, ILLUSTRATED ON ANOTHER PAGE OF THIS NUMBER.



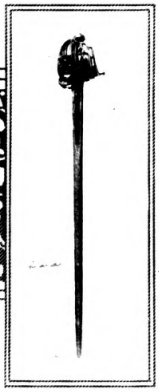
A COAT WORN BY CLAVERHOUSE, WHOSE PORTRAIT BY LELY HANGS IN THE CASTLE.



WORN BY THE "YOUNG PRETENDER": A PAIR OF RIDING-BOOTS THAT BELONGED TO PRINCE CHARLIE.



WITH BED-COVERINGS EMBROIDERED BY THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE, THE BRIDE'S MOTHER: THE STRATHMORE BED-ROOM AT GLAMIS CASTLE.



THE SWORD THAT KILLED THE 4TH EARL.

Glamis Castle, the ancestral Scottish home of the Duke of York's bride in Forfarshire, is one of the most perfect existing examples of a feudal stronghold. Part of the castle is said to date from as early as 1033. Much of it was built by Patrick Lyon, ninth Lord Glamis, who succeeded to the title in 1578, being afterwards created Earl of Kinghorne; and his grandson, Patrick, third Earl of Kinghorne, who became the first Earl of Strathmore in 1677. The latter's manuscript account of the alterations he made, called "The Book of the Record of Glamis," is preserved in the charter room. The aspect of Glamis, and its beautiful surroundings, well deserve the tribute of Duncan in Shakespeare's "Macbeth," of which it is the traditional scene: "This castle hath a pleasant seat." Within, the castle is a treasure-house of historical relics, including a saddle and riding-boots used by Prince Charlie, and a buff coat that belonged to Claverhouse, whose portrait by Lely hangs in the drawing-room. The fourth Earl of Strathmore was killed in a duel at Forfar in 1712. The bed-coverings, embroidered by the bride's mother, the present Countess, are done on pale blue satin, in a design containing the Scottish thistle and the English rose.

COURTING DAYS: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM; THE BRIDE'S PARENTS.

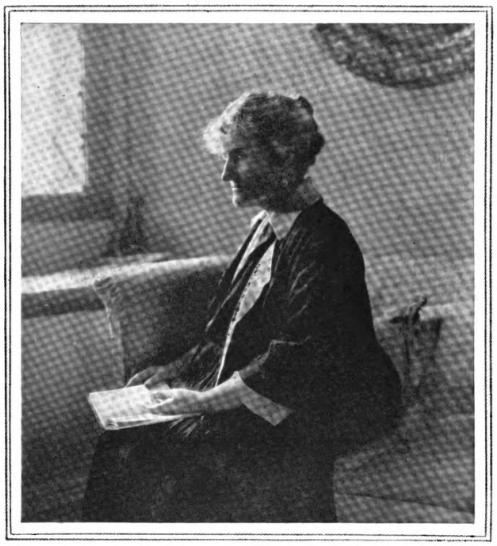
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS, AND LAFAYETTE.



"AND THEN MY HEART WITH PLEASURE FILLS, AND DANCES WITH THE DAFFODILS": THE DUKE OF YORK (WITH BILLHOOK) AND LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON AT HER HERTFORDSHIRE HOME NEAR WELWYN, WHERE THEY BECAME ENGAGED.



THE BRIDE AND HER PARENTS: (L. TO R.) THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE, THE EARL, AND LADY ELIZABETH.



THE BRIDE'S MOTHER: THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE, WIFE OF THE FOURTEENTH EARL—AT GLAMIS CASTLE.

The upper photograph was taken in the grounds of St. Paul's Walden Bury, the Earl of Strathmore's seat near Welwyn in Hertfordshire, where the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon became engaged. The scene indicates a common interest in gardening, for the Duke, armed with a billhook, appears to be engaged in pruning operations. The "host of golden daffodils" in the background recalls Wordsworth's well-known poem. Lady Elizabeth's father, the fourteenth Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, was born in 1855, and succeeded to the title in 1904. He formerly held a commission in the 2nd Life Guards, and is now Honorary Colonel of a battalion of the Black Watch, President of the Forfarshire Territorial Force Association, and Lord Lieutenant of the county. He married, in 1881, Cecilia Nina, daughter of the late Rev. Charles William Cavendish-Bentinck, a grandson of the third Duke of Portland. One of their sons was killed in the war, and they have four sons and three daughters living. Lady Elizabeth, their youngest daughter, was born at St. Paul's Walden Bury in 1900.

The Bride as a Little Girl: A Charming Six-Year-Old.

BY COURTESY OF THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE.



AT THE AGE WHEN SHE FIRST MET HER FUTURE HUSBAND: LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON, AGED SIX.

Lady Elizabeth's father, the Earl of Strathmore, in recalling memories of her early acquaintance with the Duke of York, said: "They first met, so far as I can remember, at a children's party many years ago, when Lady Elizabeth was a little girl of five or six. The party was given by Lady Leicester, and the Prince was then a schoolboy. They have been friendly ever since, and have met frequently in town and country." Lady Elizabeth was born in 1900.

The Bridegroom as a Little Boy: A Budding Sailor.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY.



AS HE WAS SOME YEARS BEFORE HE MET HIS FUTURE BRIDE: THE DUKE OF YORK, AGED SIX.

This portrait of the Duke of York was taken in 1901, when he was in his sixth year. He was born at York Cottage, Sandringham, on December 14, 1895, and thus is now twenty-seven, some four years older than his bride. It was in 1901, we may recall, that the King and Queen (then Duke and Duchess of York) went on their Colonial tour. Prince Albert, as he formerly was (or "Bertie" in the family circle), was created Duke of York on January 1, 1921.

LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON.

THE BRIDE: HER LINEAGE AND HER SCOTTISH HOME.

THE Strathmore Crest, described by the Heralds as "a lady to the girdle, richly habited, holding in her hand the royal thistle," commemorates the marriage of Lady Jean Stewart, daughter of Robert II., with Sir John Lyon of Forteviot, Chamberlain of Scotland, who in 1372 received from the King the Thanage of Glamis. It is therefore a most ancient family tradition on both sides of the house that the Duke of York and his bride, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, follow in their marriage; and if any ingenious herald wished to symbol se this week's great event, he would not have to look far for a precedent, and need only combine with the royal thistle in the lady's hand the white rose of York.



THE BRIDE AT NINE YEARS OLD, IN FANCY DRESS: LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON, WITH HER BROTHER DAVID, AT GLAMIS CASTLE IN 1909.

Photograph by Lafayette.

The royal thistle would be retained, not merely replaced by the rose, for Lady Elizabeth is herself the descendent of King Robert, and, as the daughter of a most famous line of Scottish nobles, she is a leal Caledonian. Although she happened to be born in England, she considers herself a Scotswoman, and has the warmest affection for her Northern home, Glamis Castle, Forfarshire. Her very earliest years were spent at her birthplace, St. Paul's Walden Bury, Hertfordshire; but it is at Glamis that she has grown up, amid the romantic historical associations of that Castle which Sir Walter Scott found so "impressive to the imagination."

The whole history of Glamis, and of the Strathmore family, is an appeal to the imagination. All down the centuries the story is linked with the fortunes of kings. Tradition identifies Glamis with Macbeth's Castle, and the King's Room there is pointed out as the scene of Duncan's murder. Glamis has a wizardry that lends reality to legend. Even exact historians have been content to put scepticism aside under that romantic roof. When Scott slept there he confessed that "the whole night scene in Macbeth's Castle rushed at once upon me and struck my mind more forcibly than even when I have seen its terrors represented by John Kemble and his inimitable sister."

The Castle is associated also with Malcolm II.; and when we come down to the less shadowy times of James I., we find Patrick Lyon, first Lord Glamis, sent into England as one of the hostages for the ransom of the Poet King. Lord Glamis was detained south of the Border from 1424 until 1427. James V. used to visit Glamis for the hunting, and there is good reason to believe that Mary Queen of Scots stayed there in her early childhood. James, however, returned the Lyon hospitality ill, for he had Janet Douglas, wife of John, sixth Lord Glamis, burnt at Edinburgh on a charge of witchcraft and conspiracy to poison the King's grace. After James's death, Lady Glamis's name was cleared on the confession of her accuser, and Parliament restored her son to his honours and estates.

The Barony of Kinghorne had come to Sir John Lyon with King Robert's daughter, and this Barony was erected into an Earldom by James VI., who created the ninth Lord Glamis Earl of Kinghorne, Lord Lyon and Glamis. Patrick, third Earl of Kinghorne, was created first Earl of Strathmore. A modification of the family name was made in 1737, when John, ninth Earl of Strathmore, on his marriage with Mary Eleanor, only daughter and heiress of George Bowes, of Streatlam Castle and Gibside, Durham, assumed the surname of Bowes, in addition to Lyon. He used it in the form of Lyon-Bowes, now Bowes-Lyon.

Glamis Castle, which stands in richly wooded grounds in the beautiful valley of Strathmore, is one of the finest existing examples of the real feudal castle, entire and perfect. In the picturesque group of buildings, the gradual growth of ages, all the periods of Scottish baronial architecture are represented. One account, attributed to Defoe, says that from a distance the pile of turrets, spires and towers, some plain, others shining with gilded tops, looks not like a town, but a city. The poet Gray was impressed with the height of the castle, "its mass, the many towers atop, the spread of its wings." Within, it is equally remarkable.

Glamis has its ghosts, of which about half a dozen are known, and two at least have been seen within living memory. More famous still is the Glamis Mystery, the subject of much fantastic speculation and legend. The suggested solutions may be considered wide of the mark, and wise people will not go beyond Sir Walter Scott's plain statement that Glamis "contains a secret chamber, the entrance of which, by the law and custom of the family, must only be known to three persons at once—namely, the Earl of Strathmore, his heir-apparent, and any third person whom they may take into their confidence."

Such is the historic house from which a King's son has chosen his bride.

Lady Elizabeth Angela Marguerite Bowes-Lyon is the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorne. Lord Strathmore, the fourteenth Earl, married Nina Cecilia, daughter of the late Rev. Charles William Frederick Cavendish-Bentinck, grandson of the third Duke of Portland. They have four sons living. Their fourth son, the Hon. Fergus Bowes-Lyon, was killed in action in 1915. The two elder daughters are the Baroness Elphinstone and Lady Rose Leveson-Gower.

Lady Elizabeth was educated entirely at home, and it is in her home that her interests have hitherto centred. There, under the most charming influence, she has grown to charming womanhood, realising, one might say, that line in "The Princess," "This mother is your model." To Lady Strathmore her youngest daughter has been the most happy and helpful companion. In 1914, while Lady Elizabeth was still in the schoolroom, far too young to engage in the more strenuous forms of war-work, she found a wonderful sphere of usefulness in the private hospital organised by her mother at Glamis Castle. These services lend additional interest to Lady Elizabeth's recent appointment to be a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. From the wounded whose days she brightened she won the same golden opinions she had already won from the Glamis tenantry. They have known and loved her since first she came among them as a very little girl. Her friendship with the kindly Forfarshire folk may be one reason why she counts Sir James Barrie's books, particularly "Margaret Ogilvy," among her favourites. The Barrie country is very near Glamis Castle, and a road to Kirriemuir (Thrums) runs close past the Castle gates. Barrie's plays also appeal to Lady Elizabeth, and she likes especially "Dear Brutus" and "Mary Rose." She is a great reader—reading, in fact, is her chief recreation. With the works of present-day writers she has a wide acquaintance, but her preference lies with the older English classics. She does not care for Dickens, but she is an enthusiastic student of Scott. It was inevitable, perhaps, that a daughter of the Strathmores should acknowledge the spell of the Great Magician, who himself yielded to the spell of her ancient home, and found there one of his happiest inspirations. It was the famous Lion Cup at Glamis that suggested to Sir Walter the idea of the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine.

But Lady Elizabeth has a dearer friend in fiction even than Scott—and that is Sir Walter's favourite novelist, Jane Austen. It is easy to understand how that writer's delicate, lively humour and appreciation of quiet home-life should appeal to one who has proved herself an ideal daughter and an ideal sister. Miss Austen speaks somewhere of "the unchecked, equal, fearless companionship with the brother and friend which sisters may enjoy," and no words could better describe Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon's happy comradeship with her brothers. She is fond of dancing and a keen tennis player. Golf has not attracted her to any great extent; but she has ridden to hounds and will probably hunt more frequently in the future. Her chief interests, however, lie in other spheres of modern woman's activity.

For some time Lady Elizabeth has been Commissioner of the Forfarshire Girl Guides, and will retain that office, as she hopes to spend part of every autumn at Glamis. Recently it fell to Lady Elizabeth to act as hostess at Glamis, during the Countess of Strathmore's long and severe illness. She had also to deputise for her mother in other than domestic engagements, and this led to the discovery of her talent for public speaking. If, like most speakers, she suffers beforehand from great nervousness (and she does not escape the inevitable penalty), yet the moment of facing an audience finds her entirely equal to her task. She speaks in public with ease and finish. Lady Elizabeth has been in the fullest sense of the word her mother's right hand, and she goes out from home most graciously equipped for her new duties. Endowed with the best qualities of modern woman's efficiency, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon has escaped the handicaps of the ultra-modern spirit, and retains that exquisite simplicity and charm of manner which has become something of a lost art.



THE BRIDE AS SHE WAS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT WAR: LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON AT FOURTEEN, IN 1914.

Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

How the Navy Celebrates the Wedding of a Sailor Prince.

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A. (COPYRIGHTED.)



ARRANGED IN HONOUR OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S WEDDING: NAVAL CELEBRATIONS AT PORTSMOUTH—SHIPS OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET "DRESSED" BY DAY (LEFT) AND ILLUMINATED BY NIGHT.

The Atlantic Fleet in Portsmouth Harbour received orders to "dress ships" by day and illuminate at night on April 26—the date of the Royal Wedding—in honour of the bridegroom, the Duke of York, who holds the rank of Commander in the Navy, and served at Jutland as a Sub-Lieutenant in H.M.S. "Collingwood." We may recall that the Atlantic Fleet, under Admiral Sir John de Robeck, arrived in home waters at the beginning of this month from Arosa Bay. The ships went to Portsmouth included the "Queen Elizabeth," "Barham," "Conquest," "Argus" (the aircraft-carrier), and the Second Submarine Flotilla. Some aeroplanes, it will be noted, are seen in the air in the left-hand illustration, showing the ships "dressed." On the right they are seen illuminated.

NOW AN "H.R.H.": THE BRIDE BEFORE AND AFTER THE WEDDING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS AND TOPICAL.



AS LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON: THE BRIDE LEAVING HER FATHER'S HOUSE IN BRUTON STREET FOR THE ABBEY, WHEN SHE PAUSED A MOMENT TO SMILE AT THE SPECTATORS.



AS DUCHESS OF YORK: THE BRIDE (THIRD FROM RIGHT) WITH THE BRIDEGROOM, THE KING AND QUEEN, QUEEN ALEXANDRA, THE PRINCESS ROYAL, AND PRINCESS MAUD, ON THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The bride looked radiant as she left her home in Bruton Street for Westminster Abbey, at 11.12 a.m. on her wedding morning. As she crossed the pavement to the royal coach awaiting her, she paused for a moment to smile happily at the spectators, who greeted her with cheers. Her father, the Earl of Strathmore, drove with her to the Abbey, and the coach was escorted by a detachment of police mounted on white horses. It was her last journey as Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. As Duchess of York, when the wedding was over, she drove with her husband to Buckingham Palace, and there, at the wedding breakfast, the King announced that he had conferred upon her the dignity and title of Royal Highness. During the day she appeared with the bridegroom and their Majesties on the balcony of the Palace to acknowledge the congratulations of the people. From left to right in our photograph are seen the Princess Royal, Princess Maud, Queen Alexandra, the Queen, the Duchess of York (the bride), the Duke of York (the bridegroom), and the King.

A SMILING BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



BOTH LOOKING THE PICTURE OF HAPPINESS: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ON THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THE WEDDING, SMILING ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO THE CROWD.

There was never seen a happier bridal pair than the Duke of York and his newly made Duchess showed themselves to be on their wedding day. The smiles of the bride began as she left her home in Bruton Street for the Abbey (as illustrated elsewhere in this number), and it was also noticed that she looked very self-possessed, in itself a proof of happy confidence. She smiled on the people again as she drove with her husband to Buckingham Palace after their wedding, and in the above photograph we see them both full of joy and laughter as they appeared on the balcony of the Palace to acknowledge the acclamations of the people. The crowd which they could see from the balcony, gathered around the Victoria Memorial, was immense.

THE BRIDE AS A GIRL GUIDE: CONTROLLING A BUSY

FROM THE PAINTING BY S. BEGG, MADE SPECIALLY

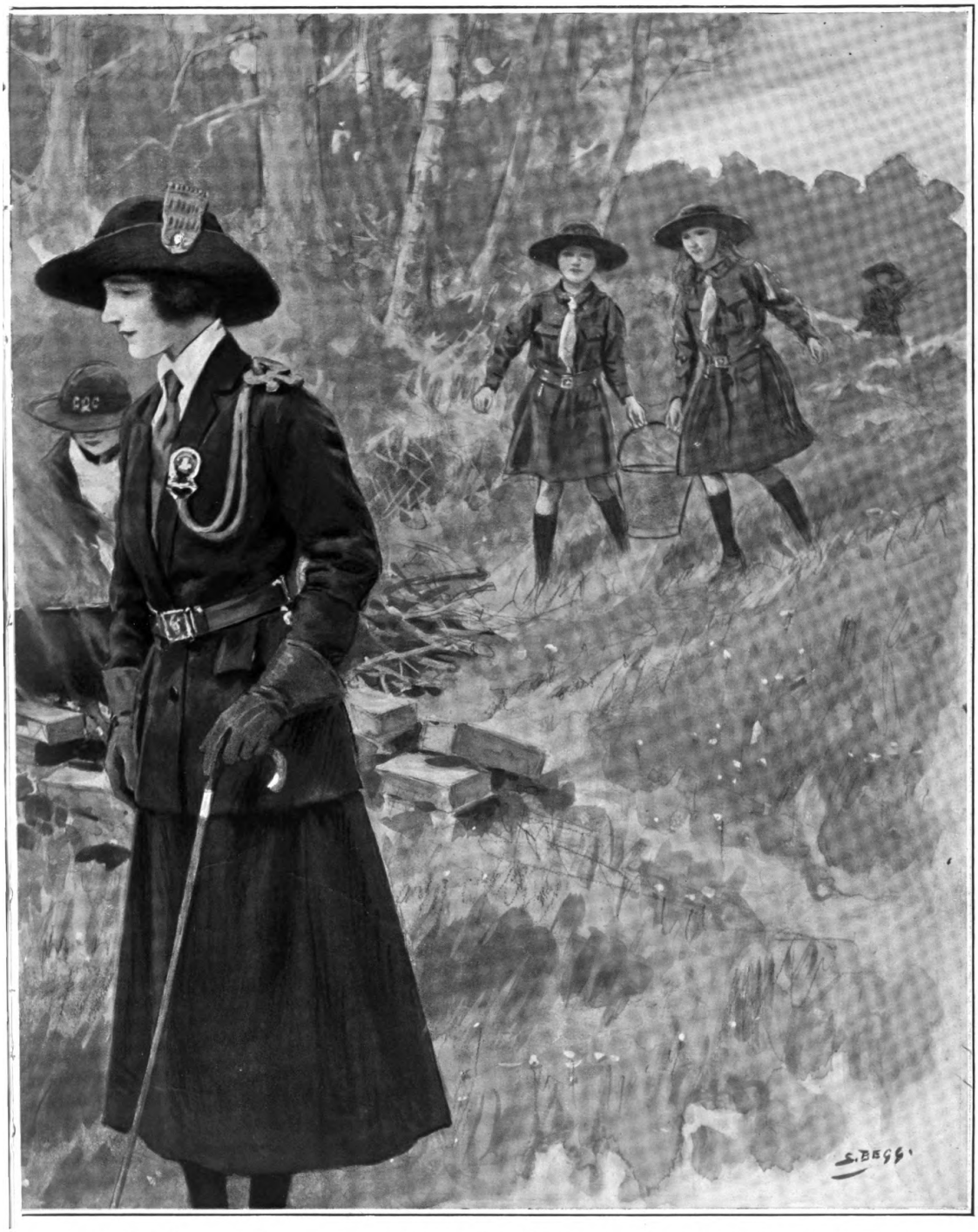


"RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WHOLE TRAINING, RECRUITING, AND DISCIPLINE OF THE GLAMIS ⟨RIGHT FOREGROUND⟩ AS A DISTRICT

The Duke of York's bride, like his sister, Princess Mary, has taken an active part in the Girl Guides organisation, and holds the rank of District Commissioner of the Corps for Glamis in the County of Forfarshire. Glamis Castle, the Scottish seat of her father, the Earl of Strathmore, is the traditional home of Macbeth and the scene of the murder of Duncan. The Secretary of the London headquarters of the Girl Guides recently paid the following high tribute to her zeal and efficiency: "Although she was only twenty-one at the time of her appointment as District Commissioner, Lady Elizabeth has been responsible for the whole

TROOP IN THE WOODS OF MACBETH'S COUNTRY.

FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



BRANCH FOR TWO YEARS . . . AN EXCELLENT OFFICER": LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON COMMISSIONER OF THE GIRL GUIDES.

of the training, recruiting and discipline of the Glamis branch for the past two years. She is an excellent officer, and has taken the very keenest interest in her work." Our illustration shows her supervising the operations of a busy troop of Guides at their camp in the woods near Glamis. She has also interested herself in the Girl Guides troop at the village of Whitwell, which is close to her father's other country seat in Hertfordshire—St. Paul's, Waldenbury. It was there, as report says, that the Duke of York proposed to her, while spending a week-end at the house last January.

"WITH THIS RING I THEE WED": THE CULMINATING

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



"THEN THE MAN LEAVING THE RING UPON THE FOURTH FINGER OF THE WOMAN'S LEFT
AND LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON—THE CEREMONY JUST BEFORE THE

The wedding of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon took place in Westminster Abbey at 11.30 a.m. on April 26. The service began with the reading of the Exhortation, in the revised form, by the Dean of Westminster. After that, as the Dean has put it: "The Archbishop of Canterbury comes forward: the wonderful and simple words of question and answer are heard; the hands are joined, and the pathetic promise given 'to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health . . . till death do us part.' Then, with the invocation of the Blessed Trinity, the ring is left on the fourth finger of the left hand. The bride and bridegroom kneel; the Archbishop blesses them; he joins their right hands. 'Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder'—he proclaims it to the vast congregation in the name of the Trinity. And now,

MOMENTS OF THE MARRIAGE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ARTIST, S. BEGG.



HAND, THEY SHALL BOTH KNEEL DOWN": THE WEDDING OF THE DUKE OF YORK ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY PRONOUNCED THEM MAN AND WIFE.

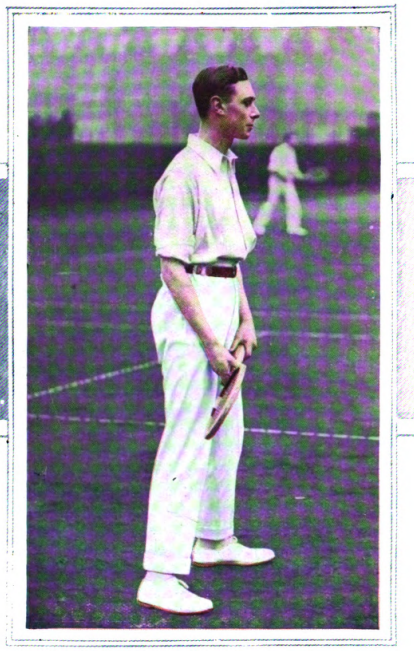
blessed by the Church, they go forward, together, as man and wife, for the first time, to the very steps of the altar, and kneel." When the choir had sung Wesley's chant (the Psalm, "God be merciful to us and bless us"), a brief and eloquent address was delivered by the Archbishop of York, and the service concluded with a prayer and the Benediction pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In the above drawing are seen, from left to right, the Archbishop of York (the Most Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang); the Dean of Westminster (Bishop H. E. Ryle); the Queen; the King; the Archbishop of Canterbury (the Most Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson); the bridegroom's supporters, Prince Henry and the Prince of Wales; the bridegroom; the bride; and her father, the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, who gave her away.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]

The Bridegroom as Naval Officer, at Lawn-Tennis, and Hunting.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, AND BLAKE STUDIOS.



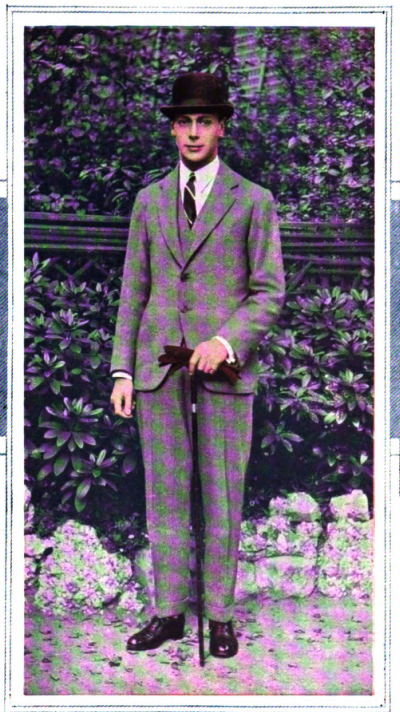
IN THE SERVICE IN WHICH HE FOUGHT AT THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND: THE DUKE OF YORK AS A NAVAL OFFICER



A LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER WELL ABOVE THE AVERAGE: THE DUKE OF YORK ON THE COURTS.



IN THE HUNTING FIELD: THE DUKE OF YORK AT A MEET OF THE PYTCHLEY.



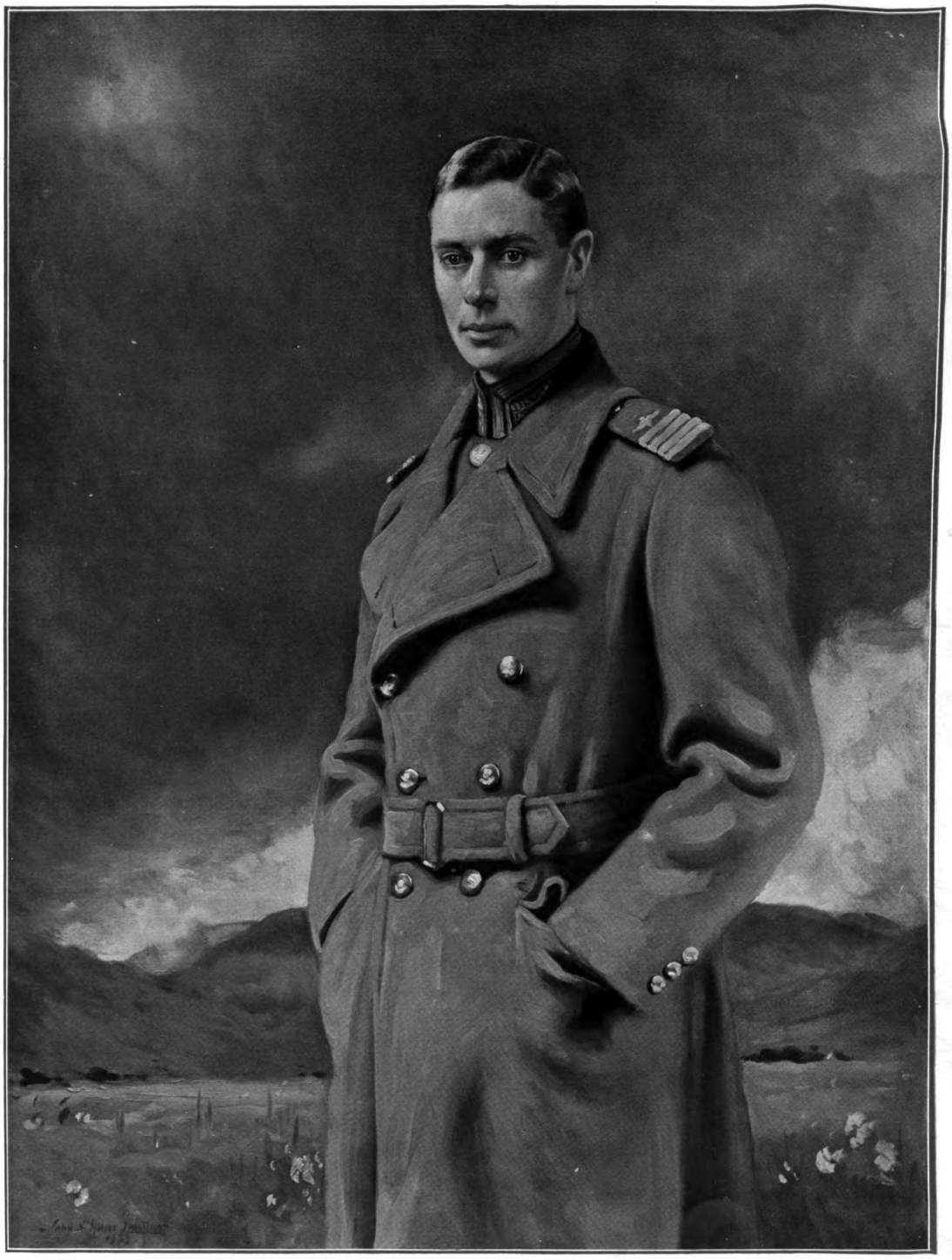
A TYPICAL YOUNG ENGLISHMAN: THE DUKE OF YORK IN HIS EVERYDAY "ABOUT TOWN" ATTIRE.

Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George, second son of the King and Queen, born in 1895, became Duke of York on January 1, 1921. His education was intended to prepare him for the Navy, and in January 1909 he entered Osborne, where he passed through the usual course of training. In 1913 he went for a six months' cruise in the west Atlantic in H.M.S. "Cumberland." Just after the war began he had an operation for appendicitis, and, greatly to his disappointment, was disabled by two periods of illness, but he rejoined his ship, H.M.S. "Collingwood," in time for the Battle of Jutland, where he served as a Sub-Lieutenant. He has since been promoted to the rank of Commander. Last summer he went on his first mission to a foreign Court, as "Koom" (or best man) at the wedding of King Alexander of Serbia, and in October he represented his parents at the Coronation of the King and Queen of Roumania. He likes hunting, and he is a lawn-tennis player considerably above the average. His bride is also proficient at the game, of which they are both very fond.



THE BRIDE: LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON.

PORTRAIT BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER, FROM A SPECIAL SITTING GIVEN TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

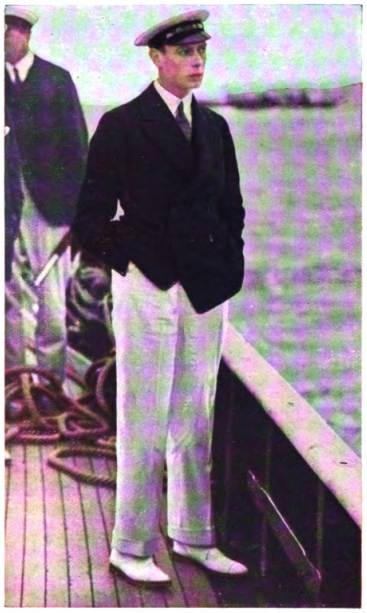


THE BRIDEGROOM: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

FROM THE PAINTING SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER.

The Bridegroom as R.A.F. Officer, Yachtsman, "Shot," and Polo-Player.

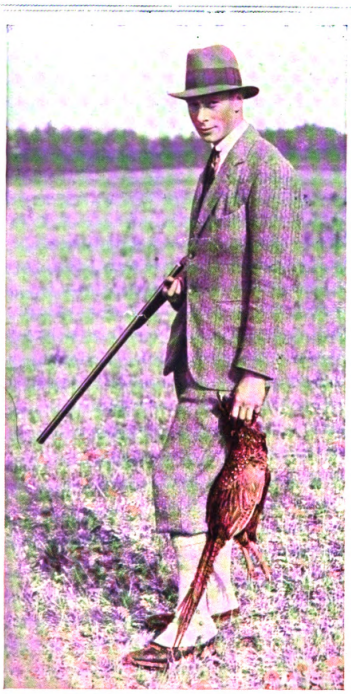
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., LAFAYETTE, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



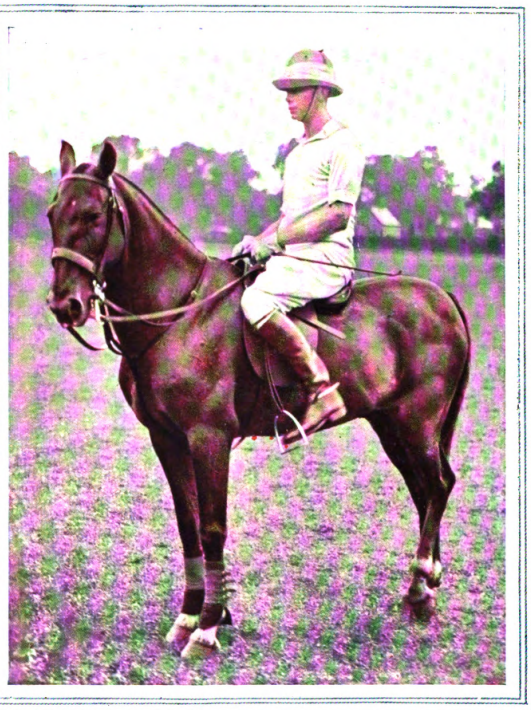
THE RECREATIONS OF A SAILOR PRINCE: THE DUKE OF YORK ON DECK DURING A YACHTING EXPEDITION.



IN THE SERVICE FROM WHICH HE CHOSE A WEDDING GUARD OF HONOUR: THE DUKE OF YORK AS AN R.A.F. OFFICER.



EMULATING HIS FATHER AS A FINE "SHOT": THE DUKE OF YORK WITH A BRACE OF PHEASANTS AT A SHOOTING PARTY.

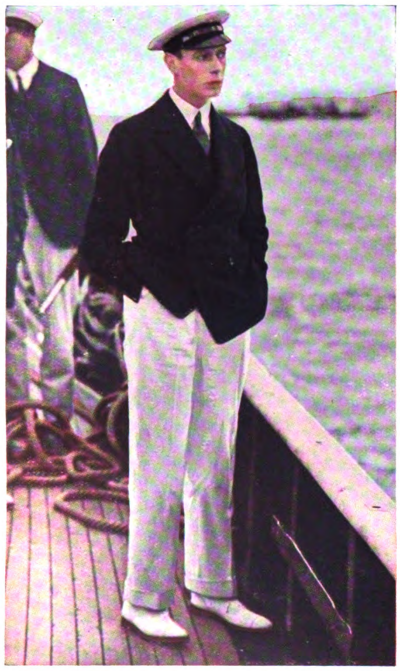


LIKE HIS BROTHER, THE PRINCE OF WALES, A KEEN POLO-PLAYER: THE DUKE OF YORK MOUNTED FOR A GAME.

In the later stages of the war the Duke of York forsook the Navy for the Air Force, being fascinated by the new science of aerial warfare. He went through the regular cadet training, obtained his pilot's certificate, and in October 1918 crossed to France by aeroplane to be attached to the Independent Force of the R.A.F. He was promoted to Wing-Commander, and afterwards to Group-Captain. In view of his close association with the Service, he decided that the R.A.F. should furnish the guard of honour outside Westminster Abbey at his marriage, the first occasion on which the Air Force has taken a prominent part at a royal wedding. His interest in outdoor sports is as keen as that of the Prince of Wales, and, besides lawn tennis and hunting, he goes in for polo, yachting, motoring, and shooting, and takes after his father, the King, in being an excellent shot. He is reputed to be the best dancer among the royal Princes. As President of the Industrial Welfare Society, he takes an active personal interest in social reform, and he is assiduous in the performance of public duties.

The Bridegroom as R.A.F. Officer, Yachtsman, "Shot," and Polo-Player.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., LAFAYETTE, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



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THE WEDDING CEREMONY IN THE ABBEY: AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF YORK AND LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AT THE CHANCEL RAILS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WITH THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY OFFICIATING.

The bride and bridegroom are seen standing together at the chancel rails, facing the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is conducting the marriage service. In the foreground are the eight bridesmaids, standing behind the bride and bridegroom in the central aisle of the nave. To the left of the bride is her father, the Earl of Strathmore, who gave her away, and to the right of the bridegroom are his brothers and supporters, the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry. Beyond the central figures are seen, in the front row on the right in the chancel (from left to right), Princess Victoria (immediately behind the Archbishop), Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles (in white hat), Prince George (in midshipman's uniform), the Queen, the King, Queen Alexandra, the Empress Marie of Russia, and (to the right of Prince Henry), Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. In the back row (l. to r.) are the Earl of Athlone (under the chandelier), Viscount Lascelles, Lady Patricia Ramsay, and (further to the right) her husband, Commander Ramsay. Standing in the centre background are (l. to r.) the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, and Bishop Robberds, Primus of Scotland. The Dean of Westminster (with bent head) appears just below the Archbishop of York, and next to Princess Victoria.

THE WEDDING CEREMONY IN THE ABBEY: A LATER MOMENT.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C.N.



WITH THE TWO YOUNGEST BRIDESMAIDS STANDING BEHIND THEM, AND THE OTHER SIX IN THE AISLE: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM KNEELING BEFORE THE DEAN AT THE ALTAR STEPS.

The above photograph, it will be seen, was taken at a slightly later stage in the marriage service than that shown on the opposite page. The Archbishop of Canterbury having pronounced them man and wife, the bride and bridegroom went forward from the chancel rails and knelt together at the altar steps. A psalm was then sung, the Precentor and the choir sang the Versicles and the Lord's Prayer, and the prayers relating to the sanctity and duties of marriage were read. The Dean of Westminster (Bishop Ryle) next pronounced the last Prayer Book blessing, and after that the Archbishop of York delivered his address to the wedded pair. This was followed by the singing of the hymn, "Praise, my soul, the King of heaven." Finally, the Archbishop of Canterbury again came forward to pronounce the Benediction. It will be noted in this photograph that the two youngest bridesmaids, both nieces of the bride, are standing behind her at the altar, while the other six are stationed in the central aisle below the chancel, three on each side. The chief guests may be identified from the explanations on the opposite page.

CHOSEN TO ATTEND THE DUKE OF YORK'S BRIDE AT HER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDYK, ELLIOTT AND FRY.



LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE.
Only Daughter of Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone—a Bridesmaid at Princess Mary's Wedding.



LADY KATHARINE HAMILTON.
Youngest Daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, Governor-General of Northern Ireland, and the Duchess.



THE HON. CECILIA BOWES-LYON.
Elder Daughter of Lord and Lady Glamis, and a Niece of the Bride.



MISS BETTY CATOR.
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Cator, of Woodbastwick Hall, Norfolk.

The Duke of York's bride herself and three of her bridesmaids—Lady Mary Cambridge, Lady May Cambridge, and Lady Mary Thynne—were bridesmaids at the wedding of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles in Westminster Abbey last year. Lady Mary Cambridge and Lady May Cambridge, who are both nieces of the Queen and first cousins of the Duke of York, were also bridesmaids at the wedding of Princess Patricia of Connaught and Commander Ramsay in the Abbey in 1919. Lady Mary Cambridge recently became engaged to the Marquess of Worcester, son and heir of the Duke of Beaufort.—Lady Katharine Hamilton's father, the Duke of Abercorn, is Governor-General of Northern Ireland.—Lady Mary Thynne is a sister of Lady Alice Stanley and the Marchioness of

WEDDING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE BRIDESMAIDS.

MAULL AND FOX, RUSSELL, AND C.N.



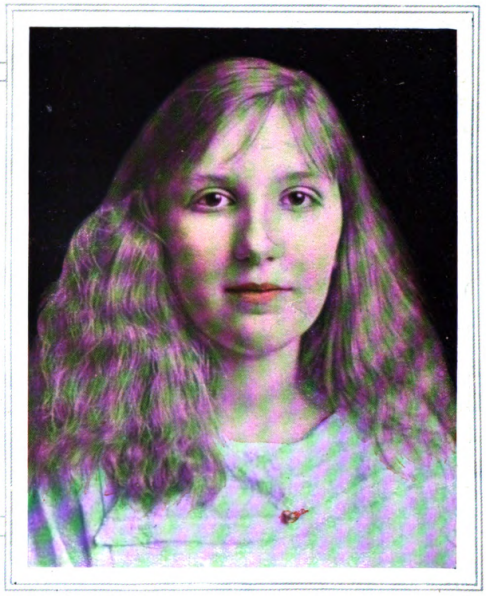
LADY MARY THYNNE.
Youngest Daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath—a Bridesmaid at Princess Mary's Wedding.



LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE.
Elder Daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge—a Bridesmaid at Princess Mary's Wedding, and engaged to Lord Worcester.



THE HON. DIAMOND HARDINGE.
Daughter of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, and engaged to Major Robert Abercromby.



THE HON. ELIZABETH ELPHINSTONE.
Elder Daughter of Lord and Lady Elphinstone, and a Niece of the Bride.

Northampton.——The Hon. Cecilia Bowes-Lyon and the Hon. Elizabeth Elphinstone are both nieces of the Duke of York's bride, the former being a daughter of her eldest brother, Lord Glamis, and the latter a daughter of her eldest sister, Lady Elphinstone.——The Hon. Diamond Hardinge, whose father, Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, has been Viceroy of India and British Ambassador in Paris, is to marry Major Robert Abercromby, M.C. in June.——Miss Betty Cator's father was formerly M.P. for South Huntingdonshire. Her mother is a daughter of the late Mr. Henry Adeane, of Babraham Hall, Cambridge, who married a daughter of the fourth Earl of Hardwicke.

WEDDING DAY GROUPS: BRIDE AND "GROOM"; BRIDESMAIDS; PARENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.



SURROUNDED BY THE EIGHT BRIDESMAIDS WHO ATTENDED THE BRIDE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK IN A GROUP TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR WEDDING.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AND THEIR PARENTS: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE, THE DUCHESS OF YORK, THE DUKE OF YORK, THE QUEEN, AND THE KING.

These two groups will form an interesting record of those principally concerned in the Royal Wedding. The upper photograph shows the bride and bridegroom and the eight bridesmaids. Standing at the back on the left is Lady Mary Cambridge, elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge, and herself engaged to Lord Worcester, son of the Duke of Beaufort. On the extreme left is the Hon. Diamond Hardinge, daughter of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, and engaged to Major Robert Abercromby. Sitting next to her is Lady Mary Thynne, daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, and on the ground between them is the Hon. Elizabeth Elphinstone, daughter of Lord and Lady Elphinstone, and niece of the bride. Standing at the back on the right is Lady May Cambridge, daughter of Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone. Seated in front of her are Lady Katharine Hamilton (left), daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, and (extreme right) Miss Betty Cator, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Cator. In front is the Hon. Cecilia Bowes-Lyon, daughter of Lord and Lady Glamis.

AFTER THE WEDDING: A JOYOUS BRIDE; LEAVING FOR THE HONEYMOON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U. AND L.N.A.



LONDON'S FIRST VIEW OF THE BRIDE AS DUCHESS OF YORK: A HAPPY FACE AT THE CARRIAGE WINDOW AS SHE DROVE WITH HER HUSBAND TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



WHEN THE QUEEN DROPPED A SHOWER OF CONFETTI ON THEM FROM THE BALCONY: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM SUSTAIN A BOMBARDMENT AS THEY LEAVE THE PALACE IN AN OPEN CARRIAGE FOR WATERLOO.

The new Duchess of York won the hearts of all who saw her by her beauty and her obvious happiness, as she smiled on them from the carriage window during the drive with the Duke to Buckingham Palace after the wedding. The great crowds in London had a still better opportunity of seeing and acclaiming the bride and bridegroom as they drove, in an open landau drawn by four grey horses, from the Palace to Waterloo on their way to Polesden Lacey for the first part of the honeymoon. They were accompanied by an escort of Life Guards. As they started from the Palace they were bombarded with confetti and rose-petals, and both looked supremely happy. The Queen herself dropped a shower of confetti upon them from the balcony.

Where Dwelt the "Thane of Glamis": At the Bride's Ancestral Home.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS AND TOPICAL.



"MAKE THE MOST OF EVERY HOUR: OLD AGE BRINGS SURE REFLECTION": LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON AND HER MOTHER, THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE, BESIDE THE FAMOUS SUN-DIAL IN THE GROUNDS OF GLAMIS CASTLE.



INCLUDING THE DUKE OF YORK (THIRD FROM LEFT), HIS BRIDE (CENTRE, FRONT ROW), AND HER FATHER, THE EARL OF STRATHMORE (WEARING HAT): AN INTERESTING GROUP TAKEN RECENTLY AT GLAMIS CASTLE.

Glamis Castle, in Forfarshire, the ancestral home of the Duke of York's bride, is associated with the story of Macbeth. Shakespeare makes him say: "By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis, but how of Cawdor?"—and the castle is the traditional scene of the great tragedy. The picturesquely carved old sundial in the grounds is illustrated in "Ye Sundial Booke," by T. G. W. Henslow, whose verses about it run: "Make the most of every hour; Old age brings sure reflection; Strive, then, while you have the power, To work towards perfection." A noble ideal appropriate to a Duchess of York. The group below shows (from left to right, standing): The Hon. Michael and David Bowes-Lyon (brothers of the bride); the Duke of York, the Earl of Strathmore, Captain the Hon. W. S. Leveson-Gower, and the Hon. James Stuart. Sitting: Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox, Lady Margaret Scott, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon (the bride), Lady Katharine Hamilton (a bridesmaid), and Lady Rose Leveson-Gower (sister of the bride and wife of Captain the Hon. W. S. Leveson-Gower).

A HONEYMOON HOUSE FOR THE DUKE AND HIS BRIDE: POLESDEN LACEY.

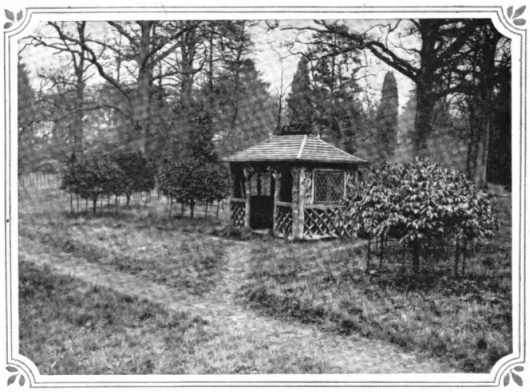
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY COURTESY OF THE HON. MRS. RONALD GREVILLE.



A GREEN VISTA BETWEEN LION-TOPPED PILLARS: A BEAUTIFUL WALK IN THE GROUNDS OF POLESDEN LACEY.



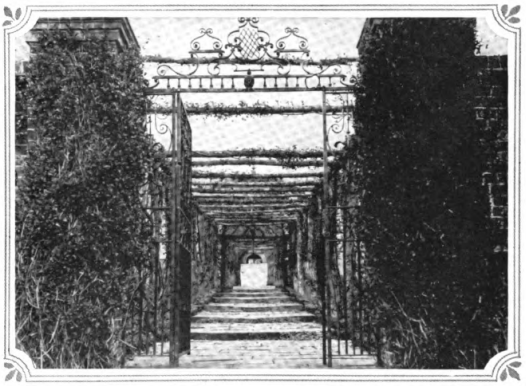
LENT TO THE DUKE AND HIS BRIDE BY THE HON. MRS. RONALD GREVILLE: POLESDEN LACEY, NEAR DORKING.



A PLEASANT ARBOUR FOR A HONEYMOON COUPLE: A SUMMER HOUSE ON THE GOLF LINKS AT POLESDEN LACEY.



THE TREE-LINED APPROACH TO POLESDEN LACEY THE SPLENDID AVENUE OF BEECHES LEADING TO THE HOUSE.

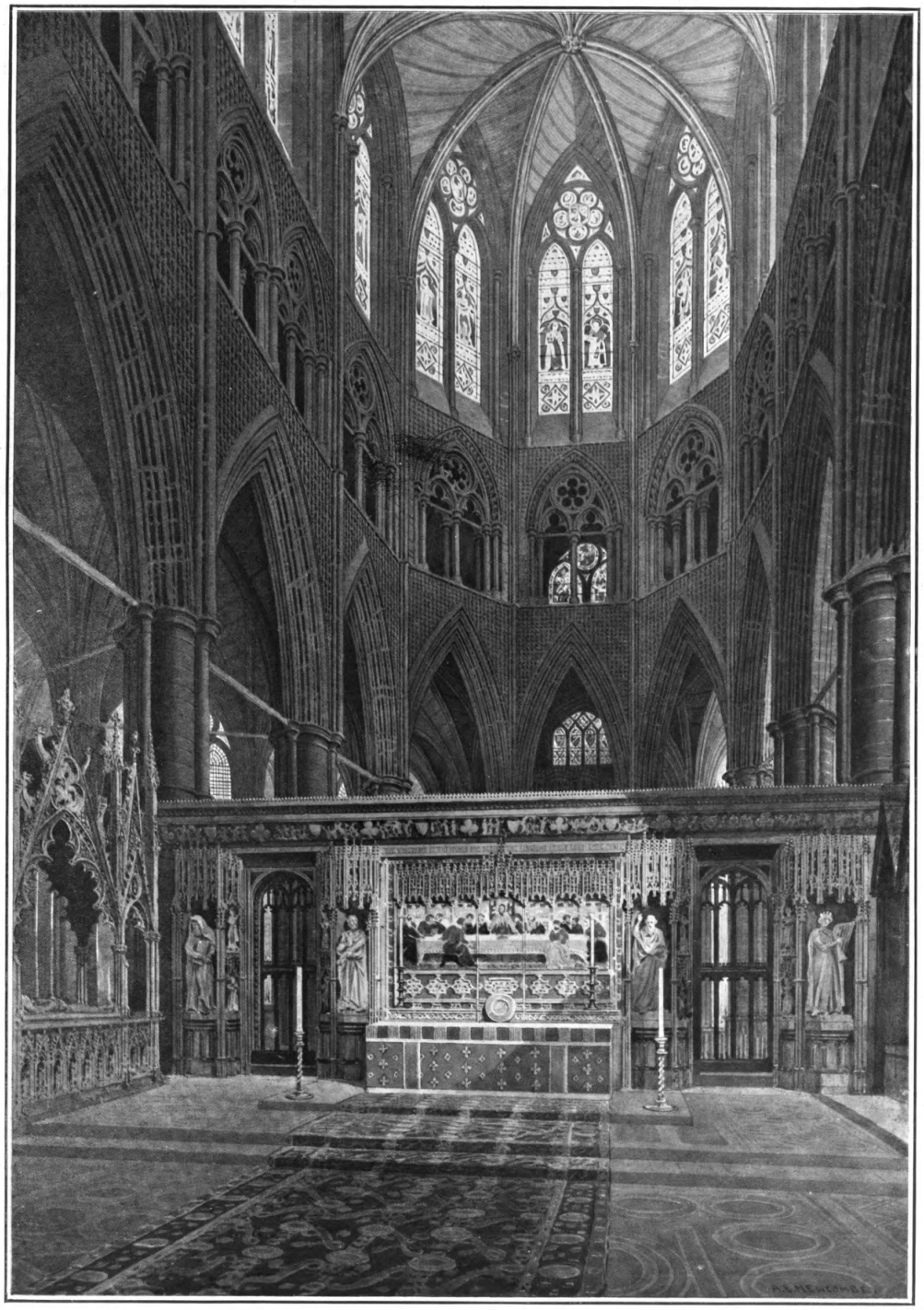


THE OLD-FASHIONED ROSE-GARDEN AT POLESDEN LACEY: A TERRACED PERGOLA WITH ORNAMENTAL GATES.

It was stated a week or two ago that the Duke of York and his bride had arranged to spend the first part of their honeymoon at Polesden Lacey, which was offered to them for the purpose by its owner, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville. Polesden Lacey, which stands to the north of Ranmore Common, not far from Dorking, is one of the most beautiful of the old country houses of Surrey, and has a lovely view over the Dorking valley. Mrs. Greville, who is the widow of the late Captain Ronald Fulke Greville, a brother of Lord Greville, is an intimate friend of the Royal Family, and the Duke of York has frequently been a guest at Polesden Lacey on former occasions. At the time she made the offer of the house, Mrs. Greville was away on a visit to South Africa. The golf course was laid out by a former owner, the late Sir Clinton Dawkins. The interior of the house is illustrated on another page of this number.

Becoming a Place of Royal Weddings: Westminster Abbey.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. E. NEWCOMBE. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE SCENE OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S WEDDING: THE ALTAR IN THE ABBEY.

Westminster Abbey, where it was arranged that the wedding of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon should take place on April 26, has within recent years been the scene of two similar ceremonies—the marriage of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles last year, and that of Princess Patricia of Connaught and Commander Ramsay in 1919. The arrangements for the Duke of York's wedding were made rather on the lines of the latter occasion, and were somewhat simpler than those for Princess Mary's wedding. It was decided, however, to erect a low staging in the Nave. The Dean of Westminster, Bishop Ryle, pointed out that the ceremony would form a precedent that would be followed in the event of either of the Duke's younger brothers being married there in the future. It was stated that there would be four processions—those of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Primus of the Episcopal Church of Scotland; the King and Queen; the Prince of Wales, Prince Henry and Prince George (sharing the duties of best man); and the bride, escorted by the choir.

"The Red Carnation": A Recent Study of the Bride.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MARION NEILSON.

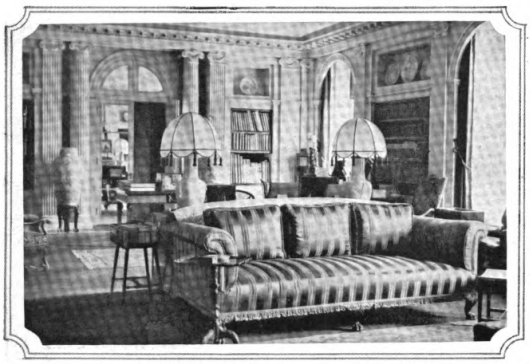


RANKING AS THE FOURTH LADY IN THE LAND ON HER MARRIAGE TO THE DUKE OF YORK: LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON.

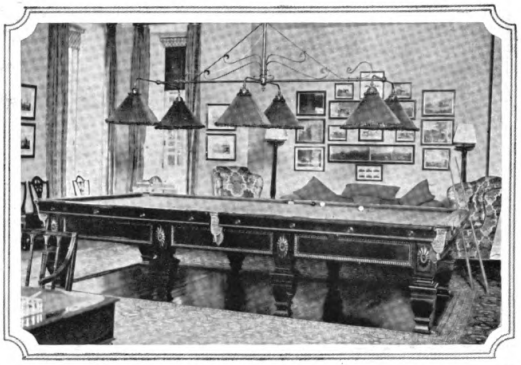
It has been pointed out that on her marriage to the Duke of York, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon becomes the fourth lady in the land, taking precedence after Princess Mary, the first two, of course, being the Queen and Queen Alexandra. The Duke's bride, as our portrait shows, is a very charming girl. One of her married sisters, Lady Rose Leveson-Gower, said when the engagement was made known: "Her intimate friends regard her as of the best type of girlhood, with a healthy taste for outdoor life in the countryside, and a keen enjoyment of the amenities of society in town. She will be a very popular hostess. I know that the announcement has gladdened the Royal House, and no one is more delighted than was Princess Mary when she heard of it. Lady Elizabeth is not only a good sportswoman and an accomplished girl, but she is clever with her needle and a lover of the arts that go to the making of a happy home." She is very musical, and has the reputation of being one of the best dancers in Society. She also shares the Duke's interest in more serious matters, such as social questions. Her life as a Society girl has not spoilt her natural simplicity, and at the same time she is full of high spirits.

LENT FOR THE HONEYMOON: POLESDEN LACEY, A HOME OF SHERIDAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY COURTESY OF THE HON. MRS. RONALD GREVILLE.



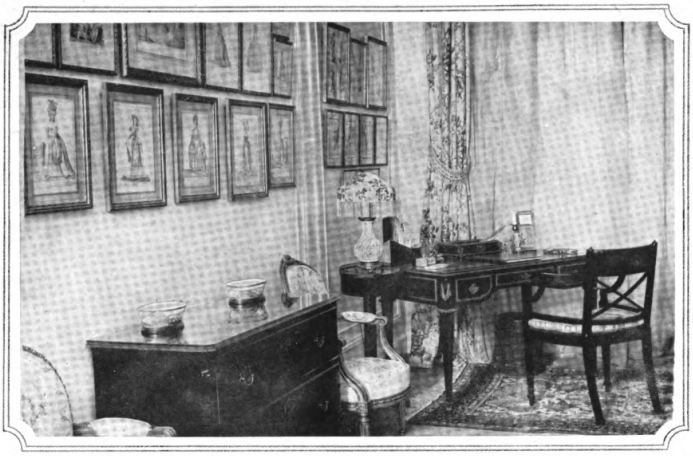
WHERE THE BRIDE MAY SEEK HER FAVOURITE AUTHORS, JANE AUSTEN, SCOTT, AND BARRIE: THE LIBRARY AT POLESDEN LACEY.



WHERE THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM MAY ENJOY A QUIET GAME IN THE EVENING: THE BILLIARD-ROOM AT POLESDEN LACEY.

REFERENCES to Polesden Lacey, with good descriptions of the surrounding country, may be found in Mr. Eric Parker's "Highways and Byways in Surrey" (Macmillan), illustrated by Hugh Thomson; and in Mr. Louis J. Jennings' "Field Paths and Green Lanes in Surrey and Sussex" (John Murray). The latter writer, describing a walk from Dorking to Leatherhead, says: "From this point there is a good view of Polesden, a house once occupied by Sheridan, and often besieged by his duns. Since those

[Continued opposite.



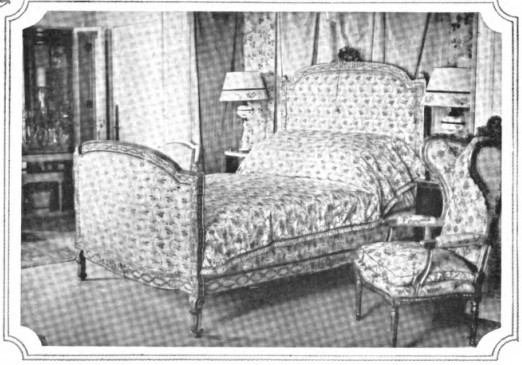
DECORATED WITH OLD PRINTS THAT MAY SUGGEST TO THE BRIDE IDEAS FOR FANCY DRESS: THE BOUDOIR PREPARED FOR HER USE AT POLESDEN LACEY.

[Continued.

days it has been much improved. It stands in an isolated position, but overlooks a noble expanse of hill, dale, and moorland." Again, looking from another point of view, he writes: "Ranmore Common, uneven and covered with trees and ferns, lies to the right; to the left is the ridge with Polesden adorning its side, and between is a deep and well-wooded gorge; while beyond all is Box Hill, with its scarred face turned towards the spectator. The whole scene is full of wild and rugged beauty." An ideal honeymoon haunt!



REMARKABLE FOR ITS ORNATE CARVING AND DECORATION, AND A MAGNIFICENT CHANDELIER: THE DRAWING-ROOM AT POLESDEN LACEY.



ALWAYS USED BY KING EDWARD WHEN HE VISITED POLESDEN LACEY: THE "KING'S" BED, AS IT HAS ALWAYS SINCE BEEN CALLED.

As mentioned on another page in this number, where we illustrate the exterior of Polesden Lacey and its delightful grounds, that famous old Surrey mansion has been lent to the Duke of York and his bride, for the beginning of their honeymoon, by its present owner, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville. The house is beautifully situated on the Surrey Downs, near Dorking, and commands a fine view over the valley in the neighbourhood of Ranmore Common. It was at one time the home of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist, after his second marriage, on April 27, 1795, to Esther Jane, eldest daughter of Newton Ogle, Dean of Winchester. At that time of his life he was in financial difficulties, and, as mentioned in the extract quoted above, his creditors used to seek him out at Polesden Lacey. The house was afterwards owned and restored by the late Sir Clinton Dawkins, who laid out a golf course in the park. Not far away is another historic house, Camilla Lacey, once the home of Fanny Burney, which was burnt down a few years ago. The bride's literary tastes are mentioned in the biographical article on page 696.

The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series



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VEILED in obscurity is the origin of this quaint old inn of the South country. Lost are the records of its former glories—lost even to tradition.

Save for its recent history, all that we know of the Mermaid is told by itself. The fashion of the oaken beams and the timbering of the roof take us back to the fifteenth century, while the broad open fireplaces and the massive mantelpieces of Caen Stone carved with Tudor roses date to the time of Good Queen Bess. Well may we suppose that the old hidden stairway, still preserved in a sleeping apartment, felt the tread of Walter Raleigh. And the Armada heroes—Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins—did not one or all foregather here?

Certainly the rafters must often have resounded to the revelry of buccaneers. The walls, could they but speak, would tell us of raids in the Spanish Main, of smuggling plots, of Royalists who crossed the Romney Marshes in flight from The Protector.

In modern times—or, as some would have it, in these degenerate days—the friends who foregather at The Mermaid tell of prowess on the famed Rye Links. After good golf what could be more restful than a chat in this fine old Inn? What could be more appropriate in convivial company than the *original* John Haig? First made in 1627, the reputation of John Haig has steadily increased during nearly three centuries among men of discriminating taste.

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Fashions and Fancies.

Everything for the Bride. It would be almost impossible to keep one's thoughts from straying to the absorbing subject of bridal array this week, and the sketches on this page are offered as a suggestion to those who are soon to follow the royal example. Silver lace and silver embroidery play an important part in many fashionable wedding gowns, and the lovely dress shown here is of white charmeuse, decorated in this way. Victorian, Egyptian, and strictly modern styles share the honours where bridal gowns are concerned this spring, and a departure from the conventional complete white toilette is the new idea of using only gold tissue and gold lace. Certainly the all-gold bride looks very effective, and throws the bridegroom even more into the shade than usual!



The simpler the arrangement of the veil, the greater the charm.



An idea for small bridesmaids: flower-filled baskets of white wistaria wood.

Bouquet-Making as an Art. Small children are undoubtedly the most ornamental attendants for the bride, and one of the only drawbacks to very small girls as bridesmaids is that they have such an unfortunate knack of either dropping their bouquets altogether at the wrong moment, or, at any rate, of letting slip some of the flowers. Practical fashion has surmounted the difficulty by introducing the bridesmaid's basket, which tiny folk can manage far more easily than a bouquet. Goodyear, of the Royal Arcade, Old Bond Street, is the artist in flower arrangement who is responsible for the lovely bride's bouquet. Those exquisite Mollie Charman Crawford roses are used, and with them are lilies of the valley, while on the long tulle streamers which hold the flowers are scattered, as though by a careless hand, stray lily-of-the-valley sprays.

Real Butterflies. The latest idea in connection with bouquets is to mount real English butterflies on the flowers they actually visit. This wonderful florist would never dream of posing them on tulips or bluebells, for these flowers are not in bloom in the butterfly season. Bridesmaids' favours are coming into their own again, and so are the old-fashioned bouquets which were once an indispensable part of a coachman's livery. Court bouquets can be had from 17s. 6d. each.

The Wedding Cake. The general verdict on the beautiful wedding cake prepared by McVitie and Price for the marriage of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles was that it was far too perfect a piece of workmanship to submit to the indignity of being eaten. The same applies to the really wonderful cake that these world-famous biscuit-manufacturers have contributed to the event of the week. It is well worthy of its predecessor, and stands 9 ft. in height, yet, in spite of its weight, which is approximately 800 lb., it is almost fairy-like in the delicacy of its construction. Tier after tier, each decorated in a different manner, rise upwards in a long, tapering design to the silver bowl at the summit, where little cupids stand distributing flowers. The bowl itself is of repoussé work, showing the new combined coat of arms, and it holds a magnificent bouquet of roses, lilies of the valley, and white orchids tipped with mauve. Sugar lace is the chief feature of the decoration. E. A. R.



A lovely bridal gown of white charmeuse and silver lace.



A profusion of roses and lilies of the valley. Sprays of the taller are scattered over the tulle streamers.



Brocade shoes for the bride.

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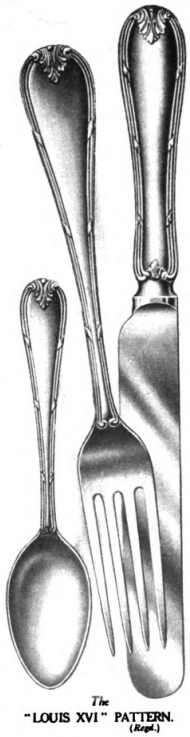
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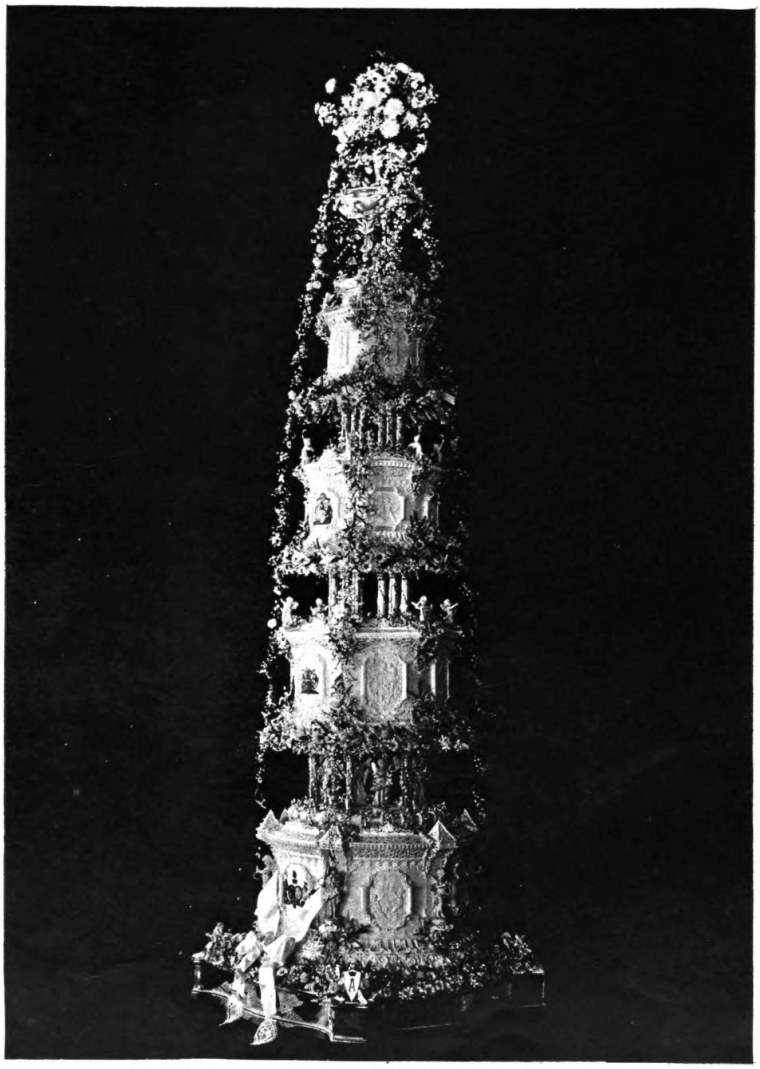
THE ROYAL WEDDING CAKE

ORDERED BY

LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON

AND

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK.



FROM

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THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

A Capital Revue.—How Reputations are Made.

"RATS" is a dangerous title, but evidently the Gattis and the Charlots are not superstitious, and are sure of a winning hand. Nor has their good luck failed them this time. The latest revue goes like "Hot Cakes" (good title that, one of these days, for a revue !), and, if I could not say straight off whether it is the best of the Vaudeville record — who can remember the thousand items of a string of years ?—it is certainly a complete feast of humour, illuminated by flashlights of ingenuity. It is a habit nowadays to look askance at the value of revues. So many are merely display, with a negligible text and too much reliance on the sudden impulses of chartered comedians. But as a *genre comique* a good revue is not second to a good comedy, and the assembling of so many units of different inventions and intentions is by no means so easy as it would seem to the outsider, who imagines that these things, which seem so facile and so funny, are merely jotted down at random and developed as the performances go on. But that is a fallacy. The writer of a good revue must have ideas, a nimble wit, and, above all, a clear perception of the mentality of his public. He has to achieve in a twinkling the effect for which in an ordinary play he has time for exposition and explanation. It is like target-shooting: hit or miss, and no time for redress.

Now at the Vaudeville the managers have been very lucky in finding two librettists who have the "public wants" at their fingers' ends. Recently Mr. Reginald Turner was the chief editor of the book, and now Mr. Ronald Jeans is practically wholly responsible for the text. We knew him as an imaginative young man when he began with the "Kiss-Cure," a delightful comedy. We have observed him since as a gay and chirrupy bird hopping merrily about on the elastic branches of the Revue Tree. He is both bold and witty, and among the many tales of "Rats" there is at least one which is a little masterpiece. It is cabaret drama seen through the eyes of a man who is "above the light"—the equivalent, I fancy, of "not wisely, but too well." At first he sees the little domestic drama fairly steadily and whole. Then the characters become wobbly—like the man's mind. At length he beholds the characters in duplicate and triplicate. It is the psychological climax of the alcohol tide; and it is screamingly funny and never vulgar. Another "happy thought" is how "a bit of bother" crops up and is settled in the East End, with fisticuffs; in the Eastern world, with "elegant language" and a mutual invitation of the quarrelling parties to dive into the beyond; in Walla-Walla Land, with savage cries and thrusts of spears. One cannot describe this merry madness; one can but ask, with laughter lingering in the mind, "Where on earth did he get it from?" Which is a compliment and a tribute.



MRS. BUCKET CONFESSES THAT STEPHEN IS HER SON: ISABEL (MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE), ANNE (MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN), EDWARD (MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH), STEPHEN (MR. HAROLD FRENCH), AND MRS. BUCKET (MISS ATHENE SEYLER) IN THE NEW PLAY AT THE HAYMARKET.

"Isabel, Edward, and Anne," Miss Gertrude Jennings' new play at the Haymarket, is a charming light comedy, and is proving a great success. Our photograph shows the moment when Mrs. Bucket, the seamstress, reveals the fact that Stephen, the artist who has fallen in love with Anne, is her son.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

Among the Rats there are jesters of the very first rank. Foremost, Alfred Lester, of whom I wrote recently in this page, when he performed the Night Watchman. His *vis comica* is wonderful; his versatility no less so. He is always himself, yet always different. An amazing personality. Next, Miss Gertrude Lawrence, dashing, full of assurance, extraordinary in facial expressions, with humour radiating from every limb and feature. Wait until she appears in comedy. I predict—unless her sudden success spoils her—Marie Tempest II. Mr. Herbert Mundin completes the trio; and, whether he be a middle-class City man, or a welsher, or a yokel courting his lass, he is always a "character," with the gift of standing out without effort. And so I could go on praising all and sundry, not forgetting Mr. Philip Braham's jolly jingles. But enough said. These "Rats" will run far—but not away.

. . . . .

After all, there is something to be said for the French system of dramatic criticism which still prevails in journals of the *festina lente* dignity. Their critics do not criticise in a hurry, with the printer's devil hard at their heels. They go to the *répétition générale*, thence home to ponder and to clarify their impressions. They leave the hot gush from the first-night furnace to the *courriériste*, who rapidly reports how the play was received, the drift of the story and the outstanding achievements of the actors. A few days after, the critic whips in with his "considered judgment." He has time to ponder, to analyse, perhaps to rectify. If he takes his task *au sérieux*, which is something else than even "seriously,"

[*Continued overleaf.*



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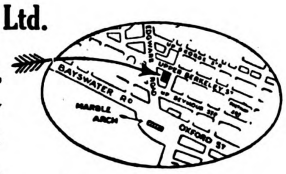
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Continued.]

he may have paid a second visit to the new play that matters; at any rate, we may assume that what he says is neither hasty nor influenced by the perfervid atmosphere of the *première*. Now, on our side, where criticism is looked upon as news and much writing has to be done against time, it is often felt that the pen is partly driven by the unseen hand of the public. In other words, it is possible that, if the critic had had time to make up his mind quietly, he would have expressed himself otherwise than under the spell of jubilation and all the other trappings supplied by the managerial gusto of the first night. It is not a reproach; it is a human peculiarity. Magnetism of the multitude is a mighty coil.

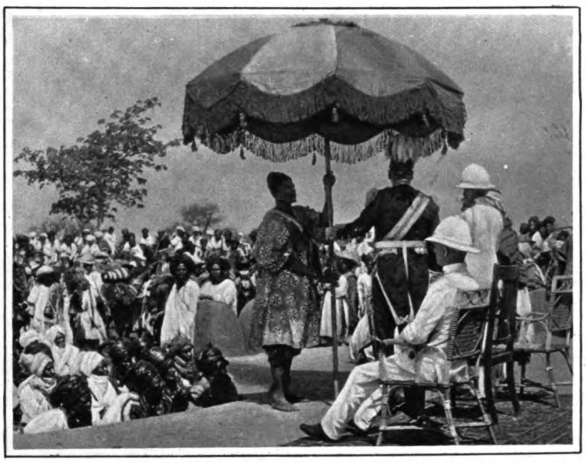
Yet how different may the expression be when the critic has not been to the first night, but has gone to the theatre on an ordinary night, when enthusiasm is sporadic, and the curtain often more ready to rise after each act than is really warranted by the applause! With a free mind entirely unswayed by neighbourly comments, judgment becomes acute and dispassionate. It is not stimulated by extraneous influences. It is, as it were, built up by direct evidence; it becomes expressed by veracity, not by make-believe. If enthusiasm springs up and grows, it is genuine and will be proclaimed with conviction, not by "irresistible infection." The *réclame* may have blared; the manager may have forced it home by his assiduous Press agent that the play or the actor, or both, are of superlative merit—merit which the first-nighter all too often does not sift and merely endorses because he belongs to the sheep-like majority—but the true critic heeds it not. He holds quiet scales; he is not to be taken in by a flash in the pan; he will not echo—nor will he, if he is wise, speak of greatness or genius in the case of the actor after a first acquaintance, though a performance, say in America, may have been given hundreds of times and thereby acquired a kind of virtuosity and technical perfection which, while dazzling, may be the outcome of practice and routine. Genius and greatness, like Rome, are not of one day's building. The artistic world is full of "geniuses" who had their reign of nine days' wonder and have since receded into obscurity. And as for greatness—or rather, the adjective "great"—it has become as cheap as the Iron Cross, which once upon a time was a unique distinction, and in the turmoil of '14 a meretricious bauble.

These reflections were prompted by the advent of an American actress whose "greatness" was for weeks dinned into our ears, as if new light were to illuminate our world of the theatre, as if all the actresses at home should take a "back seat," as if her part could be played by her alone and by her only.

Well, she came. At the first night was "hallelujah!" If the lady believes all that has been said about her in demonstration and in print, she may well believe that she is the anointed successor of Sarah Bernhardt (who, by the way, after her *éclat* in "Le Passant," had to work and to fight for ten years until the French critics that mattered admitted her greatness).

Now, what did we behold on that evening of cool contemplation? Greatness, genius, something beyond the horizon of some of our own actresses? No; we beheld a manifestation of consummate technique, of great assurance, of infinite resource of gesture and vocal acrobatics, a great sense of detail, a gift to embroider words as well as little acts with the adroitness of a conversationalist in a salon who knows how to fascinate by manner if not by meaning. Incidentally, we felt great possibilities: power, insight, the means of conveying the inner struggles of the soul. But technique overwhelmed spontaneity, and we came away in the spirit of the Spanish poet's young swain: "She appears very lovable, but can I love her for that she is more lovable than others?" In plain English, Miss Pauline Lord has conquered by the mastery of craft. Her art we shall not be able to appraise until we have seen her in a creation untrammelled by a long American record. Meanwhile, I say "Anna Christie" would have had no less success if the heroine had been played by one of our own actresses.

J. T. GREIN.



ROYAL PAGEANTRY IN NIGERIA: THE ACCESSION DURBAR OF THE EMIR OF ZARIA, SEEN RECEIVING A STATE UMBRELLA FROM THE GOVERNOR.

The Emir Dahato of Zaria, Northern Nigeria, recently held a Durbar to celebrate his accession. In the photograph the Governor of Nigeria, Sir Hugh Clifford, is seen presenting the Emir with a State umbrella.

Photograph by C.N.

The Art Union of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, Piccadilly, W., will hold its annual draw at the Galleries of the Institute on May 1. The first prize is £200, to be chosen from pictures in the exhibition of the Royal Institute; and other prize-winners may select one or more works according to the value of the prize. As a special attraction this year, there will be one hundred extra prizes consisting of photogravures on India paper of "The Refugee," by Sir William Orpen, R.A., R.I., who will sign each print. The tickets for the draw are one shilling each, to be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. W. T. Blackmore, 195, Piccadilly, W., and each subscriber who takes a book of twenty tickets will receive a reproduction in colours of the picture, "Old Shoreham," signed by the artist, Sir David Murray, R.A., P.R.I.

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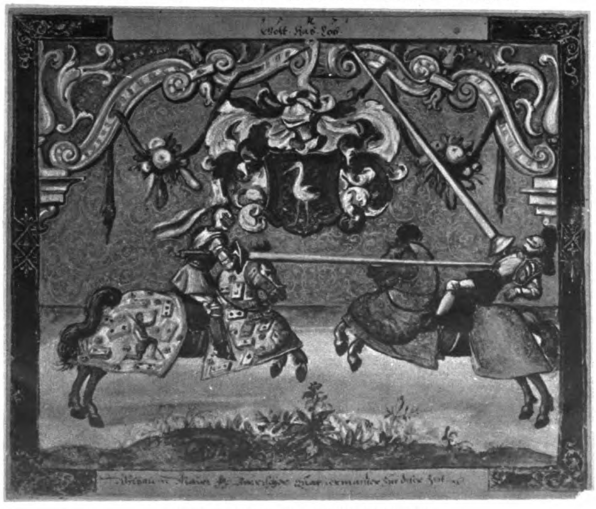
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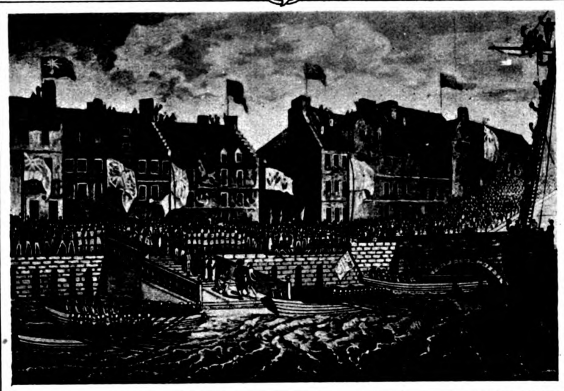
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TALKING MACHINE NOTES.

CARE OF THE MOTOR.

THE majority of gramophone owners treat their instruments as average persons attend to their watches; that is, wind them up until they refuse to go properly, and then are vastly surprised when the repairer suggests that a little drop of oil wouldn't have done any harm. The other day a friend told me that in seven years he had not once looked at or attended to the motor of his instrument. Quite suddenly, after exemplary service, it had refused to do its duty. It was news to him that he might have oiled it every few months, under which circumstances it would have been practically as good as when he bought it.

A gramophone motor is just a piece of clockwork—a series of springs, the power from which is transmitted through a train of cog-wheels, and regulated by means of a governor, driving a spindle on which the turntable is mounted. When this motor leaves the factory, the spring-cages are packed with heavy graphite lubricant, the heavy bearings are likewise well greased, and the fine bearings are oiled. It runs silently and with great regularity, and, since the speed for good reproduction must be constant, it is of the utmost importance that the lubricants of the bearings be renewed at reasonable intervals. The heavy grease in the springs will in most cases outlast the springs.

The great point is to get the correct lubricants for the various parts of the motor—spring lubricant, motor grease, or fine oil, which can be obtained under these descriptions from any gramophone dealer.

CARUSO'S FORTUNE FROM RECORDS.

It is always of interest to follow the career of a great artist, and in the "Life" of Caruso, recently published, there is ample opportunity. To the average gramophonist, the name of Caruso is synonymous with that of the gramophone, for it is (so far as these islands are concerned), a comparatively small proportion of people who have heard the great tenor sing in person. Yet his wonderful voice could not be more familiar to music-lovers if he were still with us and singing in public every day.

Curiosity has often been expressed as to the amount of money earned by Caruso through royalties received on the sales of his gramophone records, but I doubt if the wildest guesses placed the figure so high as the actual achievement, which is given as £145,000. A mighty total, all the more impressive when one remembers that it was built up in small sums. Caruso was among the first of a long line of singers whose fame was assured, if not actually made, by the gramophone.



ENGAGED AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS BAND, WHOSE WONDERFUL PLAYING IS FAMILIAR TO BRITISH DANCERS THROUGH GRAMOPHONE RECORDS.—[*Photograph by Apeda, N.Y.*]

OUTSTANDING RECORDS OF THE MONTH.

The principal novelty of the April issues is a record by Paderewski, who, after a stormy political interlude, during which he accomplished much for his beloved Poland, has finally returned to the concert platform. This first of a series of post-war recordings by him has more than ordinary interest. The piece chosen is Liszt's Tenth Hungarian Rhapsody, and he plays it in a virile and masterly manner. This record also achieves a remarkable volume of tone, and would serve as a test for any sound-box. As a piece of sheer virtuosity, this performance is remarkable, as showing that Paderewski has lost none of his skill at the keyboard; but we await eagerly some discs that will give the great Polish pianist in poetic mood, rather than as an expert digital gymnast.

The records of Bach's Brandenburg Concerto in G for strings will find a warm welcome. It is magnificently played by the strings of the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Goossens, and will give to many an opportunity of becoming familiar with "worth while" music, of which adequate public performances are few and far between. A notable addition, this, to the fine series of classic recordings which are now steadily being produced. The Concerto occupies three sides of two 12-in. discs, the fourth being a rich rendering of the familiar "Air for the G String," by the same composer.

Maria Jeritza is a newcomer as far as we in this country are concerned, but if her first record of "Elsa's Dream," from "Lohengrin," can be taken as a fair sample of her vocal and interpretative powers, there is little wonder that she has been one of the "sensations" of the New York Opera House for two seasons past. The orchestral accompaniment is also very good in this record.

In Galli-Curci's rendering of "One Fine Day," from "Madame Butterfly," one misses the crisp *staccato* of this famous coloratura, and has to get used to the idea that it is really Galli-Curci singing, for, although the familiar quality is there, it is only in the *agitato*, towards the close, that we feel at home with this record. It is a new interpretation by a great singer, revealing her in a fresh light, and is well worth having.

Isolde Menges is to be congratulated on her fine playing in the Handel Sonata in D major (No. 4), for violin and piano. The recording is complete and very good. All the records reviewed above are "His Master's Voice."

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P 150

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON (who will have parted with that name for ever ere these lines are read) went to the White Sale at Mr. J. F. and Lady Evelyn Mason's house in Bruton Street for the



FROM THE OSTRICH-FARMERS OF SOUTH AFRICA: A WEDDING GIFT TO THE DUKE OF YORK'S BRIDE—A SPLENDID MANTELET OF OSTRICH FEATHERS, IN "TUTANKHAMEN" STYLE.

The High Commissioner for South Africa, Sir Edgar Walton, presented this magnificent gift on behalf of the ostrich-farmers of the Union. It is a mantelet of the finest ostrich feathers, specially selected, and made up in Paris in a shape somewhat resembling a mantle found in the tomb of Tutankhamen.

Country Home of the Royal National Orthopædic Hospital. There was a competition in work, and the prizes were given as a wedding present for the Duke of York's fiancée. She was evidently very greatly pleased, and she looked such a sweet-faced, pretty, gentle-natured girl as she appreciatively handled the lovely work and thanked the organisers. She wore a *café-au-lait*-brown duvetyn skirt and loose Russian shaped coat to match, a row of pearls round her lovely neck, and a big black straw hat trimmed with soft black and gold ribbon. The Marchioness of Carisbrooke appeared very tall beside the *petite* bride-elect. Lady Carisbrooke wore all black, her crêpe-de-Chine dress having long side draperies fringed with black monkey fur. A long circular cape was of crêpe-de-Chine figured in circles, and a small black fur collar. A small hat was finished with long drooping ostrich feather. The dainty little Countess of Brecknock looked delightful in dark blue, wearing a smart red hat. Lady Sydenham was a good purchaser, and was dressed and hatted very becomingly in brown. Lady Lawrence, C.B.E., who did so well in canteen work in the war, was charmingly dressed in a colour which is very much in fashionable favour just now, and is a soft and lovely shade of golden fawn. The material was crêpe marocain, and a charming wide-brimmed hat of the same shade was worn. It is hoped that the sale did really well, because so many poor little kiddies are on the waiting list to go to the Country Home. Viscountess Campden reopened it the second day.

There was a mannequin show, at a very celebrated house, of models many of which have been copied for guests at the great wedding of this week. They gave every confidence in the beauty, harmony, and quiet richness of dress for that occasion. Almost every material was new—the names conveyed nothing; I think, like political phrases, they are invented with that object. Many were subtly combined with metal thread, which gleamed through only when the light caught it. Some had wavy lines raised from the surface in paler tone; others had embroidered or woven designs in bright colour—all were charming, and for the colour schemes no praise could be too high. They were the schemes of an artist in dress, which is quite a different kind of artist from any other. The hats were styleful to the smallest detail; only one objection were they open to, and only those seated behind them in the Abbey would urge it—the trimmings, soft, original, and delightful, were either too high or at wide angles. It was noticeable that large turbans, like those worn at routs in early Georgian days, were in much favour. They were, of course, adapted to modern taste.

For a second marriage, Mrs. Smyth-Osbourne, who was Lady Lucas-Tooth, chose a very pretty gown. It was ivory-white georgette, prettily draped and caught up at one side with a big flat blue satin and silk rose from which fell a long tapering chatelaine of buds and leaves, all in the same pronounced shade of sapphire-blue. There was a long pleated cape hanging only at the back from a small cushion collar of plaited ivory-white velvet ropes of deep cream-coloured Spanish lace. The hat, a very smart one, was all sapphire-blue. Captain Smyth-Osbourne is a clever soldier well known at the Staff College, and a great favourite with all who know him. A. E. L.



A WEDDING GIFT TO THE DUKE OF YORK AND HIS BRIDE FROM QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S HOUSEHOLD: A SILVER-GILT GEORGIAN INKSTAND ENGRAVED WITH THE ROYAL ARMS.

The members of Queen Alexandra's Household gave the Duke of York and his bride this beautiful inkstand, bearing the Royal Arms on one side, and an inscription on the other. The design is of floral sprays, with a chased border. It is fitted with cut-glass bottles, the centre one being a box with taper stick. The inkstand was supplied by Messrs. Carrington and Co., Ltd., 130, Regent Street, W.1.

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COMALA.

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7

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MERTON OF THE MOVIES." AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

"MERTON of the Movies" might, perhaps, have come a little more freshly in its satire on the film industry if it had not been anticipated by the much wittier "Advertising April"; yet it has its own novelty, for whereas the English playwrights poked fun at the booming of films and of film stars, the more ingenuous American play derives its piquancy from its exposure of the noise and hustle and blatancy which we are to suppose, across the Atlantic at least, accompany the making and rehearsing of films. All this is done in the adaptation of Mr. Harry Leon Wilson's novel with amusing thoroughness; and just enough of the tragi-comedy of the boy hero's fate is presented to lend the stage story some elements of drama and sentiment. Young Merton Gill, you see, is a film-struck shop assistant who imagines, poor innocent, that he has a mission to uplift the "movies," and at the same time worships a famous beauty of the film world. She disillusions him on acquaintance, and he, when he is given his chance to act, proves much too serious to succeed in work that at all approximates to his ideals. But just this deadly seriousness of his, handled by far-seeing if unscrupulous friends, permits him later, by a strange irony, to reveal himself in his own despite and in perfect unconsciousness as a heaven-born comic "star." The comedian-*malgré-lui* idea is excellent in itself, but is a little too smothered up in the bald details of film mechanism. It is sufficiently in evidence, however, to allow Mr. Tom Douglas to give a delightful study of the boy idealist, Merton, and to put chances in the way of Miss Patricia Collinge as the girl who befriends him and helps him to find his vocation. In the scenes of hustle Mr. Harry Wenman sets the right pace as the boisterous "producer."

THE "JACK STRAW" REVIVAL AT THE CRITERION.

"Jack Straw" dates, no doubt of it; strangely old-fashioned seem Mr. Maugham's studies of his *nouveaux riches*, the Parker-Jennings, in these days, and it is difficult now to summon up patience or smiles over some of the laboured rhetoric and equally laboured witticisms of the Archduke turned waiter who figures in the title-rôle. But one thing has not changed in fifteen years' time, and that is the art of those ripe comedians, Sir Charles Hawtrey and Miss Lottie Venne. Perhaps we get a slightly more portly hero now, but no actor we have can be so suave, so urbane, so imperturbable in moments of comic stress as Charles Hawtrey; while Miss Venne's Mrs. Parker-Jennings is still the "scream" it was, personality and unconquerable vitality here triumphing over the staleness of the material. The cast of the old play is exceptionally strong, for it includes Mr. Holman Clark and Miss Helen Haye as well as the two favourites who originally won it popularity, and will doubtless do so again.

Not long ago the French Ambassador, the Comte de St. Aulaire, commended the value of sport and games in strengthening the bonds of friendship between Britain and France. Such is the object of the Anglo-French Lawn Tennis Club, which affords ideal means of acting on his Excellency's advice. The ground is at Greenford, a short distance beyond Ealing, and easily accessible from town. We understand that the club has vacancies for a few more members, French people being especially welcome. Those interested should apply to the Hon. Sec., Mr. C. E. Byles, 43, Bernard Street, Russell Square, W.C.1, for full particulars.



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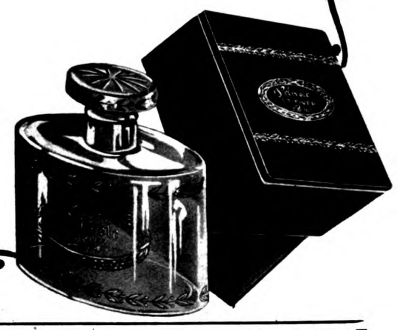
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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played in the Premier Tournament of the Liverpool Chess Congress between Mr. MEISES and Sir G. THOMAS.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Sir G. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	

A favourite opening of the Leipsic master as it was of Blackburn.

3.	P takes P
4. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd
5. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt
6. B to Q 3rd.	P to Q 4th
7. P to K 5th	Kt to Kt 5th
8. B to K B 4th	B to Q B 4th
9. Castles	Q R to Kt sq

With this and his next move Black practically loses the game. One can only suppose he refrains from Castling in hope of obtaining some advantage along the Rook's file later on.

10. Kt to B 3rd	R takes P
11. Kt to K 2nd	P to K R 4th
12. Q to B sq	

Proving the weakness of Black's previous play, as a clear move is gained for the attack by the necessity of retreating the Rook.

12.	Q R to Kt sq
13. P to Q B 3rd	B to Q 2nd
14. Kt to Q 4th	Kt to K 5th !
15. R to K sq	K to B sq

Castling is, of course, impossible, as B takes Kt must win.

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Sir G. T.)
16. P to K 6th	P takes P
17. Kt takes K P	B takes Kt
18. R takes B	Q to Q 2nd
19. R takes Kt	

A fine sacrifice that seems sound in all variations.

19.	P takes R
20. B takes P (ch)	K to K sq

Possibly Black might have done better with R takes B; 21. Q takes R (ch), Q to Kt 2nd, etc.

21. Q to B 4th	Q to K 3rd
22. Q takes P	B takes P (ch)
23. K to R sq	

White, fortunately for himself, can decline to capture the Bishop.

23.	R to Kt 7th
24. B to K Kt 5th	K to B sq
25. R to K B sq	K to Kt sq
26. B to B sq	

The ending is in keeping with the fine play that has characterised White's game, and the victory worthily earns for the veteran the first place in the Tourney. It is now 35 years since he first appeared in a public performance.

26.	R takes P
27. Q to Q 8th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
28. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	K to B 2nd
29. B to K 3rd	Q to B 3rd
30. Q takes Q (ch)	K takes Q
31. B to Q 4th (ch)	Resigns.

HORACE E MCFARLAND (St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.).—Thanks for your kind and considerate letter, and the very interesting official publication of the Missouri Pacific Chess Club. If success be the reward of enterprise, the publishers of the *Gambit* should be surfeited with prosperity.

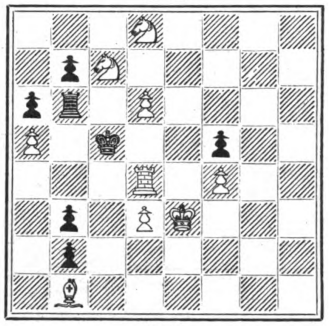
O NEWBOLD (Salisbury).—Amended position to hand, and will be further examined.

E E MAYBEE (Fergus, Canada).—We regret the end game is not suitable for this column. The two-mover shall have our attention.

MRS. W J BAIRD (Paignton).—Your contributions are always welcome.

PROBLEM No. 3904.—BY THE LATE J. PAUL TAYLOR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3902.—BY W. FINLAYSON.

WHITE	BLACK
1. K to Kt 3rd	K to K 5th
2. Kt to B 7th	Any move
3. Q mates.	

If Black play 1. K to Kt 4th; then 2. Q to B 3rd, etc.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3900 received from H F Marker (Porbandar, India) and Casimir Dickson (Vancouver, B.C.); of No. 3901 from Joseph T Bunting (Secane, U.S.A.) and H F Marker (Porbandar, India); of No. 3902 from E Pinkney (Driffield), Sesex, Manuel Corti (Pamplona, Spain), P W Hunt (Bridgwater) and James M K Lupton (Richmond).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3903 received from H W Satow (Bangor), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), W C D Smith (Northampton), F J Falliwell (Caterham), S Homer (Kensington), Joseph Willcock (Southampton).

Some evidence of the growing popularity of chess in this country is afforded by the fact that two first-class tournaments were held in England during Easter week, when at Liverpool and at Margate generous prize lists attracted the entry not only of our leading amateurs, but a strong body of Continental masters and players as well. Both meetings proved eminently successful, and the following were the main results—

Liverpool: Premier Tourney—Meises, 1; Maroczy, 2; Sir G. Thomas and Yates, 3. Major Tourney—Drewitt, 1; Watts, 2; Wenman, 3. Minor Tourney—Mann, 1; Whitworth, 2; Saban, 3.

Margate: Masters' Tournament—Grunfield, 1; Alekhine, Bogoljubow, Michel and Muffany tied for 2. International Amateurs—A. F. Brown and L. C. G. Dewing were first in each section. Kent Tournament—T. G. Griggs, 1.

We regret to record the death of Mr. J. Paul Taylor, who in days gone by was a constant contributor to this column, and was also one of the most prolific of English composers. He devoted himself chiefly to the construction of two-movers, in the development of which on modern lines he may be fairly considered a pioneer; but his powers of composition were by no means limited to that particular grade, and many deeper and more abstruse stratagems owed their origin to his ingenuity. He was a genial correspondent, a pleasant friend, and, what to many will crown his virtues, a most enthusiastic disciple of Izaak Walton. He died suddenly in the train at Exeter when starting on one of his beloved fishing expeditions.

We understand that, while Messrs. Major Drapkin and Co. had a considerable quantity of tobacco destroyed in the big fire at the Victoria Docks during the week-end, none of the special leaf from which "Greys" cigarettes are made was damaged. Consequently, the loss will have no effect upon the supply of that popular brand of cigarette.





The Bridal Gem

There is no gem that is more becoming or tasteful for a Bride and her Bridesmaids or Guests than the pearl.

The most admired necklets and ornaments at many of the smartest weddings, worn by the most distinguished and beautiful women of the Court and Society, praised by all who see them, and described in the Press as real pearls, are actually

Ciro Pearls

though the fact is known only to the wearers. In lustre, texture and weight there is no detectable difference between Ciro Pearls and the natural pearl, or they would not be worn so generally at important social functions under the critical scrutiny of the best judges of jewels.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls 16 ins. long, with gold clasp in dainty box, or any other Ciro Pearl jewel in hand-made settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days, and we will refund your money.

Our dainty illustrated Pearl booklet No. 16 post free on request.

Ciro Pearls Ltd
39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 16
City Branch: 44, Cheapside, E.C. 2.

BERT & CO.
of 3, Vigo St.,
have removed to
21, JERMYN ST.,
LONDON, S.W. 1
during rebuilding.
FINE JEWELS and ANTIQUE SILVER.

Foster Clark's
It's the Creamiest Custard

If We Could Only Have a 'Reudelated' Foot-Bath Now!



For Sore, Tired, Tender Feet when they Burn, Smart, Swell, Blister, Itch, Perspire, or form Corns, Callouses, and Chilblains, nothing else can be compared with REUDEL BATH SALTRATES.

A SMALL handful dissolved in hot water produces a bath or foot-bath possessing wonderful refreshing and curative properties. Rest your feet for a few minutes in the "Reudelated" water thus prepared and Presto! away go all your foot afflictions almost as if by magic.

Edgar C. Horton, official holder of twenty-six long-distance walking records, says, that ever since he commenced using Reudel Bath Saltrates, foot misery and all muscular aches, pains and stiffness, have been only unpleasant memories to him. When sore, tender feet burn, smart, swell and perspire, or when the arches tire and ache so that every step means such pain that you fear fallen arches, just try resting the feet for a few minutes in the medicated and oxygenated water produced as explained above. There is *no other way* in which you can add such wonderfully curative elements to the bath. See how quickly this cools and refreshes tender skin, draws all the pain and soreness out of aching muscles or sensitive joints, and soothes the maddening irritation of chilblains. The real and lasting foot comfort is so gratifying that no one can fully appreciate such amazing effects until they are actually felt. The feet will soon be rendered so strong and healthy that they prove capable of bearing any reasonable strain ever likely to be placed upon them.

Millions of packets of Reudel Bath Saltrates (for the preparation of "Reudelated" water) have been sold, every one containing a signed guarantee to return money in full if any user is dissatisfied. No question, no delay, and no red tape. Yet the sale is increasing daily. *This means something*, as you will understand when you see for yourself the wonderful effects it produces. In packets of convenient sizes and at very low prices, from all chemists. Ask them about it.

Emile's 100% Coiffure



"ULTIMA."

This is the Transformation that beat all comers in Three Open World Competitions recently.

If you want the best—"Ultima" will assure it. Write or call to-day for beautiful Brochure or approval selection.

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A popular Livery, being suitable for town or country wear. Having the open front, showing collar and tie, it is particularly smart in appearance. Skilfully tailored in durable Melton, it will wear well and retain that indefinable dignity and style for a surprisingly long time. Colours: Dark Blue, Dark Grey, and Dark Green. In all stock sizes up to 42 in. chest, or specially made to measure at the same price. Jacket and breeches,

85/-

Cap to Match, Latest shape - - - - - - 7/6
Black Leather Leggings - - - - - - 14/9

These Liveries can also be supplied in the

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Style with Lancer front, as illustration *(small)*. Very smart and comfortable in wear. In the same cloths and at the same price as above. Price includes Brass, Nickel, or Plated Buttons. Patterns, Self-measurement Forms, and Book of Styles sent post free upon request.



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The sight of the clubs in the corner

the tingle of the fingers—the yielding to temptation—the train—the tee—the stance—and the satisfying drive.

The self-willed ball—the care-free hours of slow pursuit over the fairway—through long, wet grass and in marshy corners, in a shoe—light—strong—waterproof—gripping the ground for a shot—spurning the distance in between—a dry, comfortable tread free from fatigue.

Abbott's GOLF SHOES



ABBOTT'S CRÊPE SOLE

This pure crêpe rubber-soled golf shoe has been received with enthusiasm by the leading professionals, and is becoming more popular every day. The perfect grip it affords gives the golfer a confidence on any turf, hard or soft, wet or dry. Its springiness ensures that none of the usual foot weariness will be felt, even at the end of a long, hard day. Made in Tan Willow and Scotch Grain.
Leather Sole if preferred.

25/-
Postage 1/-

"The ABBO"

Acknowledged by all who have worn them to be one of the finest Golf Shoes made to-day. Cut from a special Tan Scotch Grain Waterproof Leather, Calf lined throughout. Extra Stout Best Leather Sole with Rubber Sheeting between. Made on the hand-sewn principle with extending Welts round heel. Equally suited for walking, touring and week-ends.



25/-
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Either Shoe sent on approval if desired.

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54, Regent Street, W.1. (*Opposite Swan & Edgar's*).

121, High Holborn, W.C.1
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458, Holloway Road, N.7
65, George Street, Richmond, Surrey.

New branch now open 85, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1

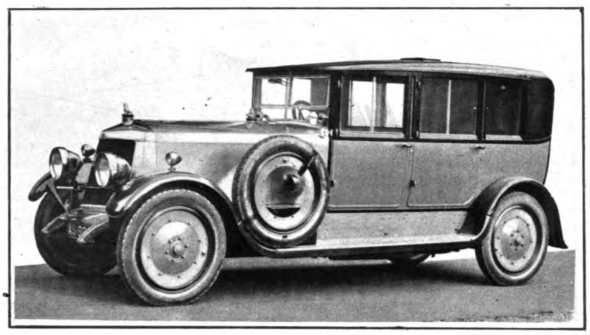
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Racing at Brooklands.

The first long-distance races of the season are down for decision at the Second Members' Meeting of the B.M.C.R.C. at Brooklands on May 5, when the Junior and Senior "Centuries" will be run off. As the name implies, each of these races is over a distance of 100 miles, the Junior for solo motor cycles with engine capacity not exceeding 350 cc., and the Senior not exceeding 500 cc. These races are of exceptional interest, inasmuch as they demand not only a very high average speed, but almost perfect reliability. A stop at the pits for anything much more important than replenishments means that a man's chance of winning will be gone. It is expected that the winners' speed in the Junior race will be in the neighbourhood of 75 m.p.h., whilst the Senior should be nearly ten miles per hour faster. Both events are being taken very seriously, and all the well-known riders and machines are taking part.

The New Wolseley Standard Ten.

Few cars have been so successful and popular as the Wolseley Ten. Ever since its first introduction it has been recognised as among the best small cars built. It has always been marketed as a *de luxe* type of car, but for some time past Wolseley Motors, Ltd., have been considering the practicability of supplying it in a simplified form, at a really popular price. The outcome of this consideration is the new Wolseley Standard Ten, which is to be sold complete at the remarkably low figure of £295. In all main essentials the engine and chassis are identical with that of the Ten *de luxe*. The same wonderfully efficient springing is retained, and the car is just as comfortable on the road as the *de luxe* model. It is equally fast, has the same marked hill-climbing powers, and is just as economical in running cost. The coachwork is of modern streamline pattern, with folding hood of waterproof canvas. All-weather side-curtains are provided, arranged to open with the door, by which it can be transformed into a weather-tight two-seater in bad weather. The wind-screen is of double panel type, the top being arranged to swing outward. The wheels are fitted with 26-inch by 3-inch Dunlop clipper cord tyres, and a spare wheel and tyre are included. Electric lighting is provided, the head-lights being mounted on the front mud-wings. A dickey-seat is fitted at the rear. Although not so elaborately equipped as the *de luxe* model, it is a very smart and handsome car, and is in every respect complete and ready for the road. It is claimed that never before has such a high grade and efficient car of real "quality" type been listed at so low a price, and arrangements are being made to meet the immense demand which is already beginning to materialise.



THE DUKE OF YORK'S "HONEYMOON" CAR: A 30-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY, WITH BURLINGTON "PULLMAN" LIMOUSINE BODY.

This 30-h.p. Armstrong Siddeley six-cylinder car, with Burlington "Pullman" limousine body, is the latest of the several cars of the same make owned during the past few years by H.R.H. the Duke of York, and is to be used by him for his honeymoon. It is painted outside in the royal colours, and has a nickel-plated radiator cowl. The interior is upholstered with royal carriage cloth, and there is a partition with sliding windows behind the driver's seat.

A Notable Prize.

The Kent County Ophthalmic Hospital are making a big effort to raise money for the extension of their building, and a very successful competition recently took place to help matters. One of the prizes was a 7-h.p. Austin car, presented by Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., of Maidstone. About 34,000 tickets were sold, and a sum of approximately £1700 obtained for the fund.

(*Continued overleaf.*

BSA

B.S.A. 10 h.p. Car

FOR a car providing comfortable accommodation for two passengers, with ample luggage room, the B.S.A. 10 offers the finest possible value in the light-car market. The reliability and efficiency of the engine are without equal and it is the only light car that can be obtained with the highly efficient Daimler-Lanchester worm-driven axle.

B.S.A. 10 h.p. 2-seater, with ample luggage room £205

B.S.A. 10 h.p. De Luxe 2-seater and dickey, with self-starter, speedometer, electric horn, spare wheel and tyre, spring gaiters, sidescreen and curtains, etc. £250

B.S.A. 10 h.p. De Luxe occasional 4-seater with self-starter, speedometer, electric horn, spare wheel and tyre, spring gaiters, sidescreen and curtains, etc. £260

There is also an 11 h.p. 4-cylinder model and a 12 h.p. 6-cylinder model; both have silent Daimler engines.

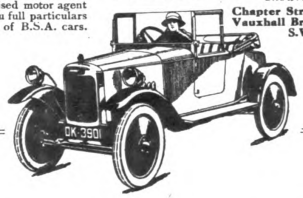
Write to-day for a copy of B.S.A. booklet No. E.G. 69, which describes the B.S.A. 10

The Daimler Company Ltd.

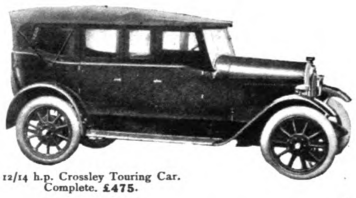
COVENTRY

LONDON Wholesale Showrooms: Chapter Street House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

Any recognised motor agent will give you full particulars of all types of B.S.A. cars.



£475



12/14 h.p. Crossley Touring Car. Complete. £475.

NOT only is the 12/14 h.p. Crossley a quality car in every sense of the word, built with the same care and precision which distinguish the larger Crossley models, it has also a very surprising road performance. With a speed of over 50 miles per hour, taking any ordinary hill on top, and holding the road well at all speeds, it satisfies the most exacting. With ample power and wonderful acceleration, it has the "feel" and responsiveness of a high-powered car. Equipment is very complete; upholstery of best leather. Unquestionably the 12/14 h.p. Crossley is without a rival in its class.

Also 19·6 h.p. and 20-70 h.p. Sports

THE 19.6 h.p. Crossley is, of course, well known as a superfine car of wonderful value. It has been aptly described as "the four which makes the six unnecessary." Distinguished by absolute quietness of running, acceleration which must be experienced to be believed, and coachwork of perfect taste, this model has attracted tremendous attention and a very keen demand. The five-seater touring car is £795. Prices of covered bodies on request. The 20/70 h.p. Sports model is a unique proposition—one of the surprises amongst 1923 models. It is sold with a guaranteed speed of 75 miles per hour, and has the tremendous advantage of retaining perfect condition with a minimum of attention. Four-seater, £875.

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CARPETS SHAMPOOED. CARPETS DYED.
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Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and to give the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening.



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Charming Street Frock tailored in mushroom coloured suiting with embroidered pique collar, and clasp of cut steel.
14½ Gns.

This smart tailleur of navy rep is cut on easy, graceful lines. Raised applique braid outlines the roll collar and cuffs.
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Hair Work of Super Quality at Half West End Prices.

Half-Transf., £3 3 0; Full, £6 6 0. *Send for Free Booklet.*

16 Gold Medals. **MAISON OLAFSON,** 172, HIGH STREET, NOTTING HILL GATE, W.
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London's Famous House for Laces, Embroideries, Lingerie and Baby Clothes, Founded 1865.

REAL LACES.—A choice variety of real lace goods from 5/- to £20. Collars, Handkerchiefs and Scarves, etc. Remnants of Real lace for Lingerie.

SPECIALITIES.

Real Valenciennes and Flemish Laces, Filet, Real Brussels, Irish Crochet, Honiton, Mechlin, Lille, Point de Venise and Antique Laces, Lace Collars, Scarves and Handkerchiefs. Fine Cambric and Linen Lawn Handkerchiefs.

We supply Ladies' Underwear and Baby Garments, ready made or to order, or supply all the materials to make them at home. See our unique Pattern Book of Embroideries, Laces and Materials, sent on application.

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A charming variety of everything needful for baby. Christening Robes, Gowns, Cloaks, Pelisses, Children's Frocks, Smocks, Tunics, Coats, etc.

SELECTIONS OR PRICE LIST SENT ON APPLICATION.



Modesty Jumper Slip Fronts
In various Real Laces, from **9/6**
The Set—Collar & Slip in Real Milanese Lace (*as illustration*), **63/-**

P. STEINMANN & CO.,
185-186, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.
Founded 1865.



The Test of Time

CORRECT Lubrication has been proved by the Test of Time. The experience of thousands of motorists all over the country is convincing testimony of the value of Correct Lubrication.

Arundel Castle, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Norfolk, was founded before the coming of the Normans. In 1102 it was besieged by Henry I., and later by Stephen

The Parliamentarians attacked Arundel Castle in 1644 and left it in ruins. The present castle, one of the most imposing in Great Britain, was begun in 1791.

There is a grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil scientifically correct for every car on the market. What is the correct grade for your car? Make the Chart your Guide and ensure

Minimum friction and wear.
Minimum waste of fuel and oil.
Maximum power and performance.
Maximum life and reliability.

Low-priced oils are positively harmful. Many of them are merely by-products in the manufacture of motor spirit. Gargoyle Mobiloil is not a by-product.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured from crude oils specially chosen for their intrinsic *lubricating* value—*not* for their yield of motor spirit.

This is one of the essential reasons for the superiority of every grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

You can buy Gargoyle Mobiloil in one or four-gallon cans, five or ten-gallon drums, in barrels or half-barrels.

Turn the Test of Time to your own advantage by ordering a supply of Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer to-day.

REMEMBER:—Ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say, "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB.'" Demand Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.

This is the second of a series of announcements by the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., depicting in semi-silhouette form, castles and bridges well-known to every user of Gargoyle Mobiloil. Number three of this series will show Clifton Suspension Bridge.

The Chart of Recommendations can be seen in every garage and showroom throughout the country. Your dealer will gladly supply you with the particular grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that is scientifically correct for your car.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the Chart your Guide

HEAD OFFICE: Caxton House, Westminster, London, S.W.1

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD.

Continued.

The Small Car. Between the small car of to-day and that of a few years ago, there is fixed the widest of gulfs. It is needless to labour the point further than to say that it is becoming clearer every day that the increase in the efficiency of, and the power developed by, the modern internal combustion engine is altering the whole trend of our ideas of what the motor-car should be. We now have small cars whose performance is very much better than that of pre-war cars of double their rating. The average 11.9-h.p. car of to-day is faster, a better hill-climber, and infinitely more capable all round than the 18-h.p. car of 1914. But I think we still have a long way to go before arriving at the comparative ideal. Hand in hand with engine development has gone a craving for cutting down weight. This is a very good thing in its way, but, like all good things, it can be overdone. Metallurgy has made long strides during recent years, and we now have steel alloys which possess a very high factor of strength. They can be embodied to advantage in a motor-car chassis, with the result that considerable weight can be saved with no loss of strength, as compared with the much heavier steels employed in construction years ago. In fact, the chassis construction itself is probably more resistant to absolute breakage than was its heavier prototype. But this, to my mind, carries with it certain disadvantages where the designer strives after a high power to weight ratio. He produces a chassis which, as a design, is excellent. His manufacturers are able to make play in their advertisements with the fact that the "X" car is several hundredweights lighter than the "Y." Other things being equal, the "X" would be the better car; but the trouble is that other things are not equal. My own experience of some of these ultra-light vehicles is that the saving in weight has produced a set of defects which are by no means compensated by the advantages. The whip of the frame under road shocks very soon causes distortion of the body, with resultant rattles and squeaks which are incurable. They shed nuts and bolts, and wring their accessories all out of place. A little more weight judiciously placed would save a great deal of this trouble, and I do think that the British small car designer would do well to view the matter from the angle suggested by these remarks. If anything is wanted to point the moral, I need only refer to the success and popularity achieved by a certain small Italian car, the name of which will readily suggest itself to most readers. There is nothing in the design of this car which excels that of half-a-dozen British light cars that I could name. Where it does score is that its makers have not been afraid of a certain amount of weight, and have preferred to build their chassis stiff enough to withstand the distortion caused by travelling over different road surfaces.

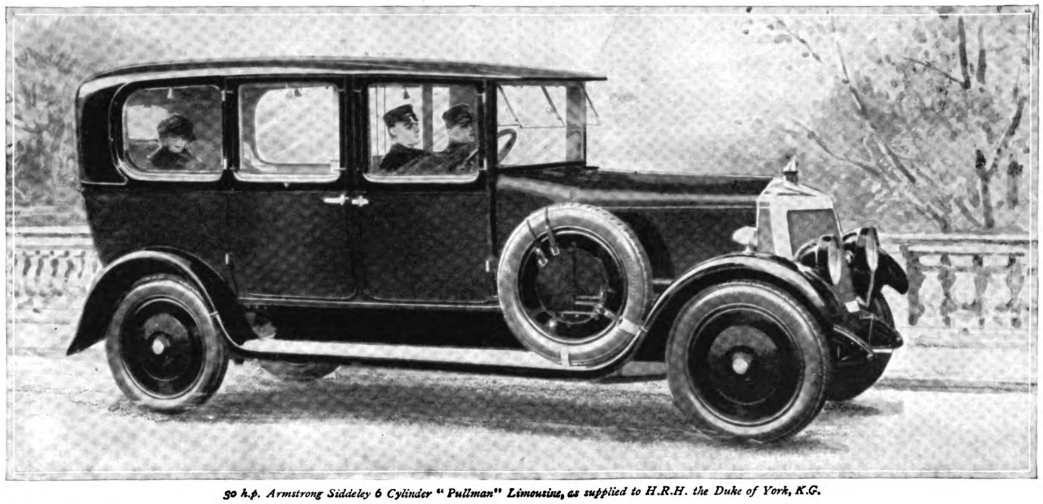
R.A.C. Trials. I have received from the secretary of the R.A.C. the following letter—

"As you may be aware, a large number of official certified trials are now in progress. Amongst these are trials of a Crossley car and of a Westcar car; whilst that of a Talbot car has just finished. At the same time, trials are being run of three different sizes of Rapson tyres, and two of these trials are being incorporated with the trials of the Crossley and Westcar. For the purpose of the third trial, that of the largest size of tyres, a six-cylinder Napier car is being used. This car was not entered for trial, nor have any observations or records been made of the car during the tyre trial—in fact, the car has actually been out of the charge of the Club for a short period, and in the hands of the makers, the wheels and tyres having remained in the charge of the Club until the car's return.

"My object in writing to you is to prevent any misunderstanding in the matter, and to ask for your assistance to prevent any reference to the Napier car, as this car is not under official observation, but is only being used as a means of testing the Rapson tyres, and consequently any reference thereto detracts from the performance of the cars entered by the three firms concerned, which firms were prepared to stake their reputations on the performances put up by their products."

I do not quite follow the argument that the Napier car should not be mentioned in connection with the trial, although it is not actually undergoing a trial. All the stops, if any, that might be caused by failure of the car would, I believe, be automatically recorded on the certificate issued in respect of the tyres tested. In any case, if the car should run the full 20,000 miles contemplated, it would constitute a sufficiently meritorious performance for mention, and, *pace* the R.A.C., I imagine the facts would receive due meed of publicity.

[*Continued overleaf.*



30 h.p. Armstrong Siddeley 6 Cylinder "Pullman" Limousine, as supplied to H.R.H. the Duke of York, K.G.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY
SIX CYLINDER CARS 18 H.P. & 30 H.P.

Finest Value in Fine Cars
Prices-complete-from £660

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS, LIMITED, COVENTRY
(Allied with Sir W. G. Armstrong Whitworth & Co., Ltd.)
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A BICYCLE WITH A GREAT REPUTATION

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Such is the TRIUMPH—"The Best Bicycle British Workmanship can Produce" now obtainable from £7 17s. 6d. or on easy Monthly Terms, which include a comprehensive Insurance Policy.



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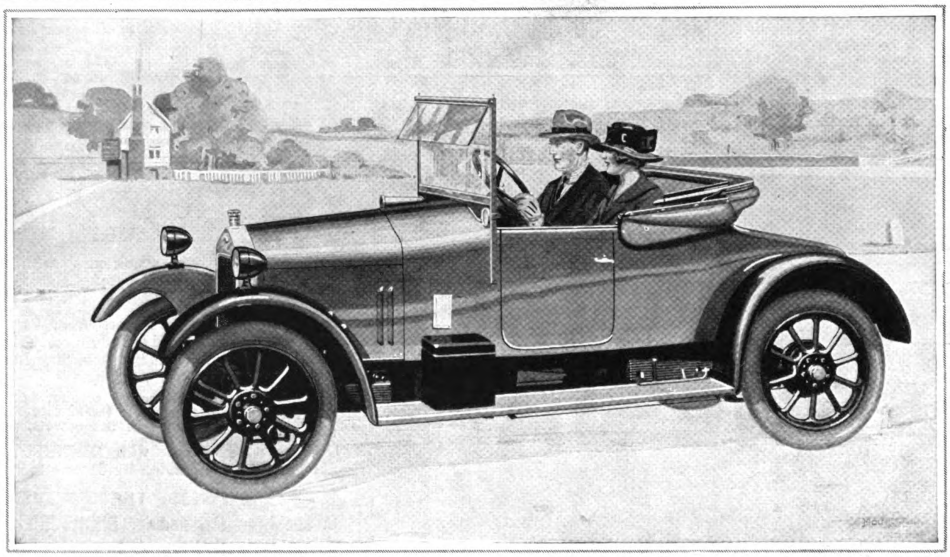
Look out for the 10 h.p. Triumph Car.

Send a Postcard for Cycle or Motor Catalogue.
TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., LTD., COVENTRY,
LONDON: 218, Great Portland Street, W.1;
and at Leeds, Manchester and Glasgow. *Agents Everywhere.*

Himrod's ASTHMA CURE
The standard remedy for over 50 years
Gives instant relief from *Catarrh, Asthma,* etc.
AT ALL CHEMISTS
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Always ask for
"SPHERE"
BRACES, GARTERS, SUSPENDERS
Each pair bears manufacturer's guarantee.
Obtainable from all Drapers & Outfitters.

WOLSELEY



THE
WOLSELEY 'STANDARD' TEN.

This new model is THE MOST ASTONISHING MOTOR CAR VALUE EVER OFFERED. In all main essentials the engine and chassis are identical with the Wolseley Ten de luxe, admittedly the finest small car in the world. The body is splendidly finished and luxuriously upholstered, and the car is in every respect complete and ready for the road.

Price £295.

The Equipment includes:
Folding hood; All-weather side curtains; Dickey seat; Adjustable windscreen; Spare wheel with tyre, on carrier; Electric lighting outfit (3 lamps); Bulb horn; Tool kit, &c. Dunlop Tyres fitted as standard.

Catalogue No. 20, post free.

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD.,
Adderley Park - - - BIRMINGHAM
(Proprietors: Vickers Limited),
London Showrooms: WOLSELEY HOUSE, 157, Piccadilly, W.
Indian Depot: Sandhurst Bridge Road, Chaupatty, Bombay.

Continued.]

Singer Price Reductions. I am advised that the prices of Singer cars have been very materially reduced. The 15-h.p., six-cylinder four-seater has come down from 520 guineas to £500; the 10-h.p. A1 Weather from 280 guineas to £250; and the 10-h.p. Coventry Premier from 230 guineas to £210.

22,000 Miles in Thirteen Months. Writing to the Service Motor Co., Ltd., Captain E. G. Bromhead, R.E., Birmingham, reports that his 11.9-h.p. Albert, delivered in February last year, has completed 22,000 miles. The letter continues: "When I say that I have competed in fourteen reliability trials and secured twelve awards, including eight gold medals, you will realise a little of what the car has stood up to. I use the car every day and all day for business, and it is often driven by my partner and others." A further proof of the durability and reliability of the Albert comes all the way from Selangor, F.M.S. The writer, Mr. H. B. Dudley, who is connected with the Padang Gajah Estate, observes: "My Albert has done 22,000 miles, has never been in a repair shop, has averaged thirty miles per gallon all the time, and can still do 45 m.p.h. easily."



A 10-H.P. B.S.A. CAR STARTING FOR A 5000 MILES R.A.C. TRIAL: THE CAR LEAVING THE DAIMLER WORKS AT COVENTRY IN CHARGE OF THE OFFICIAL R.A.C. OBSERVER.

A Fine Record. A new record has just been established by a 19.6 Crossley, fitted with Rapson Cord Tyres and using Wakefield Oil, which has just completed 20,000 miles.

This is the first car in the world to complete a road trial of this distance under the official observation of the R.A.C. Starting in January, the 19.6-h.p. Crossley has covered approximately 300 miles every day (Sundays excepted) until to-day, when it reached 20,000 miles, the longest distance covered by any car in any previous officially observed trial in the history of the R.A.C.

The most significant feature of the trial has been the amazingly consistent trouble-free running of the car and tyres throughout the whole 20,000 miles. The records of the consumption of fuel and oil, in addition to the remarkably light tyre wear, will, when the official figures are published, create a great sensation, proving extraordinary economy.

[*Continued overleaf.*

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

MOTHERS Guard your Health

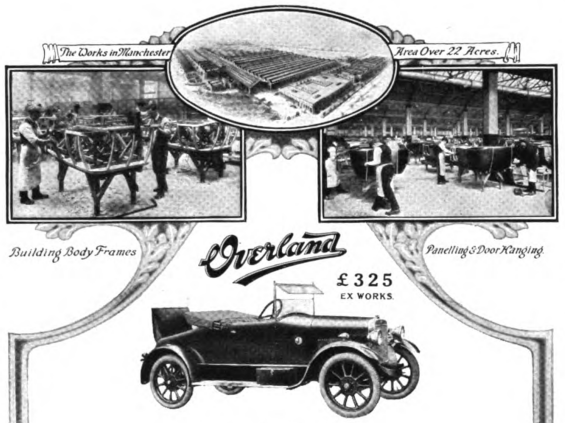
and that of your little ones with DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA. It is the safest aperient for Delicate Constitutions, Ladies, Children and Infants.

Prevents the food of infants from turning sour during digestion. The universal remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Indigestion, Sour Eructations, Bilious Affections.

Solid Magnesia should on no account be given to children or taken by adults, as it is liable to form hard, insoluble lumps in the bowels.

There is no such risk with DINNEFORD'S Pure Fluid Magnesia, recommended by doctors for over 100 years.

AVOID IMITATIONS.
Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on label,
Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.



An Invitation.

Will you examine and try the British Built Overland All-weather Touring Car?

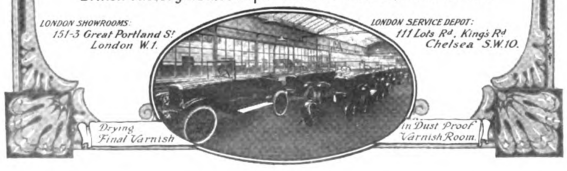
May we send a car to your home for a thorough demonstration, so that you may realise the substantial value of the Overland? We want you to feel the smooth flowing power and the sturdy certainty of the Overland which adds to the pleasure of driving.

A postcard will bring the model you suggest. Your enquiry places you under no obligation.

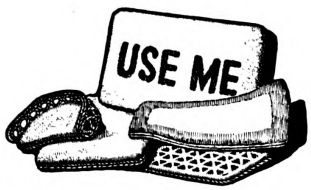
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British-Built 2-3 Seater with double dickey £325
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(*All prices ex works.*)

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A recent purchaser said:—

"You seem to have produced a sort of junior Rolls. Yours is the only 4-cylinder car I have ever handled which gives one the impression of driving a 'six.'"

Awarded Gold Medals, London–Exeter Reliability Trial, Christmas, 1922, and London—Land's End Reliability Trial, March 30th/31st, 1923.

Write for illustrated Folder.



4-Seater £475 2-Seater £465

Tax £12 per year

12-20 H.P. Model.

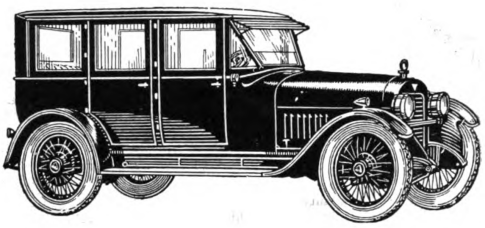
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GROSVENOR WORKS, CHISWICK, W.4

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This Rich & Beautiful Sedan £775

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¶ It is an ideal family car for all seasons of the year, with seating capacity for seven passengers.

¶ The front seat is 46 inches wide, deep-cushioned and heavily upholstered. An adjustable air ventilator, built in the cowl, which is standard on all Hudson models, adds to comfort in the front compartment. The commodious rear compartment includes a deep-cushioned seat 47 inches in width, and two large folding auxiliary seats.

¶ The Hudson Sedan is a car-de-luxe that will cost even less than the open model of any car to which you compare Hudson in quality, performance, and reliability.

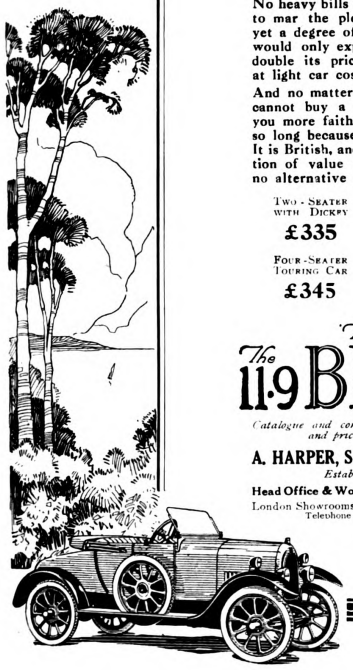
Prices include 5 non-skid Cord Tyres. *5 Wire Wheels are £21 extra.*

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LET your motoring be delightful by touring in a Bean. You will be free from wayside worries. No heavy bills for tyres and petrol to mar the pleasure of the tour, yet a degree of road comfort you would only expect from a car of double its price—big car comfort at light car cost.

And no matter what you pay you cannot buy a car that will give you more faithful service. It lasts so long because it is made so well. It is British, and when it is a question of value for money there is no alternative to the Bean.

TWO-SEATER WITH DICKEY	£335	Speed 50 m.p.h. on the level. Petrol 30 m.p.g., Tyres last 6000 to 8000 miles.
FOUR-SEATER TOURING CAR	£345	Side curtains to open with the doors. Electric lighting and starting; all accessories and tools; spare wheel and tyre.

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Continued.]

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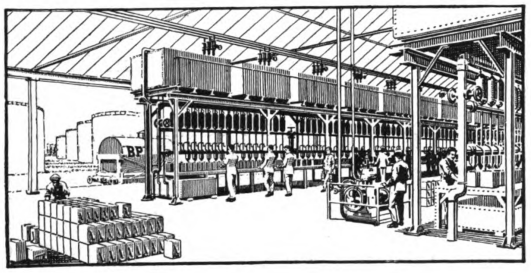
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Every can, before it enters the Filling-room, is carefully tested to see that it is air-tight. It is thoroughly cleansed with a special petrol spray to remove every trace of water or foreign matter. Then it is freshly painted.

The Filling-room is equipped with patent automatic fillers, inspected and sealed by the Inspector of Weights and Measures, ensuring full measure and that no grit or dirt gets in. When you buy "BP" you get the "Best Possible" Motor Spirit in the best possible condition.

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is indeed a valuable household ally, for it performs, unaided the task that used to be so lengthy and unpleasant—the cleaning of the lavatory.

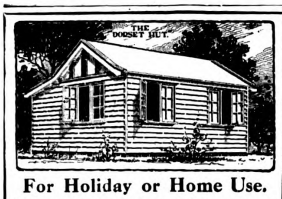
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68 x 72 inches - - - each **12/6**
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In Summer and Winter

in sunshine and rain

Why does he romp



with such gusto and noise

And join in the games of the girls and the



boys

What makes him always in



form at the courts

At



football and cricket and all other



sports

What keeps him fit though he's



turned 43

And works



in the city just like you and me

How does he manage to dodge



pains and ills?

It isn't a secret



he takes

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'Nerves' rob you of beauty!

'Nerves' steal your good looks. They put the crow's feet around your eyes, the wrinkles on your forehead. Get rid of them by taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets.



Take Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They will bring back the sparkle to the eye, vigour and elasticity to the limbs and muscles, and roses to the cheeks. They contain exactly the nerve restoratives you need. They will increase your vitality, and give you ability to do your work with greater zest and less fatigue. Dr. Cassell's Tablets *simply must* do you good.

TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME.
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

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Mrs. R. Begbie, Welbourne, Lincs., in a signed statement, says:—"Some four years ago I was in a very low state of health. My nerves were the chief trouble. I suffered from depression and sleeplessness, and attacks of indigestion and bilious colic would last for days together. I was terribly weak, lost flesh, and fell away to a mere shadow of myself. Then I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets and immediately the insomnia ceased. From then onwards I improved daily, and soon I was as well and as strong as ever."

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Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
Neuritis	Palpitation
Indigestion	Kidney
Sleeplessness	Weakness
Neurasthenia	Children's
Nerve Pains	Weakness
Headache	Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

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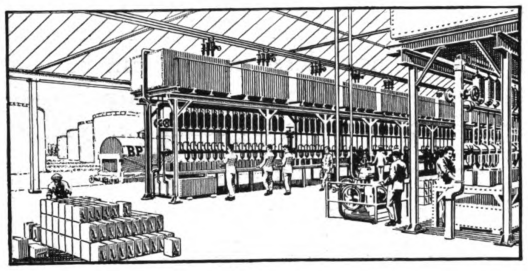
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"BP" is the only entirely British petrol—British in every stage from the Crude Oil well to the familiar Khaki Can.

British Capital — British Enterprise — British Labour.

MOTOR BP SPIRIT

British Petroleum Co. Ltd
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Distributing Organization of the
ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.

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HEAD TELEPHONES, LOUD SPEAKERS, AMPLIFIERS.
British Made.
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Advt. of Sterling Telephone & Electric Co., Ltd.
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Radio Sets

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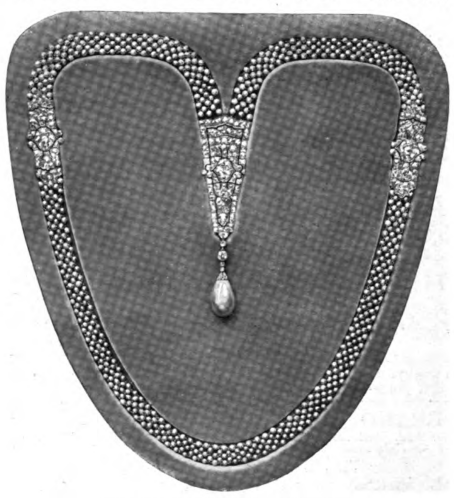
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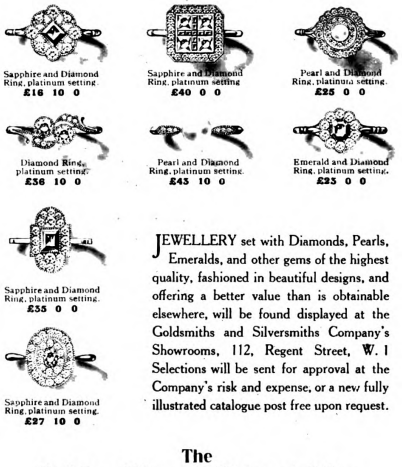


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REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1923.

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PAINTER OF "THE UNKNOWN BRITISH SOLDIER IN FRANCE," WHICH WILL AROUSE MUCH INTEREST AT THE ACADEMY: SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.

It is safe to prophesy that Sir William Orpen's Royal Academy picture, "The Unknown British Soldier in France," will be one of the most-talked-of canvases at this year's Exhibition. Sir William, who holds the military rank of Major, received his knighthood, as a K.B.E., in 1918. In that year, it may be recalled, he held an exhibition of war pictures, many of which he presented to the nation. He is also the author of a war book, "An Onlooker in France."

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYK.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SEE that somebody or other, in reviewing Mr. C. F. G. Masterman's striking and searching study called "England After the War," has said that nobody could expect Mr. Masterman to understand Mr. Chesterton. Now, I have every reason to believe that Mr. Masterman and I are exactly the sort of people who do understand each other; though he was always labelled a pessimist when I was labelled an optimist. We understood each other because we agreed in not judging things by labels. And it is precisely because I think he does understand that I wish to explain; for it is no good explaining such personal things to people who do not understand. I wish to give him the true explanation of something. He says about me, in effect, that I used to be an optimist trying to awake wonder at common things, but have become too much of a war controversialist. "He has seen the world fall to pieces in the extremity of misery and pain; and the proclamation of the greatness of the thistledown or the pillar-box has passed into controversy more brilliant, indeed, but almost as tedious as that of most of his competitors, on whether Germany was responsible for the war, and how much we should eat of her now we have won."

Now, I think I could make Mr. Masterman see, much quicker than most people, that there really is a very direct connection between my early fairy-tales about the thistledown and the pillar-box and our controversial case in the late war. Of course, a man cannot fill his life with fairy-tales; it is his business to take serious things seriously, to defend justice and do his best for his country. In such a war a romancer ought to be proud to become a controversialist, as a hairdresser is proud to become a soldier. But in this case there is no inconsistency, but a very close connection. When I was called an optimist for saying we should wonder at the thistledown or thank God for the pillar-box, I was saying something that I should still say, and especially as to the real moral of the Great War. It is a moral that seems to be entirely missed; and I think it is hugely important.

The disappointment after the war, including the disappointment of Mr. Masterman, seems to me to have been due to the very fact that the world went into it with a false notion of *progress*. We thought a man could only fight to *improve* things; and especially to improve his own position. We forgot that a man may fight not to improve things, but to rescue them. He may fight, not to improve his position, but to save his life. It is not fantastically quixotic to say that he may sometimes even fight to save somebody else's life. To save things implies that they are worth saving; and the point is that their very peril makes us feel that they are worth saving. But it is unreasonable to expect them to be intrinsically improved only by being nearly destroyed. Perseus delivers Andromeda from the monster; and everybody naturally rejoices, not excluding Andromeda. But it would be unreasonable to expect Andromeda to be actually improved in health by being exposed to the sea-breezes, on the analogy of sea-bathing. It would be too exacting to demand that she should not only live happily ever after, but actually grow younger every day. What may reasonably be expected is that her family, which had got used to her good looks, may realise that such beauty is something to be loved, when it has been nearly lost. St. George kills the dragon and saves the princess; and we are glad, unless we are among those imperial or international evolutionists who always desire the smaller organism to be absorbed into the larger. But it would be irrational to expect the princess to turn into a goddess merely by being tied to a tree. It is nonsense to say that St. George ought to have worked a miracle, and turned the princess into three princesses with a touch of his magic spear. The change might be appropriate to the polygamous regions of the Sultan, her papa; but the most we can hope for is not to present the Sultan with three daughters, but to teach him to appreciate one. Now, the whole of this notion of appreciating what we have got was entirely ignored by the pessimists of the period when Mr. Masterman and I were young. That indifference to the intrinsic beauty of things, apart from the improvement of things, was the thing against which I urged the claims of the thistledown and the pillar-box. I was quite certain that, if people had not imagination enough to enjoy things in themselves, they would not enjoy them in any infinite or ideal extension. I was sure that if people saw no significance at all in the present function of the present pillar-box, they would see none in a row of pillar-boxes as regular as lamp-posts, or as continuous as railings, erected all the way down the street by the beatific bureaucracy of the Fabian State. I was sure that if people did not realise that a chance tuft of thistledown drifting in the air was a dazzling and divine mystery, they would see quite as little in rows on rows of carefully cultivated thistles, the appropriate vegetarian diet of the professors of scientific sociology.

Now, the war did point that moral of the intrinsic preciousness of threatened things. I did really look at the pillar-box at the street corner, when it seemed to glow red under black skies where the birds of death were abroad and all the lights extinguished. It was all the more bursting with symbolism because it might at any moment literally burst under a bomb out of the sky. I should really have looked at the thistledown, or at the thistle itself, in its bristling halo of defiance, with more of the militant mysticism with which a Scotsman would regard it: "Nemo me impune lacessit." Ordinary things did seem to be extraordinary—not because they were being improved, but because they were being defended and delivered. And that was the true triumph of the Great War, which is hidden from those who cannot imagine anything except their own progressive prejudice, their monomania of meliorism. They cannot bring themselves to believe that a mother wishes to rescue a baby, not an improved baby, from a burning house; that a man wishes to reprieve his friend, not his more fully developed friend, from the gallows. The war was not a scheme elaborately constructed to make things better. It was the successful beating off of besieging barbarians who wanted to make things worse. It did not make things better than they were, but better than they would have been.

Nor is this a barren retrospect, unless the whole study of history is a barren retrospect. It is very important to insist on whatever is the main moral of history; and I hold that history has for its main moral this defensive war against the destroyers of civilisation. Sometimes the civilisation itself becomes very corrupt or oppressive, and has to be cleansed by democratic reforms and revolutions; and Mr. Masterman knows that I have been mostly on the side of those revolutions. But it is only quite recently that the only historic test has been this notion of innovation and improvement. Most of the heroes of legend and history have been great because they saved society. The Great War was great because it saved society. It could not have been waged by pessimists who did not think Society worth saving. In other words, it could not have been waged by men who did not think pillar-boxes and other common objects worth saving. That is what I mean by saying that there is a direct connection between the mysticism of wonder and the morality of war. But it is also true that we cannot say we saved them without deciding from whom they were saved. This theory of the defence of human culture implies that there are enemies of human culture, people who are liable to attack human culture; and I think there are. And it is not in the least irrelevant to discuss whether they did it, if only because they are quite likely to do it again.

On the particular point of responsibility for the war, and whether retrospective debate on it is barren, I am content to wait till Mr. Masterman or anybody else has answered a perfectly plain question I have often repeated without getting a reply. If we merely forget and forgive in the matter of who began the war, are we not plainly telling the next aggressor to begin a war and all will be forgotten and forgiven? If we merely distribute the blame for the sin on all parties, are we not obviously encouraging the next man to commit the sin in the hope of distributing the blame? I have never been able to see the answer to that argument, and I have never heard Mr. Masterman or any of his school attempt to give one. They are always asking for an international tribunal. But a tribunal is not a thing that forgets and forgives; it is a thing that investigates and vindicates. If there were such a tribunal, it would have to decide who began the last war, in order to prevent the next one. But I am not dealing here with these large political matters, but only with one small and rather personal point about consistency in moral sentiment. I know Mr. Masterman is not the servile sort of pacifist or the inhuman sort of pessimist; and, so far from misunderstanding me, I am sure he will understand me very well if I take pleasure in renewing here, after such varied times and troubles, the debates of our youth.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO BELGIUM: A GROUP SHOWING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT (SEATED)—PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ, QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND KING ALBERT: AND (STANDING) PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF BRABANT, AND PRINCE CHARLES.

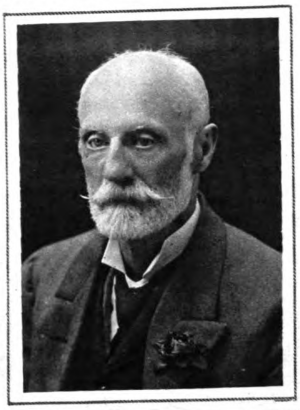
The principal ceremony which took place during the Prince of Wales's visit to Brussels consisted of the presentation by the Prince to the King of the Belgians of the British monument of gratitude to the Belgian nation for their succour of our wounded and prisoners during the war. Our group shows the King and Queen of the Belgians with their royal guest and their three children. Prince Leopold, Duke of Brabant, was born in November 1901: Prince Charles Theodore, Count of Flanders, in October 1903; and Princess Marie José in August 1906.—[*Photograph by Speight.*]

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, VANDYK BERTRAM PARK, INTERNATIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS, AND LAFAYETTE.



AN IRISH PEER DEAD: THE LATE LORD CAREW.



A VETERAN LIBERAL PARLIAMENTARIAN: THE LATE SIR A. C. MORTON.



NOVELIST, AND STAINED-GLASS EXPERT: THE LATE MR. F. MORRIS DRAKE.



CHAIRMAN OF THE BETTING TAX COMMITTEE: MR. H. S. CAUTLEY, K.C., M.P.



A GREAT FRONTIER OFFICER: THE LATE SIR RICHARD UDNY, K.C.S.I.



SCORER OF BOLTON'S FIRST GOAL IN THE CUP FINAL: JACK.



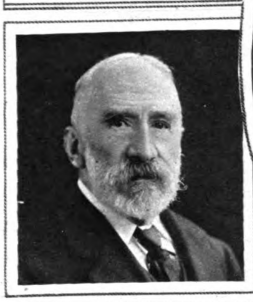
SCORER OF BOLTON'S SECOND GOAL IN THE CUP FINAL: J. R. SMITH.



ENGAGED TO LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH: CAPTAIN THE HON. JAMES STUART.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN THE HON. JAMES STUART: LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH.



BREWER AND PUBLIC BENEFACTOR: THE LATE SIR J. C. HOLDER, BT.



AN AUTHORITY ON ENGLISH PLATE: THE LATE SIR CHARLES JACKSON.



NEW MASTER OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD: SIR MICHAEL SADLER.



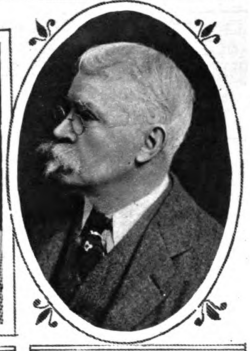
ELECTED AN A.R.A.: MR. LEONARD CAMPBELL TAYLOR.



ELECTED AN R.A.: MR. GLYN PHILPOT, THE WELL-KNOWN PORTRAIT-PAINTER.



ELECTED AN A.R.A.: MR. WILFRID GABRIEL DE GLEHN, THE PAINTER.



A WELL-KNOWN PAINTER DEAD: THE LATE MR. MARK FISHER, R.A.

Lord Carew, who was born in 1860, succeeded his father as third Baron in 1881.—— Sir A. C. Morton, who was 83, represented Peterborough for six years and Sutherlandshire for twelve years.——Mr. Frederick Morris Drake wrote "Wrack" and other novels, and "A History of English Stained Glass." He served in the war, with the Dorsets, the D.C.L.I., and the R.A.F.——Mr. H. S. Cautley has been M.P. for the East Grinstead Division since 1910, and formerly for East Leeds.——Sir Richard Udny entered the Punjab Civil Service in 1869, and spent thirty years on the frontier. He was knighted for his services as chief Political Officer in the Tirah Expedition.——Sir John Holder was head of the Midland Brewery at Birmingham, and a benefactor of the Hospital and University.——Captain the Hon. James Stuart, youngest son of Lord Moray, served in the war, and was for a time Equerry to the Duke of York. Lady Rachel Cavendish is a daughter of the Duke of Devonshire and was a bridesmaid to Princess Mary.——Sir Charles Jackson was a great expert on old plate, on which he wrote two standard works, "English Goldsmiths and their Marks" and an "Illustrated History of English Plate."——Sir Michael Sadler, the eminent educationist, has been Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University for some 12 years.——Mr. L. C. Taylor first exhibited at the Academy in 1898.——Mr. Glyn Philpot, whose exhibition at the Grosvenor Galleries we illustrated on April 21, became an A.R.A. eight years ago.——Mr. W. G. de Glehn is well known as a painter, stained-glass designer, and decorator.—— Mr. Mark Fisher was born at Boston, U.S.A., but had long settled in England. His "Feeding the Fowls" was bought by the Chantrey Trustees.

SECTIONAL STAGES LONG BEFORE "ANGELO" WAS PRODUCED

DRAWN AND DESCRIBED

"KING HENRY VIII."

Act II., Scene 2.—An Ante-Chamber in the Palace.

(1) OUTER STAGE.

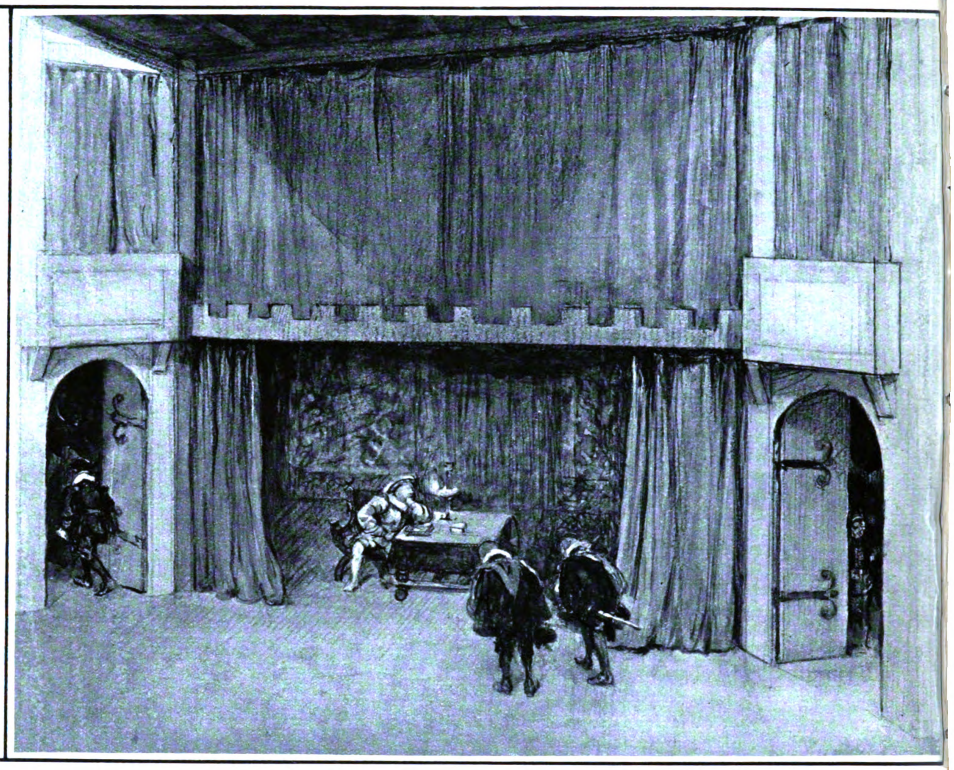
Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Exit the Lord Chamberlain.

(2) INNER STAGE.

The King is discovered sitting and reading pensively as Norfolk opens a folding door.



"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Act II., Scene 6.—Venice. Before Shylock's House.

OUTER STAGE.

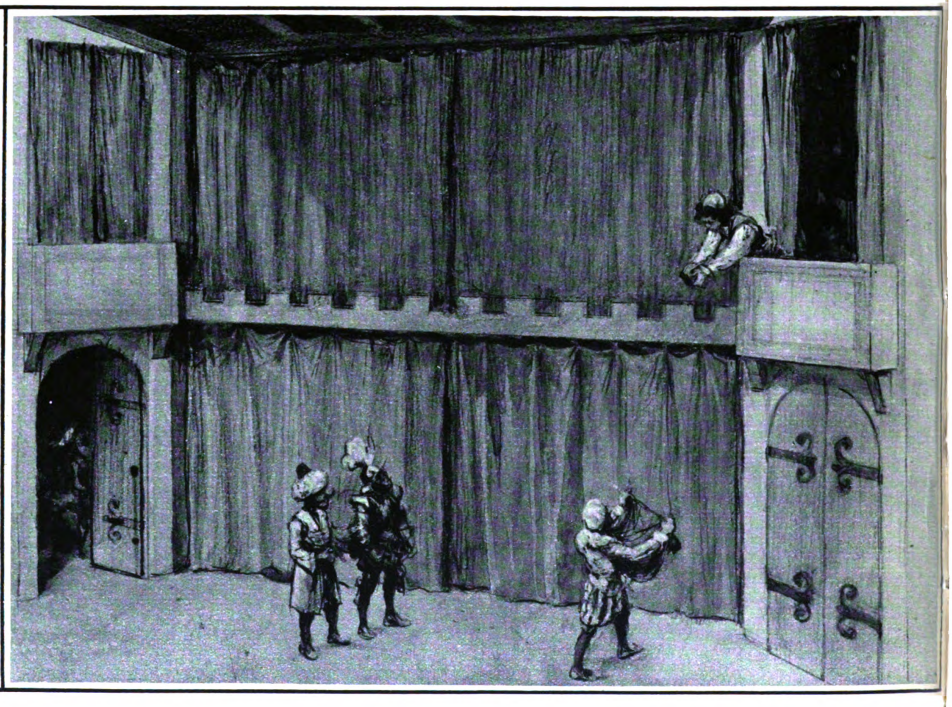
Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masked.

Enter Lorenzo, disguised.

BALCONY (ABOVE).

Enter Jessica, in boy's clothes.

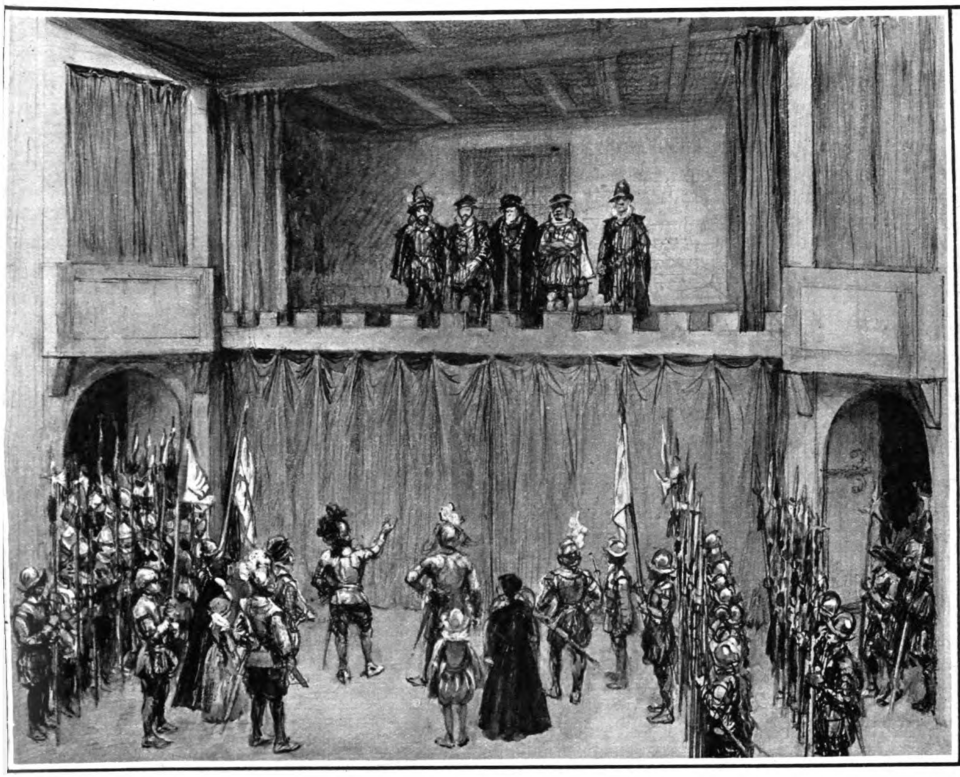
Jessica: "Here, catch this casket. It is worth the pains."



These interesting drawings have been done by Mr. Forestier to show that the principle of a stage divided into sections (upper and lower) for continuous drama as in the recent production of "Angelo" (illustrated in our issue of April 7), is no new thing, but was used in the old Elizabethan theatres of Shakespeare's day. There was not, of course, at that time any elaborate stage mechanism, such as that installed at Drury Lane; in fact, there was no mechanism at all beyond the drawing of curtains, as the sectional arrangement was part of the permanent structure. In a note on his drawings, Mr. Forestier says: "The stage consisted of two parts, the outer stage and the inner stage, divided by a curtain. Access to the outer stage was through two opposite doors. The outer stage was a large platform (corresponding to our much enlarged proscenium), and any scene that took place anywhere in the open air (for instance, in a street or a place, a field or heath—or, for that matter, in a hall or large apartment) was acted on the outer stage. Access to this outer stage was obtained through two

AT DRURY LANE: CONTINUOUS DRAMA IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.

A. FORESTIER.



"KING JOHN."

Act II., Scene 1.—France. Before the walls of Angiers.

OUTER STAGE.

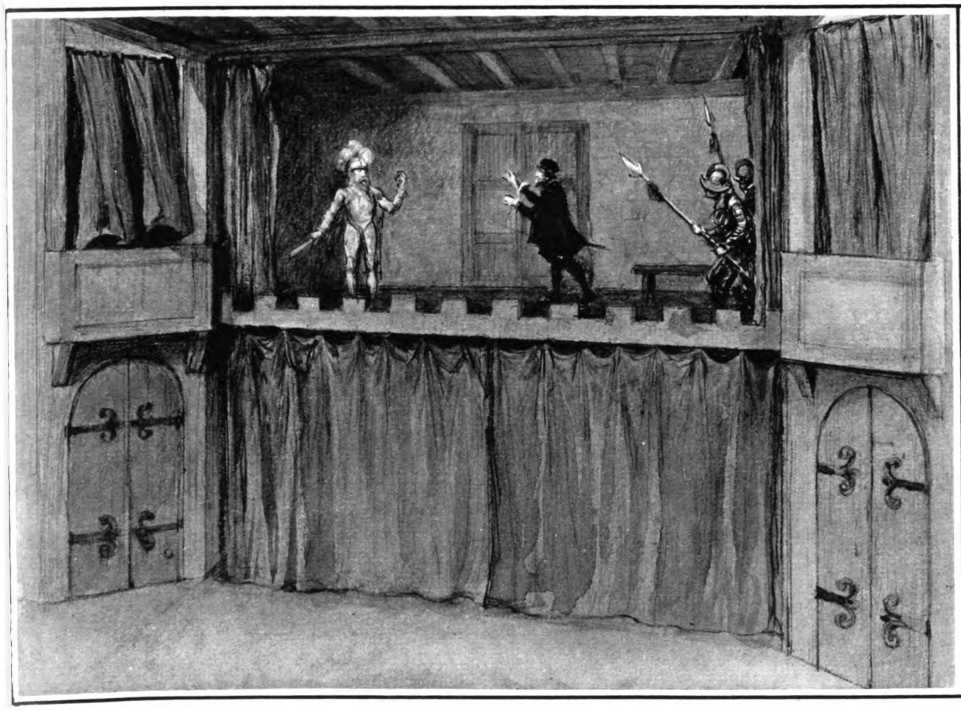
Enter (on one side) the Archduke of Austria and forces.

Enter (opposite) Philip King of France and forces, Lewis, Constance, Arthur, and attendants.

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard, Pembroke, and forces.

GALLERY (ABOVE).

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.



"HAMLET."

Act I., Scene 4.—The Platform.

GALLERY.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Enter Ghost. Ghost beckons Hamlet.

Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.

(Alternatively, Scene IV. may have been acted on the Outer Stage, and Scene V. in the Gallery, as a remote part of the Platform, between the Ghost and Hamlet, before the re-appearance of Horatio and Marcellus.)

ide doors (proscenium doors): single or several actors could enter according to directions. The scene was acted before the curtains that closed the inner stage. 'he next scene might take place on the inner stage—which would represent a room, or any sort of enclosed place. The curtains had merely to be thrown open, nd the play would continue without interruption. Above the proscenium doors were two windows. Some scenes were played from the outer stage to the /indows. The curtain opened, and some player appeared who spoke to the others below, as in the scene of "The Merchant of Venice" selected as an example. \n analogous situation is that of Juliet speaking from her balcony to Romeo. Above the inner stage was the gallery, perhaps provided with a balcony, or, s suggested by Albright ("The Shakespearean Stage"), with a battlement, which served to suggest a castle, a town gate, or a wall. This gallery was of the same ize as the inner stage below, and could likewise be closed by a pair of curtains.

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

WHY "ANGELO" AND "TRESPASSES" FAILED.

WHEN on all sides you hear the words "failure" and "dulness," even the most open-minded spectator would be forgiven for being accessible to prejudice. Rarely have the words been flaunted so broadcast; even on the promenade on the Riviera they were echoed by English people perusing the newly arrived London papers. Still, I wanted to see for myself, and, firmly determined to judge by my own impressions, I followed the wisdom of Ulysses, and sealed my ears with the imaginary wax of independence.

The funereal gauze curtain which floated over the orchestra was surely an unhappy preparation; nor was the Egyptian darkness into which the house became plunged apt to raise one's spirits. But after the opening scene, when Angelo appeared and the tale of his artistic tribulations materialised in the pictures, interest awakened. What was said did not matter; the *tableaux vivants* told it all. And beautiful were some of the visions: the composer's musing in the Eldorado garden; his meeting with the sweet maiden and her old-fashioned parents; the interference of the demon-like monk; the migration to the court; the cabal; the interrupted rehearsal; the anger of the composer; at length the triumph of his work, the apotheosis when "flights of angels" sang his glory. It was all very eerie, at times dramatic. It would never have been dull if Miss Macgill had not been so colourless, and Moscovitch, excellent as the composer with his Beethoven mask in middle age, had realised love's young dream. I thought of Henry Ainley when he created Quinney.

In the *entr'acte* I met a young English writer who had seen the play once or twice in Berlin, and he agreed with me in appreciation of Arthur Collins' production. It was as impressive as in the land of origin. Yet there the play was a success, and here it was doomed from the first.

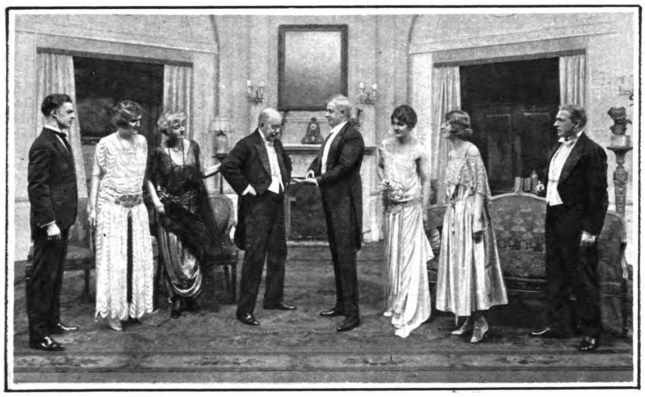
Why? One of the causes we have indicated. Except in the case of Mr. Gerald Lawrence, whose Mephistophelian figure was both tense and ominous, the acting was flat. It lacked inspiration. The chief error, however, was one of selection. To the Germans—perhaps to other foreign people with whom the history of opera is a study of interest—the career of Kreisler (for that was the original title) meant something. There was a historical foundation for the play. But who and what is Angelo to us? He has no *raison d'être*; we do not care about his personality or his tribulations. Opera is but a passing event in our world, not a national institution whose every movement agitates public opinion. Our musical life is only just awakening, and it is not unfair to say that even the triumph of our greatest composers would not stir our public, let alone create such cabals and upheavals as in olden days became pages of history in Teutonic lands.

So what happened was this: Our playgoers went to see a new play of which wonderful stories were circulated beforehand. What they saw fascinated them at moments, although, for want of lucid explanation by dialogue, they did not always quite "take in" what they saw; and, since what they heard was spasmodic, more introductory to the pictures than coherent and dramatic; since the characters of whose significance they knew nothing were shadowy; since there was a total absence of humour—they were, to put it plainly, "most honourably bored." Before transplanting "Kreisler" to Drury Lane, the rulers of the theatre should have considered whether the play was the thing, and remembered that Berlin and London are as far apart as the Poles.



THE GREAT AMERICAN SUCCESS AT THE STRAND THEATRE: MISS PAULINE LORD, MR. FRANK SHANNON, AND MR. GEORGE MARION IN "ANNA CHRISTIE."

Anna (Miss Pauline Lord) is the daughter of Chris Christopherson (Mr. George Marion), a New York bargee, to whom she returns after fifteen years. Mat Burke (Mr. Frank Shannon) is her lover. There is a tense scene in which she confesses her past to them.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]

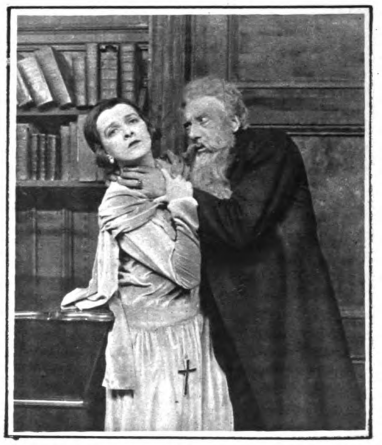


"HEADS OR TAILS! HEADS IT IS! THEY'LL BE WORRIED IN LONDON": HIRAM DRAPER, SENIOR (MR. E. H. ROBINS) TOSSING UP WITH LORD WORTHING (MR. FRED KERR) IN "SO THIS IS LONDON," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

From left to right the characters are Hiram Draper junior (Mr. Raymond Hackett), Lady Amy Ducksworth (Miss Amy Brandon-Thomas), Lady Worthing (Miss Gertrude Sterroll), Lord Worthing (Mr. Fred Kerr), Hiram Draper senior (Mr. Edward H. Robins), Mrs. Draper (Miss Eleanor Woodruff), the Hon. Elinor Worthing (Miss Dorothy Tetley), and Alfred Honeycutt (Mr. A. S. Homewood).—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]

Mr. Edward Percy, the author of "If Four Walls Told," that happy, Sunday-born play, has tasted the bitter cup. After five days, his second effort, "Trespasses," has been withdrawn from the Ambassadors' Theatre, and thus rendered vain the efforts of the author and of capable players, headed by Mr. Lyn Harding and Miss Ethel Griffiths, who, as a Victorian dame of grand manners and rigid principles, rose to fame. It often occurs that an uncommonly successful firstling is followed by a failure. Many authors have experienced such an unexpected reverse. Of the theatre, with its fitful ways, it may be said that it is not always the *premier pas* that matters, but the next. And, in the case of Mr. Percy, the defeat was doubly cruel, for "Trespasses" was by no means a bad play. It was too long; it was in its development somewhat theatrical; but it had great qualities of dialogue, and—no small merit—it gave a fairly true and very interesting picture of City life. Also, it had a daring and logical unhappy ending—unhappy in the sense of the average playgoer's hoping for a reconciliation between the elderly husband and the young wife who had fallen in love with his partner, and went away with him to start a new life. But the finale was but the *coup de grâce*; the real cause of the failure was that business plays generally spell ruin on our stage. Even a fine American play, "The Lion and the Mouse," with a memorable performance by Edward Breep, after phenomenal success in the States, died prematurely in London; and Sir Herbert Tree could hardly obtain a *succès d'estime* with the famous "Business is Business," by Octave Mirbeau. The truth is that our people, mainly occupied by business all day and every day, want to get away from the money-making atmosphere in the theatre, and do not appreciate the effort, however dexterous, to show how money is made.

I, who have devoted a lifetime to the City, and who not only admired but was engrossed in Mr. Percy's skilful reproduction of office life, of market manipulations, of speculative machinations, of the business man at work and at home, found the play intensely interesting. I felt the earnest intentions of the author; I enjoyed the true ring of the City part of the story. But the fact remains that the average playgoer is bored by business in the theatre; that he does not understand the portent of the events placed before him; that he is wearied by details of contracts, futures, fluctuations, and devices of "bulling and bearing." A "spec." in linseed for a rise, or one in "shellac" for a fall, excites him not. It is caviare (or indifferent) to him; it sounds Greek—so much so that somebody near to me, a lady, asked her neighbour: "What is shellac?" and "What does all this mean?" I thought of the judge and "Who is Connie Gilchrist?" But such is the general knowledge of the public. I remember another famous play, by America's best playwright of the time, Bronson Howard. It was called "The Henrietta," and when it came to London, it was predicted that it would be the talk of the town. There was a great scene in which the ticker of the Exchange Telegraph announced a change of fortune while the hero lay dead in his office. The Press sang praises, but the public would not have it. For this was a Stock Exchange play, and all about contangos and rise and fall, things about which the majority knew nothing—or perhaps too much, to their cost. And so it failed, in spite of great merits. So let Mr. Percy take heart of grace. His is merely a brilliant failure. He is a victim of circumstance.



MISS GLADYS COOPER IN A BERNHARDT RÔLE: IN THE NAME-PART OF "MAGDA," AT THE PLAYHOUSE, WITH MR. FRANKLIN DYALL AS HER TYRANNICAL FATHER.

Miss Gladys Cooper has given further proof of her powers by essaying the title-rôle of "Magda," a play famous for the rival interpretations of Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse. Mr. Franklin Dyall is the Leopold Schwarz, Magda's tyrannical father, who lays violent hands on her when she makes a confession to him.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

ON THEIR HONEYMOON: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



AT POLESDEN LACY: THE DUKE OF YORK PLAYING OUT OF A BUNKER.



ON A RUSTIC SEAT AT POLESDEN LACY.



ON THE PRIVATE LINKS: THE DUKE PUTTING.



ON THE PRIVATE LINKS: THE DUCHESS PUTTING.



A STROLL IN A WOODY GLADE.



AT THEIR HONEYMOON HOME: ON THE STEPS OF THE TERRACE.

The peaceful seclusion of Polesden Lacy, where they went to spend the first part of their honeymoon, must have been very delightful to the Duke and Duchess of York after the stressful ordeal of their wedding day amid the acclaiming multitudes of London. No greater contrast could well be imagined, and it is evident from these photographs that the Duke and his bride thoroughly enjoyed the change. The house and grounds of Polesden Lacy, lent to them by the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville, were illustrated in our Royal Wedding Number of April 28.

As there mentioned, the golf course was laid out by a former owner, the late Sir Clifton Dawkins, who sold the estate to the late Captain Ronald H. Fulke Greville in 1906. The history of the place goes back to the time of King John, when the manor belonged to the Priory of Merton. In 1804 it was bought by Sheridan, the dramatist, who held it until his death, in 1816. The Duke and Duchess of York, it was stated, arranged to go for the later part of their honeymoon to Glamis Castle, the Scottish seat of the Duchess's father, the Earl of Strathmore.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

READERS in search of a really thrilling book will find thrills and to spare in Miss Cecile Tormay's latest work, "AN OUTLAW'S DIARY" (Philip Allan; 12s. 6d.), a chapter of recent European history written in a manner quite unlike that of any record of fact I have ever seen. It is fact of the starkest and grimmest kind, set down without any attempt to dress it up; but the effect is that of brilliant fiction.

It is not that Miss Tormay writes history after the style of those historians whose works have been called, with doubtful compliment, novels. If the novelist is to write serious history he must, as a rule, turn his back deliberately on the technique of fiction. This is precisely what Miss Tormay has been unable to do, for the novelist in her will not be denied; but her work has not suffered in consequence. Rather has it gained in curious and unusual quality, and very likely no other method would have succeeded half so well. The success is all the greater that in writing this transcript from life the author can have had no conscious intention of making her book look like a novel. But the natural power and craftsmanship that gave life to her stories, "The Old House" and "Stonecrop," have lent the charm of imaginative writing to her account of the last Hungarian Revolution.

The method is that of the Middle European and even of the Russian novel: short, clipped sentences, vivid and minute impressions of things apparently trifling in comparison with the magnitude of the main theme, but still essential. And with it all, a poet's vision and profound emotion. This book has been wrung from the tortured heart of a Hungarian patriot, an aristocrat, who saw all that was best in her country overwhelmed by the uprush of the proletariat during the autumn of 1918 and the spring of the following year. People in this country have only the very vaguest idea of that confused period, with its terrors and miseries. Miss Tormay's book brings the mad phantasmagoria home with the visual intensity of a kinematograph film, but with a literary charm beyond the range of screen "cards."

Miss Tormay has a curious persuasive power of making the British reader forget that in the late war Hungary was the technical enemy of the Allies.

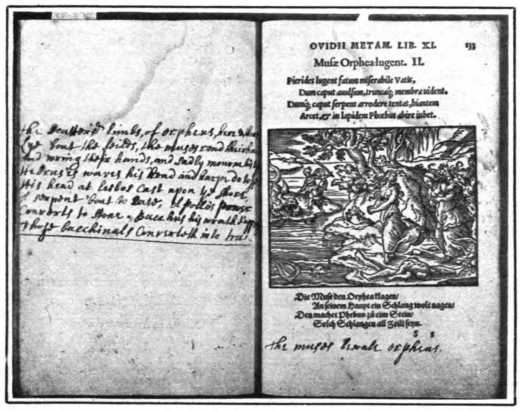


A "GREAT ENGLISH POET ASSOCIATED WITH ITALY: BYRON—A MINIATURE PAINTED AT GENOA IN 1823. An inscription on the back reads: "'This miniature of Lord Byron was painted at Genoa, 1823, by Isola, and left by his Lordship at his departure for Greece (soon after) with me.'—Chas. S. Barry, Genoa, December 24, 1823." It is now in the possession of Señor Conde de Gabarda, at Zaragosa, Spain.

By Permission of Señor Conde de Gabarda.

She lives still in the tradition of 1848, when all the sympathies of this country were with Louis Kossuth in his struggle for Hungarian freedom. Her tragedy is the further postponement of Kossuth's dream by the inrush of aliens and the temporary victory of alien propaganda. And the calamity is embittered, for a royalist, by the spectacle of a Hungarian aristocrat, Count Michael Károlyi, at the head of a Republican Government.

Károlyi's betrayal of his own order is, to Miss Tormay, the unpardonable sin. Not unnaturally she makes no allowance for his possibly sincere conviction that his action, however disastrous, was the only way to save his country, and her pen portraits of the Revolutionary Prime Minister are merciless. One of the greatest landowners in Hungary, Károlyi, after a sickly and spendthrift youth, fell a victim to the flatteries of cringing parasites—



BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY MILTON: ONE OF 165 STANZAS ASCRIBED TO HIM IN A COPY OF OVID'S "METAMORPHOSES." A book of woodcuts illustrating Ovid's "Metamorphoses," printed in Frankfort in 1563, and now owned by Professor Hugh Candy, contains 165 stanzas in English verse, one on the back of each woodcut and descriptive of it. Professor Candy ascribes the verses to Milton in his youth, from the similarity of the script to his known handwriting, and certain points of style. If he is right, we have over 1000 new lines of Milton. The above is stanza 133, on the fate of Orpheus, alluded to in Milton's "Lycidas."

His megalomania at last became pathological. Without possessing the necessary aptitude, he now conceived the idea of making up for what he had neglected in his idle youth. He began to read. And when husbandry, political economy, sociology were accumulated in an indigestible hotch-potch in his brain, he aspired to become a leader of men.

"An Outlaw's Diary" records how Károlyi's leadership plunged Hungary into destitution, squalor and pestilence: and finally opened the door to Bela Kun and Bolshevism. Here is Miss Tormay's sketch of that worthy—

His real name was Berele Kohn, the son of a Galician Jew, who came over the frontier with a pack on his back. He himself had risen to be a journalist of the Socialist party in Kolozsvár, from which job he went to the Workmen's Benevolent Society. There he stole. The war saved him from prosecution. He was called up and sent to the Russian front, where he soon managed to surrender. Through his international racial connections he got to Moscow, where he fell in with Trotski, and from then onward carried on his propaganda among prisoners. He became the leader in Russia of the Jewish Communists from Hungary, edited a Hungarian paper called "The Social Revolution," and finally joined a Bolshevist directorate in one of the smaller towns and played his part in the atrocities committed there.

Before Bela Kun came into prominence, Miss Tormay had chanced to see him addressing some wounded soldiers from the top of a garbage-box. She has drawn him with the uncompromising touch of a Dostoievsky vignette—

He had a common fat face, and his eyes blinked while he preached against the existing order. His blubbering mouth opened and closed as if he were chewing the cud. He shouted in a hoarse, lifeless voice. He grew warm, and as he spoke he removed his hat frequently and wiped the perspiration off his baldish head with the palm of his dirty hand. I had wondered at the ugly foreign people who were listened to nowadays by our folk. People who can't speak Hungarian set one Hungarian against another.

Hence these tears. But Miss Tormay, for all her sufferings, is not the woman to sit down and weep. Her story is of a heroic effort to rally the old national spirit. Amid horror and ruin, and at the peril of her life, she, like Dr. Manette during the September Massacres, "walked with a steady head." She and her friends appealed to the women, not in vain. The present volume of the diary, written secretly "in fragments, hidden between the pages of books, under the eaves of strange houses, up chimneys, in the recesses of cellars, behind furniture, buried in the ground," takes the story of the Terror only as far as March 21, 1919, when the Dictatorship of the Proletariat was proclaimed. The second part, describing the Commune, and Miss Tormay's escape from her persecutors, will be published shortly, and will be welcomed eagerly by all who have been spellbound by the remarkable first volume.

Perhaps I have done Miss Tormay an injustice in quoting only passages so fiercely coloured by partisan feeling. I chose them because they explain so much, both *pro* and *con*. But it must not be thought that the general tenour of the book is harsh and vituperative. On the contrary, it is most humane and gracious, and the domestic interiors, with their glimpses of a cultivated society striving to preserve its old sweet, ordered life even amid chaos, are drawn with the most delicate art. They heighten, perhaps purposely, our sense of the value of ordered civilisation. One hopes that Miss Tormay will write yet a third volume dealing with Hungary in convalescence.

In the days before revolutions became a European habit, they served very usefully as a romantic background for fiction, where a reputation for dark conspiracy heightened the interest of heroines, more or less fascinating and usually Russian. Something of that old atmosphere has been recalled by Miss Beatrice Harraden in her new novel, "PATUFFA" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.). Although the heroine is quite innocent of political designs, her godmother, Madame Tcharushin, is the real thing in anti-Tsaristic plotters, one of those brilliant intellectual Russians, domiciled in Soho, without whom artistic and musical society in London, as fabled in novels, was not complete. They had also their counterpart in real life, and older people will find Miss Harraden's story a rather quaint and not unwelcome throw-back to an interesting period. Madame Tcharushin's plotting is, however, only a minor decoration of a lively character. The book is a study of several artistic temperaments, drawn with Miss Harraden's understanding and sure touch.

As a rule, a sequel takes us a little further forward with the hero's life. But Mr. Stephen Hudson reverses the process. Some three years ago he attracted a great deal of favourable notice with "Richard Kurt." He followed "Richard Kurt" with "Elinor Colhouse," an earlier episode, the story of Richard's marriage with a strange woman; and now, going still further back, he gives us "PRINCE HEMPSEED" (Secker; 7s. 6d.), where Richard explains himself from his perambulator, and carries his autobiography on until he leaves school. Those who know the two anterior-posterior novels will be much enlightened, and will enjoy the new book, but I cannot imagine how anyone who begins the trilogy with it can see his way. It is worth while, however, to read the three in the order of publication. Then the odd widdershins device becomes intelligible.

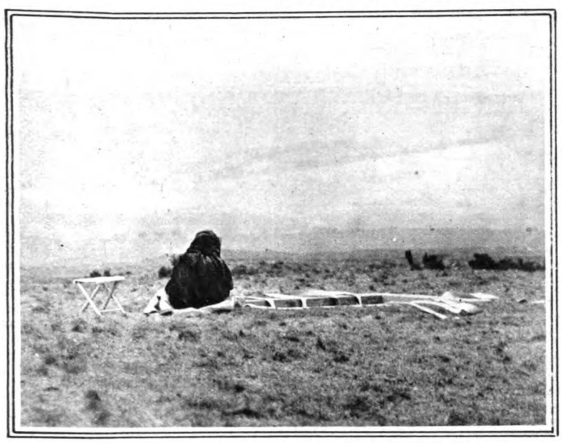


BYRON'S ITALIAN FRIEND, COUNTESS TERESA GUICCIOLI: PROBABLY THE MINIATURE WHICH HE POSSESSED. In the "Life, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron" (John Murray), Byron says of Countess Teresa Guiccioli: "I have no picture of her except a miniature." Byron relics were illustrated in our issue of July 29 last. The centenary of his death will occur on April 19, 1924.

By Courtesy of Señor Manuel M. Barroso, LL.D.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: NOTABLE OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

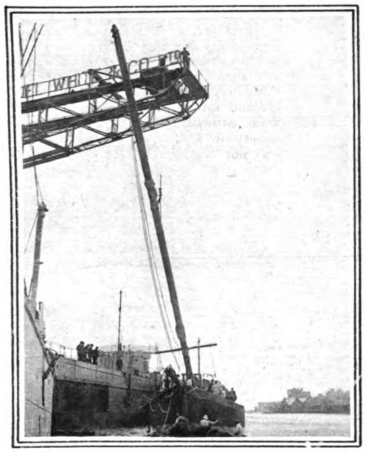
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, C.N., F. BIONDO (ANTIBES), AND FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO.



BESIDE HER HUSBAND'S HILL-TOP GRAVE: THE WIDOWED COUNTESS OF CARNARVON KEEPING VIGIL ON BEACON HILL AFTER THE FUNERAL.



THE RETURN OF THE "WANDERERS" WITH THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP: BOLTON GIVES A GREAT WELCOME TO ITS VICTORIOUS TEAM.



THE KING'S YACHT "BRITANNIA" REFITTED FOR RACING: SHIPPING THE MAIN-MAST BY CRANE AT COWES.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S WEDDING DAY TRIBUTE TO THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR: HER BOUQUET ON THE GRAVE.



REVERSED IN POSITION FROM THE SCULPTOR'S PLAN: THE OLDHAM WAR MEMORIAL UNVEILED.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM OF THE ITALIAN ROYAL WEDDING: PRINCESS YOLANDA AND COUNT CALVI DI BERGOLO (CENTRE).

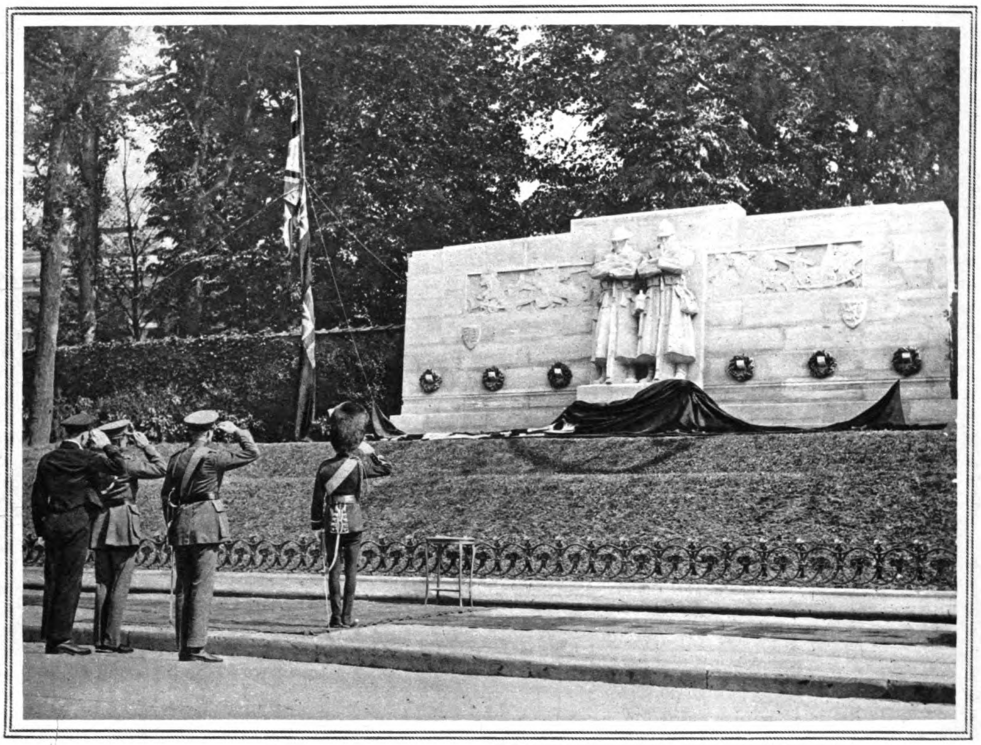


THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM OF THE ENGLISH ROYAL WEDDING: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK LEAVING AFTER THE MORNING SERVICE AT GREAT BOOKHAM CHURCH DURING THEIR HONEYMOON.

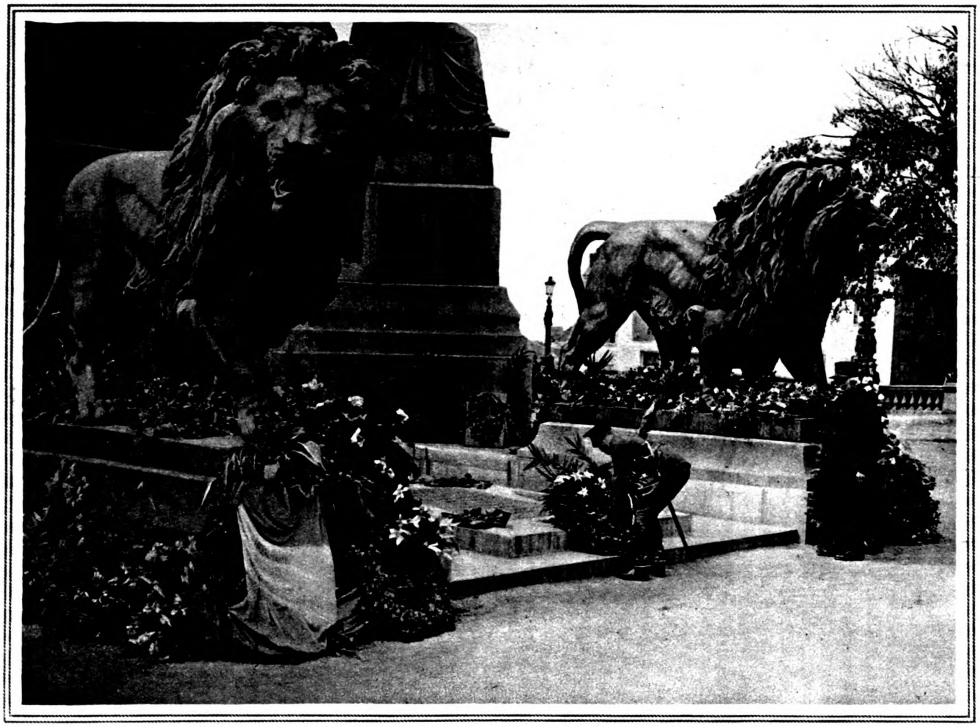
Lord Carnarvon was buried on April 30, in accordance with his wish, on the top of Beacon Hill, near his home at Highclere. A photograph on another page shows him standing near the spot. A hallowing service had been held there on the day before the funeral. After it the widowed Lady Carnarvon remained by the graveside until the evening.——The Bolton Wanderers football team, who beat West Ham United in the Cup Final at Wembley (illustrated elsewhere in this number), received an ovation on their return to Bolton. On April 30 they were entertained by Sir William Edge, M.P. for Bolton, on the Terrace of the House of Commons.——The King's racing cutter "Britannia" took the water again on April 30 at Cowes, where she has been refitted. Last year she was not entered for racing, and her return to the regattas this year will give a great fillip to yachting events.——The Duchess of York, on arriving at Westminster Abbey for her wedding, had the happy inspiration to place her bridal bouquet of roses and heather on the Unknown Warrior's grave. On Sunday, April 29, she and the Duke attended morning service at Great Bookham, near Polesden Lacy, their honeymoon retreat.——The Oldham War Memorial was unveiled by General Sir Ian Hamilton. The municipal authorities had had it turned round from the position originally arranged by the sculptor, Mr. Albert Toft, who also executed the memorial at Holborn Bars.——Our photograph of Princess Yolanda and her husband was taken at the Concours Hippique Internationale Militaire, at Nice.

"BRITISH GRATITUDE TO BELGIUM": THE PRINCE IN BRUSSELS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO. AND FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO.



"OFFERED BY THE BRITISH NATION AS A SYMBOL OF . . . GRATITUDE": THE BRITISH WAR MEMORIAL IN BRUSSELS UNVEILED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, SEEN (ON THE RIGHT) SALUTING IT WITH KING ALBERT AND HIS SONS.

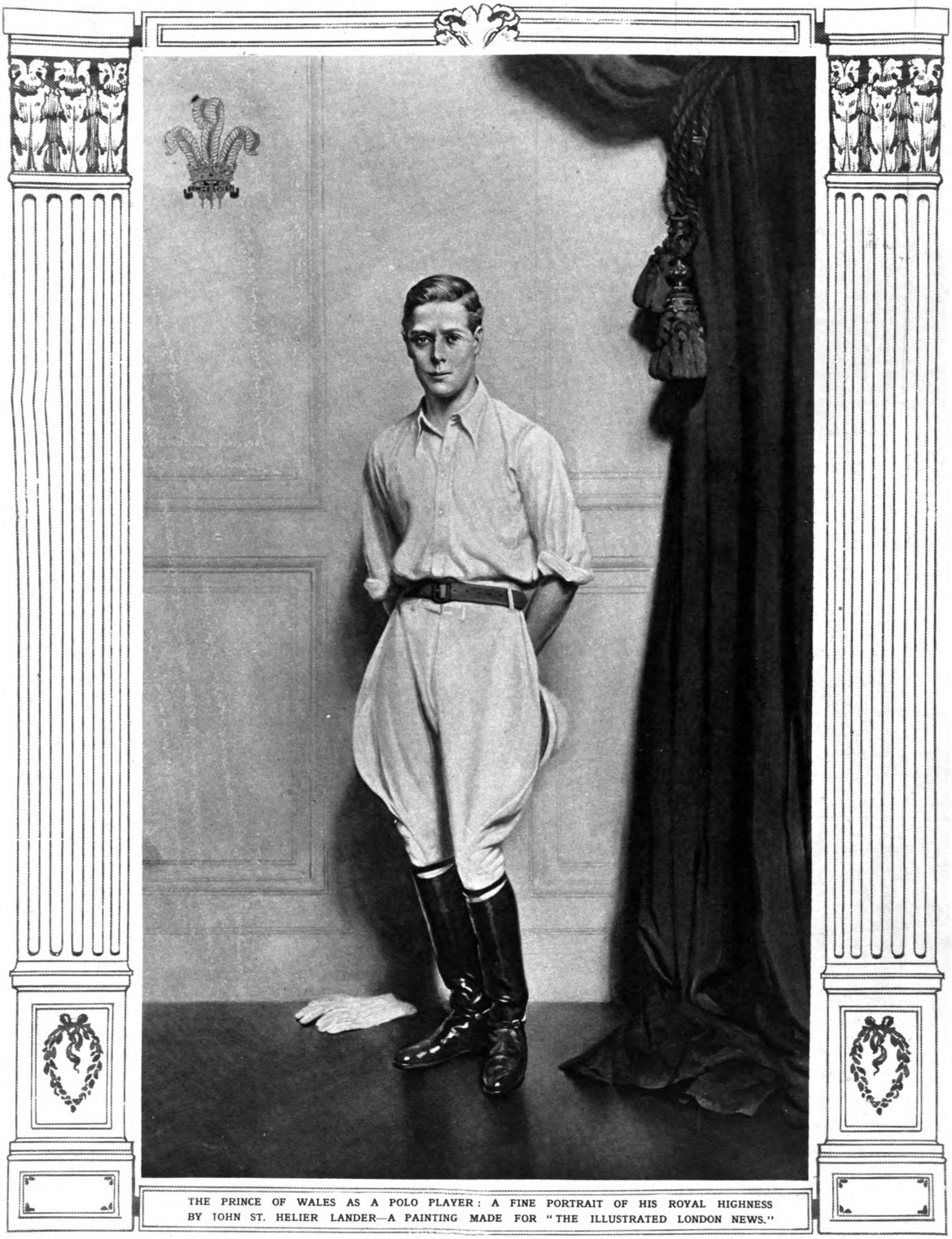


THE PRINCE'S TRIBUTE TO THE BELGIAN UNKNOWN WARRIOR: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS LAYING A WREATH OF WHITE LILIES AND RED ROSES ON THE TOMB AT THE FOOT OF THE GREAT COLUMN IN THE PLACE DU CONGRÈS AT BRUSSELS.

On April 28 the Prince of Wales unveiled in Brussels the British monument "offered [as he expressed it] by the British nation as a symbol of its deep and unchanging gratitude towards all those who succoured our prisoners of war and our soldiers in distress." King Albert, in his reply, said: "It will show that free men were greater yet because they fought side by side for the triumph of justice." The monument, designed by Mr. C. S. Jagger, the sculptor, shows a British and a Belgian soldier standing together, and on either side inscriptions in French and Flemish. Behind the Prince in the upper photograph are seen (from left to right) Prince Charles (King Albert's younger son), King Albert, and his elder son, Prince Leopold, Duke of Brabant. In the afternoon the Prince of Wales laid a wreath of white lilies and red roses on the tomb of the Belgian Unknown Warrior, between the great lions at the foot of the high column in the Place du Congrès. The Prince had meanwhile exchanged his full-dress uniform of the Welsh Guards for khaki.

THE MOST ARRESTING PICTURE OF THE PARIS SALON: THE PRINCE.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER, SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," WHOSE COPYRIGHT IT IS.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A POLO PLAYER: A FINE PORTRAIT OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER—A PAINTING MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

The outstanding picture of this year's Paris Salon, in the way of portraiture, at any rate, is the one which we reproduce above, a splendid portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, in polo costume, painted specially for this paper by the well-known artist, Mr. John St. Helier Lander. It will form an interesting souvenir of the Prince, whose exploits in all forms of horsemanship—hunting, steeplechasing, polo, and so on—have won him the admiration of sportsmen in all parts of the world. It was announced that "Varnishing Day" at the Salon would be on Saturday, April 28. The Prince, it may be noted, arranged to attend the Royal Academy Dinner in London on May 5, after his return from the Continent.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



FEATHERED ÆSTHETES IN COURTSHIP: THE BOWER-BIRDS.

By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen.

THERE is a peculiar fascination in the Bower-birds, for they carry courtship ritual to great lengths, and they show convincing signs of æsthetic sense. It is difficult to believe that a chaffinch does not enjoy making its beautiful nest, but a good deal of the beauty is useful; among the bower-birds, however, the beauty is enjoyed for its own sake and for the excitement of love with which it has come to be associated. The courtship bowers have nothing to do with nests; they are often made long before actual mating; and they are decorated with artistic deliberation.

Bower-birds are closely related to birds of paradise, and not very distantly to crows; they often show handsome plumage; they are forcible rather than melodious in their "song"; there are many different kinds; and they are confined to Australia and New Guinea.

To take a relatively simple case first, the Saw-Billed Bower-bird (*Scenopoietes*) clears a circular space around a tree, removing all the twigs and leaves. Around the circumference it sticks in tendrils of a climbing palm, bending them inwards. Then it seeks for leaves that are silvery on the lower side, and arranges them regularly on the cleared ground with the bright surface up. Then the bird perches on the tree overhead, but every now and then it jumps down to replace a leaf that has been blown away, or to turn up the silvery surface of one that has been blown upside down. In this case one promenade or display ring is made by the male, and another by the female, a month or more before they come together as mates. The female sits awaiting a caller, and there may be two females on adjacent trees. The male, on his part, invites a call, for he gives utterance to an extraordinary song, consisting mainly of snatches borrowed from other birds, and even from insects such as grasshoppers and cicadas.



ENDOWED WITH "THE BEGINNINGS OF THE HUMAN ÆSTHETIC SENSE LINKED WITH THE DESIRE TO MATE": A BOWER-BIRD ARRANGING HIS COLLECTION OF SHELLS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ARBOUR HE HAS BUILT.

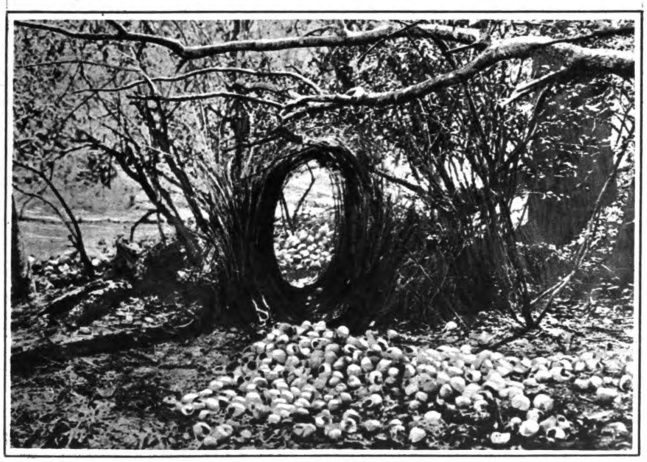
The Satin Bower-Bird.

The arrangements made by the Satin Bower-bird (*Ptilonorhynchus*) are more elaborate. The bird is about the size of a magpie, the male glossy-purplish-black, the female chiefly greyish-green, and the two seem to make the bower between them. They are betrothed, so to speak, but not mated. There is, in the first place, a sort of platform of twigs raised a few inches off the ground in a clearing. On this there is built an archway of twigs, sometimes open, sometimes closed, at the top. This arch, or arbour, may be several yards long, but it is just high enough to let the birds run about freely. It is often festooned with creepers. But there is something more, for in front of the entrance there is a "beauty-feast"—namely, a miscellaneous collection of snailshells, blanched bones, bright feathers, and so forth, which are gathered from the country round about. An interesting point is that the birds, who are not in any hurry, spend a good deal of time in trying various arrangements of their spoils. The male chases his desired mate in and out of the arbour; he struts and bows, and displays his fine feathers; and both birds seem to enjoy their love-making.

A recent observer describes the bower as like an arch turned upside down, open at the top, standing in a little glade, with ferns and shrubs forming a natural fence. There were bleached bones, some land shells, several blue feathers from parrots, bits of blue glass, and about a score of flowers, chiefly violets. "To gather the blossoms, the bower-birds must have visited a settler's garden, two or three miles from the scrub."

The Collared Bower-Bird.

In a clearing, sometimes under a beautiful bush of red bougainvillea, the Collared Bower-bird (*Chlamydodera nuchalis*) makes a long arbour raised on a low platform. They are soberly coloured, grey-brown birds, except that they have an iridescent red-violet collar, usually more brilliant in the male. But what they lack in colour themselves they make up for by what they gather. In front of the arbour the ground is strewn with brightly-coloured flowers, red berries of the blue gum, whitened skulls of small mammals, bright feathers from other birds, shining pods and shells. If they are near some deserted gold-digging settlement, they may add to their display broken pieces of glass, and even empty tins. They are evidently attracted by what is brilliant. We read that a museum specimen of the bower included more than half a peck of decorations. "They consisted principally of a large white univalve; the shell of a large land-snail, of which there were in all about four hundred; shining stones, principally flints and agates; bright-coloured seed-vessels and pods; bleached bones of small quadrupeds, and other objects of interest." The male bird struts about in the show, as if he got some reflected glory from his collection, and he becomes more and more excited and ecstatic. At last he seizes some particularly fine object in his beak—a feather, a leaf, or a flower—and waving it aloft rushes at his play-fellow with quivering wings and chases her through the bower. The serious note will soon be struck, and they will go off together to build a nest on a tree.



THE BOWER-BIRD'S ÆSTHETIC TASTE EXPRESSED IN THE RITUAL OF COURTSHIP: A "BEAUTY FEAST" OF SHELLS ARRANGED AT EACH END OF HIS PRE-NUPTIAL ARBOUR—A TUNNEL LIKE AN INVERTED ARCH.

These and other photographs illustrating the Bower-bird's wonderful sense of beauty, expressed in his pre-nuptial bower-building prior to mating and nesting, appeared, with a description of the bird's proceedings, in our issue of July 12, 1913.—[*Photographs by H. François.*]

The Finest Bower.

The *largest* bower is made by Newton's Bower-bird (*Prionodura*), which arranges an arbour of sticks between two trees, and roofs in the space with creepers, embellished with white moss, ferns, and green fruit. It may be ten feet high and eight broad. The main bower has annexes of dwarf hut-like structures, the significance of which is obscure. But the *finest* bowers are those of the Gardener Bower-birds (*Amblyornis*), which differ widely in different species. We owe to Dr. Beccari a good account of love's labour in the New Guinea Gardener (*Amblyornis inornata*), a plain ruddy bird about the size of a thrush. This bower-bird chooses a spot centred in a small shrub towards a yard high. Around the base of this it builds up a cone of interwoven mosses, perhaps strengthening the central pillar. With one end on the top of the pillar and the other end on the ground, there are sloping straw-like stems like the upright branches of an orchid, the result being a conical cabin, about a yard in basal diameter. The slender radiating rafters retain their leaves for a long time without dying. So much the better for the bower. But more delicate twigs are used to bind one slender rafter to another, so that a well-made roof is eventually formed. It will be understood that there is space, actually horseshoe-shaped, between the base of the central pilaster and the insertion of the lower ends of the rafters in the ground.

But this is not all. Directly in front of the entrance to the cabin there is "a miniature meadow of soft moss, transported thither, kept smooth and clean, and free from grass, weeds, stones, and other objects not in harmony with its design. Upon this graceful green carpet are scattered flowers and fruit of different colours, in such a manner that they really present the appearance of an elegant little garden." As is usual, everything that withers and shrivels is removed and replaced. The garden is often larger than the cabin, and its meaning is the same. It expresses a pleasure in pretty things, and that pleasure has been linked on to the courting excitement. The nest is, as usual, a simple affair, built on a tree.

The Meaning of It All!

What does it all mean? One must be careful not to give too easy-going an answer to this question. One must remember that it is all *non-utilitarian*, unless it be allowed that it is useful to excite love between would-be mates. The birds have a keen appreciation of brightness, for there is a continual freshening of the decorations. The use of the courtship bowers continues for several weeks: it is not honey-mooning; it is pre-nuptial.

Two conclusions seem to us to be clear. The pleasure in bright things which is illustrated in jackdaws and some other members of the crow family is seen *in excelsis* in the bower-birds. They have the beginnings of the human æsthetic sense. This has become linked to the desire to mate. The expression of the delight in the beautiful serves as an aphrodisiac. It excites, yet it also expresses "love"; we must use the word in inverted commas. It is noteworthy that the male bower-birds are very rarely gorgeous like most male birds of Paradise, and that they are far from melodious. It is significant that the emerald "cat-birds" of the bower-bird family do not make a bower, the exception perhaps proving the rule. The bower-birds have discovered an external mode of appeal in their "beauty-feasts," which illustrate a kind of *art*—expressive of love. Yet the true inwardness of the matter is deeper still: the æsthetic co-operation in preparing and enjoying the bowers and their decorations means a welding of emotional bonds which hold after married life begins and its responsibilities grow.

AN UPHOLDER OF THE CAVELL TRADITION: A HEROIC BRITISH NURSE.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 SUPPLIED BY F. F. SMITH (OXFORD); NOS. 2 AND 3 BY COURTESY OF MRS. STARR'S MOTHER, MRS. A. E. WADE.

WHEN the King approved the award of the Kaisar-i-Hind gold medal to Mrs. V. H. Starr, the Secretary for India said, in a message to the Viceroy: "The King and Queen have learned with great interest and admiration of the service rendered by Mrs. Starr in the rescue of Miss Ellis from the hands of her mother's murderers. Their Majesties share the feeling of horror to which the brutal crime at Kohat gave rise, and are greatly relieved to know that Mrs. Starr's heroic endeavour has been crowned with success. The fearless devotion with which she has carried through her quest will long be an encouragement and an inspiration." Mrs. Starr's mother, Mrs. Annie E. Wade, of Swanage, has kindly supplied us with the following account of her daughter's career: "Mrs. Starr was born in India, where her father, the Rev. T. R. Wade, was working for many years with the C.M.S. in the Punjab. She was educated and took full nursing training in England, and joined the staff of the C.M.S. hospital at Peshawar in 1913, as nursing sister. In 1915 she married Dr. V. Harold Starr, who succeeded Dr. A. Lankester in charge of the above hospital. The hospital stands in a commanding but exposed position, facing the Khyber Pass, with the wild mountains of Afghanistan beyond. Dr. Starr's work greatly increased, but two years later he was assassinated at night—stabbed to death by fanatics in his own house—in exactly similar circumstances to those in which Mrs. Ellis fell a victim a few days ago. Mrs. Starr bravely returned to her place in the same hospital in 1920, after acting for a period as Military Sister for Indian troops in Egypt. Her intimate knowledge of Afghan and Afridi character and customs, and of the Pushtu language, fitted her to volunteer for the venture of going to Miss Ellis's rescue, which she has now, thank God, successfully accomplished." The expedition was one of very great danger.



1. RESCUER OF MISS MOLLIE ELLIS, ABDUCTED FROM KOHAT: MRS. V. H. STARR.



2. AWARDED THE KAISAR-I-HIND GOLD MEDAL BY THE KING FOR HER HEROISM IN THE RESCUE OF MISS MOLLIE ELLIS: MRS. V. H. STARR, THE MISSIONARY NURSE.

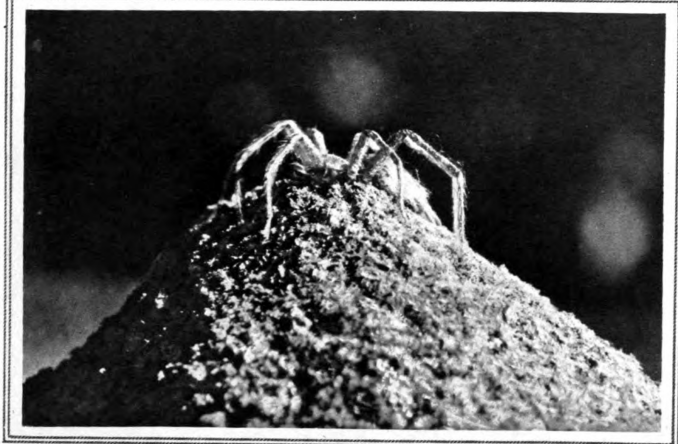


3. AT HER POST AGAIN, AFTER THE MURDER OF HER HUSBAND IN A FRONTIER OUTRAGE SIMILAR TO THAT PERPETRATED ON MRS. ELLIS AT KOHAT: MRS. V. H. STARR (ON THE EXTREME RIGHT) WITH A GROUP OF PATIENTS AT THE C.M.S. HOSPITAL AT PESHAWAR.

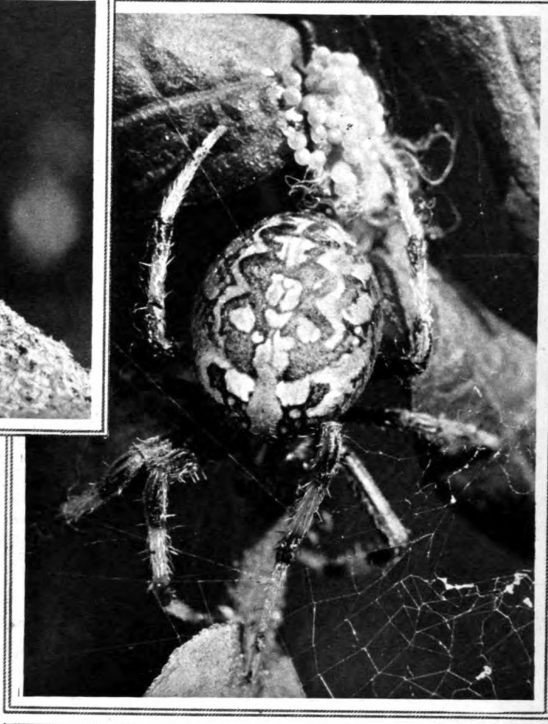
Mrs. V. H. Starr, the well-known nursing sister at the Church Missionary Society's Hospital at Peshawar, showed courage worthy of Edith Cavell in going to the rescue of Miss Mollie Ellis, who was recently abducted by fanatical tribesmen from her father's bungalow at Kohat, after witnessing the murder of her mother. Portraits of Miss Ellis appeared in our issue of April 21. Mrs. Starr, whose perilous mission was happily successful, has been awarded the Kaisar-i-Hind gold medal for her heroic action. She has herself told the story of the great adventure, and how she came to undertake it at the request of Sir John Maffey, Chief Commissioner of the North-West Frontier Province. "He said it was a difficult thing to bring himself to ask this venture of me. I told him immediately that I would simply change my shoes for heavy boots, conceal a pistol in my bodice, load my horse with food and water, and be ready to start in half an hour. . . . I know the Afridis, and I know their ways, and I was not afraid." So Mrs. Starr went out across the frontier into the hills among the wild tribesmen, accompanied by some trusty natives. More than once she was in imminent danger before her task was accomplished, and she returned bringing Miss Ellis to safety.

CHARACTERS IN NATURE'S "INSECT PLAY": SPIDERS; A TREE-CRICKET.

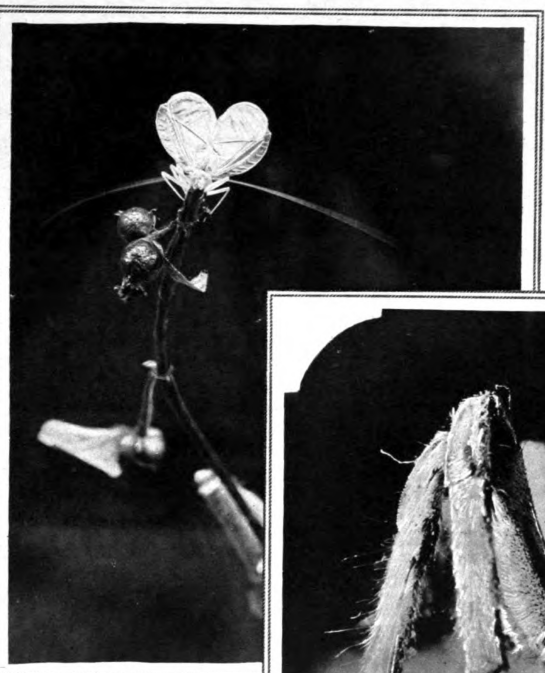
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL GRISWOLD HOWES, STAMFORD, CONN., U.S.A.



1. MOUNTED ON ITS TWO MONTHS' DAY CATCHES, A PILE OF 98 INSECTS: A PLATFORM-BUILDING SPIDER (*AGALENA NÆVIA*)—A UNIQUE EXAMPLE OF SPIDER STRATEGY.

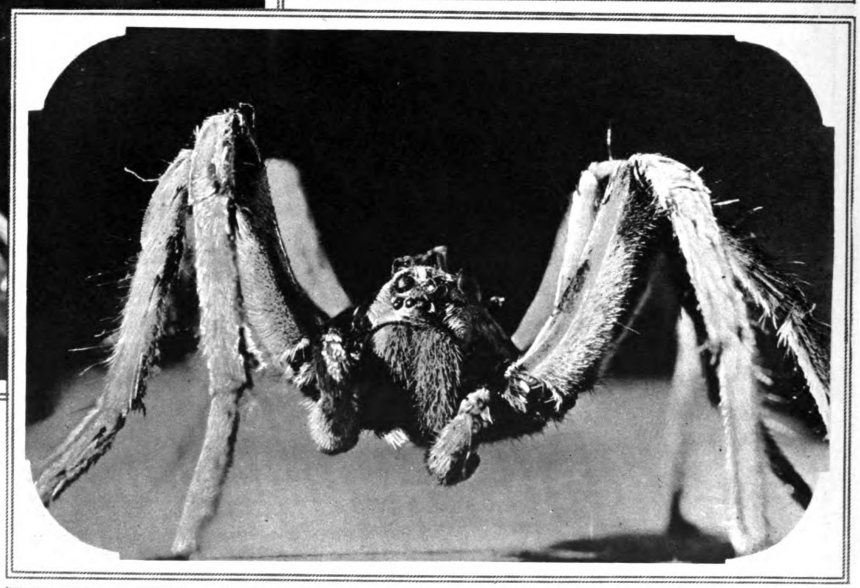


2. WITH AN EGG-SHAPED BODY, AND A CLUSTER OF HER OWN EGGS LIKE A BUNCH OF GRAPES: A FEMALE EPEIRID SPIDER.



3. REPRESENTED IN "THE INSECT PLAY" AT THE REGENT THEATRE: A SNOWY TREE-CRICKET "SINGING" BY RASPING ITS WINGS TOGETHER.





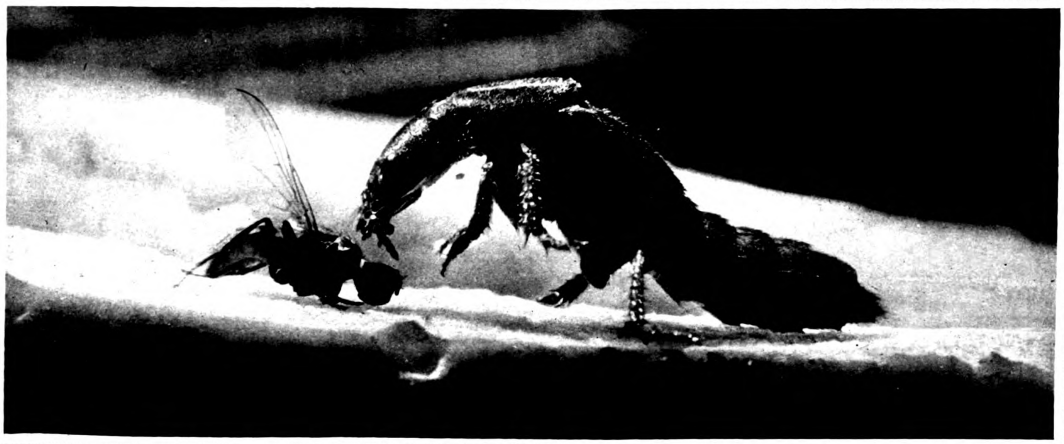
4. SHOWING HER SIX EYES AND FEROCIOUS EXPRESSION: "AN OLD LADY SPIDER"—THE FACE OF A "SMALL, COMMON AND HARMLESS SPECIES."

In view of the production of "The Insect Play," by Karel Capek and his brother Josef, at the Regent Theatre, King's Cross, on May 5, there is a special interest just now in these remarkable photographs by Mr. P. G. Howes, a well-known American naturalist, illustrating the drama of the real insect world. Of his Photograph No. 1, Mr. Howes says: "The web of this spider, a platform-builder, was carefully watched for two months. During that time, 98 insects were taken from the web, after the spider had captured them. These were kept, dried, and later ground up, making in all the pile on which the spider rests in the photograph. It was allowed to eat what it caught by night." In "The Insect Play," crickets appear as types of happiness. Of Photograph No. 3 Mr. Howes writes: "The tree-cricket is the symbol of sultry August evenings, when its incessant flute-like call continues until morning. It is directly affected by the temperature. So completely is its song controlled by heat or cold that it is possible to calculate the temperature by the number of calls per minute! The song is produced by rasping the wings together as shown in the picture." Of No. 4 we read: "This is not a huge spider of the tropics, but simply the fearful face of a small, common

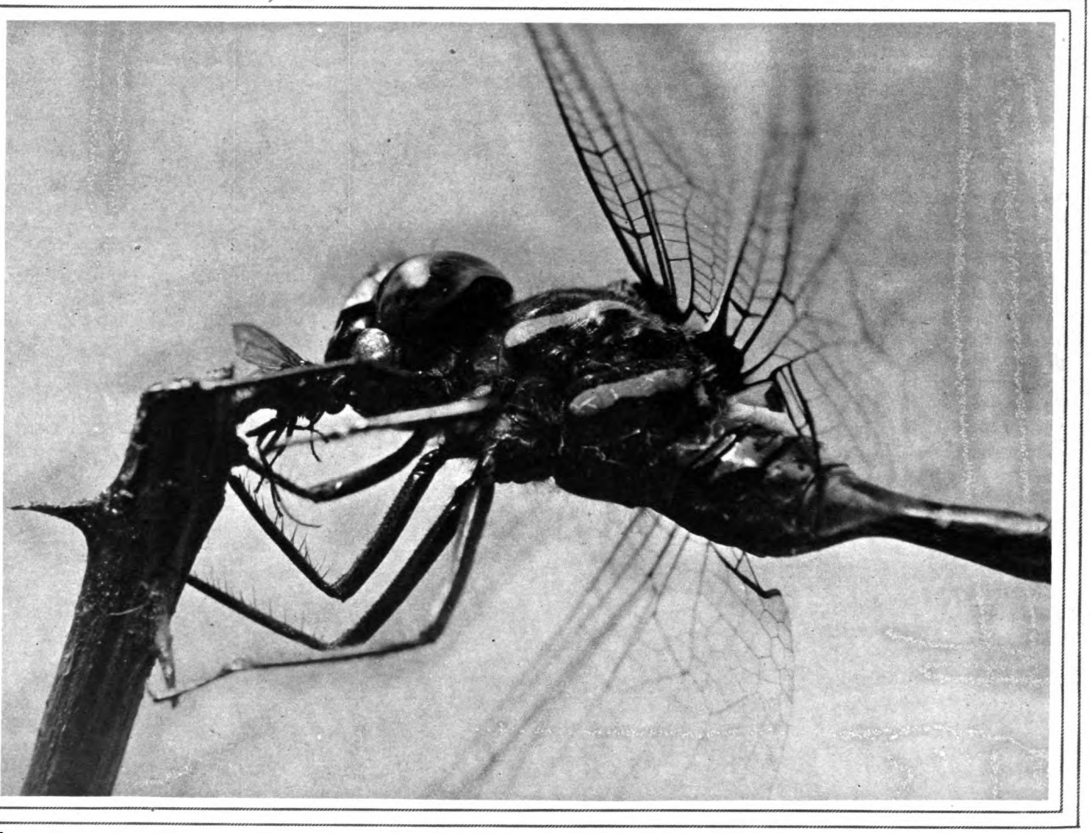
[*Continued opposite.*

REAL INSECT TRAGEDIES: "NATURE RED IN TOOTH AND CLAW."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL GRISWOLD HOWES, STAMFORD, CONN., U.S.A.



5. A DRAGON OF THE INSECT WORLD AND ITS PREY: A ROVE BEETLE (ONE OF THE *STAPHYLINIDÆ*) DEVOURING A FLY—STARTING WITH THE HEAD AND LEAVING ONLY THE WINGS.



6. A FRIEND OF MAN AS THE DEADLY FOE OF DISEASE-BEARING FLIES AND MOSQUITOES: A DRAGON FLY DEVOURING A HOUSE FLY—ONE OF TWENTY CONSUMED IN TWO HOURS.

Continued.]

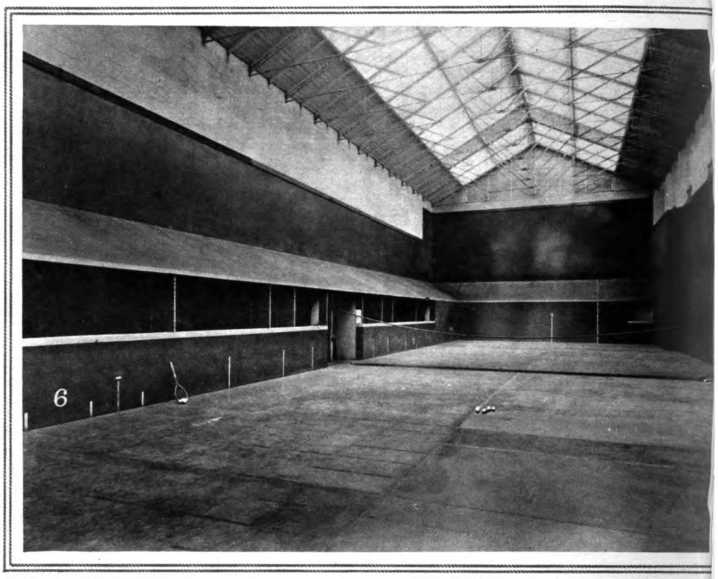
and harmless species. This gives us some idea of how the fly feels when caught in the spider's web! Note the numerous eyes possessed by the creature." Photograph No. 5 is described as "The dragon of the insect world: a species of *Staphylinidæ* or rove-beetles attacking a fly. Rove-beetles are . . . commonly found under decaying animal and vegetable matter. In these particular cases the insects were predaceous, lying in wait for flies attracted to the feast, and then pouncing on and devouring them in a most ferocious manner. Starting at the head they crush it thoroughly before eating, and finally progress through the fly's body, leaving only the wings." Photograph No. 6 shows "A dragon fly devouring a house fly. The good that is done by dragon flies (as by rove-beetles) through their insatiable appetite for flies, mosquitoes and other insects, is very great. . . . Many live about houses and stables, feeding upon the hated house fly, while the species occurring in tropical countries, notably in Hawaii, the Samoan Islands, and South America, do much to hold the disease-carrying mosquitoes in check. . . . The one shown in the photograph consumed twenty house flies in a few hours while confined in a glass cage."

FROM "COUNTRY SEAT" TO "SEAT OF LEARNING".

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE REV. J.



IN ITSELF AN EDUCATION IN TASTE: THE GREAT STAIRCASE AT CANFORD SCHOOL, OF RICH AND EXQUISITE CARVING.



INDICATIVE OF THE MODERN ADVANCE OF TENNIS AS A PUBLIC SCHOOL GAME: THE COVERED COURT AT CANFORD, AN UP-TO-DATE FEATURE ON THE RECREATION SIDE.

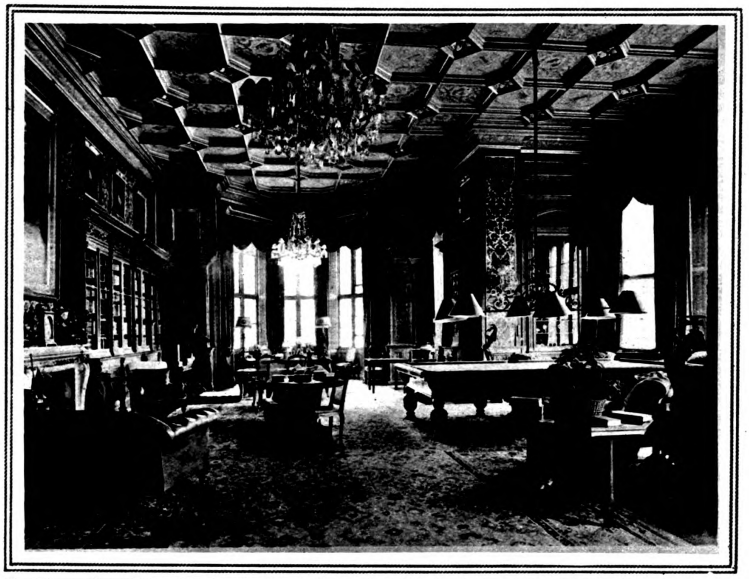


FORMERLY AN ANCIENT MANOR WITH ITS ROOTS IN ENGLISH HISTORY, DATING BACK TO THE DAYS OF RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION: THE STATELY BUILDINGS OF CANFORD SCHOOL, ERECTED IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE IV., SEEN FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

There are some of "the stately homes of England" whose future presents a difficult problem. To what better use could they be put than that of education? Thereby they will be reverently preserved, and their architecture, decoration, and surroundings will afford valuable means of inculcating æsthetic taste. Thus Canford Manor, near Wimborne, in Dorset, like another historic house, Stowe, has been converted into a new Public School, which it was arranged to open early this month. Canford begins its career under happy auspices, with buildings that may compare in beauty and historic interest with those of many an ancient scholastic foundation. "The history of Canford," we read in the school prospectus, "reaches back into dim recesses of the past. The old Manor passed through the hands of the Montacute Earls of Salisbury, the Earls of Lancaster, and John o' Gaunt. It was the seat of the romantic story of Ela, the sole heiress

A HISTORIC MANOR BECOMES A NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL.

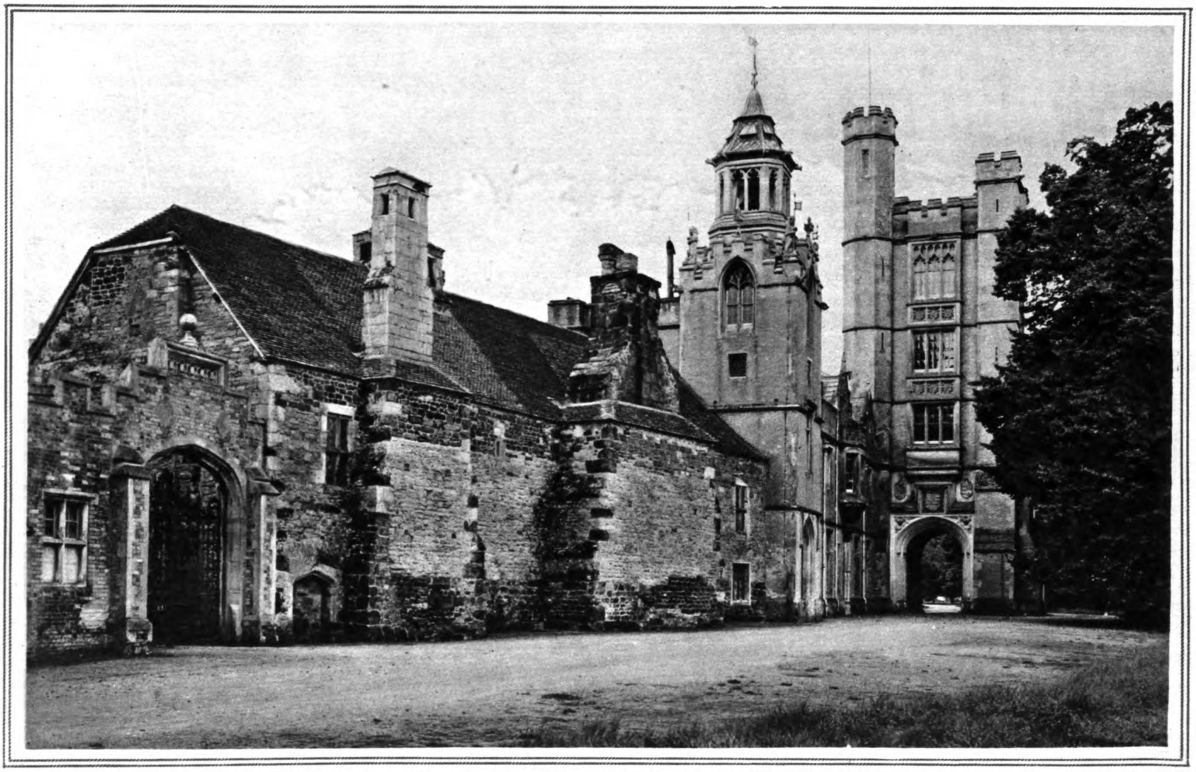
MACNUTT, M.A., HEADMASTER OF CANFORD SCHOOL.



CONTAINING A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS PRESENTED BY THE DOWAGER LADY WIMBORNE, AND A BILLIARD TABLE: THE MAGNIFICENT LIBRARY AT CANFORD SCHOOL.



AN INSPIRATION IN THE BEAUTY OF INTERIOR DECORATION: A VIEW INTO THE GRAND HALL FROM THE VESTIBULE.



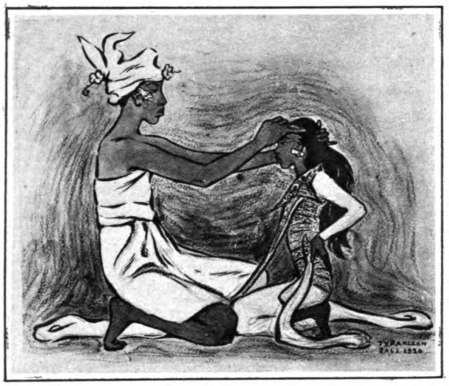
ASSOCIATED WITH "OLD JOHN OF GAUNT, TIME-HONOURED LANCASTER," TO WHOM THE MANOR OF CANFORD PASSED FROM THE MONTACUTE EARLS OF SALISBURY: THE JOHN O' GAUNT BUILDING AT CANFORD SCHOOL.

of Walter d'Eureaux. Ela . . . was presented at the Court of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. . . . The present house was built by Blore during the reign of George IV. for Lord de Mauley, and in 1887 Sir Charles Barry added a new wing." Historic interest, however, is not everything in a modern school, and parents will be more impressed, perhaps, with the excellence of all the arrangements both for work and play—teaching and character-training, health and sanitation. A perusal of the prospectus shows that everything has been organised on sound and up-to-date lines. Among the Governors are the Dowager Lady Wimborne, Lord Gisborough, Sir Charles King-Harman, and Prebendary Webb-Peploe. The Headmaster is the Rev. J. S. Macnutt, to whom communications should be addressed. Canford, as it will be called "for short," takes its place among the public schools with every prospect of a brilliant future.

THE TEMPLE DANCES OF BALI.

By TYRA DE KLEEN.

IT is only recently that people have begun to discover Bali; that is to say, begun to realise what Bali is from an artistic and ethnographical point of view. Without exaggeration, it might be called the Island of Felicity, especially from an artist's standpoint, but very few artists hitherto have found their way there, and, fortunately for the few who have, Bali, owing to this very fact, has preserved to the present day most of its fascinating originality, and most of its artistic treasures are still unexplored. Every day spent there may bring fresh surprises of new and unexpected beauties. In Bali everything is a thing of beauty: its tropical scenery, its climate, without either suffocating heat or annoying mosquitoes, its picturesque volcanoes, its blue mountain lakes and grottoes, its wild virginal forests, its temples, its architecture and sculpture—but most of all, its human beings! The people of Bali are an inexhaustible source of interest for those who take pleasure in the study of human types and the human mind.



THE TOILET FOR THE DANCE: A BALINESE GIRL HAVING HER COIFFURE ARRANGED BEFORE A PERFORMANCE.
Drawn by Tyra de Kleen.

The people of Bali are tall, slender and graceful, with nobler, more refined, and more intelligent faces than their cousins and neighbours in Java. They are also of a different race, being a blending of Hindu, Malay, and Polynese. Their religion is Buddhism and Shivaism, which in Bali has developed peculiar forms, different from the original religions in British India.

They wear very little clothing: both women and men are naked to the waist, wearing a *sarong*—a drapery, varying in length, round the hips, generally of black cotton, but sometimes coloured. It is fastened round the waist with long silk scarves, and these are always of gaudy colours. They generally wear two, three, or more of these soft scarves in different tints, producing a colour-scheme which shows a sense for shades which any Parisian society lady might envy. The *sarong* and the turban—the latter often being of home-woven gold and silver brocade with colours—are mostly the only pieces of clothing that they wear. But on these two pieces they concentrate more careful attention and put in more coquetry than does any European or American dandy in the whole of his complicated wardrobe; especially the men, who among the Balinese represent the fairer as well as the vainer sex. These square pieces of cloth are artistically bound and draped with intentional irregularities, stiff ends pointing hither and thither, and long ends fluttering in the wind. In their turbans, which for both men and women serve to bind up their long black hair, they always wear fresh flowers, some of which hang down effectively over their bronze-coloured faces. To the dress of an elegant Balinese also belong, as a finishing touch, some long white native cigarettes planted in his turban and pointing in different directions. On the back the men wear, stuck through the scarves, a *kris*; that is, their native dagger, which among the high-caste men is generally of gold set with precious stones.

The *kris* is a mere decoration, for the Balinese are the most peaceful people in the world: a happy and sympathetic people, open, frank, kind, hospitable, and very sociable, continually laughing and joking, as though existence had no dark side. Bali has no criminals, no beggars, no poor; its people are wealthy—that is to say, they need little and they own more than they need. They have not much sense for the practical and business-like side of existence, but so much the more for its artistic side.

Art plays a great part in their life: one might say every Balinese is more or less of an artist. They show it in everything they do and in their surroundings, but most of all in their *mainan*. That word means both acting and dancing, actor, actress, and dancer, masculine and feminine. (The Balinese language is not complicated.) Acting and dancing are so intermingled that they cannot be distinguished from one another. The people of Bali do not talk and sing much in their *mainan*, but express so much the more with their movements and plastic poses, which are strongly and strangely *stilisé*. Into this art of theirs they put their whole heart, and they love it passionately.

If you wish to make friends with the Balinese, the way leading straight to their hearts is first to show a sympathetic understanding for their *mainan*; and then to paint and sketch them and allow them to watch you doing so. Thus you exchange an interest in and appreciation of each other's art, and they will do anything for you. These people have never seen anything of painting, except their own very conventional art, which has stuck to its traditions, and remained the same through centuries; and yet they recognise and understand instantly everything they see on paper, even the quickest unfinished sketch. And they yell with delight when they see how a picture progresses. They will come wandering from far away and sit waiting for hours to have a look at a picture or a sketch they have heard about; and they find it very amusing to pose as models. If you sketch one of them, all the onlookers (especially the men—the women are more shy) will have a competition in looking picturesque, each one hoping that your eye might fall on him the next time. They tie their turbans again and again in all sorts of shapes, and fetch new fresh flowers to stick into them; they try effectful plastic poses, asking each other's advice, and they criticise each other uncharitably, all the time joking, laughing, and amusing themselves splendidly. They are the vainest people imaginable; and the more decrepit the old men, the more gorgeous colours do they wear and the more numerous are the fresh flowers on their heads, in their belts, or hanging down as garlands from their *kris* handles.



A BALINESE CURTSEY: A GIRL DANCER, WITH A FAN AND ELABORATE HEADDRESS DECORATED WITH FLOWERS, MAKING A LOW OBEISANCE.
Drawn by Tyra de Kleen.

The very soul of this people is expressed in their *mainan*. What are now merely dances were originally old plays with Hindu subjects, mostly from the *Mahabharata*. In many of these plays the speaking, singing, and acting parts have gradually vanished, and the dances alone remained.

For some time I stayed quite alone among the natives, in a part of Bali where nearly everybody, besides his ordinary profession, was also a *mainan* and performed in their great pageants. It was a place up in the mountains, very difficult of access. One had to ride the most impossible roads on horse-back for many hours. Most of the people there had never in their lives seen a white person.

It was a native chief, a *Pungawa*, who had invited me to his district to study the dances there, for, besides being a kind-hearted and polite man, he was—even for a Balinese!—very vain, and the probability of being written about in illustrated papers and of having pictures drawn of him (some of which he was going to receive) made him all the more hospitable and amiable. He came to meet me with horses and lots of servants at the place where the carriage-road ended and the horse-path commenced. He had decorated himself with a large bunch of crimson orchids in his turban of gold brocade, and the horses with the same orchids fastened in about the same way on their heads. He was a bit troubled about the question as to what I should get to eat, because there could not be procured any food for white people. I assured him that I preferred Balinese food; but I must confess they sometimes gave me extraordinary dishes—for instance, rice with very large caterpillars or wasps, fried in coconut-oil, tasting like a strongly aromatic spice; at other times caterpillars of white flying ants fried in the same way. You have to emancipate yourself from prejudices in order to gain new experiences. I also had to learn to chew *sirih*—the "betel" of the British Indians—for without sirih-chewing there can be no sociable intercourse. But it was less amusing having to put up with the most elementary ideas about cleanliness.

In the high mountains the houses—or rather, cave-like huts—were not constructed of bamboo as in the flat country, as they would have been swept away by the violent rains, but of mud and clay; and their dark interiors were indescribably dirty. A "house" consists of a large complex of huts within a high mud wall, with prickly cactus planted on the top. Every room is a hut apart, and between these huts are lots of little in-built courtyards, terraces, staircases, etc. When I saw how it looked inside the hut where the *Pungawa* himself lived with his wife and child, not to speak about the other huts, I realised that they had given me the *palais de luxe* of the place.

The courtyard in front of my hut was always filled with people sitting crossed-legged, smiling happily, and patiently waiting. They had come from afar to have a look at the white *njonja* (lady), and, if possible, to hear some tales about far-off lands. And so, sitting on the little verandah belonging to my hut, I had to tell them about European people and cities and houses with fireplaces and chimney-pots, and churches and life and customs, all the time illustrating the descriptions on pieces of paper, that wandered from hand to hand. And my audience manifested their interest by yelling with delight, and were always eager to hear more.

[*Continued on page 782.*



INDICATING THAT HE SEEKS A LOVE AFFAIR: A BALINESE MAN'S SYMBOLIC TURBAN, DECORATED WITH FLOWERS AND CIGARETTES.
"The different fashions of binding turbans and decorating them with fresh flowers form a sort of symbolical language, indicating happiness, mourning, enmity, and so on. When a man seeks a love affair he puts flowers and native cigarettes in his turban in the above style (called *Kurang-adjar*). The Balinese belles are then expected to make advances."—[*Drawn by Tyra de Kleen.*]

UNIQUE DRAWINGS OF BALI DANCES: FLOWER HEAD-DRESSES; DEMONS.

DRAWINGS BY TYRA DE KLEEN. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)





1. WITH SLIM BODY, AND HEAD-DRESS OF FRESH FLOWERS: A DANCER MAKING RITUAL MOVEMENTS.



2. PERFORMED WITH GREAT ACROBATIC SKILL: A SECULAR DANCE (THE "JOGED") BY A GROWN-UP WOMAN AND HER WOOERS.



3. FROM THE DEVIL DANCE, "CHALON ARONG": A SHE-DEMON BRINGING TO LIFE A DEAD CHILD (A DOLL).

4. A FIVE-YEAR-OLD DANCER: THE LITTLE SON OF A BALI CHIEF.





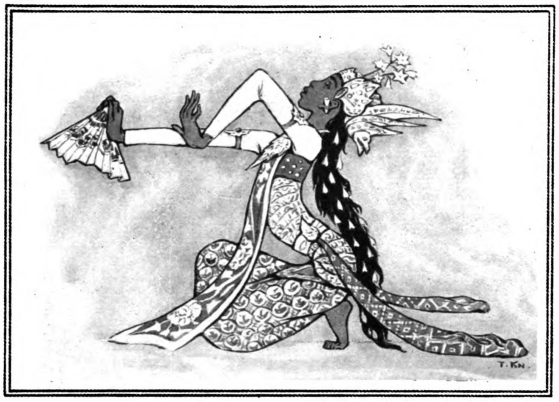
5. WHERE THE WOMAN WEARS A HEAD-DRESS OF FRESH GREEN GRASS: A MOVEMENT IN THE SECULAR DANCE (THE "JOGED") SHOWN IN THE SECOND PHOTOGRAPH.

6. WITH LACQUER MASK AND LONG TONGUE OF CRIMSON CLOTH: THE DEMON OF DESTRUCTION DEVOURING A CHILD (A DOLL).

The remarkable drawings given on this and the following page are the work of Miss Tyra de Kleen, a Swedish artist, whose exhibition of Javanese and Balinese studies, recently placed on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum, has attracted so much interest, not only for their high artistic quality, but as records from a hitherto unexplored field in comparative religion and ethnography. The drawings here reproduced, which have never been published elsewhere, were made in the island of Bali, adjacent to Java, and are the result of Miss de Kleen's long sojourn in the interior as the guest of a native chief. She gives a full account of her experiences in the article on page 760. In a note on Illustrations 2 and 5 above, she says: "The Joged is a secular dance. Unlike the sacred dances, which are performed by girls of 11-14 years, this is a grown-up woman, who first dances alone, and then surrounded by men dancers from among the spectators. . . . In the continuation of the dance great acrobatic skill is developed in catching and escaping movements."

RITUAL DANCING EXTRAORDINARY: REMARKABLE STUDIES MADE IN BALI.

DRAWINGS BY TYRA DE KLEEN. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



1. WEARING A LONG HORSE-TAIL WIG AND FRESH FLOWERS FASTENED TO THE HEAD-DRESS: A PERFORMER IN THE "GALOOH," A TEMPLE DANCE.



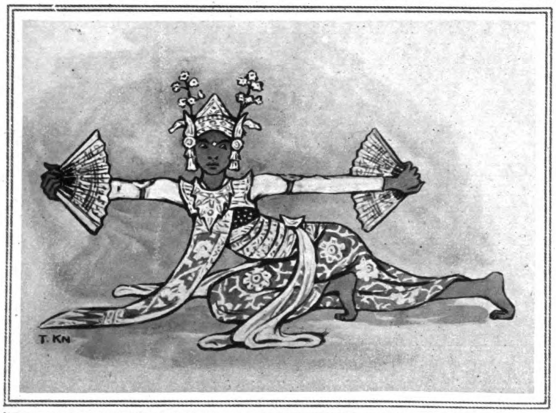
2. WITH BODY TIGHTLY SWATHED TO ACCENTUATE ITS NATURAL SLIMNESS, AND FLOWERS ON HER HEAD: PERFORMING THE DANCE OF THE SACRED BIRD, "GARUDA."



3. WITH REAL FEATHERS ON THE BACK AND WINGS OF BUFFALO HIDE: THE FLUTTERING OF THE "GARUDA."



4. PERFORMING THE "SEMBAYAN" (THE BALINESE SALAAM) ACCORDED ONLY TO THE GODS AND IMPORTANT PEOPLE: THE PRAYER BEFORE A TEMPLE DANCE.



5. A WONDERFULLY EFFECTIVE MOVEMENT WITH FANS: A STRIKING POSE IN THE "LEGONG," THE MOST FREQUENT OF THE TEMPLE DANCES.

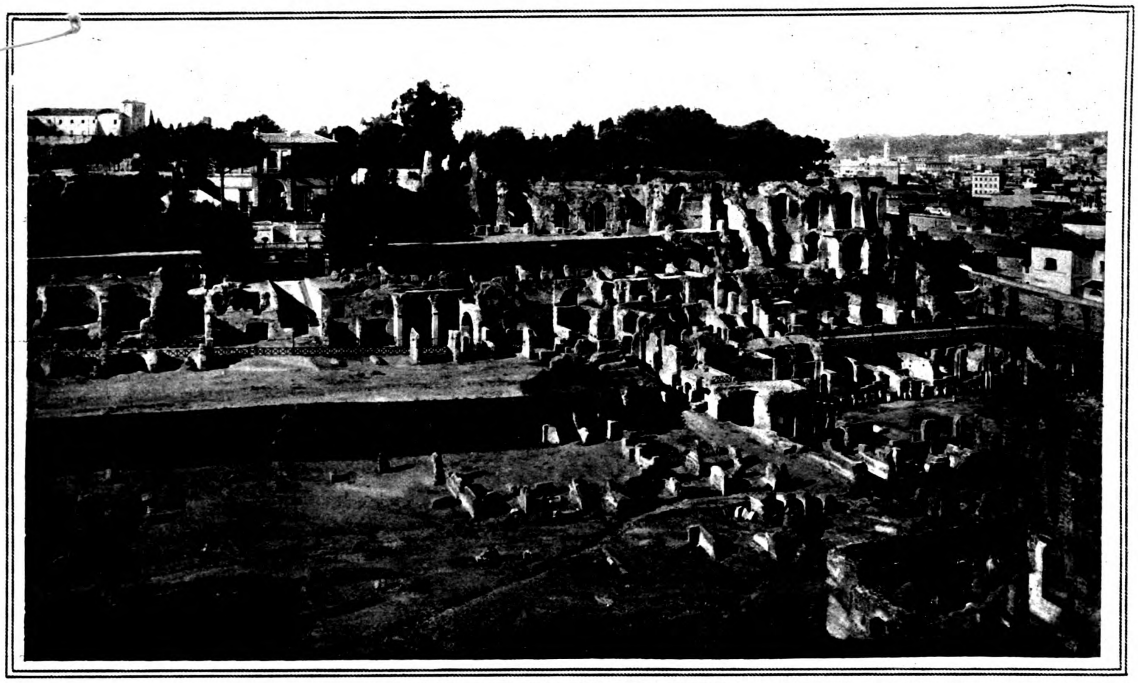


6. AN ATTITUDE REQUIRING EXTRAORDINARY SUPPLENESS OF BODY: A COMPLICATED MOVEMENT IN A BALINESE TEMPLE DANCE KNOWN AS THE "CHONDONG."

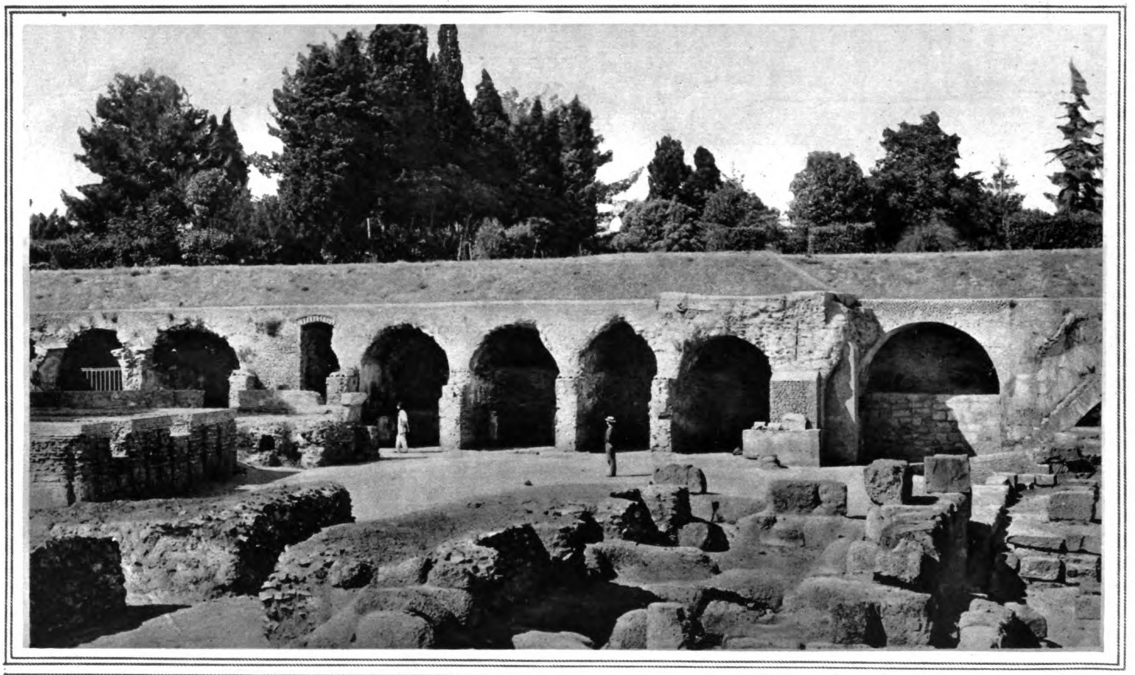
The wonderful Balinese dances illustrated on this and the previous page are described by the artist, Miss Tyra de Kleen, in her article on page 760, as well as the romantic circumstances under which she made the drawings during her stay in the island of Bali, near Java. As already mentioned, her exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum has aroused great interest as an important contribution to the study of ritual dancing in a region hitherto little known. Of the above subjects she notes: "(1) The 'Galooh' is a temple dance. The long hair is a wig made of horse-tail and fastened to the head-covering. Before each performance fresh flowers are fastened all over the hair. (2) and (3) The dance of the sacred bird, Garuda. The dancer gets real feathers fastened on her back and wings cut out of buffalo hide fastened to her arms and hands. Her movements imitate in a skilful way the fluttering and jumping of a bird. (4) The prayer before the temple dance. The dancing girl is doing the 'sembayan'—the Balinese salaam—which gesture is done to the gods and also to highly situated human beings; (5) 'Legong' is the most frequent of the temple dances, and the name is often used for temple dances in general; (6) 'Chondong' is a temple dance." Miss de Kleen has also illustrated Bali puppet-shows, musical instruments, and Buddhist and Shivaist ritual movements.

FROM ROMULUS TO THE CÆSARS: RUINS THE KING AND QUEEN WILL SEE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR, OF ROME, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHÆOLOGIST.



WHERE ONCE STOOD THE HUTS OF THE PRIMITIVE VILLAGE DESTINED TO BECOME THE IMPERIAL CITY OF ROME: RUINS OF THE HUGE BUILDINGS OF THE CÆSARS ON THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE PALATINE FACING THE FORUM.



THE MOST ANCIENT REMAINS OF ROME'S PAST GRANDEUR WHICH THE KING AND QUEEN WILL SEE DURING THEIR VISIT: THE SO-CALLED WALLS OF ROMULUS, ON THE CERMALUS, THE NORTHERN PLATEAU OF THE PALATINE HILL.

Rome and its splendours are much in our minds at present owing to the fact that the King and Queen are going there, and during their visit will spend some three days in a tour among its ancient monuments. Elsewhere in this number we give two remarkable air photographs of the modern city, in one of which part of the Forum Romanum, as well as the Forum of Trajan, are visible, near the modern monument to Victor Emmanuel. Above we show some of the earliest remaining vestiges of the city of Romulus, as well as ruins dating from the time of the Cæsars, on the Palatine. As mentioned on another page, the King of Italy opened in State, a few days ago, an Exhibition of Agriculture, Industry, and Art in the gardens of the Villa Borghese, housed in buildings specially constructed, at a cost of about £35,000, as a replica of ancient Rome. The entrance is through an arch resembling that of Constantine, and the reconstructions include a forum, assembly hall, and amphitheatre in Græco-Roman style, as well as private houses of the days of the Cæsars.

WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN WILL VISIT THE POPE: T

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE ITALIAN ESTABLISHMENT OF AERONAUTI



THE HEART OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY AS SEEN FROM AN AERO
THE TIBER, THE CASTEL SANT' ANGI

The King and Queen are due to arrive in Rome on May 7, and on the 9th they will visit Pope Pius XI. at the Vatican. They will drive thither by motor-car from the British Embassy near the Porta Pia, on the other side of the Tiber, preceded by the Papal Master of Ceremonies, and the cars will fly the British and Papal colours side by side. The Pope will receive their Majesties at the door of the Throne Room, and after a ceremonial exchange of greetings will invite them to his private apartments. The royal visitors, being Protestants, will not perform the genuflexion. On leaving the Pope, they will walk to the apartments of Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State. The above interesting photograph is one of a series of aerial views of famous Italian

HE VATICAN AND ST. PETER'S AT ROME FROM THE AIR.

CONSTRUCTION, SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



PLANE: THE WEST END OF ROME, SHOWING ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN. LO, AND THE PALAZZO DI GIUSTIZIA.

cities and scenery taken by the Photographic Laboratory of the Italian Establishment of Aeronautics. The Department of Antiquities is planning an archæological survey of the whole country based on similar aerial photographs, a striking innovation in classical topography. Our illustration shows the west end of Rome. The great dome of St. Peter's is seen in the centre background, with the Vatican to the right and its gardens beyond. In the right foreground is the Palazzo di Giustizia (Palace of Justice) with the Cavour Bridge leading to it across the Tiber. The next bridge is the Ponte Sant' Angelo, leading to the Castel Sant' Angelo on the right. The third bridge is the Ponte Umberto. In the top left corner of the photograph is shown part of an aeroplane in flight.



THE ETERNAL CITY IN HER 2676TH YEAR, TO BE VISITED BY THE KING AND QUEEN: ROME FROM THE AIR—SHOWING PART OF THE ANCIENT FORUM (RECENTLY REPRODUCED IN EXHIBITION BUILDINGS), THE CAPITOL, TRAJAN'S FORUM, AND THE VICTOR EMMANUEL MONUMENT.

The fact that the King and Queen are shortly to visit Rome lends a special interest to this unusual view of the Eternal City. Taking the date of the foundation by Romulus as 753 B.C. (some put it at 754 B.C.), the anniversary celebrated by a march of the Fascisti on April 21 was the 2676th. The above photograph, taken from an aeroplane, shows the southern centre of Rome, looking south-west. In the middle is the great Monument of Victor Emmanuel, with the Altar of the Fatherland. It faces nearly north down the Corso Umberto (to the right), with the Piazza Venezia immediately in front of it and the Palazzo Venezia the first building on the far side of the Corso. Behind the Monument is the Capitol (Monte Capitolino), and on the extreme left (middle distance) part of the Forum. Between the Monument and the left foreground is Trajan's Forum. In the background is the island in the Tiber. On April 29 King Victor opened, in the Villa Borghese Gardens, an Exhibition of Agriculture, Industry, and Art, the buildings being a replica of ancient Rome, including the Forum.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE ITALIAN ESTABLISHMENT OF AERONAUTIC CONSTRUCTION. SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.

THE "DOWN NEEDLES" MOVEMENT IN PARIS: MIDINETTES ON STRIKE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY L. SABATTIER.

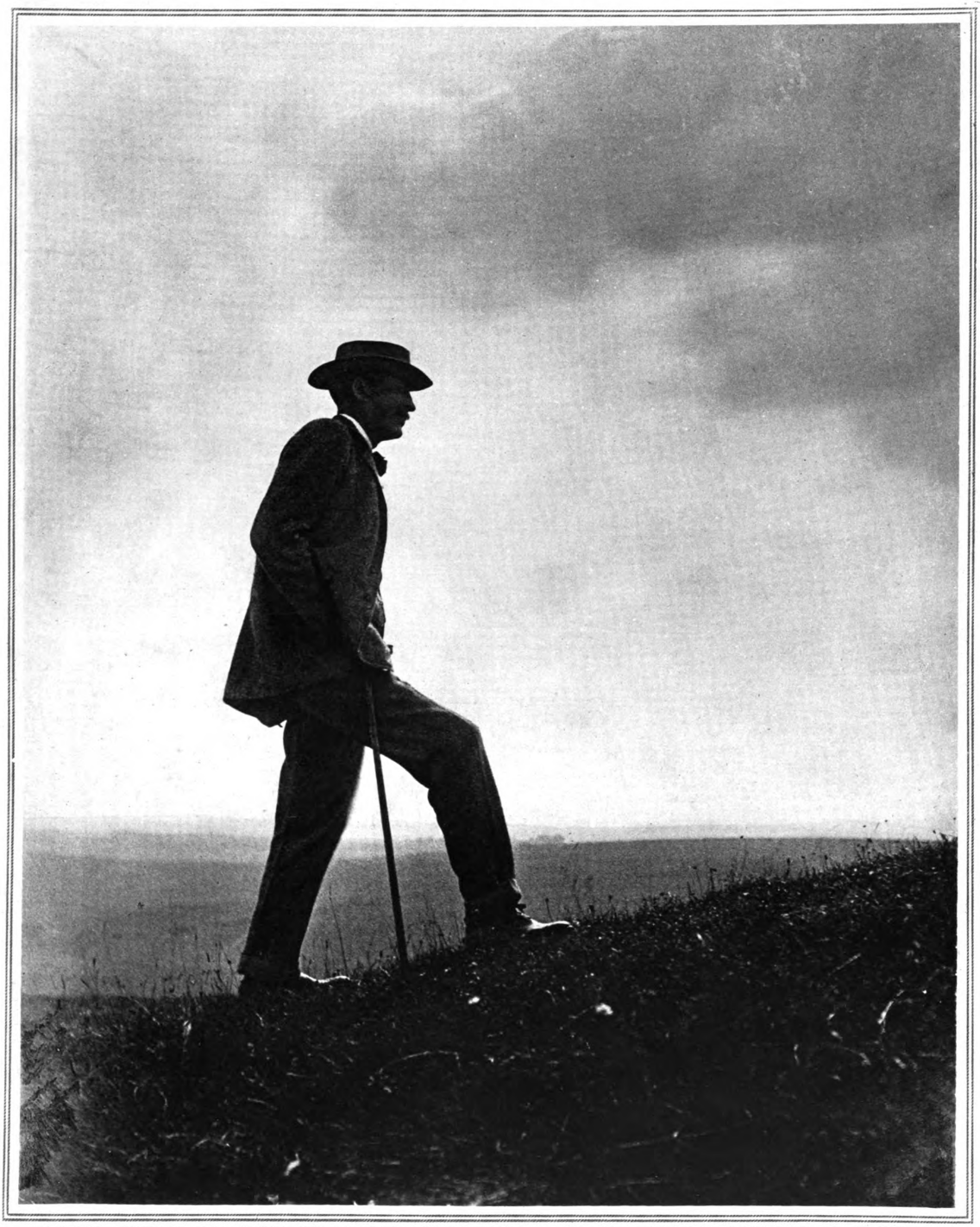


THE STOPPAGE IN THE FRENCH DRESSMAKING TRADE: GIRLS LEAVING A MEETING AT THE BOURSE DE TRAVAIL.

The Parisian "midinette," or dressmakers' assistant, is a well-known figure in the French capital. Her light-hearted gaiety, her industry, her trim appearance has been sung by many poets and writers, and "Mimi," as she is called, is a very popular figure. She is now on strike for higher wages, the sum demanded being 150 francs per week for first hands, 115 for second hands, and 85 for improvers. These demands do not sound exorbitant, but the great dressmaking firms state that it is impossible for the industry to meet them, more especially as the system of credit is an old-established custom in the dressmaking trade. The strike has been described as a "lighthearted" one, and it is said that the police are more worried by it than anyone else, as they do not care to be severe with the pretty young strikers; but it must not be forgotten that the dressmaking industry is a very important one in Paris, and that the complete stoppage brought about by the strike is a serious matter. The employers pointed out that the present rates of pay were accepted in 1920, when the increase in the cost of living was officially 370, whereas it is now 324. As no arrangement has been reached, the general lock-out has been in force since April 23. The activity in the region of the Place de l'Opéra and the Rue du Château d'Eau, where the Bourse de Travail is situated, has been considerable, and the police have had to disperse various gatherings. Our page shows a typical gathering of the young strikers leaving the Bourse de Travail.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

A COINCIDENCE: STANDING NEAR HIS OWN HILL-TOP GRAVE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. J. MORTIMER, F.R.P.S.



AT THE SPOT CHOSEN FOR HIS OWN PLACE OF BURIAL—JUST BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE FOR EGYPT FOR THE OPENING OF THE TUTANKHAMEN TOMB: THE LATE EARL OF CANARVON ON THE SUMMIT OF BEACON HILL.

There is a pathetic interest in this striking photograph of the late Lord Carnarvon, whose death followed so tragically his great discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen in Egypt. Like another famous Englishman of African memory, Cecil Rhodes, his chosen grave was on a hilltop, though, unlike that of Rhodes, among the "hills of home"; and here he is shown standing close to his own place of burial, on the summit of Beacon Hill near his Hampshire seat at Highclere Castle. The hill, which is nearly 1000 ft. high, overlooks four counties—Hampshire, Wiltshire, Berkshire, and Oxfordshire. The body of the late Earl was brought from Cairo by his widow and members of the family, who landed with it at Plymouth from the steamer "Malwa" on April 27. The funeral procession from Highclere up Beacon Hill was arranged for Monday, April 30, the bearers of the coffin being accompanied only by the widowed Countess, her daughter, Lady Evelyn Herbert, and the new Earl and his wife (formerly Lord and Lady Porchester). Probably no previous burial has taken place on Beacon Hill since the Romans were in Britain.



The Art of the Short Story.—I.



WHENCE COMETH HELP.

By JOHN RUSSELL, Author of "Where the Pavement Ends.

THE hero of this tale had been known by various high-sounding names during his career, but the only one that lingered on the popular tongue was Da-hin Mando. He was very old and very ugly, moss-grown as any dead tree of the swamp. Also he was quite without honour, for the priests had long since shifted their temples to the comfortable river villages. A god who asks for nothing gets nothing in Africa, where the competition is keen. He was hewn of a single teak log, and Serwin found him in the howling jungle when he came to Anyangba to take residence as company agent for all the Bassa country.

There was little society at Anyangba, and that was dark and exceedingly shy, besides being distinctly cannibalistic in taste. There were no amusements officially provided at Anyangba, except brandy, chlorodyne, and cigarettes. Whenever the agent at Anyangba had nothing else to do, he could sit in his slatted verandah and enjoy the outlook upon the green walls of his prison, and listen to his heart beating in a stillness as deep as the pit and as wide as space. And if he grew impatient of that, he could consider the three grassy mounds at the far end of the compound, which were occupied by three former agents at Anyangba. They also had grown impatient and had hurried on. All in all, Serwin was frightfully bored with Anyangba by the end of his first month.

Perez, the queer little blob of a Portuguese who had weathered untold seasons as company super at Nygama Bay, sized Serwin up to last about half a year.

"Not much more," he assured Stein, the travelling manager, over an interminable solitaire. "Why do they send out such men? He gets no trade, and I get hell. Will the company make good that loss in my commission?"

Stein never paid any attention to the whining of his old subordinate. But he knew that Perez knew more about the black welter of western Africa than any white who ever lived there. And if Perez said that the new agent would peg out in six months, it was very likely to be so. He waited patiently while the Portuguese bewailed his ill luck and his poor commissions through three packs of cards.

"What's the matter with Serwin?" he asked.

"Eh?" blinked Perez. "A fool! A big, strong, full-blooded fool! What will he make in the jungle? Look—a man must have at least one foible here. One trifling interest to keep him solid. Let it be only orchids, or little bugs—or a girl at home. I have my solitaire. You—well, you are Stein, without nerves and without passion. Besides, you have your pension to get. Ah! A pension is better than many commissions——"

"And Serwin?" insisted Stein.

"Has nothing!" cried Perez, flinging his hands abroad. "Absolutely! He is your type without care or belief. He has been wild at home, I think—that kind. Well, it will be wild enough for him here! My word, yes! Listen. When he was leaving up-river, at the last, I made to learn if he has some religion, even. But no. He laughed in my face. He will pass out before the rains, that man—pouf! I have seen many Serwins before."

So had Stein, but he only answered, "Sometimes fools are lucky."

"Quite so," chuckled Perez. "His luck may bring him a spear between the shoulders instead of—worse. But take my word, you will need a new man at Anyangba when you come next trip."

Meanwhile, Serwin, exploring around his station, discovered Da-hin Mando. He stood waist deep in the lush growth that had flowed over the crumbled temple site, and grinned up at the massive head.

"Why, hello!" he said. "Fancy meeting you!"

The Bassas lack artistic tradition. Their sculptors know nothing of totem poles or the vivid gargoyles of more playful races. They had hewn a ju-ju with rude features, level-browed, bald, and round. But decay had improved their handiwork. Worms and green lichens had wrought upon the eye-sockets and slab cheeks with grim effect. This was a true jungle god, scowling, hideous. It struck Serwin's humour.

"Old boy," he declared, "you're not handsome, but you're blame dignified. I like your style."

He turned to his Mandingo body servant.

"Pede, observe our latest recruit. Here is a god, well preserved. We will take him home. He will keep watch for thieves at the store shed. Also he may improve the cookery of the thrice-cursed son of Eblis who scorches all our meat."

He threw an arm around the great upright post and put his strength to it. But Da-hin Mando was firm set in earth.

"A god not easily to be moved," laughed Serwin. "An upright god—a just and inflexible god! Pede, call up the boys to dig this fellow out."

The grave Mandingo shook his head, keeping his distance from Da-hin Mando, ill at ease.

"It is not good to meddle with such things," he said. "Many thousands have worshipped in this place—seeking help. Also Da-hin Mando was once very powerful. Let us move off."



DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT.

Serwin fired, and Da-hin Mando was drilled with a new pock-mark on his round chest.

Then Serwin mocked him, because Pede was by way of being a Mussulman, and owned a full beard for all his black skin, and was therefore committed against all works of the heathen—idols in particular.

"You are afraid of this wooden god," taunted Serwin, until Pede, hard pressed, had this to say—

"No, master—no. But that which is above any god and all gods—that I fear."

"There is no need," returned Serwin. "When I am by, you need fear none other. I am enough for you to fear, and for these. Bid them dig."

In the end, his Bassa boys took some driving. It was welcome entertainment. He found himself astride a man on the ground, wielding a lash that hissed, and strangely exultant. When you are the sole accredited authority over some thousands of very inferior savages, removed some thousands of miles—more or less—from conventional delights, you are apt to take curious pleasure in these little whims. There being none to dispute, you naturally increase the percentage of tabasco. Serwin thrashed three blacks, and felt better. The Bassas did not like to disturb Da-hin Mando, who had once been powerful, but they liked even less the heavy hand and evil eye of their white ruler. So they tore away the vines and dug up the teakwood god and carried him on their shoulders to the station at Anyangba.

Serwin established Da-hin Mando near the gate under a young oil palm that spread like a canopy. It chanced that the cook was absent about the slaughtering of a young goat, and as he came trotting back he arrived in the presence without introduction. Serwin, watching in the verandah, almost fell out of his chair with laughter. He laughed until the cook's wail of dismay faded in the distance. He laughed many times while his household was adjusting itself to a god on the premises.

That night fever took him, and for a week he lay helpless while Pede nursed him as faithfully as if he had been a favourite son or the noblest and best of masters. It was in the nature of a warning, such as the climate gives. Serwin came out of it pale and shaken, but no wiser; and he sent down a demand upon Perez for more brandy and chlorodyne, with which Perez complied, smiling over his solitaire.

But now a singular fact developed which shows that even wise men like Perez cannot always be wholly right, and that no man knows all there is to know of Africa. When Serwin was able to sit up again, he found the sheds filled with nets of palm kernel and bags of gum copal. Wealth had rolled in on Anyangba. Shy society had grown shyer yet, and no native would approach the east side of the compound where Da-hin Mando stood stark and hideous. But the Bassas brought their tribute without being urged. The collectors needed no bullying. Not so much as a stick of tobacco was stolen. And as to the station servants, they had changed from sullen shirks to so many models of obedience. Such sudden and unanimous virtue astonished Serwin, and ended by boring him.

"What has happened?" he demanded of Pede, as he lay on his couch. "They said this was a difficult station. Our receipts have doubled."

"That is true," answered Pede. "There is nothing like fear to bring in trade."

Serwin was coiling a rope of knotted leather that could nick a bit of flesh from a man as neatly as a scalpel, and his lean face clouded.

"A pity I haven't had to thrash a man since I got up. And there is a strip of rhinoceros hide one of the river boys is going to sell me—much better than this. Do they fear me so greatly?"

"A little when you whip them. But that is a different kind of fear. Chiefly they fear because Da-hin Mando has been restored to honour and has come to live in our compound. Therefore they bring gum and oil. They will make no trouble, master."

"Will they not?" said Serwin, scowling. "So that's it. Now I have a notion it is going to be different before I'm through with them."

He rose and called for his rifle, saying he would hunt. As he groomed the weapon in the verandah, he chanced casually to glance along the barrel at Da-hin Mando. At that he saw Pede's eyeball roll. Naturally, he grinned and aimed then with intention. Pede winced, and Serwin fired, and Da-hin Mando was drilled with a new pock-mark on his round chest.

"Pede—see how much worth is your wooden god," laughed Serwin. "I have shot him. Do you still think you need fear any but me?"

The results of this simple act were rather astonishing. Shooting a ju-ju was a proposition that had never presented itself to the native mind. It might have meant war and rapine; with a spear between the shoulders—even as Perez said—for the author of such appalling sacrilege, and the obliterating of every mark of white men from the country. In any foreview, it might have meant this just as well. But it did not. Serwin gained some notion of its impact the next time he went abroad, and found his way impeded by human forms that grovelled before his steps. The shy society of Anyangba was trying to flatten into a carpet for his benefit.

"By George, they're worshipping me!" exclaimed Serwin, and stood grinning and crisping his moustache.

It was so. Quite by chance and without intent, Serwin had set himself at the head of the whole jungle hierarchy. The resurrection of Da-hin Mando had impressed the Bassas. His public execution overwhelmed them. From the depths of the jungle they listened, quaking, while Serwin exercised himself at dread target-practice—Da-hin Mando began to look like a colander—and hastened to put their possessions, their lives, their immortal souls at the service of this new ju-ju on two feet.

The net answer was multiplied tabasco for Serwin. Tabasco a little bit more, and a little bit more yet.

For where is the use of being a god unless you can have the little indulgences you crave? His nerves, shaken by fever and drugs, fell very readily into the way of craving in imperious fashion. Fawning figures stole up out of the jungle with gifts and invitations, not all of them seemly. He learned that this dull prison of his could offer curious opportunities for distraction. And Serwin was one who of himself had no moral sheet-anchor—no "foible," as Perez had truly fathomed.

He did not know that this sort of thing has been tried before. By bad men too; men with skin as thick as rhinoceros hide, but never quite thick enough, because it is white. Nor that the end always and invariably has been a little mound at the end of a compound somewhere.

"Whom do they fear now?" he asked of Pede, with a grin. And Pede answered truthfully, and not quite steadily, for Serwin was towering over him—

"They fear you, master."

It should be said that the succeeding period of Serwin's history was considerably befogged. No one can live on *tinctura chloroformi et morphinæ* and bad brandy, in growing doses, and retain any very clear idea of events. But Serwin believed that he was having a glorious time. By this he meant no more than that he had found escape from the vast stewing silences, that he had found fascination, wonder, and excitement — strange and fantastic excitement—and had taken to it with the furious appetite and slackened fibres of illness, loneliness, and revolt. Venturing into the jungle was no longer a matter of perfunctory exploration. He went alone, and eagerly. He began to go very often.

On a certain night, soon after Serwin's recovery from his third attack of fever, Pede, the Mandingo, might have been observed alone in the compound at Anyangba. An African night of starlight, of profound blue shadows and greens faintly luminous, when the clearing was like the bottom of a great well sunk from farthermost space. Pede stood beneath the lone oil-palm on the east side. His face was toward the gate, and he stood as one who listens and watches for a sign, hands clenched against his breast.

The jungle was awake. From far off in its depths came the thick, coughing howl of ceremonial drums, the savage cadence of a chant. It flickered with fires where naked black figures spun and leaped. It was alive with the wild and incomprehensible life that has teemed here since the dawn of ages, clamorous, but a mystery, as it always has been and must be. Swarming, but unfathomable; its secrets, its terrors, its passions only to be guessed, and then only by obscurest instinct, the heritage of all men from the dimmest past which is also its past—and its present.

Pede stood for a long time. Now and then, at some wafted burst of sound, his lips moved. Perhaps he invoked something or somebody. Then, at a sudden rustling outside, he took a quick step forward.

Serwin drifted into the gateway and leaned there, a big, slack-limbed blot against the dark. His breath rasped in his throat. He was like a runner hard spent, and he looked back the way he had come, as if expecting pursuit. But there was no pursuit, and still he looked. In one hand he carried a thing like a club or a sword, but flexible. His khaki shirt was open and showed the triangle of his breast, startlingly white, the only white spot in that twilight, and glistening with sweat. Pede touched him timidly, and he started.

"Who 's there?"

"Only Pede, master. Come with me."

Pede would have drawn him toward the house, but he lurched away, snarling.

"Let go, you damned black fool! Put your hands on me? Get out, I say!" And then in Hausa, which even a sloven tongue cannot wholly rob of dignity, "Stand off, dog! Do you know who I am?" He stumbled back against the gatepost.

Now the Mandingo was not notably a brave man. He was himself a black, a negroid, and he could not have felt safe against devils and blastings in what he did. But he had lived in the windswept open of the Sudan, and he was faithful to his meat. Therefore he caught up his courage, albeit with trembling.

"I know who you are, master. Kampani agent and my master and master of this station. And, moreover, a white man. It is written that no man shall change the colour of his skin. Neither white nor black. So, master — so, I say, come away from the jungle before a judgment fall. Oh, come away quickly!"

Serwin regarded him sombrely.

"Who speaks of judgment? I am the only judgment." But the arrogant tone became querulous. "Pede, you are doubtless drunk, for which I shall presently punish you. Meanwhile, what am I doing here? I thought——"

He stopped with an intake of breath. From far in the night came a quivering wail of many voices, infinitely wild and mournful. It made a single articulation, as if the jungle had called. Serwin's head rolled on his shoulder as he listened. He wetted his lips lustfully, yet he clutched the gate. He writhed with desire and loathing. What horror lured him, what shame withheld, only those who have glimpsed the forgotten sources could suspect. He said nothing, but in his agony was a dumb appeal. He was like a wader in some treacherous flood who feels his footing suddenly gone. Pede responded by pinning him to the wall.

"You shall not go!"

He flung the Mandingo off with brutal violence, and raised his weapon for a blow. Pede shrank, but gave no ground.

"Damn you!" snarled Serwin.

It was a length of rhinoceros hide, the kind of whip that can strip a man's flesh from his bones. But as Serwin lifted it to the creature who had nursed him and loved him, he hesitated. He lowered the thing and gazed on it, and it was stained and wet,



DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT.

He fell to the ground, a swooning suppliant at the feet of Da-hin Mando.

for that which was upon it had not yet dried. With something like a sob he threw it from him and stood with his face in his hands, swaying.

"Damn you, Pede—what do you stop me for? No use, I tell you. There 's no help—no help!"

Then Pede made answer according to his lights, to meet that word of despair.

"Yes," he cried, "here is help. Look! Here is one who will not fail you—master. Look up—look up—and be afraid."

With a gesture of his lean arm, almost triumphant, wholly inspired, he pointed upward. There in the starlight stood Da-hin Mando, planted by the oil-palm. It was a big image, and as it loomed vague against the sky, it seemed verily to dwarf them from a vast height. Serwin, bewildered, gave a little miserable crack of laughter.

"That? Our wooden god, Pede—Da-hin Mando? Help from him?"

"Yes," said Pede, "a wooden god—but more. There comes a time when the strongest man is weak like a little child. It is the time to fear him, master—to call to him—to that which is above any god and all gods. He will listen and help!"

It was twisted theology, of course, but here was a racked and twisted soul; and as Serwin stared up at the figure of Da-hin Mando, the mocking laughter died in his throat. Serwin had come pretty close to the far edge of things. He had pushed back and back of many a curtain that veils the naked beginnings. Also, this was Africa, where life runs the same groove it ran before the glaciers. This was the jungle, where men have made idols because they needed them. And by its dim twilight bulked that old heathen god, the symbol of human aspiration, the sign of divine wrath upon evildoers—of comfort, support, and guidance to all who reel upon the verge of destruction.

There was no witness save Pede, and Pede did not speak of illusion, neither of sick visions nor delirium when afterward he spoke of it at all. He said that the master had seen what he had seen, and as for Serwin, he knew what he saw.

Before his stricken gaze Da-hin Mando underwent a terrible transfiguring. The great head moved in awful majesty. From under the frowning brows all-seeing eyes were opened upon him. In their regard was power: the strength eternal that makes the sinner afraid. And Serwin, who had never yet feared anything in his life, was afraid to the quaking marrow of his bones. Nothing was hidden from those eyes, which bent such a look upon him as was scarce to be borne. There came a surge of sound from the forest, and the air seemed to thunder with a mighty voice. Under that dreadful warning the knees of the wretched man smote together, and he fell to the ground, a swooning suppliant at the feet of Da-hin Mando.

The travelling manager was skimming the reports of the coast super at Nygama Bay on his next visit, when he made his discovery. He paused with one finger on a sheet.

"Ah, you have noticed?" chuckled Perez, over an endless game of solitaire.

Stein waited.

"My new record at Anyangba," nodded Perez, with an assumption of complacence. "I am quite proud, eh? How joyful must be the company to have Perez! Never any upland station has shown so great an increase in so short a time. Do you think they will raise my commission?"

"You can ask them," suggested Stein dryly.

Perez made a wry face and went back to his layout. But Stein's finger stayed on the sheet, inexorable, and in the pause the little Portuguese began to fidget. At last he gave up his attempt and slammed the cards on the table, as he met Stein's steady glance.

"Ah, yes, then, if you must have it," he burst out. "We were wrong with that fellow—that Serwin. The receipts grow every month. There is never a complaint of the least—neither from him nor from his people. It is wonderful."

"How did he do it?" asked Stein.

"How should I know?" whined Perez, flinging out his hands. "I live here on the coast and play solitaire. What do I know of the back country? So much gum—so much oil. I take it and pass it on. If my agent is no good and sends me none, I get fits—me, poor Perez. But if he is a marvel and sends me much, does anybody pay me for my cleverness?"

But because Stein knew that Perez knew—would never have rested until he did know—he would not be denied.

"What has Serwin done?"

"He has stayed sober," blinked Perez.

"Yes, I can testify, because his letters now are always straight—business, you understand — oh, models! And he does not even any more require chlorodyne — which is good for fever but bad for the nerves. A marvel of an agent, that man."

Still Stein waited, and Perez leaned over the table and spoke with sudden heat:

"Is that enough? No? Then suppose I tell you that he worships a ju-ju of the forest—eh? But yes! An image of wood, look you, for which he builds a shrine by his house, with offerings of flowers and sweet herbs, and a fire of incense. And there that man, that white man, that big, strong-blooded fool, has found his foible. . . . My word, yes! He makes his prayer, morning and night, before a heathen idol. Suppose I tell you that. Would it explain enough? Because it must also explain how me—Perez—came to be so badly mistaken. Bah—this is Africa! Does anyone ever learn to know anything about it?"

"Ah!" said Stein.

They sat silent for a while, and each was thinking of that vast black land of enigma behind there.

"Yes," said Stein presently. "That would do it. A god in the jungle? I told you he might be lucky. And so he was—very lucky to find one."

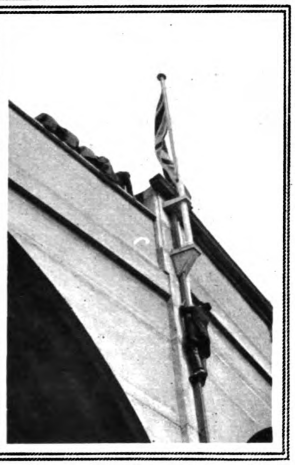
THE END.

NINE HUNDRED CASUALTIES: THE STORMING OF THE STADIUM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND L.N.A.



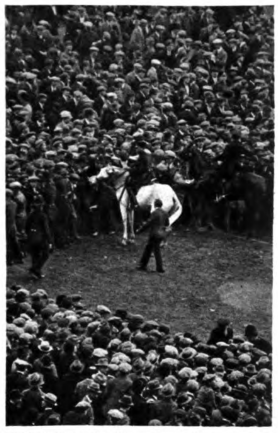
WHEN ALL ROADS LED TO WEMBLEY: A SECTION OF THE GREAT TREK TO THE STADIUM TO SEE THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP FINAL MATCH BETWEEN THE BOLTON WANDERERS AND WEST HAM—SPECTATORS GATHERING IN THEIR THOUSANDS ON FOOT, AND IN VANS, MOTOR-BUSES AND TAXIS.



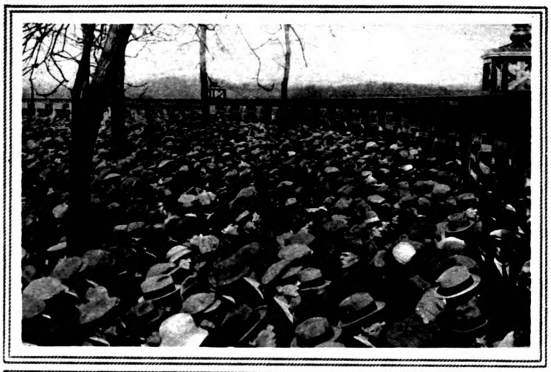
AN ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT CLIMBING A 90-FT. PIPE TO THE ROOF OF A STAND



THE STORMING OF THE TURNSTILES AT THE WEMBLEY STADIUM: SOME OF THE THOUSANDS WHO CLIMBED OVER THE BARRIERS.



PROMINENT AS "CROWD-COMPELLER": CONSTABLE SCOREY ON HIS GREY HORSE.



OUTSIDE THE TURNSTILES BEFORE THE STORMING BEGAN: A HUGE CROWD BESIEGING THE ENTRANCE TO THE STADIUM, WITH ITS "PAY HERE" BOARDS.

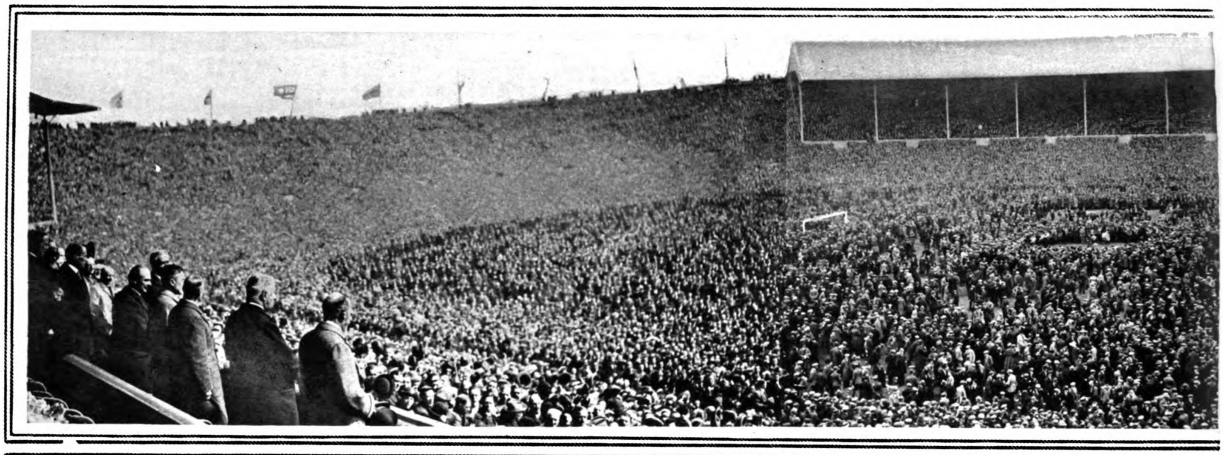


INSIDE THE TURNSTILES AFTER THE STORMING BEGAN: THE CROWD HURRYING FORWARD, AND MEN CLIMBING OVER THE BARRIERS IN THE BACKGROUND.

The unparalleled crowd that besieged the Stadium at Wembley, the biggest structure of its kind in the world, was about three times larger than had been anticipated, and even that huge enclosure was too small to accommodate the multitude. The situation was such that a serious disaster might have occurred, but for the magnificent work of the police, who rushed up reinforcements of mounted men with all possible speed. After the King's arrival, which had an excellent moral effect on the crowd, the police were at last able to clear a sufficient space on the field for the match to be played. Prominent among the mounted men was Constable Scorey, who on his grey horse was conspicuous everywhere, riding from one point to another and marshalling the people into order. Many of the spectators themselves were induced to link hands and assist in clearing the ground. It was wonderful that no fatal accident occurred, but some 900 people were more or less injured, of whom 22 were taken to the Willesden General Hospital, where 8 were detained for treatment.

"THE TAP OF TRAFFIC HAD BEEN TURNED FULL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., AND CENTRAL



SHOWING (ON THE LEFT) HIS MAJESTY THE KING, WHOSE ARRIVAL HAD A STEADYING EFFECT, AND WHOSE PRACTICAL SUGGESTION FOR DISTRIBUTING A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY,



GIVING THE KING THE GREATEST WELCOME HE HAS EVER EXPERIENCED: PART OF THE HUGE CROWD GAZING UP AT THE ROYAL BOX WHILE THE GUARDS' BAND PLAYED THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AND MOUNTED POLICE KEPT THE PEOPLE BACK.

The enormous concourse which besieged the Stadium at Wembley for the Football Association Cup Final match between Bolton Wanderers and West Ham, won by Bolton Wanderers by 2 goals to none, was probably the greatest assemblage that was ever gathered into one place of such dimensions. An official statement issued by the Stadium authorities said: "The total number of people who either paid for admission or broke the barriers may be estimated to have exceeded 200,000. The total estimated capacity of the Stadium is 127,000, and probably 150,000 got a good view of the match." In the crush caused by thousands of people forcing their way in, some 900 people were hurt. Discussing the event afterwards, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Travers Clarke, deputy chairman of the body

ON": THE HUGE CUP FINAL CROWD AT WEMBLEY.

AEROPHOTO CO.; SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



THE CROWD RELIEVED THE PRESSURE, FACING THE GREATEST ASSEMBLAGE ON RECORD, AND RECEIVING AN UNPRECEDENTED OVATION: BEFORE THE FIELD WAS CLEARED FOR PLAY.



WHERE OVER 200,000 SPECTATORS EITHER PAID FOR ADMISSION OR BROKE THE BARRIERS: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE WEMBLEY STADIUM PACKED WITH PEOPLE (SOME ON THE ROOF) AND SURROUNDED WITH CROWDS UNABLE TO ENTER.

that controls the Stadium, said: "The whole trouble was that the tap of traffic had been turned full on, and nobody could turn it off." Congestion and chaos were at their height when the King came on the scene, but his Majesty's arrival had a steadying effect, and proved to be the turning-point towards securing order. The vast crowd made way for his car, and when he appeared in the royal box greeted him with tremendous cheering. His Majesty, observing vacant seats in the covered stand, suggested that all who could should be allowed to take them. His advice was acted on, and helped greatly to relieve the pressure. In the panoramic view above, the King is seen at the right hand end of the group in the left foreground, standing next to the Duke of Devonshire.

The WORLD of WOMEN



Egyptian designs in bluish-purple are printed on this attractive lace stitch silk marocain jumper, which Harvey Nichols have expressed in jade-green and white.



Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, are responsible for this Paisley and black jumper with the new frayed hems.

THERE were many feminine thrills over the Royal Wedding, and one must say that there were some manly ones too. Was it not generally conceded that the men were ahead of our sex in glory and brilliance of dress at Princess Mary's wedding? Consequently, it was up to those who turned out the women wedding guests to change all that. The first among us, her Gracious Majesty the Queen, left nothing to be desired in her magnificent appearance in Westminster Abbey. A really lovely dress was hers—the softest of blues, woven with silver, and falling in soft and graceful folds. The over-dress was of a particularly handsome soft and rich dull silver lace. Brilliance was supplied by a very novel and most effective bordering and fringe of long, thick, smooth crystal cubes in which was a touch of aquamarine blue. The always distinguished-looking ribbon of the Garter fell into the colour-scheme of the dress; on it were the lesser "Star of Africa" diamonds, and the star of the grand old Order itself was also worn. Some jewels flashed out from her Majesty's blue and silver toque, and row after row of large and magnificent diamonds and pearls flashed at her neck and in her ears. The Queen's walk, while quite unstudied, is stately and dignified, and her carriage and poise of head most queenly. "There 's a Queen for you!" said a lady near me; "you wouldn't match our first lady of the land easily."

Did the dainty *petite* bride look frightened? Not a bit; somewhat nervous, certainly. Any nice girl would have been—the cynosure of every eye, as Victorian novelists would have it, on so great an occasion. Her air-blue uniformed bridegroom gave her a very welcoming smile as she joined him at the entrance to the Sacrarium. That was possibly the most picturesque moment of the ceremony. The magnificent robes of the clergy, the jewelled badges of Orders of Knighthood of which he is chaplain flashing out from the splendid cope worn by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London in ecclesiastically gorgeous robes, the Primus of Scotland in no way behind, and the fine, dignified presence of Bishop Ryle, Dean of Westminster, and other dignitaries of the Abbey in red and gold copes, made a remarkable group. The King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, the Empress Marie Feodorovna, and other royal guests were ranged on one side leading up to the altar (on which was fine gold plate,) and the bride's relatives and members of the Diplomatic Corps on the other. Facing the clergy were the bridal party, the Duke of York with his two elder brothers as supporters, and his bride with her father; while the white-clad bridesmaids stood on and below the steps. It was an arresting and stately picture.

Princess Mary, who would have vivid impressions of Feb. 28 last in the same great national Abbey, was with her husband, Viscount Lascelles, K.G., D.S.O., and was looking very bright and very charming in a dress of cream-coloured old lace over satin, having a sash of pale-gold tissue, and cloak of gold cloth embroidered in gold and lined with pale-blue crêpe-de-Chine. A cream-coloured crêpe-de-Chine hat was worn, finished with cream-coloured ostrich feathers. The Princess and the bride of her brother are firm friends, and have always had a great deal in common. Tell it not in Gath and breathe it not in the streets of Askalon!—a dislike of State ceremonial and high convention has been one ground on which their sympathies have met.

A royal lady on whom time lays hands very lightly and tenderly is Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, always a charming and a graceful figure, and certainly a presence in the Abbey which was keenly appreciated. Her Royal Highness was wearing sapphire-blue satin with panèls of grey chiffon beautifully embroidered in grey. A dark sapphire-blue hat with grey feathers was in harmony with the dress, and there was a cape-wrap of blue satin having a silver fox collar. The likeness between the Duke of Connaught and Princess Louise was particularly marked as they talked together.

The Princess Royal was in soft blue crêpe-de-Chine and dull silver lace; a turban-shaped hat of silver tissue was veiled in grey tulle. Princess Maud—who, as ever, was beside her mother—wore a fawn-coloured lace gown over cloth-of-gold and a hat of gold tissue and lace. Prince Henry, in 10th Hussar uniform, and Prince George, in naval uniform, were very conspicuously good-looking, well-set-up sons of the King. Viscount Lascelles never looks better than in his Grenadier Guards uniform with the ribbon of the Garter across his tunic. His marriage is a proven success, and his and Princess Mary's happiness is so written in their faces that who runs may read.



A pale blue organdie frock decorated with broderie anglaise. At Harvey Nichols.

Lady Glamis, the bride's sister-in-law, wore one of the most successful costumes in the Abbey. It was all silver—soft, almost liquid-looking silver. The silver cloak had a grey pleated chiffon collar, and a white rose of York on the left shoulder. A small hat of auburn-hued velvet was worn, with a sweeping aquamarine feather at one side flecked all over with silver. Lady Glamis, a daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, and a very elegant and pretty woman, had a bridesmaid-daughter, aged eleven, the Hon. Cecilia Bowes-Lyon.

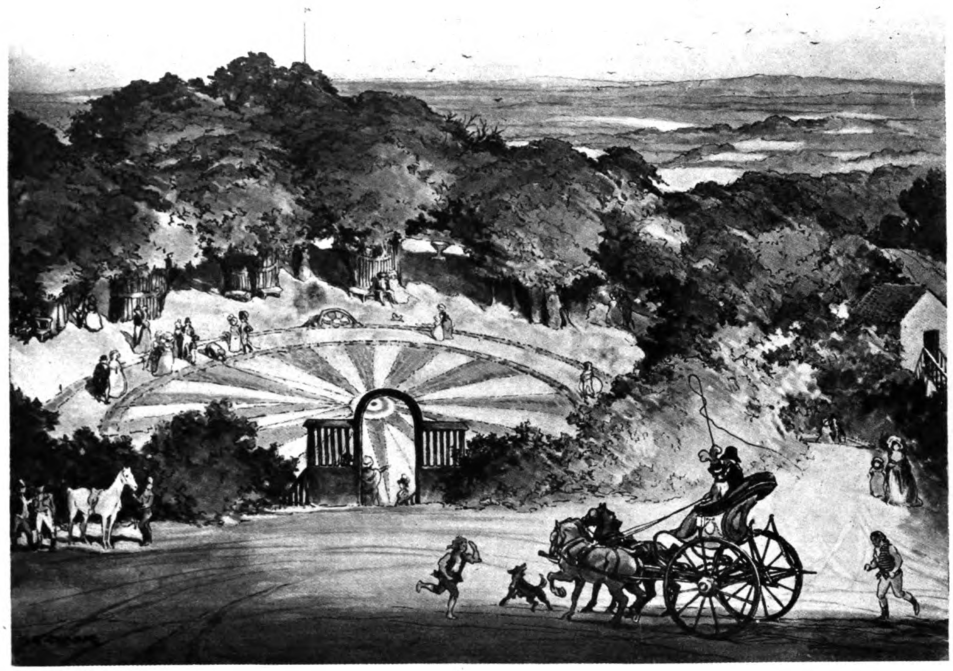
One of the last of the great ladies was the Marchioness of Lansdowne, in pearl-grey embroidered in cut steel, with a draped and fringed cascade down one side. A very dignified and charming black hat finished with grey feathers was the cachet of a delightful costume. Lady Lansdowne shares with the Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava the distinction of being the most decorated of British ladies. She wore the badges of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, the Companion of Honour, that of Lady of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, and the ribbon and star of the Order of the British Empire. Lady Lansdowne wore pearl and diamond ornaments, but the puzzle must have been to get all the badges on the left side of her bodice.

Very smart and delightfully pretty looked the lovely little Countess of Brecknock, in a pale dead-leaf brown dress of crêpe marocain trimmed with lace embroidered in self colour, and on the coatee a nutria collar. A picture hat of gold tissue and lace was worn, and in it a new plumage of unusual beauty and gilt flecked.

The dresses, and more particularly the hats, were more ornate, handsomer, and more varied than at the Abbey wedding of last year. This made an excellent effect in the collective view. Men's military, diplomatic, naval, Air Service, and official uniforms were not quite so conspicuously in the ascendant as at Princess Mary's wedding.

A. E. L.

The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series



"The Spaniards," Hampstead

How Kenwood was Saved in 1780.

TRADITION has it that many a night Dick Turpin found welcome shelter and refreshment at The Spaniards. The inn is built on the site of an ancient toll-gate on Hampstead Heath and is named after its original landlord, a Spaniard, who laid out the old stone garden, shown above. The design is formed in coloured pebbles, a style in vogue before the days of the herbaceous border.

During the Gordon Riots, the mob, having sacked and burned Lord Mansfield's residence in Bloomsbury Square, set out to wreak a similar vengeance at Caen Wood, his country seat, now known as Kenwood. The way lay by the Spaniards. The mob were hot and thirsty. Their object was temporarily forgotten.

The innkeeper, learning their purpose, plied them with ale and meanwhile sent word of the danger to Lord Mansfield's steward. Resourceful in his turn, the steward called for the military and sent some barrels of ale from the Caen Wood cellars to keep the mob busy until the soldiers should arrive. The ruse succeeded. The ringleaders were arrested. Caen Wood was saved.

The Spaniards was in those days a chosen resort of "the quality," being well away from London's cobbles and yet within comfortable driving distance of town. Without doubt, after their drive from town, folk were ready for that fine old whisky—the *original* John Haig, whose unvarying quality has been renowned from 1627 to this day.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

THE ORIGINAL

The Clubman's Whisky since 1627

By Appointment

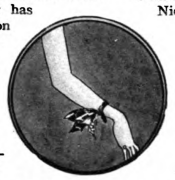
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St. James's 2

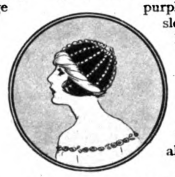
Fashions and Fancies.

Ideas for Evening Wear.

Everything that a woman wants for evening wear has been the inspiration of the artist this week, and in the charming brocade frock illustrated in the centre of the page she has shown the latest form taken by the old-fashioned dresses now in vogue. The Empire style, with its slightly raised waist and slit-open overskirt, holds its own among the Victorian dresses, and in many cases the pannier hips are modified to a considerable extent. Tiny handkerchiefs that harmonise in colour with the gown are tied into a wristlet, and this idea had been adopted by Miss Viola Tree in "The Gay Lord Quex," at His Majesty's; while another innovation is the mule evening slipper. This low-cut comfortable shoe has hitherto been confined to négligé wear, but it has now grown itself a short, close-fitting heel-piece and a strap, and figures as the newest of evening shoes. Certainly it is delightful for dancing purposes, as it is so light on the foot. All dancing enthusiasts whose hair has been bobbed and is now in the difficult intermediate stages should wear a hair-ornament consisting of a narrow band of velvet or metal ribbon round the back of the head. It is held, apparently, by two clusters of flowers on either side, and these flowers are mounted on invisible combs which keep the short ends of the hair in place, however tirelessly the owner dances—a real boon to those with naturally light and fluffy hair.



A minute handkerchief takes the place of the Victorian velvet or silk ribbon wristlet.



A pretty head-dress of white velvet, supported by a crown of artificial pearl ropes.



An Empire dress of satin brocade, showing the slit overskirt.



Shaded silk roses, placed on either side of a large tulle bow, make the most charming evening bag imaginable.

The Ever-Favoured Jumper.

There is no special season for jumpers; they are evergreens as far as fashion is concerned, so that a timely hint may be given to the effect that Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, are displaying a large selection of the most fascinating summer accessories. Two of them are sketched on page 774, and the one on the right, in Paisley and black, with the fashionable frayed hems, costs 39s. 6d. A delightfully cool colour-scheme prevails in the other, which is carried out in jade-green and white lace stitch silk marocain, with bluish-purple Egyptian designs on hem and sleeves. It shows the long cross-over lines which are always so kind to stout women, and the tie sash is of black crêpe-de-Chine: 3½ guineas is the price, and the same sum will secure one of the cotton velours blouse coatees in which Harvey Nichols have specialised. This new material is almost like corduroy velvet in appearance, though much lighter in texture; and these garments, which fasten tightly round the hips, can be had in scarlet and white, green and white, and royal blue and white. In the gown salons may be found delightful organdie summer frocks, similar to the one sketched, decorated with broderie anglaise.

Suggestions for Wedding Gifts.

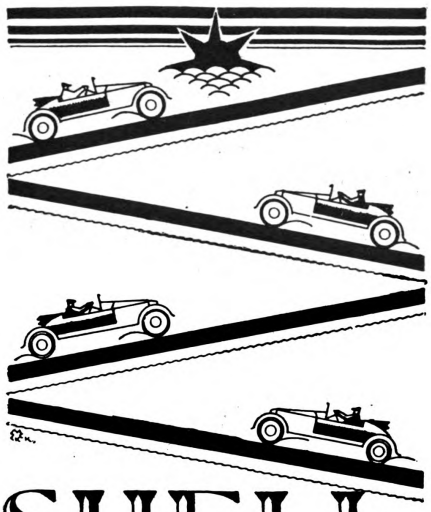
The choice of wedding gifts is always a difficult matter, and Mappin and Webb's, Oxford Street, is the place to look for them, as this firm has an exceedingly large range of suitable wedding gifts. A small table of polished mahogany opens to reveal a cunningly concealed set of cut-glass liqueur decanters and glasses. It is a most intriguing affair, for, at a touch, the liqueur tray slowly subsides, and the top closes over without assistance.

A Correction.

In the issue of *The Illustrated London News* dated April 21 there was an editorial notice of Ovaltine in which it was stated that this excellent tonic-food might be obtained through grocers. This is incorrect, as Ovaltine is stocked only by chemists.—E. A. R.



The latest idea in evening shoes has been inspired by the mule négligé slipper.



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GRACEFUL TEA FROCK (as sketch) in good quality silk georgette, finely knife pleated each side of a straight panel back and front, belt of own material giving slight pouched effect, velvet petals down one side, both back and front; underslip of own material. In black, white, rose, cyclamen, mauve, powder and many other attractive colours.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

MARIONETTES IN OPERA.

THE Italian Marionettes at the Scala Theatre have certainly jumped into immediate success. The theatre is crowded, and there is talk of putting on a matinée every day. The star of the troupe is undoubtedly the coffee-coloured acrobat who does everything possible on a slack rope; there is only one trick which—easy as it may be for human beings—is beyond his powers, and that is to turn a somersault. But, from a musical point of view, interest naturally centres on the opera. The company has a large operatic repertory, but at the time of writing the only one that has been performed is "The Sleeping Beauty," by Ottorino Respighi. It was composed for the marionettes, and is a delightful example of what a clever musician can do with limited resources. It is sung in English by English singers. There are some pleasant voices among them, but they have one serious fault: it is very difficult to hear their words. Indeed, it was quite a long time before I discovered that they were singing in English at all. It is possible that the translator of the opera is partly responsible for this misfortune. A misfortune it certainly was, for, although the story of the opera needs no explanation, the obscurity of the words made it seem a little long, in spite of Respighi's very charming music.

Opera for marionettes is nothing new, though we are unfamiliar with it in modern England. Alessandro Scarlatti and some other composers collaborated in composing an opera for marionettes more than two hundred years ago. In recent years there has been a great revival of marionette plays and operas in Germany, directed by ingenious artists; there was a marionette theatre at Munich, and another at Dresden. There is also a very good marionette show at Salzburg. The Italian marionettes are a good deal larger than the German ones, which were so small that one could hardly enjoy their performance unless one sat in the front rows. At the Scala Theatre they are big enough to make their effect even in the distant seats.

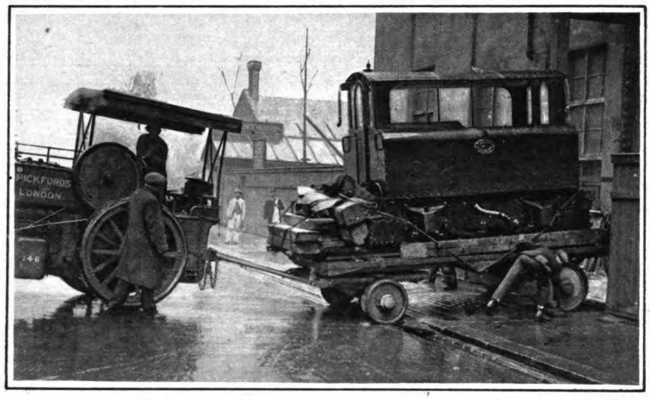
It is a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment, but I cannot agree with the people who say that performance by marionettes is the only solution of the operatic problem. There are many people who cannot see an opera in an ordinary theatre without being terribly worried by the unsuitable appearance or the inadequate acting of operatic singers. They see an opera performed by marionettes, and at once think the performance perfect. Possibly it may be so good a performance as almost to deserve that epithet. Certainly the marionettes at the Scala achieve wonders in the way of movement and gesture. But the enthusiastic spectator who jumps to this hasty conclusion does not, perhaps, realise that the opera which he has enjoyed has been either specially composed for marionettes or at least specially chosen for representation by them.

It may be charming to see a comic opera of Rossini, Cimarosa, or Mozart performed by marionettes; but I doubt whether "Fidelio" or "Parsifal" would be quite satisfactory in this medium. Not that marionettes cannot be serious; I have a vivid recollection of "La Mort de Tintagiles," acted by marionettes at Munich, which was startlingly impressive.

I suspect that the marionette enthusiasts find that real actors in opera are not too unnatural, but too natural. That means that these spectators regard opera as unnatural, and can only enjoy it by being clearly conscious of its unnaturalness. In a certain sense all art is unnatural; but we are not really appreciating it if we are perpetually conscious of the fact. It is unnatural that people should sing the whole of a play instead of speaking it; it may seem additionally unnatural that the actor's emotions should be expressed in formal arias and ensembles such as Mozart or Rossini wrote. But if you are going to insist upon that point of view, it is not much good going to see an opera at all; you might just as well complain that it was not natural to an Englishman to act a play in French. It is one of the tests of a good opera that its unnaturalness should never be in the way; that the music should be so convincing as to make the characters seem just as real as the characters in a play—more real, perhaps, than our own selves in the audience. And music, or even poetry, can make marionettes seem real at moments, can make us forget that they are wooden dolls worked by strings, although we can see the strings with the naked eye.

The marionette holds our interest by constantly moving. The moment it is at rest, we know that it is a doll. If human singers moved their arms and legs as perpetually as marionettes do, we should find them intolerably restless, however graceful their movements were. The marionette opera is a constant reminder of the absurdity of opera. Consequently, it is a relief to the people whose sense of the ludicrous will not permit them to enjoy human opera. It would

[*Continued overleaf.*



THE FIRST TUBE ENGINE JOINS THE "ROCKET" AND "PUFFING BILLY" AS A HISTORICAL RELIC: ITS ARRIVAL AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM.

The pioneer of all Tubes was the City and South London, and its first electric locomotive has just been placed in the Science Museum at South Kensington, as a historical relic, alongside the "Rocket" and "Puffing Billy." It was brought by lorry from the Stockwell depôt, and our photograph shows it being backed into the Museum buildings.

Photograph by Topical.

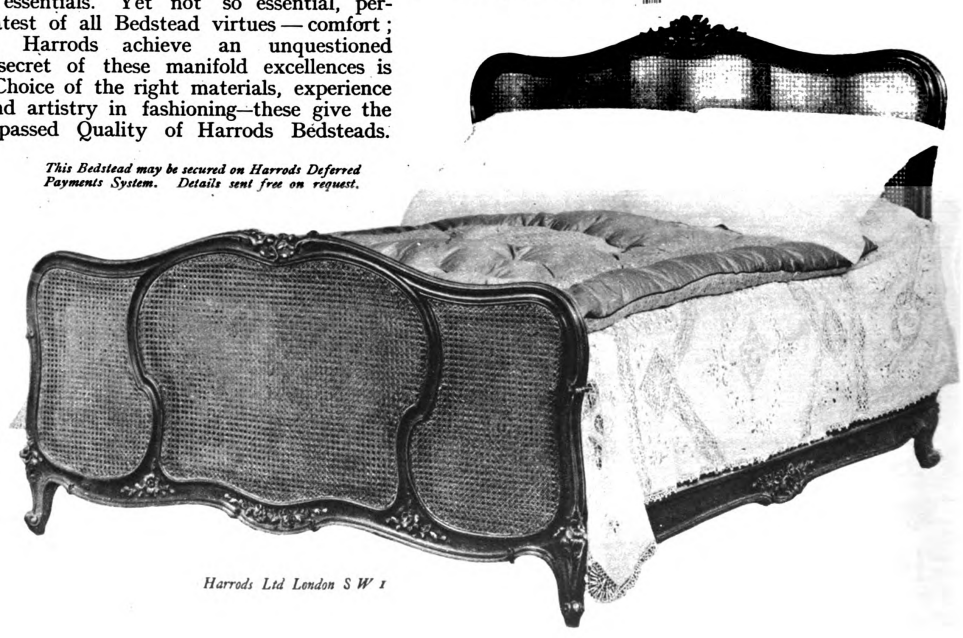
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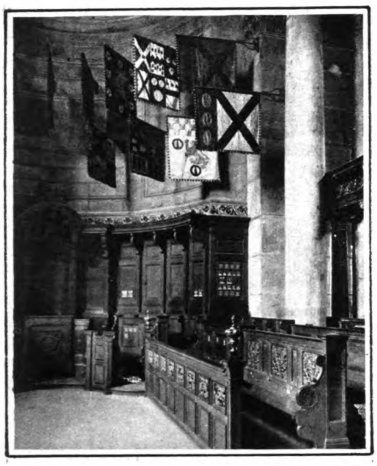
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Continued.]

be interesting to compare the mental effect on different types of spectators. The company at the Scala have announced "Don Giovanni" as one of their forthcoming productions. You and I, who have seen "Don Giovanni" dozens of times in England, France, or Germany, may very possibly find that we derive more pleasure from the marionettes' performance than we have ever had from a human performance. We know the music by heart. If we see an ordinary performance we cannot help remembering that the individual performers are not all Pattis and De Reszkes; or, if we are not troubled with such long memories, we may at any rate be disturbed by the fact that they do not "look their parts." The marionettes will undoubtedly look their parts. They will always make the right gesture at the right moment. They will, in fact, distract our attention from the singing, just as the music in a restaurant distracts our attention from the cooking, or from our neighbour's conversation or lack of it. The performance is something like a gramophone record of a symphony. The cold-blooded critic says that the gramophone record sounds more like a huge harmonium than an orchestra; the enthusiast who loves the music provides the orchestra out of his own memory and imagination. The marionette opera is in the same way a stimulus to memory and imagination.

What is the effect on the spectator who sees "Don Giovanni" for the first time in his life, acted by marionettes? What will his impressions be when he goes later to a real opera-house and sees the opera acted by human beings? It is possible that he may be in the position of a man who has heard a Beethoven symphony for the first time on a gramophone and then hears it played by an orchestra; the mere fact of having a certain familiarity with the music will help him to deeper enjoyment. On the other hand, the sight of human actors may be a distraction; he may experience a sudden disappointment because he has not received the same agreeable emotions that he derived from the marionettes' performance. Subconsciously, he is applying different standards of criticism. Yet I cannot believe that the puppet-show, apart from plays deliberately written for puppets, can ever produce the fullest intensity of emotional experience which human performance might give. The solution of the problem is, I think, to cultivate the habit of seeing opera with two separate and simultaneous eyes. It can be done; I mean that one can train oneself to see and laugh at the absurdities with one part of one's brain, and with the other to perceive only what the composer intended. One may, after seeing a performance in this way, have no particular recollection of individual singers, which will doubtless annoy them very much if one happens to know them or their admirers; but one will have seen the opera itself. Humour, too, will have been satisfied.

EDWARD J. DENT.



RECENTLY THE SCENE OF A SERVICE WHEN BAGPIPES WERE PLAYED IN ST. PAUL'S FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE CHAPEL OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE, WITH KNIGHTS' BANNERS.

At the annual service of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, held in their chapel in St. Paul's on April 24 (St. George's Day), Scottish bagpipes were heard in the Cathedral for the first time, at the removal of the banners of two dead Knights Grand Cross, Sir John Bramston and Sir Charles Bruce. Over the vacant stalls were fixed the banners of the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Buxton. Before the service the Prelate's throne was dedicated as a memorial to Lord Forrest, G.C.M.G.—*[Photograph by Underwood Press Service.]*

There is a descent of British visitors on Spain this spring (writes "A. E. L."), and they are thoroughly enjoying what is a real change, unlike anything they have seen before. A friend writes from Malaga that the geraniums, freesias, cinerarias, scarlet and pink hibiscus are in full bloom in the public parks; while on the sunny walls of the villas the bougainvillea is a sheet of blossom, and on the hillsides and valleys are gardens of orange and lemon trees, thick with fruit. It sounds nice, does it not? When we are realising that "Oh, to be in England now the spring is here!" is not at all what we are feeling. Splendid motor cars bump about on awful roads, mixed up with droves of goats and donkeys, in Malaga, and the noise is of all sorts and sounds, but our correspondent is delighted.



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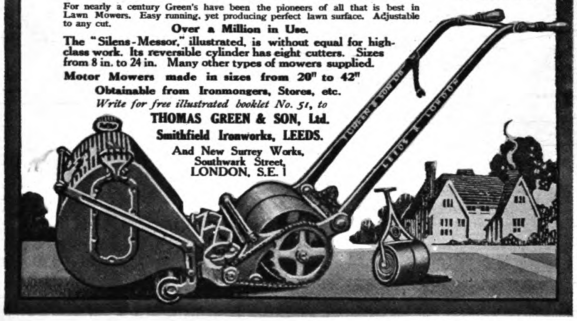
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THE TEMPLE DANCES OF BALI.

(Continued from Page 760.)

In case of more complicated subjects I employed as an interpreter a lad who knew Malay. I knew Malay, and soon picked up a little Balinese, sufficient to make myself understood.

As I had come there to study the dances, the *Pungawa* arranged a tremendous *mainan* that lasted three whole days. Besides the professional actors and actresses whom he had summoned from other parts of the island, all the amateurs of the place joined in the performance. In one play there were about sixty performers, and the crowds that had come to look on were immense. The *Pungawa* himself acted a principal part. In another performer I recognised the man who looked after my horse when I rode to this place, and many other acquaintances from different occasions. All seemed to be born actors, though the Balinese *mainan* is not an easy thing for anybody to pick up.

The five-year-old son of the *Pungawa*, who still ran about completely naked, knew the Balinese dances, and performed them whenever he had a chance in front of my hut, hoping to be admired. I wondered how they had been able to train such a small child in such complicated acrobatic feats, but I was told that he had learnt it all by himself. A workman who was busy white-washing the outside of my hut glided down from his bamboo ladder, as agile as a monkey and covered with white chalk all over his dark-brown skin, and presented himself as a *mainan*, placing himself in theatrical poses and offering to pose as a model. My courtyard was continually filled with similar artists wishing to show their skill, and, if possible, be photographed or sketched. Thanks to their childish vanity, I always had plenty of models. The *Pungawa* was insatiable with regard to portraits of himself. As long as I had any films left, I had to take him in all sorts of *mainan* poses and different "clothes." As these consisted of merely a minimum—a sarong round his hips—I tried my best to explain to him that they would all look alike on a small photo. But as soon as I tried to snapshot anything else he was at my side, reminding me of the fact that he knew still other effectful poses and owned still other beautiful sarongs.

Unlike the rest of the Balinese, who go about half naked, the dancing-girls are entirely covered except their faces, hands, and feet. The golden parts of their dresses — the *galungan*, or head-covering; the short coat covering their shoulders; and the *bebadong*, the shield worn on the breast—are cut out in gilded leather with transparent ornaments, and decorated with encrusted stones or pieces of coloured glass. Their other articles of clothing are mostly home-woven, or else *prada*-work—that is, gold leaves glued on silk—but always full of ornaments. Sometimes they are so overloaded with ornaments that it becomes grotesque. They get a cloth with ornaments printed or woven, and then they put another ornament on the top of it, batik-painted or prada-worked. They have a great fancy for ornaments wherever they can apply such on any material, cloth, wood, or stone.

On the *galungans* of the dancers fresh flowers are always fastened. Sometimes a huge black wig hangs down, with flowers fastened in its hair. In some dances the head-covering consists of a coconut-shell, cut out as a half-moon, from which radiate metal wires, on each of which is fastened a fresh flower. This forms a huge halo in yellow, white, and red round the face. The outer circle is made of pointed buds which are also sometimes replaced by a semi-circle of native cigarettes.

Their natural eyebrows are shaved off, and others, differently shaped, are painted instead. Three white spots are painted on their faces, one between the eyes and one at the corner of each eye. That is the finishing touch in the dress of a dancing-girl. As a result of their permanent sirih-chewing their lips are crimson.

They have to be unnaturally slender and snake-like. Therefore their bodies are bound up in some thing like strong puttees, serving as corsets, from their early babyhood, when their training begins. At the age of ten they are accomplished artists, and they generally stop performing about the age of fifteen, as it is not the correct thing to dance publicly after being married.

The sacred dances are mostly performed in the courtyards of the temples, but also sometimes in private houses and in open places, often under the holy waringin-tree (*ficus*).

The *mainan* is accompanied by the *gamelang*, their native orchestra of strange instruments.



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CONFIDENCE in the "ATCO" is justified every time the mower is brought into use. The following letter from one of 3,000 satisfied "ATCO" owners speaks for itself :—

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The ATCO MOTOR MOWER

The most efficient Mower on Earth.

Both time and experience have tested the "ATCO" most strenuously, proving it to be master of every mowing difficulty. Its higher efficiency and lower upkeep make the "ATCO" a real economy wherever there is turf. It saves while it serves.

THE "ATCO" LAWN EDGE TRIMMER works with great speed and simplicity, giving a straight edge by the actual continuous Shears' action. Its efficiency and reliability have been perfected in actual use under all normal conditions.

PRICE: 57/6 delivered.

An exclusive "ATCO" Invention.

The "ATCO" Turf Cultivator (illustrated) aerates the roots, destroys plantains, daisies and other fleshy-leaved weeds, levels turf, loosens and collects moss, makes coarse grass fine. It can be affixed only to the "ATCO" Motor Mower.

PRICES:

16 in.	, ,	£50
22 in.	, ,	£75
30 in.	, ,	£95

Less 5% Cash, 7 days. Cultivator Extra.

THE ATCO TURF CULTIVATOR

POWER DRIVEN

Appreciations

"I have had the 'Atco' Mower since June, 1921, and have cut over half an acre a week in the season ..... The condition of it is equal to new and I would not be without it at treble the cost."

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"Your Mower gives me every satisfaction, and with it a boy does the work easily of a man, boy and pony combined."

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"My lawns are extensive, with some steep slopes down to the river. From being a constant source of worry your 'Atco' has made them a pleasure. I have now had the 'Atco' in use for two summers."

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Send for Free Booklet offering FREE DEMONSTRATION on your own grass, and telling how the "ATCO" pays for itself in a year.

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"The Three Castles" VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The Cigarette with the Pedigree.



"But, lo! and just as the coach drove off, Miss Sharp put her pale face out of the window and actually flung the book back into the garden."
W. M. Thackeray "Vanity Fair." Ch. 1.

"Johnson's Dixonary!" well, that was a pity, for a Dictionary is a useful thing. It will tell you many things you want to know e.g. the word Tobacco is derived from the Indian name for a pipe and Cigarette is "a little Cigar": but for a knowledge of The "Three Castles" Cigarettes one must turn to Thackeray's "Virginians" for there he says: ——

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better Brand than the "THREE CASTLES".
W. M. THACKERAY "THE VIRGINIANS"

TC.66

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Bristol & London, England.

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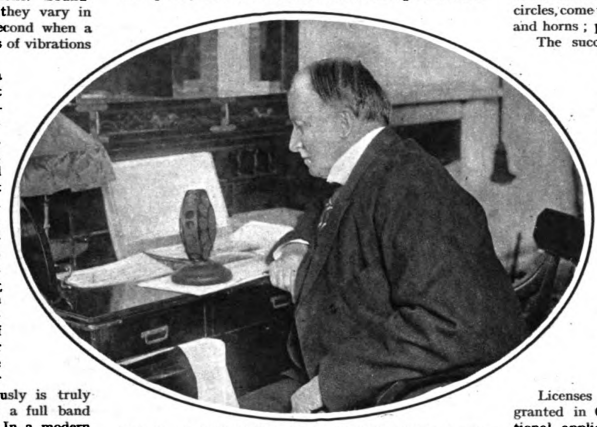
RADIO NOTES.

THE TRANSMISSION OF MUSIC.

ONE of the most interesting problems in the science of broadcasting is that of rendering faithfully the different sounds produced by singers and by musical instruments of all kinds. To enable such sounds to reach human ears by means of radio-telephony they must be "heard" at first by a mechanical "ear," known as a microphone. Sound-waves are vibrations of the air, and they vary in frequency from a few vibrations per second when a note of low pitch is emitted, to thousands of vibrations for a sound of high pitch.

Every ordinary telephone has a microphone into which we speak, but it is constructed with but one object—the transmission of conversation at average voice frequencies at close range. The broadcast microphone, however, must respond to vibrations of sound ranging from the lowest to the highest pitches to which our ears are sensitive. Every voice—soprano, contralto, tenor, baritone, bass—and all kinds of musical instruments, including the pianoforte, violin, 'cello, flute and piccolo, cornet, trombone, banjo, and many others—must be heard by the microphone with equal clarity and effect. That a microphone should respond to the range of tones of a single instrument is rather wonderful; but its response to all the complex sounds created by a number of instruments performing simultaneously is truly as remarkable as the reproduction of a full band *via* the point of a gramophone needle. In a modern broadcasting studio it has been found that the instruments of an orchestra transmit best when they are grouped at various distances from the microphone, according to the character of each instrument. The same applies in the case of a quartet, or a choir, of voices.

In America, which commenced broadcasting about a year before us, considerable experiments have been made in order to establish fixed rules for ensuring that the sounds are picked up by the microphone to the best advantage. Much success in this respect has been achieved by the Westinghouse Company, who entrusted the experiments to one of its staff, Mr. A. G. Popcke, who is a musician as well as an engineer. Describing his methods in the *Radio World*, he states that by the constant study of distances at which various classes of performers produce the best results, and by noting the nature of the instruments and voices as to volume and resonance, valuable data were collected enabling the various kinds of performances to be placed correctly for the best results in transmission. With the aid of a modulation meter, indicating from "1 to 100" the intensity of the sound transmitted, knowledge is obtained as to the quality of the sounds which are being broadcast.



HEARD BY THOUSANDS IN THEIR OWN HOMES: LORD CURZON BROADCASTING TO AN UNSEEN AUDIENCE FROM HIS PRIVATE HOUSE.

By means of a special microphone installed on his desk, Lord Curzon spoke by radio-telephony to a vast audience in their own homes. The electrical effect of the speech as received by the microphone was conveyed by telephone wires to the London Broadcasting Station and radiated, enabling all with receiving-sets to hear.

Photograph by British Illustrations.

All music and speech must register not more than 100 on the meter, otherwise the transmission is distorted. Speech registers between 40 and 70, and a soprano averages about 35, rising to 75-100 on higher pitches and louder notes. Orchestral selections vary between 20 and 80, averaging about 40. If the meter registers below 10 the sounds are too weak for transmission, and in such cases the microphone must be brought nearer to the performers or the amplifying current increased. It has been found that a bass singer must stand closer to the microphone than a tenor or contralto; whilst a soprano should be farther than other singers. In the case of an orchestral performance, the 'cello and double bass are nearest to the microphone, with the violins and violas forming a semi-circle behind the 'cello. Behind, in successive semi-circles, come the flutes and clarinets; cornets, trombones, and horns; percussion instruments behind all others.

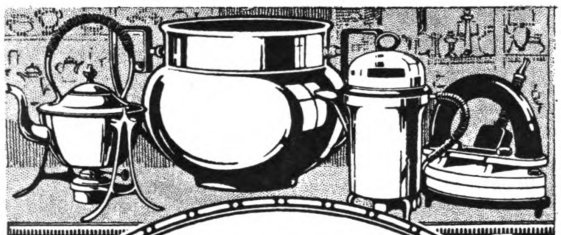
The successful transmission of sounds made by timpani, bass-drum, and the side-drum does not appear to have been accomplished so far. In view of the fact that most of the great composers included percussion effects in their scores, broadcasts of such pieces cannot be said to be complete unless the full effect is given. The inspiriting effect of a side-drum, well played, is still missing from the powers of the microphone. Percussion effects were lacking noticeably in a recent broadcast from 2LO of Tschaikowsky's "1812" Overture, to the finale of which, in an ordinary performance, such vigour is given by the "big guns." Those instruments of percussion which do reproduce well are the tubular bells, tambourine, castagnets, cymbals, tom-tom, xylophone, and triangle.

THE INTEREST IN RADIO-TELEPHONY.

Licenses to the number of 122,946 have been granted in Great Britain to date, and 33,000 additional applications are now being dealt with at the General Post Office. As the result of complications due to the large demand for Experimental Licenses, the Postmaster-General has appointed a Committee to consider: Broadcasting in all its aspects; contracts and licenses which have been or may be granted; the action which should be taken upon the determination of the existing licenses to the Broadcasting Company; the uses to which broadcasting may be put; the restrictions which may need to be placed upon its uses or development.

In the meantime, the 33,000 applications for Experimental Licenses are being examined by experts, and licenses will be granted to those who appear to be in earnest in regard to experiments.

W. H. S.



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A complete range of electric fittings, electric toasters, cookers, kettles, irons, art metal vases, bowls, etc., in copper and brass. Soutterware is British made and is renowned for its quality and craftsmanship. Soutterware can be obtained from all the leading ironmongers, stores and electrical contractors.

Soutterware showrooms are to be found in every large town. The address of the nearest Showroom and complete catalogue with over 300 fine illustrations will be sent on request.

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62

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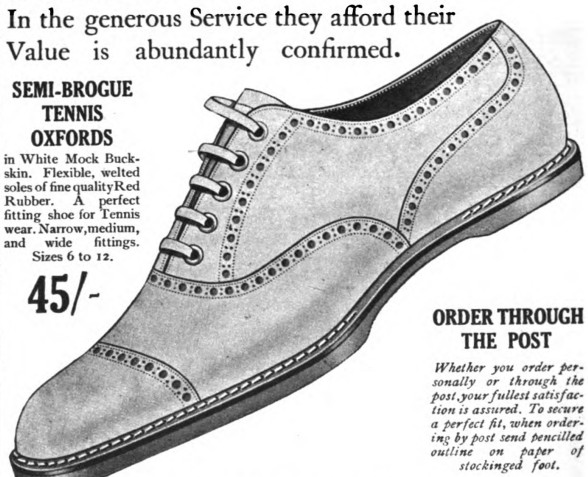
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in White Mock Buckskin. Flexible, welted soles of fine quality Red Rubber. A perfect fitting shoe for Tennis wear. Narrow, medium, and wide fittings. Sizes 6 to 12.

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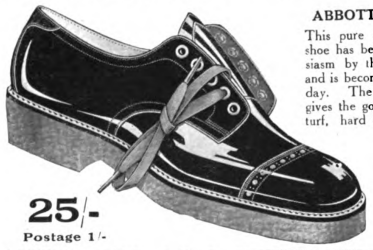
Travel by "The Comfort Route"

The sight of the clubs in the corner

the tingle of the fingers—the yielding to temptation—the train—the tee—the stance—and the satisfying drive.

The self-willed ball—the care-free hours of slow pursuit over the fairway—through long, wet grass and in marshy corners, in a shoe—light—strong—waterproof—gripping the ground for a shot—spurning the distance in between—a dry, comfortable tread free from fatigue.

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This pure crêpe rubber-soled golf shoe has been received with enthusiasm by the leading professionals, and is becoming more popular every day. The perfect grip it affords gives the golfer a confidence on any turf, hard or soft, wet or dry. Its springiness ensures that none of the usual foot weariness will be felt, even at the end of a long, hard day. Made in Tan Willow and Scotch Grain.
Leather Sole if preferred. Ladies' Shoe at same price.

"The ABBO"

Acknowledged by all who have worn them to be one of the finest Golf Shoes made to-day. Cut from a special Tan Scotch Grain Waterproof Leather. Calf lined throughout. Extra Stout Best Leather Sole with Rubber Sheeting between. Made on the hand-sewn principle with extending Welts round heel. Equally suited for walking, touring and week-ends.



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54, Regent Street, W.1. (*Opposite Swan & Edgar's*).

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Healthy Happy Childhood

This child, bright eyed and clear complexioned, with straight limbs and a face radiant with the glow that comes only from perfect health, is a living testimonial to the value of the

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Taking Nature as its Model, it provides a food specially adapted to each particular phase of baby's development, and supplies at the appropriate times the nourishment best suited to promote healthy growth and development.

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Send coupon for a free copy of the 'Allenburys' booklet on 'Infant Feeding and Management' and a sample of Food suited to the age of your baby.

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Mrs.....

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will be pleased to receive a copy of 'Infant Feeding and Management,' and a sample of Food.

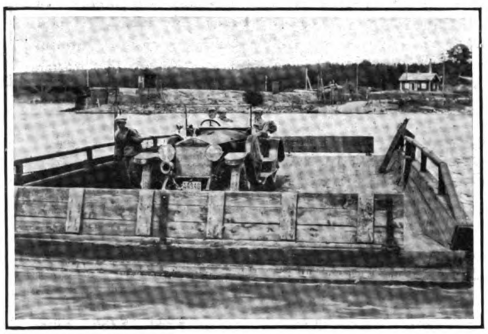
Her baby's age is.....

The Illustrated London News, 5/5/23.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Where the Money Goes.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that a great deal of resentment has been caused in motoring circles by the action of the Government in allotting the huge sum of £1,250,000 in relief of rural rates.



A MODERN ROLLS-ROYCE CROSSING A PRIMITIVE HAND-WORKED SWEDISH FERRY: A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.

The car seen in the photograph is a 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce of the latest type, belonging to Mr. Jage Cervin, being conveyed by ferry across Lake Venern, on the way from Gothenburg to Karlstad. In northern Sweden, with its many rivers, ferries are much used to link up the main roadways, and are operated by hand by a chain stretched from bank to bank.

Ostensibly this money is to be used for the maintenance of roads which are practically unused by motor traffic. What will be its ultimate destination is known only to those concerned. This granting aid seems to be perilously near to an absolute breach of faith. The moneys of the Road Fund were clearly designated from the start for road maintenance, and for the improvement of highways; but such highways were to be only such as are known as "classified." There was no intention that the money raised from the taxation of mechanically propelled vehicles should be applied to the general relief of local rates. If anybody wants relief, it is surely the payer of the present prohibitive and repressive taxation of the motor-car. When the Roads Act was passed, the then Minister of Transport budgeted for a yield of £8,000,000, and distinctly stated that, if more money than this was raised through the motor taxes, the payers of these taxes would be entitled to relief. The anticipated yield during the coming financial year is roughly 60 per cent. over the basic figure I have quoted: yet the resultant surplus is considered to be rightly applied when handed out to local authorities to do practically as they choose with it. Not the least galling aspect is that apparently nothing can be done. The motoring community lacks cohesion, and, unlike a trade union, is unable to bring effective pressure to bear on the Government. All the individual can do is to grin and bear it with what equanimity he can muster.

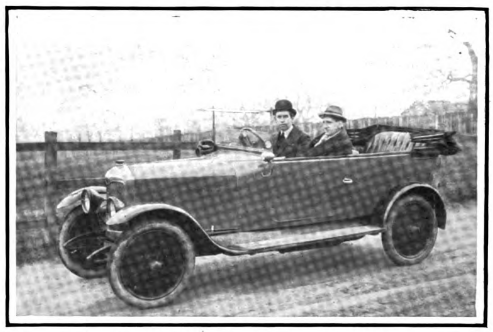
Brighton and Police Traps.

I recently noted the prevalence of police traps and other signs of spring activity on the Brighton Road, and in and about Brighton itself. I further suggested that it would be by no means a bad thing if the London motorist transferred his attention to other resorts, and spent his money there, to their benefit and his own enjoyment. Apparently, the shoe is beginning to pinch rather severely, for I have recently seen letters in the correspondence columns of the motoring journals complaining bitterly of the unfair tactics of the police in the districts named, and suggesting a motoring boycott of Brighton. The sooner this movement becomes effective the better. While I disapprove entirely of anything in the shape of dangerous or inconsiderate driving, and agree willingly that those who are guilty of outraging the amenities of the road should suffer, it is very seldom the guilty really are brought to book when the police employ the methods which are the subject of complaint. As a rule, it is the inoffensive and really considerate driver who is summoned and fined for some merely technical infraction of an archaic law. By all means let us avoid Brighton until such time as the spirit of persecution has passed.

Daimler and B.S.A.

A few days ago I visited Coventry and the Daimler Works, on the occasion of the Annual General Meeting of the B.S.A. Company. Not being a shareholder, I confess the meeting itself possessed only a vicarious interest; but an ensuing tour of the works intrigued me vastly. The whole of the enormous factories were buzzing with activity, and there was every sign of prosperity and real business. After the period of depression through which the motor industry has been passing, it is indeed refreshing to find signs of real awakening so reassuring as I saw at Daimler's. Incidentally, two new Daimler models

[Continued overleaf.



AN 11-H.P. RILEY CAR DOES 118¼ MILES ON 2 GALLONS OF MOTOR SPIRIT: A REMARKABLE R.A.C.-OBSERVED FUEL TEST.

Mr. J. Russell-Sharp, seen at the wheel on his "Eleven" Riley car, drove recently from London to Birmingham, and eight miles beyond, on two gallons of motor spirit, purchased by the R.A.C. and put into the tank by them. The total distance covered was 118¼ miles, and an observer of the R.A.C. was in the car throughout the journey. The car and all its fittings, including Solex carburetter, were standard. The entire journey was done on top gear, and at the conclusion a speed of 48·4 m.p.h. was attained.

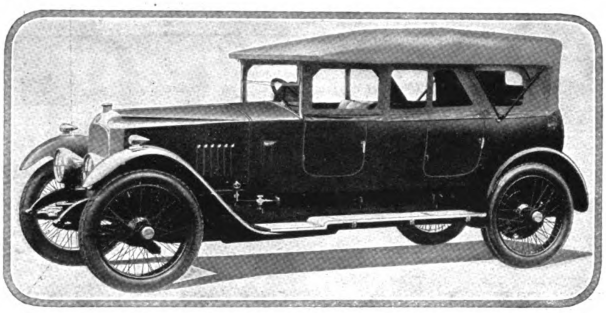
VAUXHALL

Low price with great technical interest

THE Vauxhall factory has never been so busy as it is now. The reason is found in the low price and great technical interest of the current models.

¶ The engine power (60 b.h.p.) and performance offered in the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall render it, as Mr. H. Massac Buist observes, an "extraordinarily cheap car."

The wonderful Lanchester harmonic balancer, a triumph of British inventiveness, distinguishes it from any car on the market. The balancing of piston movements by this ingenious device ensures vibrationless running, coupling this quality of performance with the higher economy of the 'four.'



THE 'KINGTON' WITH SIDE-CURTAIN EQUIPMENT £895

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¶ The 14 h.p. Vauxhall is a car of remarkable economy, as it was intended to be. The petrol consumption is not unusually 30 m.p.g. The complete four-seater weighs about 21 cwts. This light weight makes for low tyre expenses, and in conjunction with a power development of approximately 40 b.h.p. gives the car surprising top gear capabilities.

£895
23-60 H.P. KINGTON TOURING CAR

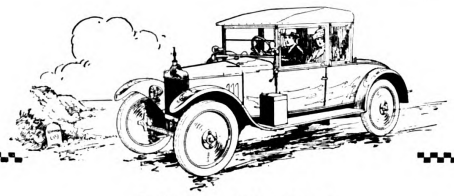
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COVENTRY.

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For every day & every condition

YOU can go when and where you will, pottering along the country lanes or speeding along the open road in any weather on the 12-25 h.p. Phoenix always in complete comfort and reliability.

The body is convertible in a moment into an interior drive saloon in the case of the four-seater and into a coupé in the case of the two-seater rendering both models absolutely proof against the most inclement weather.

There is a charm in its responsive liveliness in the way it takes hills on the top gear and the high average speed it is possible to maintain.

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WORKS . . . . LETCHWORTH, HERTS.

Two-Seater (with Double Dickey) £395
Four-Seater ... £425



12-25 HP PHOENIX ALLWEATHER MODEL

(*Continued.*)

are being produced. These are the 21-h.p. and 16-h.p. chassis, both of the six-cylinder type. The former, I understand, takes the place of the 20-h.p., while the latter is a new model. These two should be a very profitable addition to the already long range of Daimler and B.S.A. chassis.

A "No Motor" Road.

Chalk Lane, running from Epsom Downs past The Durdans, to Woodcote End Road, Epsom, is covered by a Ministry of Transport Order prohibiting the use of mechanically propelled vehicles, and at each end of the road in question there are signs to that effect. Following prosecutions of motorists for using the road, the Royal Automobile Club and the Automobile Association investigated, and, after an inspection of the prohibition signs, are satisfied that they are sufficient, and properly placed, so that motorists strange to the district should not pass them inadvertently. It is possible, however, that where motorists have been accustomed to the use of certain roads for long periods, their observation of road notices becomes more or less casual, so that when, as in this case, prohibition notices are erected, it is easy to overlook them. It is for this reason that the Royal Automobile Club and the Automobile Association desire to call special attention to the prohibited road referred to. Six special signs have been erected, each one consisting of a circular red disc, below which is the "prohibition" notice, supplemented by the well-known A.A. warning sign lettered "No Motors."

A New Vacuum Flask.

Every motorist uses a vacuum flask. This is undoubtedly one of the most comfortable accessories to winter motoring; but most of the flasks whose acquaintance I have made have had serious drawbacks. It is annoying to find that, just when that cup of hot coffee would be most acceptable, the glass has splintered, or that the drink is stone-cold. A new type of flask has just been introduced, known as the "Isovac," which seems to be ever so much better than others of the type. It is made of what is known as "steel glass," which, I understand, is ordinary glass which goes through some special form of heat treatment which renders it immune from fracture through sudden changes in temperature. The use of this special glass, moreover, enables the walls to be made much thicker than when ordinary glass is employed. The base of the glass itself is protected by a steel cap, and thus no corrugated cardboard or felt pads are used for protective purposes. It is not particularly cheap, the prices of the pint size ranging from 7s. 6d. to 13s. 6d.; but, as it is perfectly efficient and practically fracture-proof, it seems worth the extra money.—W. W.



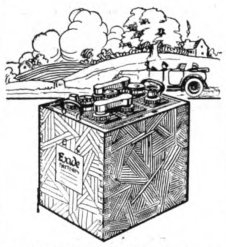
THE NEW "ISOVAC" VACUUM FLASK.

THE THRILLS OF "R.U.R.," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

IT looks as if "R.U.R.," the work of the Czecho-Slovak playwright, Karel Capek, will prove to be the play of the year. There is no question of its originality and power, notwithstanding its resemblance to some of the Wellsian fantasies. It brings into the stale atmosphere of our theatre freshness of imagination, no little solid thought, the thrill of apprehension and terror, a grim note of satire at the expense of our civilisation and so-called progress; it is drama or melodrama—what matters the distinction?—which broaches a stupendous idea, and works its audience up to more and more breathless excitement over a spectacle of human bankruptcy and defeat more ghastly than the gloomiest visions of Armageddon. Its story is that of Frankenstein and the monster which destroyed its maker extended to a world-wide scale. The Robots of "R.U.R."—machines originally made in human shape to save human labour (and fill a few capitalists' pockets) but gradually given human feelings because they damage themselves too recklessly and uneconomically, and at last so consistently improved that they become a sort of short-lived supermen in thraldom—are supposed to rise in revolt against humanity, and, turning its own weapons on it, to make a clean sweep of its millions, until only half a dozen of our species remain on an island under siege awaiting their end. The author's hypothesis, of course, calls for a great deal of make-believe: we have to credit mankind through the continents with an extraordinary impotence under the menace of such a catastrophe, and far too much is made to depend on the fate of a document which contains the secret of the Robots' manufacture and is burnt by the heroine. But the curtain at the close of the second act, in which the six doomed human beings hear from without the war-cry of the rebels sounding like the eeriest and most hideous of siren-calls, is one of the most impressive and harrowing situations our theatre has known for many a day; and nearly the whole of the following act, quietly tense for the most part, with explosions of panic or passion, keeps up to the high level of this scene. Far below it, dropping almost to bathos, is the sequel, in which a Robot and a Robotess, as new Adam and Eve, discover love, and therefore humanity's real secret, to the joy of the sole survivor of mankind; but the rest of the play has been too powerful for such lapse into conventional sentiment to spoil it. Mr. Basil Dean has produced a fine thing finely, his lighting and scenic effects being notably helpful; and at least half-a-dozen fine pieces of acting—from Mr. Basil Rathbone (never showing before such nervous strength), Mr. C. V. France, Mr. Brember Wills, Mr. Clifford Mollison, Miss Frances Carson (anxiety to the life), Miss Ada King, and above all, and most imaginative of all, Mr. Leslie Banks—dignify a play which deserves all that could be done for it by acting.

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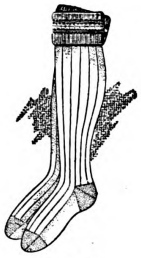
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1923.

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POPE PIUS XI., WHO ARRANGED TO RECEIVE THE KING AND QUEEN, TAKING PART IN A BEATIFICATION SERVICE: HIS HOLINESS (THE CENTRAL FIGURE KNEELING) IN PRAYER IN ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

The visit of the King and Queen to Pope Pius XI., arranged to take place at the Vatican on the afternoon of May 9, has aroused a great deal of interest. In the above photograph his Holiness is seen taking part in a service held in St. Peter's on April 29, in connection with the Beatification of Sister Thérèse, a French nun of the Carmelite convent of Lisieux. The ceremony of Beatification took place in the morning in St. Peter's, and in the afternoon the Pope in person assisted at a service held there in her honour, in the presence of an immense congregation. His Holiness was borne through the church in the Gestatorial Chair, and, at the moment of the benediction of the Holy Sacrament, knelt and prayed. Sister Thérèse, who entered the convent at sixteen and died there in 1897, when she was twenty-four, was beatified as having been vouchsafed a vision of the Infant Jesus, and will be known in France as Bienheureuse Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COMMENDATORE G. FELICI.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SAID something last week touching the old arguments about optimism and pessimism, as they were embodied in my own youth in my friend Mr. Masterman, who was always called a pessimist, and myself, when I was always called an optimist. But the truth is that I was always very optimistic about his pessimism, and I sympathised with him even when he was rather pessimistic about my optimism. I mean that I nearly always agreed with him about the evils that made him pessimistic, in so far as he ever was pessimistic. For the real pessimist is not he who is weary of evil, but he who is weary of good. But in the review of his excellent book, "England after the War," on which I commented last week, there was something much more extraordinary. The reviewer not only accused him of being a pessimist, but of being an individualist, in the old metallic and mercantile sense of a supporter of the Manchester School. To say that of Masterman is about as rational as to say it of Ruskin. It could easily be disproved from his last book alone; but I make no pretence of reviewing that book, which it would need a whole series of articles to review. I only mention it here because the very name of the Manchester School reminds me of certain lingering fallacies still fashionable, which may be looked for in almost any other quarter except that. The truth is that even in talking about the Manchester School we give it too much credit for scholastic system and discipline. The Victorian merchants who made modern capitalism had a great deal to say for themselves at the time; but there is now really only one thing to be said for them, and that is that they knew not what they did.

It used to be said, and it is not at all improbable, that the Jew Bronstein, whom we know by the name of Trotsky, was actually paid by Germany for the part he played in the collapse of Russia. I do not think it likely in the case of Lenin; but Trotsky-Bronstein is quite a different sort of fellow. But if it comes to more fanciful speculations, I could suggest many things, if not as likely, at least as logical. And if somebody told me that the Bolshevists were financed not merely by Krupp and Stinnes, and the big business men of Germany, but by all the big business men of the modern world, I should not think their action illogical. I doubt if those business men would finance Bolshevism, for I doubt whether those business men have really any talent for business. But if they did finance Bolshevism, I should say they would be making a very business-like use of their money. Bolshevism has been the best possible friend to capitalism. It came in in the nick of time, when capitalism was beginning to look like a positive failure, and made it look like a relative success. By proclaiming a quack remedy, it disguised the real disease. By putting on a big red plaster, it concealed the very existence of the wound. Above all, by being itself utterly abnormal, it made men think of industrial plutocracy for all the world as if it were normal. In the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king. And against a rebellion of the blind the one-eyed king looks exactly like a man. But industrial plutocracy is a one-eyed affair, for all that; and optimism cannot conceal it merely by winking the other eye.

It is metaphorically one-eyed because it is morally half-witted. The present proportion of wealth and poverty, especially in big cities, is not a natural order, or even an order at all. It is not a human hierarchy planned by a complete human mind for a complete human society. It is half-witted because it is the result of allowing half of the human mind complete liberty—or rather, license—to the neglect and negation of the other half. Nobody wanted to have a struggle of skilled and unskilled trades, as some people did want to have a system of armed knights and unarmed priests. Nobody wanted a stratification of the employed and the unemployed, as some people did want a stratification of Lords and Commons. Men did not arrange that there should be strikers and strike-breakers, as they did arrange that there should be judges and barristers, or surgeons and physicians, or secular and regular clergy. In a word, the existing state of things is an abnormality because it is an anarchy. And it is an anarchy because it is an accident; not a thing foreseen, or even a thing desired. It is not something planned even by pedants. It is not something fixed even by fanatics; it is simply the result of letting most things drift and letting a few things riot. The nineteenth century started in the mood of saying that a race for money, accelerated by machinery, must be all right in the long run. We have not had a very long run for our money; we have lost our money; but we are still running, like Charlie's Aunt. Why we are running, or where we are running, we have not the faintest idea. But a study of our expression and behaviour would indicate the conclusion that we are running away.

That is the point to seize—that, in the industrial deadlock, the capitalism is no more normal than the communism. It is not an old order against which rebels are in revolt. It is rather a new disorder which we think the rebels would make even more disorderly. For this reason much more harm than good is done by the current and conventional defences of a capitalist system, simply because they are defences of a capitalist system. And there is no capitalist system to defend. Capitalism is not a system; it never was a system; it never was designed nor desired by any human being as a system. It is simply what happened when the Manchester School had made a miscalculation, after boasting of its infallible capacity to calculate. It was not even the thing that the Manchester School wanted to happen. It was only the very different thing that did happen. You cannot defend a thing as a system when it is simply the confusion caused by a mistake. It is exactly as if one of those early industrial inventors had blundered about one of his mechanical inventions, so that when he touched the thing it only exploded and blew up the town. And it is as if an admirer of his had afterwards walked about in the ruins, pointing out the exquisite precision with which a chimney-pot had fallen in one place and a splinter from a church-spire in another; and tracing a symmetrical pattern in the scattered arms and legs of the dismembered inhabitants. He might say he was defending a system; but he would be a wiser man if he were merely apologising for an accident.

The Socialist is not wrong because he realises that things have been thus lawlessly scattered. The Socialist is wrong because he wants to sweep up all the scattered things into one monstrous heap in the market-place instead of putting them back in their proper places all over the town. Because the explosion has gutted grandfather's clock and sprinkled the works of it all over the pavement, he says that grandfather's clock never belonged to grandfather, but only to the Commissioners of Paving. Because the arms and legs of our aunts and uncles have been strewn about at random in a rather wild confusion, so that it is sometimes difficult to collect a complete aunt or uncle out of the débris, he says that the individual no longer matters, and we must consider only a collective humanity. Because our bedclothes, babies, and other private properties have been hurled out of window in a highly public fashion by the explosion, he says they have become a purely public question, and are no longer private properties at all. In short, the Socialist, quite as much as the capitalist, is really taking advantage of the chaos of capitalism. He is taking advantage of things being displaced not to put them back in their places, but to rearrange them on an entirely new and rather unnatural plan of his own. Indeed, nobody would ever have looked at so unnatural a plan, except in comparison with an unnatural catastrophe. If every grandfather had his clock, nobody would ever have wanted to fit all the works together into one colossal town-clock for the whole town. If every mother had her own bed for her own baby, nobody would ever have wanted to put all the beds in a municipal dormitory, and all the babies in a municipal crèche. People would have no more doubted that mothers and grandfathers ought to have their own infants and chronometers than that uncles and aunts had better be in possession of their own arms and legs. Capitalism, and even the abuses of capitalism, are absolutely necessary to the case for Socialism. The Socialist is trying to use the catastrophe of industrial inequality as an opportunity to introduce collectivism, exactly as the Prohibitionist tried to use the catastrophe of the Great War as an opportunity to introduce Prohibition. Socialism, like teetotalism, is a desperate remedy; that is, it is only a defensible remedy if it is the only remedy. I do not believe it is the only remedy. I believe it is possible to reverse the evil of the excessive concentration of wealth, and that any reform that does not reverse that evil will only exaggerate it, just as the collectivist would remedy the concentration of wealth by concentrating it still further.



SOLD FOR £29,400, AN ENGLISH AUCTION RECORD FOR A VAN DYCK: HIS PORTRAIT OF ANTON TRIEST, FROM THE BROWNLOW COLLECTION.

The first section of the sale of the Brownlow collection of pictures by Old Masters, from Ashridge, took place at Christie's on May 4, and realised £92,447. Of this sum, £29,400 was paid by Messrs. Duveen for Van Dyck's fine portrait of Anton Triest, Burgomaster of Ghent and brother of a Bishop of that city. This price was an English auction "record" for Van Dyck. The picture measures 56½ in by 44 in. The second part of the sale took place on May 7.—*[By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.]*

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

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THE WELSH LADIES' GOLF TEAM: FRONT (L. TO R.)—MRS. MASON, MRS. HURST, MRS. DUNCAN, MISS MARLEY; BACK (ORDER OF FIRST THREE UNCERTAIN)—MISS GRIFFITH, MRS. MUSGRAVE, MRS. SOWTER, MRS. PHILLIPS, MISS LLEWELLYN, MRS. LAMING EVANS.



THE IRISH LADIES' GOLF TEAM: MRS. GOTTO, MISS JACKSON (THIRD FROM LEFT, BACK ROW), MRS. DERING, MISS BROWNLOW, MRS. LEWIS SMITH (FOURTH, BACK), MISS HEWETT, MRS. MALLAM, MISS HARRINGTON, AND MRS. KING.



THE SCOTTISH LADIES' GOLF TEAM: (L. TO R.) BACK ROW—MISS M'CULLOCH, MRS. BAMBER, MISS MONTGOMERY, MISS GRANT-SUTTIE, MRS. BROWN, MRS. PATEY; SEATED—MISS SCROGGIE, MRS. WATSON, MISS GOW, AND MISS KYLE.



WINNERS OF THE LADIES' INTERNATIONAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: THE ENGLISH TEAM (L. TO R.) BACK—MISS STOCKER, MRS. CAUTLEY, MISS HARTHILL, MISS GOURLAY, MISS WINN; FRONT—MISS BASTIN, MISS WETHERED, MRS. MACBETH, MISS FOWLER.

The Rev. Sidney M. Berry, of Carrs Lane Church, Birmingham, has been appointed Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.——Mr. Curtis Green has been awarded the new R.I.B.A. medal for the best building of the year (1922), for his design of Wolseley House, Piccadilly. He has also designed many country houses. He is chairman of the Board of Architectural Education.——Mr. George Spencer Watson is a member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, and has exhibited at the Academy, the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, the International Society, and the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. ——Sir W. Robertson Nicoll had filled the same editorial chair (that of the "British Weekly," since its foundation in 1886) longer than any other London editor, and his articles, signed "Claudius Clear," were famous. In 1891 he founded the "Bookman," and two years later, "Woman at Home." He was knighted in 1909, and in 1921 was made a Companion of Honour.——As the recently appointed British Minister to the Vatican, it fell to the Hon. Theo Russell to accompany the King and Queen on their visit to the Pope. He was previously British Minister to Switzerland. He is a son of the first Lord Ampthill, and married in 1910 Countess Marie Louise Rex, daughter of Count Rex, then Saxon Minister at the Austro-Hungarian Court.——General Gabriel Haddad Pasha was a prominent Arab leader who had been the London representative first of King Hussein and then of King Feisal. He had also been Director of Public Security in Egypt, Jerusalem, and Damascus.——The Ladies' International Golf Championship meeting at Burnham, Somerset, ended on May 5 with the victory of the English team.

DRAMATIC FANTASY AND SATIRE FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA

PHOTOGRAPHS



THE DAWN OF REVOLT IN A MAN-MACHINE: RADIUS, A ROBOT (MR. LESLIE BANKS) IN "R.U.R." AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE.



THE REVOLT OF THE MEN-MACHINES: THE ROBOTS KILL THEIR MAKER, DR. GALL (MR. C. V. FRANCE, FALLEN ON LEFT) AND ANOTHER MAN.



SEEKING THE SECRET OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE FROM THE ONLY HUMAN SURVIVOR: ROBOTS MENACED WITH EXTINCTION.



A NEW ADAM AND EVE: PRIMUS (MR. IAN HUNTER) AND HELENA (MISS OLGA LINDO) THE TWO MOST PERFECT ROBOTS, DISCOVER LOVE, THE MEANS OF RACE CONTINUANCE.

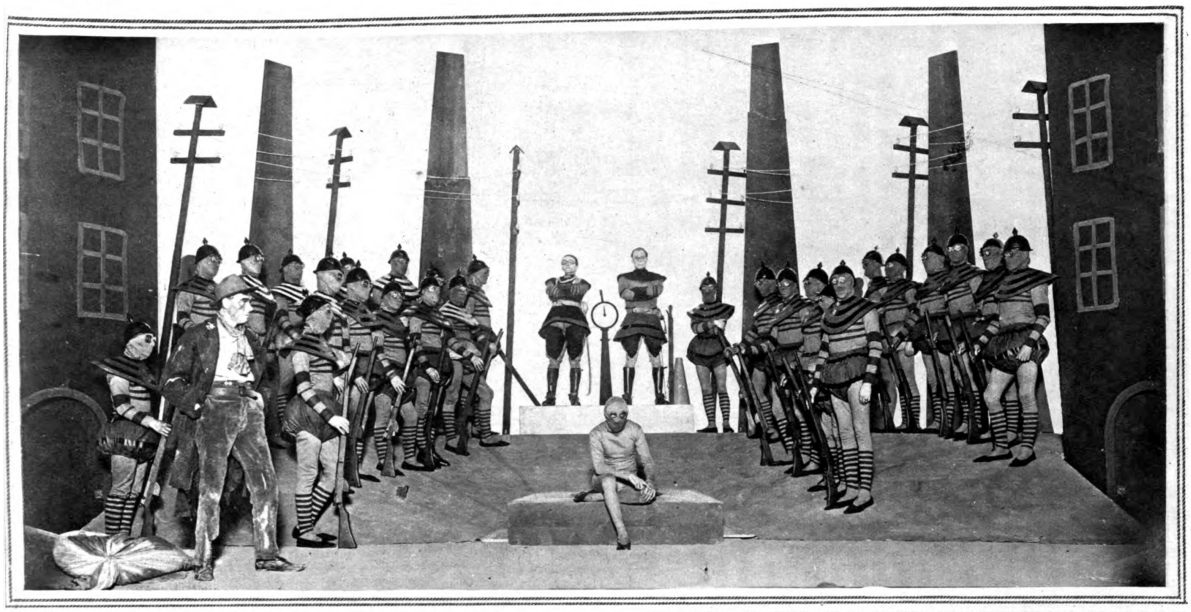


HUMAN LOVERS AND A ROBOTESS: (L. TO R.) HARRY DOMAIN (MR. BASIL RATHBONE); SULLA (BEATRIX THOMSON); HELENA GLORY (FRANCES CARSON)

A new trend in drama has shown itself in two remarkable plays from Czechoslovakia recently produced in London—"R.U.R.," by Karel Capek, at the St. Martin's Theatre, and "The Insect Play," by Karel Capek and his brother Joseph, at the Regent Theatre, King's Cross. The initials "R.U.R." (which have nothing to do with the Ruhr!) stand for Rossum's Universal Robots, and the play is described as a fantastic melodrama. The fantasy, which is of a Wellsian type, concerns the invention by synthetic chemistry of a race of mechanical creatures made by man in his own image, able to labour and to fight, but possessing no feelings or emotions. Tragedy comes when the slave-machines, like Frankenstein's monster, turn upon their masters on an island and exterminate their creators, beginning with the scientist who made them. Only one man is kept alive; but he, they find, does not know the formula for manufacturing Robots, and, as they last only a certain time, they are faced with extinction, until finally two of the most perfect specimens, Radius and Helena, suddenly discover love,

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER IN BULK; HUMAN INSECTS.

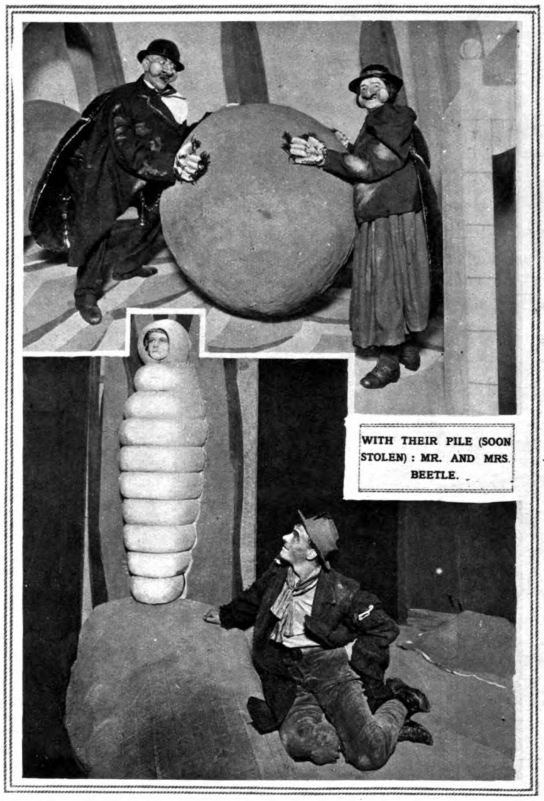
STAGE PHOTO CO.



A SATIRE ON WAR: "THE INSECT PLAY," AT THE REGENT THEATRE—THE BIG SCENE OF ANTS WHICH FIGHT FOR THE WAY BETWEEN TWO BLADES OF GRASS.



A SATIRE ON UNSCRUPULOUS "FINANCIERS": THE MURDEROUS ICHNEUMON FLY (MR. IVAN BERLYN) AND HIS LARVA (MISS ELSA LANCHESTER).



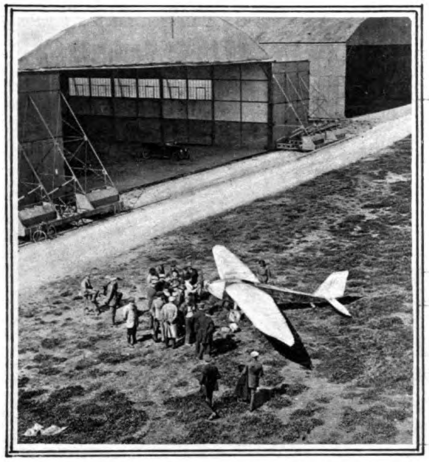
WITH THEIR PILE (SOON STOLEN): MR. AND MRS. BEETLE.

THE CHRISTOPHER SLY OF "THE INSECT PLAY": THE DRUNKEN SENTIMENTAL TRAMP (MR. WILLARD) WITH THE CHRYSALIS (MISS JOAN MAUDE).

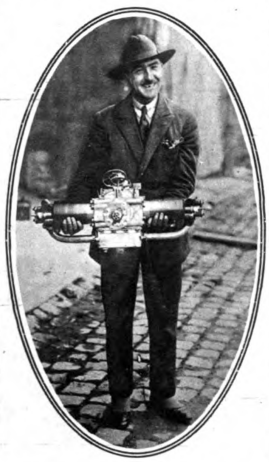
and thereby a means of race continuance.—"The Insect Play" is rather a series of episodes in which human greed and cruelty are satirised in the guise of insects. The character of the Tramp acts as a kind of chorus, commenting throughout on the actions and fate of the insects. The most dramatic episode is Act III.—"The Ants," which is a powerful satire on the futility of war. Armies of ants, urged on by their "Chief Engineer," destroy each other for the right of way between two blades of grass, while the Blind Timekeeper keeps beating out the inexorable moments. In Act II., "Creepers and Crawlers," the unscrupulous "financier" appears as an Ichneumon Fly, murdering wholesale to supply his Larva with food. The ambition to "make a pile" is satirised in Mr. and Mrs. Beetle, whose pile, so laboriously made, is promptly stolen. They are played by Mr. A. Bromley Davenport and Miss Maire O'Neill. The Chrysalis keeps wanting to be born, and reform the world, and when at last she is born she becomes a May Fly and perishes almost at once.

ABROAD AND AT HOME: NOTABLE OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., I.B., ANTONY (YPRES), AND ALFIERI.



THE COMING OF "THE LIGHT CAR OF THE AIR": M. BARBOT'S LITTLE 15-H.P. MONOPLANE, IN WHICH HE CROSSED THE CHANNEL AND BACK, AT CALAIS.



NOT MUCH BIGGER THAN A TYPE-WRITER: M. BARBOT HOLDING THE 15-H.P. ENGINE OF HIS MONOPLANE.



THE RETURN OF CARPENTIER: THE FAMOUS BOXER KNOCKS OUT NILLES WITH THE BEST PUNCH OF HIS CAREER, IN A CONTEST FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF FRANCE.



THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AT THE GRAVE OF HER SOLDIER BROTHER, PRINCE MAURICE OF BATTENBERG: HER MAJESTY KNEELING, WITH THE BURGOMASTER, IN A WAR CEMETERY AT YPRES—(ON THE EXTREME LEFT, STANDING) KING ALFONSO.



THE PRINCE OF WALES PAYS A SILENT TRIBUTE, TO HIS COUSIN: STANDING BESIDE THE SAME GRAVE, WITH ITS SIMPLE WOODEN CROSS, DURING HIS VISIT TO YPRES.



THE TRIAL OF HERR KRUPP VON BOHLEN, THE HEAD OF KRUPP'S, AND OTHER DIRECTORS: THE FRENCH COURT-MARTIAL AT WERDEN.

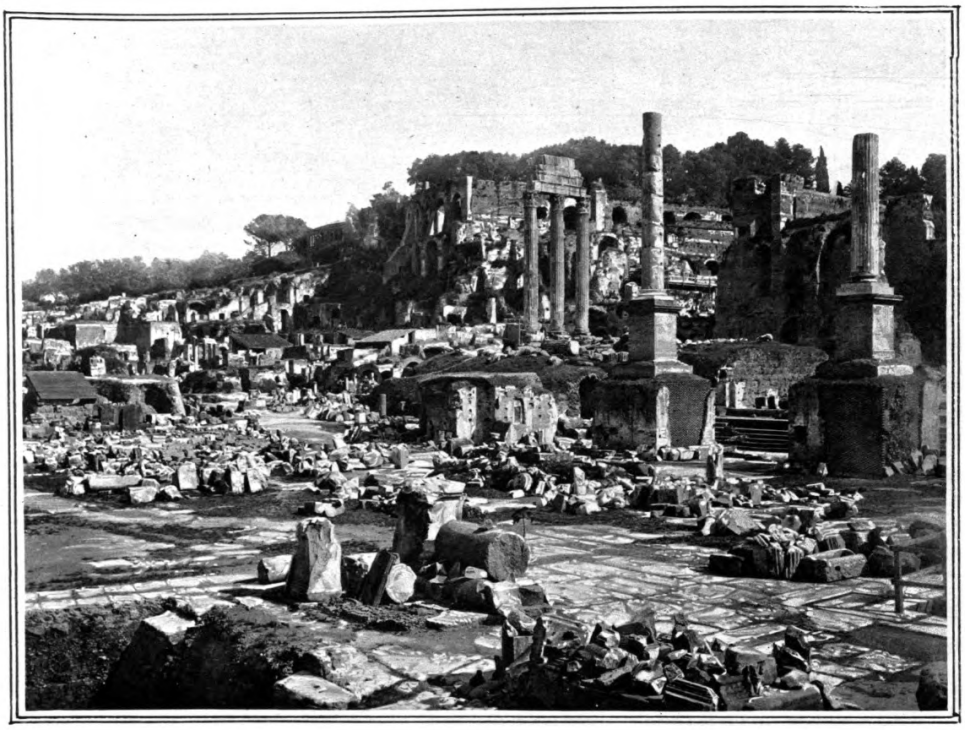


VICTORIA STATION THE SCENE OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGIOUS SERVICE: FATHER McKENNA AND MEMBERS OF THE ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES.

The remarkable feat of the French airman, M. Georges Barbot, in crossing and re-crossing the Channel in a small monoplane with an engine of only 15 h.p., has opened up a new field of development in aviation. It heralds the arrival of "the light car of the air." His total consumption of petrol was two gallons, that of the return flight being only two-thirds of a gallon, costing 1s. 4d.——In a 20-round boxing match for the Heavy-Weight Championship of France, at the Velodrome Buffalo in Paris, on Sunday, May 6, Georges Carpentier defeated Marcel Nilles (the holder) in the eighth round. The knock-out blow (a left upper-cut) was described as the finest he has ever delivered.——After quitting Brussels at the close of their visit to the Belgian Royal Family, the King and Queen of Spain left their train at Ypres to visit the grave of her Majesty's brother, Prince Maurice of Battenberg, who was killed in 1914, while serving in the King's Royal Rifle Corps. The Prince of Wales also visited the grave when he was recently at Ypres.——Herr Krupp von Bohlen, the head of Krupp's Works at Essen, was arrested on May 1, in connection with the recent shootings at Essen. He was placed on trial, with other members of the firm, at Werden on May 4.——On the departure of the annual pilgrimage to Lourdes from Victoria the other day, Father McKenna, of Westminster Cathedral, led a short service in the station before the train started.

VISITED BY THE KING AND QUEEN: THE FORUM OF ANCIENT ROME.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



SHOWING THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX, AND THE PALATINE IN THE BACKGROUND: THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF THE ROMAN FORUM, WHERE THE LATEST EXCAVATIONS HAVE BEEN MADE.

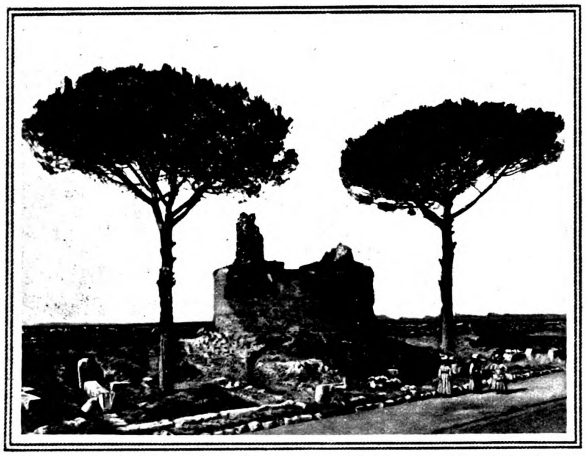


WITH DEDICATORY STATUES OF HEAD VESTALS: THE ATRIUM (COURT) OF THE PALACE OF THE VESTAL VIRGINS NEAR THE ROMAN FORUM, SHOWING THE ANCIENT MARBLE CISTERNS FOR RAIN-WATER.

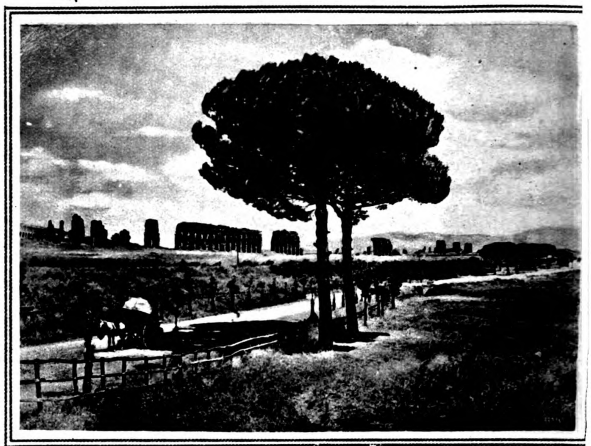
The King and Queen arranged to spend the intervals between official functions, during their visit to Rome, in a tour of the classical monuments, principally on May 8, their "archæological day." Their programme began with a visit to the Roman Forum, and the latest excavations at its south-east corner, as shown in the upper photograph on this page, where we see the ruins of the Temple of Castor and Pollux and part of the Palatine Hill in the background. Several distinguished archæologists undertook to conduct their Majesties through various parts of the itinerary; and for the visit to the Forum, as well as the Coliseum and the Baths of Caracalla (shown on our double page of Roman antiquities) the chosen guide was Commendatore Giacomo Boni, Director of the excavations in the Forum and on the Palatine. The Atrium Vestæ, or Palace of the Vestal Virgins, dates from the first and second centuries. The court (220 ft. long by 75 ft. wide) was adorned with statues of Head Vestals, of which eleven are preserved, and has three marble cisterns which were used as receptacles for rain-water, as the priestesses were forbidden by the precepts of their association to use either river water or water conveyed through artificial channels.

VISITED BY THE KING AND QUEEN: ROME OF TH

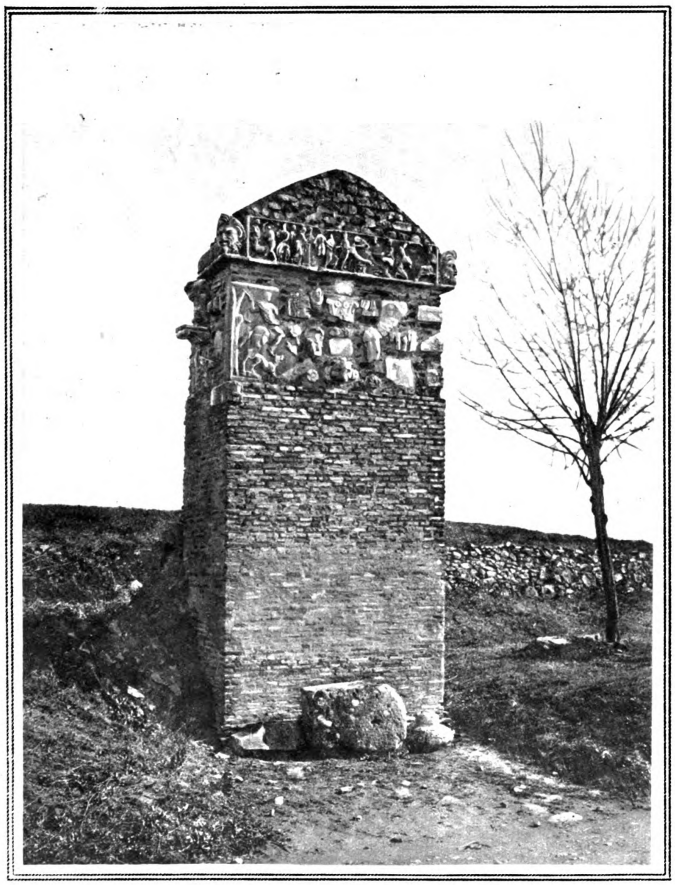
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHE



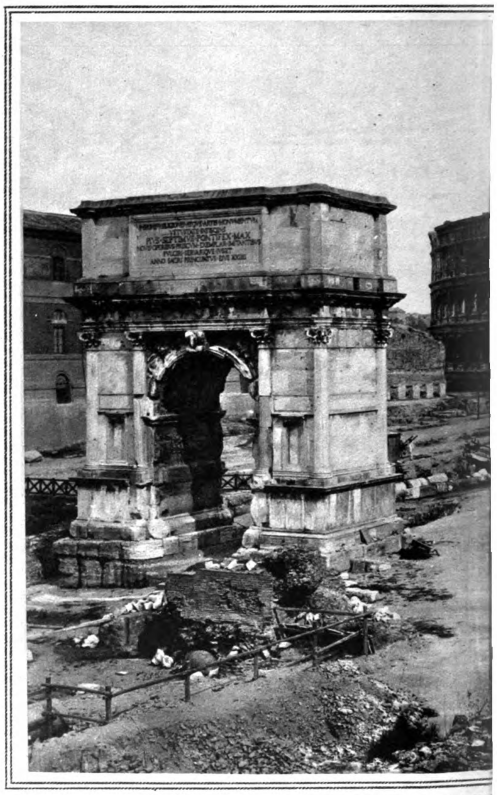
ON "THE QUEEN OF ROADS" MADE BY APPIUS CLAUDIUS CÆCUS (THE BLIND): THE TOMB OF AN UNKNOWN FAMILY BESIDE THE APPIAN WAY.



SHOWING THE AQUEDUCTS OF CLAUDIUS IN THE BACKGROUND: PART OF THE APPIAN WAY, THE GREAT MILITARY ROAD THAT CONNECTED ROME WITH SOUTH ITALY.



THE TOMB OF SENECA: ONE OF THE FUNERAL MONUMENTS OF THE PRINCIPAL ROMAN FAMILIES WHICH BORDER THE APPIAN WAY.

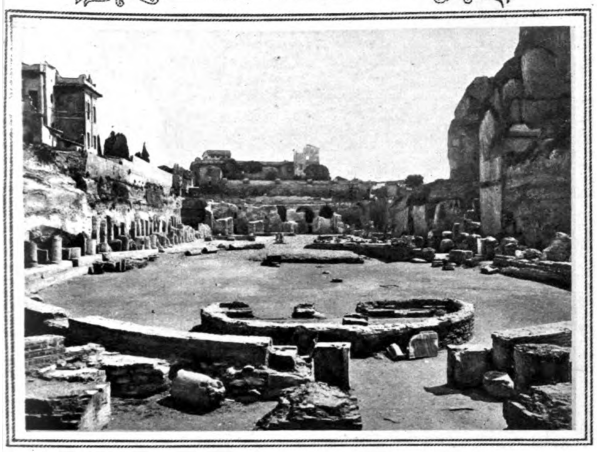


THE GREAT FLAVIAN BUILDINGS: THE ARCH OF TITUS (BUILT TO OF JERUSALEM IN 70 A.D.) AND THE COLISEUM (THE IMMENSE

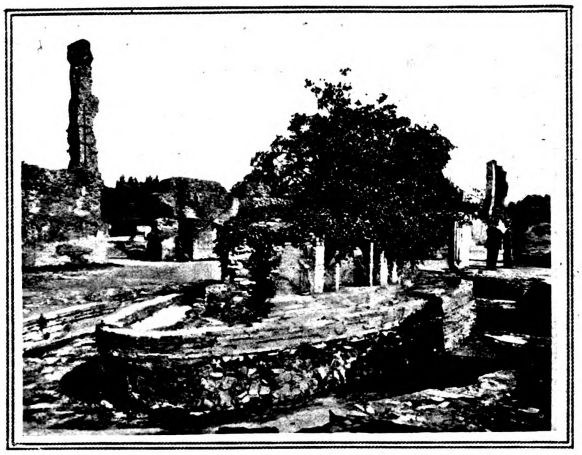
The King and Queen visited officially "for the first time [to quote the Italian Premier, Signor Mussolini] an Italy steadily and solidly governed by Fascismo," and many of the ancient monuments they saw recall the days when lictors carrying the *fasces* preceded the principal Roman magistrates. On the day of their arrival in Rome (May 7), their Majesties drove round the city with Senator Lanciani, the famous archæologist, who pointed out the objects of interest. On the next day Dr. Thomas Ashby, Director of the British School of Archæology in Rome, undertook to show them the Appian Way; while Commendatore Boni (as mentioned on page 797) was chosen as their guide for the Forum, the Coliseum, and the Baths of Caracalla. Writing on May 4, Professor Halbherr said, in sending in the above photographs: "The royal visit will begin with the Forum and the latest excavations of its south-east corner, the Palatine and the

DAYS OF *FASCES*—NOW "GOVERNED BY FASCISMO."

OF ROME, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHÆOLOGIST.



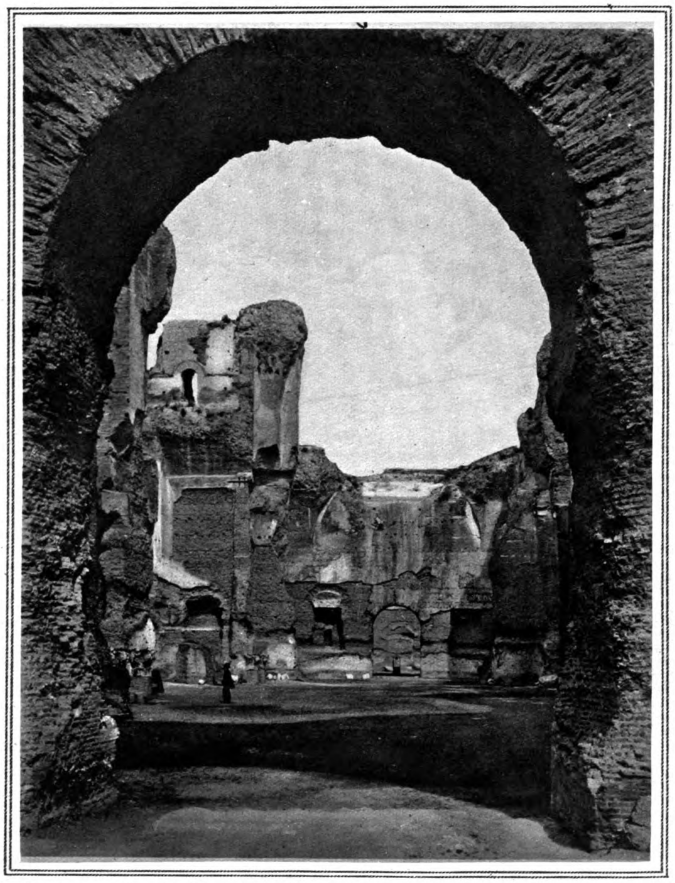
CLEARED FOR THE PERFORMANCES OF THE DRAMA "RUMMUS," WRITTEN FOR THIS YEAR'S COMMEMORATION OF THE 2676TH BIRTHDAY OF ROME: THE PALATINE STADIUM.



ONCE USED BY ROMAN EMPERORS AS A DINING-HALL IN THE HOT SEASON: THE NYMPHÆUM OF THE FLAVIAN PALACE ON THE PALATINE.



COMMEMORATE THE ROMAN VICTORY OVER THE JEWS AND THE CAPTURE AMPHITHEATRE BEGUN BY VESPASIAN AND FINISHED BY TITUS IN A.D. 80).



THE BATHS OF CARACALLA (OR *THERMÆ ANTONINIANÆ*), THE GREATEST OF THEIR KIND IN ANCIENT ROME: THE TEPIDARIUM (OR WARM BATH).

great Flavian buildings, *viz.*, the Arch of Titus and the Coliseum, and thence through the Arch of Constantine to the Baths of Caracalla and the Via Appia. I have chosen the most recent photographs and the most important monuments, chiefly of the Via Appia, these last being almost unknown to England. The photograph of the Arch of Titus and the Coliseum is taken from the Clivus Palatinus, one of the last-cleared ancient paved streets, giving access to the hill from the eastern part of the Forum. The Appian Way, the so-called Regina Viarum (the Queen of Roads) was a great military road constructed by the Censor Appius Claudius Cæcus (the Blind) to connect the capital of the Roman Republic with the southern provinces. It goes from Rome to Brindisi, and, in its track across the Roman Campagna, is bordered on both sides by funeral monuments of the principal Roman families."

THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: PROTAGONISTS OF THE EVENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., AND TOPICAL.



BEATING MR. R. A. GARDNER, U.S. CAPTAIN: MR. G. D. FORRESTER.



MAKER OF A MIGHTY DRIVE (310 YARDS) AT THE FIRST HOLE: MR. C. J. H. TOLLEY (LEFT) ON THE DEAL COURSE, WITH A REFEREE INSPECTING A "LIE."



LAST YEAR'S AMATEUR CHAMPION: MR. E. W. E. HOLDERNESS.



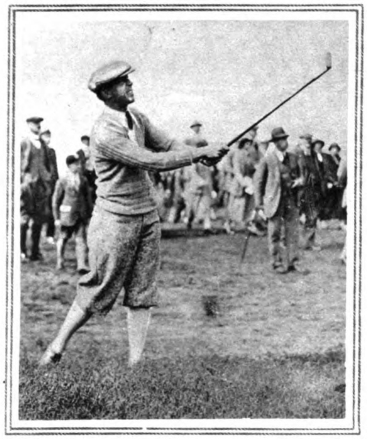
OUT OF A BUNKER: MR. C. J. H. TOLLEY, WHO BEAT MR. W. L. HALLEY IN THE FIRST ROUND.



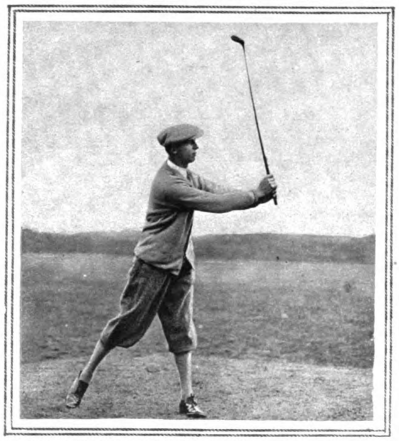
THE U.S. AMATEUR CHAMPION BEATEN: MR. J. SWEETSER (RIGHT) AND MR. E. N. LAYTON.



THE U.S. CAPTAIN BEATEN: MR. R. A. GARDNER DRIVING FROM THE EIGHTEENTH TEE.



AN AMERICAN VICTORY: MR. FRANCIS OUIMET (U.S.), WHO BEAT MR. A. H. READ, IN PLAY.



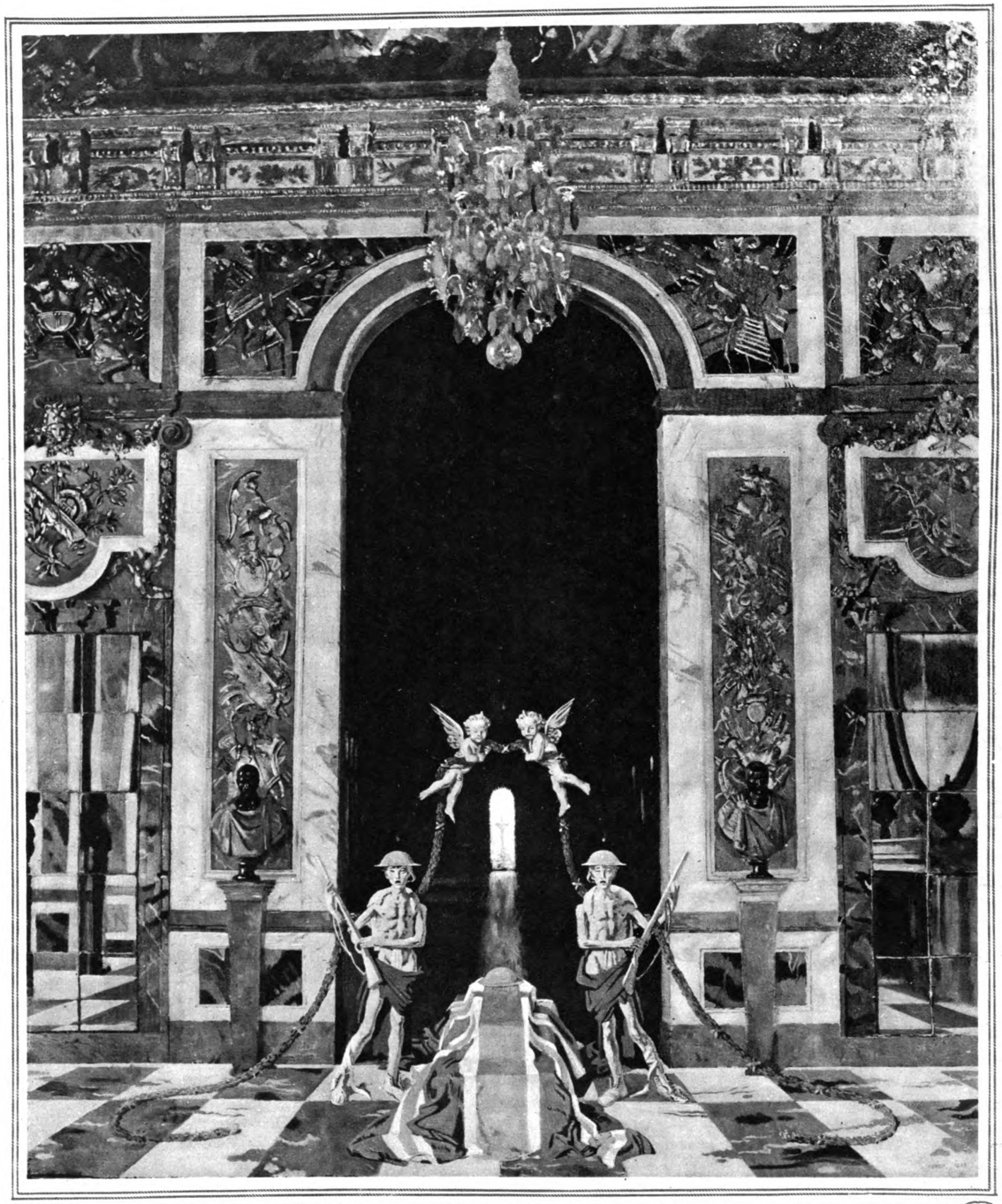
WINNER OF A CLOSE MATCH AGAINST MR. EVAN CAMPBELL: MR. R. H. WETHERED DRIVING.



BEATEN BY LAST YEAR'S AMATEUR CHAMPION: THE SCOTTISH CHAMPION, MR. J. WILSON, DRIVING.

The first round of the Amateur Golf Championship was played on the Royal Cinque Ports Club course at Deal on May 7, and, as usual, there were surprises and some unexpected "falls." Chief among the latter were the defeats of two of the most formidable American players, Mr. R. A. Gardner (Hinsdale, U.S.A.), their captain, and Mr. J. Sweetser (Siwanoy, U.S.A.), the young American Amateur Champion. Mr. Gardner was beaten by 2 holes by Mr. G. D. Forrester (Woking), who was Indian Champion last year, and captain of the Oxford team in 1913. Mr. Sweetser was beaten, by 5 and 3, by Mr. E. Noel Layton (Royal Cinque Ports Club). Another leading American, however, Mr. Francis Ouimet (Woodland, U.S.A.), was successful, defeating Mr. A. H. Read (Sunningdale) by 4 and 3. Mr. R. H. Wethered (Worplesdon) beat Mr. E. R. Campbell (Sunningdale) by 1 hole. Mr. Cyril Tolley (Rye), who beat Mr. W. L. Halley (Cooden Beach) by 3 and 1, made a tremendous drive of 310 yards (one of the longest on record in a championship) at the first hole, which is only 330 yards altogether. The top centre photograph shows Mr. Tolley waiting (in another recent match at Deal) while the referee decided whether his ball was playable. Mr. E. W. E. Holderness, the holder (Walton Heath) beat the Scottish Champion, Mr. John Wilson (Prestwick St. Nicholas) by 2 holes.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1923:
NOTABLE EXHIBITS.



"To the Unknown British Soldier in France." By Sir William Orpen, R.A.

This remarkable symbolic work by Sir William Orpen is one of the most outstanding features of this year's Royal Academy Exhibition, which was opened at Burlington House on May 7 and will remain open until August 11. A full-page portrait of Sir William Orpen himself, our readers will recall, was given in our last issue, for May 5. ~~In the following pages we~~ reproduce a number of the more notable portraits in the Academy, and other pictures.

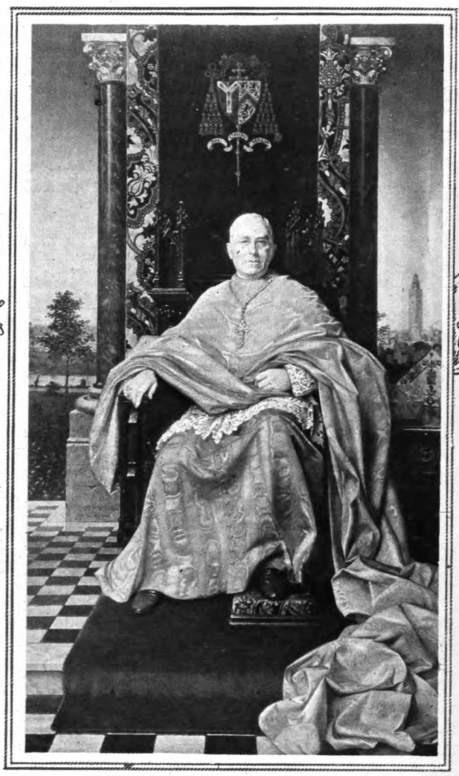
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THE ROYAL ACADEMY: A PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN; AND OTHERS.

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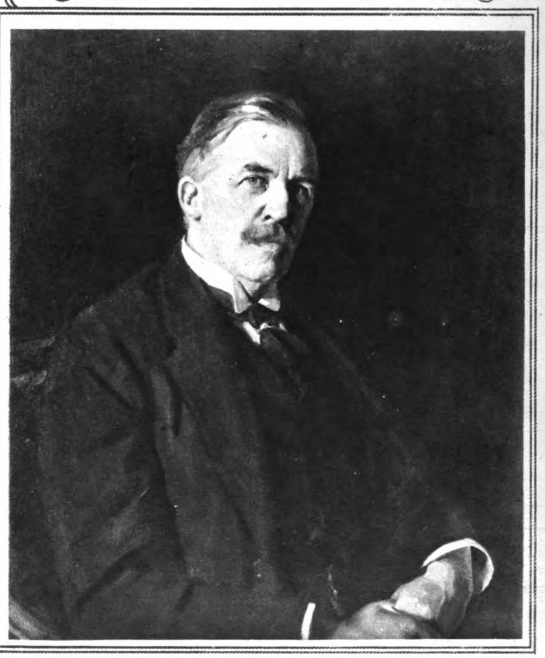
1. "THE LADY EVELYN MALCOLM." BY GERALD F. KELLY, A.R.A.



2. "HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL BOURNE." BY GILBERT A. POWNALL.



3. "HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN." BY WILLIAM B. E. RANKEN.



4. "W. W. VAUGHAN, ESQ., M.V.O., HEADMASTER OF RUGBY SCHOOL." BY GEORGE HARCOURT, A.R.A.

Mr. William Ranken, R.I., R.O.I., the well-known painter to whom the Queen granted sittings, is a native of Edinburgh, and is Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. Lady Evelyn Malcolm is a sister of the Earl of Donoughmore, and married first the late Colonel Francis Douglas Farquhar, Coldstream Guards, who was killed in action in 1915. Her second marriage, to Mr. D. O. Malcolm, took place at St. Marylebone Church on May 3. She was a Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Arthur of Connaught from 1920 until last year. Mr. W. W. Vaughan became Headmaster of Rugby in 1921. The above portrait was painted for Wellington College, of which he was previously Master. Cardinal Bourne has been Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster for twenty years.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY: OUTSTANDING EXAMPLES OF PORTRAITURE.

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1. "PRESIDENT COSGRAVE," BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.



2. "THE RT. HON. SIR JAMES CRAIG, BT., M.P.," BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.



3. "T.R.H. PRINCE AND PRINCESS SHIMADZU," BY THE LATE SIR JAMES J. SHANNON, R.A.



4. "HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, C.B.E., M.V.O.," BY HUGH DE T. GLAZEBROOK.

Mr. William Thomas Cosgrave is President of the Executive Council of the Irish Free State. He was elected M.P. (Sinn Fein) for North Kilkenny in December 1918.——Lieut.-Col. Sir James Craig, Bt., is the first Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, a position which he assumed in June 1921. He represents a division of Co. Down.——The Duke of Northumberland, who is a Brevet-Lieut.-Col. (retired) in the Grenadier Guards, served in the Great War and also in the South African War and the Soudan. He is an able speaker, and has taken a prominent part in Conservative politics. His portrait by Mr. Glazebrook is a fine example of that well-known painter's art.——The portrait of Prince and Princess Shimadzu is interesting as one of the last works of the late Sir James Shannon.

AN ATTRACTION OF "PRIVATE VIEW" DAY: OUR PORTRAIT

DRAWN BY W. R. S.

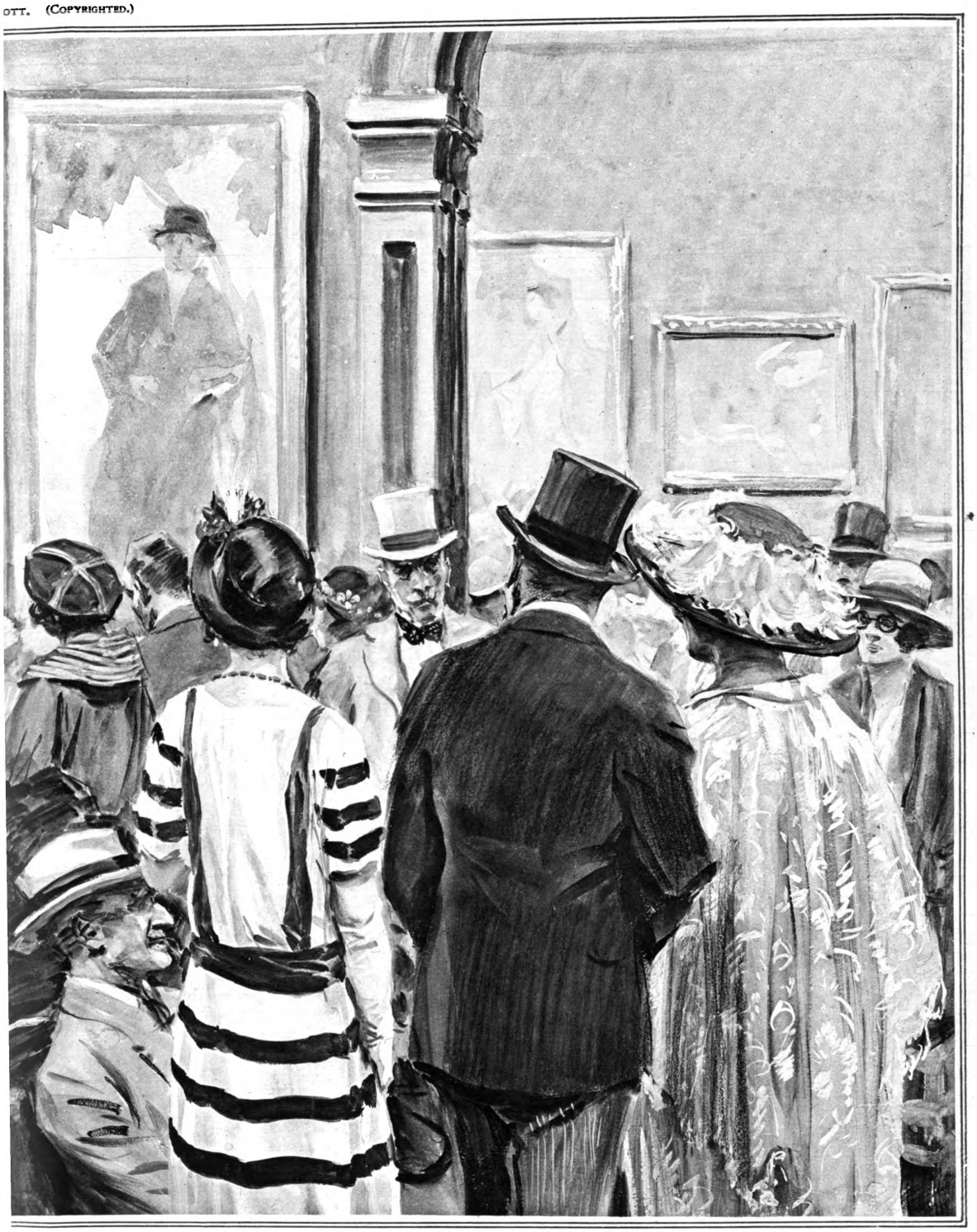


A CENTRE OF INTEREST: "LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON" (NOW DUCHESS OF

At the Private View of the Royal Academy Exhibition at Burlington House, which opened its doors to the public on May 7, there was always a gathering of interested visitors in front of the charming portrait of "Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon" (now Duchess of York, with the rank and status of Princess), for which she gave a special sitting to Mr. John St. Helier Lander for "The Illustrated London News." The picture (the third from the left in the above drawing) was reproduced in colour in our Royal Wedding Number. It shows the Duke of York's Bride as she was before her marriage, seated, and wearing an opera-

)F THE NEW DUCHESS OF YORK IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

OTT. (COPYRIGHTED.)



(ORK)—SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR THIS PAPER BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER.

cloak over evening dress. Her dark-haired beauty is set off by a broad collar of white fur, while the blue of her gown and the many hues of the cloak, among which rose-colour prevails, combine to form a brilliant colour-scheme. As usual on the opening of the Royal Academy, we reproduce in this issue a number of the most notable pictures, including many portraits. The Private View was on Friday, May 4, and on the following evening took place the annual banquet at Burlington House, where the Prince of Wales, as chief guest, made a very interesting speech on the present state of British art.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY: FEMININE PORTRAITS, REAL AND FANCIFUL.

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"THE DAUGHTERS OF THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL."
BY CHARLES SIMS, R.A.



"LITTLE DANCER," BY GLYN PHILPOT, R.A.



"PRISCILLA," BY L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR, A.R.A.



"THE HON. MRS. FORBES-SEMPILL AND ANNE MOIRA,"
BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill have one son, Randolph Frederick Edward, born in 1911, and three daughters—Diana, born in 1909; Sarah Millicent Hermione, born in 1914; and another daughter born last year. The two elder girls are seen in Mr. Charles Sims's picture.——Mr. Glyn Philpot, who was recently elected an R.A., is one of the best-known of modern British artists. We gave a portrait of him in our last issue (for May 5), and in that of April 21 some examples from his exhibition of paintings and sculpture at the Grosvenor Galleries.——Mr. Leonard Campbell Taylor, whose portrait also appeared in our last issue, is one of the newly elected A.R.A.'s. He first exhibited at the Academy in 1898.——The portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Forbes-Sempill (with her daughter, Anne Moira) is especially interesting as the work of her father, Sir John Lavery, R.A. She is his only daughter, and wife of the Master of Sempill, only son of Lord Sempill.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY: NOTABLE PICTURES OF SPORTING INTEREST.

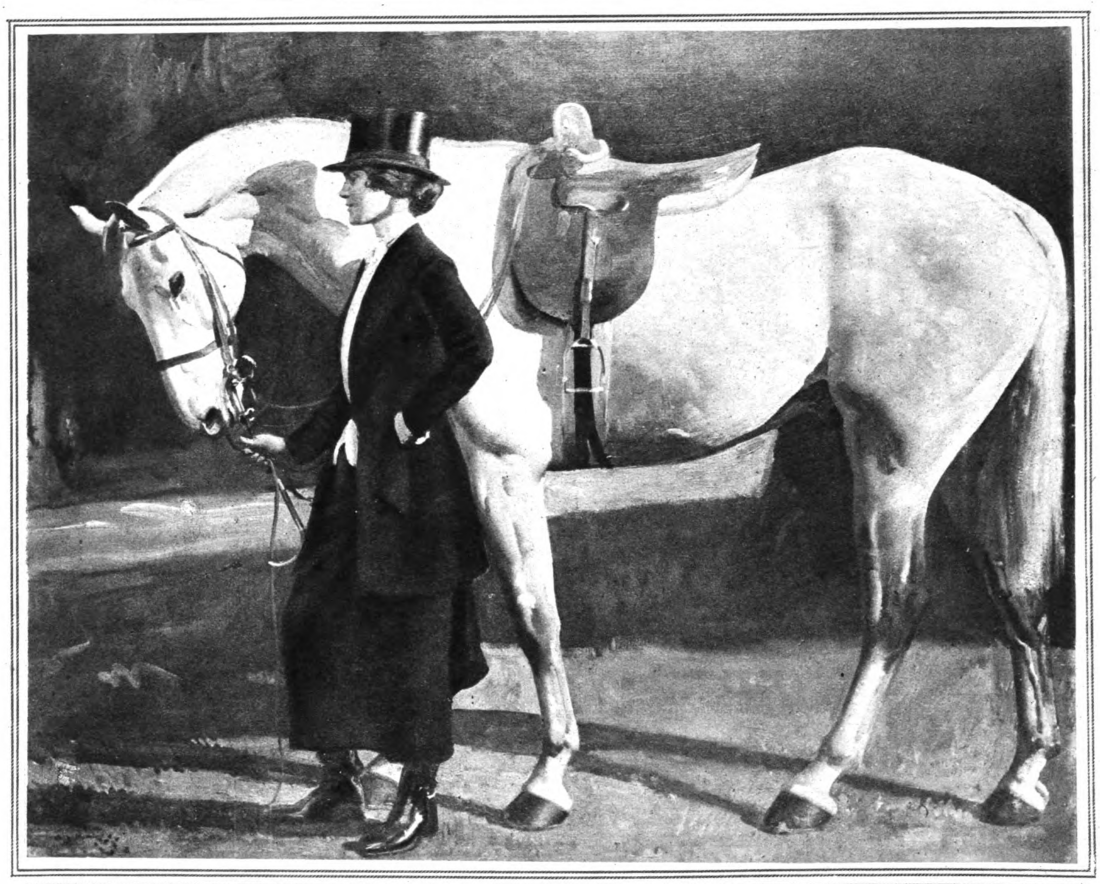
No. 1—COPYRIGHT RESERVED BY THE ARTIST. PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGHES. NOS. 2 AND 3—COPYRIGHT RESERVED FOR ARTIST OR OWNER BY WALTER JUDD, LTD., PUBLISHERS OF THE "ROYAL ACADEMY ILLUSTRATED."

1. "MISS BABS McQUADE 'UP COUNTRY,'" BY THE LATE SIR JAMES J. SHANNON, R.A.





2. "THE LORD BERKELEY," BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



3. "MY HORSE IS MY FRIEND": A FINE WORK BY A FAMOUS PAINTER OF SPORTING AND MILITARY SUBJECTS, BY ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A.

The first picture above is one of the last works of the late Sir James J. Shannon, R.A., who was knighted last year, and died on March 6, from an illness attributed to the effects of a fall from his horse about nine years ago. An American by birth, he had made his home in England since he was sixteen.——The Earl of Berkeley, of Berkeley Castle, Gloucestershire, has been for the last six years Master of the Earl of Berkeley's Hunt, which dates from 1613. He was formerly a Lieutenant in the Navy.——The third picture on this page is one of six in the Academy by Mr. A. J. Munnings, whose "Epsom Downs, City and Suburban Day," was purchased by the Chantrey Bequest. During the war he painted forty-five war pictures for the Canadian Government.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

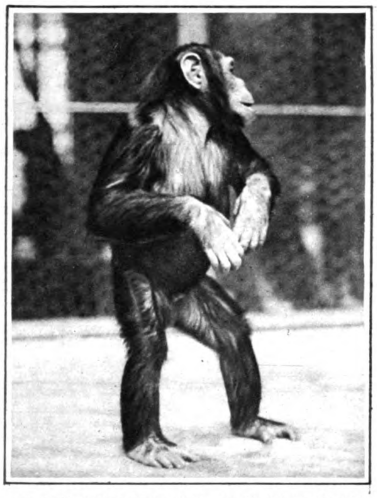


ANIMALITY IN VEGETABLE GROWTHS: CLIMBING PLANTS.

By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen.

M. BERGSON has well said that there is no characteristic of the plant that one may not find in some animal, like the chlorophyll of the green species of Bell-Animalcule, or the cellulose in the tunic of the sea-squirt or Ascidian. And he goes on to say that there is no characteristic of the animal that one may not find in some plant, for a moment at least. Thus one recalls the exquisite tactility of the Sensitive Plant, the jerky movements of the Indian Telegraph Plant, and the digestive juice of the insectivorous Sundew. The animal lurks in the plant, and this is one of the reasons why climbing plants have a certain fascination. So many of them show a prolongation of the mobility which all young shoots show; so many of them have a sensitiveness to contact that excels that of our finger-tips; so many of them show a *vraisemblance* of endeavour—*as if* they were trying to reach sunshine and fresh air.

Scramblers. The simplest kind of climbing is well illustrated by Jack-run-the hedge, or Cleavers, which insinuates its long and slender stems among the crowded branches of the neglected hedgerow, and scrambles up. It is helped to grip by the stiff whorls of leaves and by the reversed prickles, like the tips of crochet-needles. It is also very sensitive to the influence of the light, always bending towards the more illumined side. The unequal illumination provokes unequal growth, and thus the scrambler automatically gets what it wants, or, to use a safer word, what it needs. The bramble is another scrambler or straggler.



THE NEW CHIMPANZEE WHO IS DRAWING CROWDS TO THE APE HOUSE: TOTO OF THE "ZOO."

What is effected in a relatively simple way in Jack-run-the-hedge is getting part of the plant into the sunlight and fresh air. The same result may be attained in more elaborate ways. Thus, in the Rattan Palms, often called Lianas, there are long lassoes which bear sharp outgrowths, sometimes like fishing-hooks. The wind sways these lassoes about—they may give an explorer a very bad wound—and they get fixed in the branches of the stronger trees. The Rattans scramble up, often by tortuous paths, so that they may be very much longer than the height of the tree on which they climb. Haberlandt reports a length of 600-1000 feet in extreme cases! There is an innate tendency to elongation in most climbing plants, and it is often fostered by the relatively dark environment, obvious enough in the tropical forest.

It is interesting to inquire into the nature of the hook-like grappling organs, for it turns out that very different parts of the plant may be transformed in the same way. The hooks may emerge on the greatly elongated tip of the midrib of the leaf; or they may be transformed leaflets or stipules, or they may be buds that do not succeed in becoming shoots. The long, elastic, hook-bearing lassoes of the climbing palms to which we have referred are usually due to a lengthening out of the midrib of a leaf, or to the transformation of an entire shoot into a flexible harpoon. The lassoes may be 3 to 6 feet in length.

Root Climbers. This sounds a little like a contradiction in terms, and perhaps a better word, used by Professor F. O. Bower in his illuminating "Botany of the Living Plant," would be "Adhesive Climbers." The Ivy is a case in point, for, when we pull a piece off the wall or tree, we disclose a multitude of adhesive roots. They hold on so firmly that they often break off the ivy before they break off their support. They hold on by means of numerous microscopic root-hairs, more abundantly developed when the substratum is damp. According to Darwin, the climbing roots of the Creeping Fig exude a sort of glue, which enables them to adhere even to the smooth surface of glass.

The climbing roots of the ivy have lost the true root's inborn tendency to seek the earth, but they have a very strong tendency to grow away from the light, so they grow out on the side next the support. Experiments have shown that an ivy shoot growing in a dimly lighted space will give off adhesive roots all round. In ordinary cases the reason for the ivy's adhesive roots hugging the wall or tree is simply that they are constitutionally light-avoiders ("negatively heliotropic"); but in some other root-climbers the adhesive roots have a second obligation forcing them to press into their support—they are sensitive to contact. Another notable peculiarity of the ivy's climbing roots is this, that they are purely for adhesion. They cannot normally absorb moisture, and if the ivy plant is cut near the base the leaves soon wither. There are many tropical root-climbers, such as some figs, peppers, arums, and orchids, and among these there are instances of two kinds of aerial roots—those that serve only for fixation, and those that are also able to absorb. It is said that the adhesive roots of the ivy may re-acquire the absorbing function if kept persistently on a very damp substratum. Professor Neger, in his admirable "Biologie der Pflanzen," to which we are much indebted, emphasises the interesting point that some root-climbers with absorbing aerial roots can flourish though they lose their connection with the ground.



THE MOST INTELLIGENT CHIMPANZEE THE "ZOO" HAS EVER HAD: TOTO, OF UGANDA.

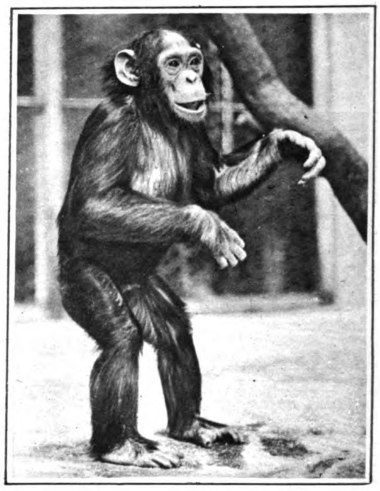
Further details of Toto and his tricks are given on the opposite page.

Copyright Photographs by D. Seth-Smith, F.Z.S., Curator of Mammals and Birds at the Zoological Gardens.

Twiners. A third group of climbing plants is that of the Twiners, which coil round their support. They are familiarly illustrated by the hop, which twines in the direction of the hands of a watch, and by the convolvulus and scarlet-runner, which twine in the opposite direction, as is commoner. In the poisonous bitter-sweet of the hedgerow—really a twining species of potato—the coiling is sometimes in a right-handed, sometimes in a left-handed, spiral.

Tendril-Bearers. The most highly specialised climbing plants are the Tendril-Bearers, such as the bryony, the vine, the passion-flower, or the garden-pea. As the delicate tendril grows, its tip describes leisurely circles (circumnutation). These movements may bring it into touch with a support, and the tendril is exquisitely sensitive to contact. The side away from the surface of contact grows more quickly than the side which is touching, so the tendril twines round the twig. It goes on doing so till the free part is used up. "Then," we venture to quote from Dr. MacGregor Skene's altogether admirable "Common Plants" (1921)—one of the best botany books ever written—"commences a different set of reactions. The coiled part hardens and becomes woody, clasping the support firmly. The long straight portion, between the support and the base of the tendril, twists into a tight corkscrew, reversed once or twice—for a thread fixed at both ends cannot be forced into a spiral without at least one reversal in the direction of the twist—and then becomes woody."

In the Virginia creeper the tendril is a transformed shoot, as in the grape-vine, but it attains an even higher grade of specialisation. It branches, and the tips of the branches seek the shade. They hug the wall, they expand into tiny discs, they secrete a glue! Thereafter the tendril may become woody and contract into a spiral spring. This is perfection!



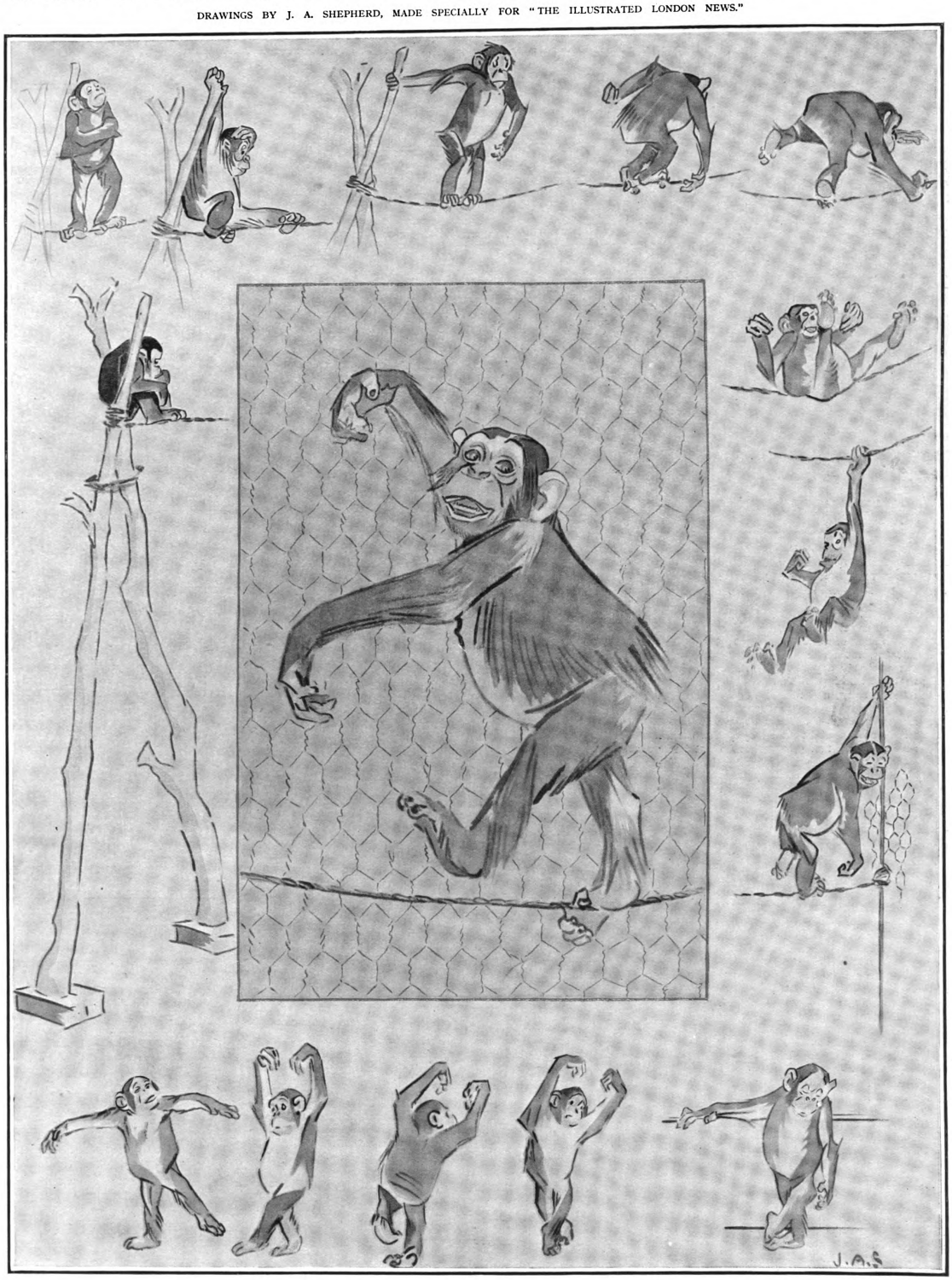
DANCER, COMEDIAN, AND ACROBAT: TOTO IN A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE AT THE "ZOO."

The True Inwardness of Climbing. One must not think of there being any order of climbing plants. Over and over again the climbing habit has arisen independently in unrelated orders. There must be something deeply constitutional about it. No doubt it is the answer-back which a certain type of plant-constitution is able to make to the conditions of crowded vegetation, as in the tropical forest, the jungle, and the hedgerow run wild. Some plants have become shade-plants, like the moschatel. Others have become parasites, like the broomrape. Others have entered into partnership with fungi. Others have become partly carnivorous, like the toothwort.

We wish to suggest that the whole assemblage of climbing plants should be regarded as the outcome of germinal variations in the direction of lankiness. A plant grown in semi-darkness suffers from etiolation (*i.e.*, blanching through exclusion of light) and grows very long and "leggy." Some naturalists would say that a cumulative hereditary entailment of the reactions to etiolation has had its outcome in climbing plants. That is a "good-going heresy." But we do not subscribe to it, though we are aware that experiments on etiolation have shown that non-climbing plants may develop a tendency to scramble towards the light. They would hardly be worthy of the name of living creatures if they did not. Our theory is that climbing plants are those that have a constitutional predisposition to be lanky and to exhibit animality (in movement and touchiness), and that this inborn predisposition has been, in the course of time, more or less restricted to areas of crowded vegetation, combined with scanty light. And, of course, the etiolated nurture abets the nature.

A NEW ATTRACTION AT THE "ZOO": TOTO, ACROBAT AND COMEDIAN.

DRAWINGS BY J. A. SHEPHERD, MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



CAKE-WALKING, TIGHT-ROPE DANCING, AFFECTING "NERVES," AND FEINTING A FALL: TOTO, THE CLEVEREST CHIMPANZEE EVER SEEN AT THE "ZOO"—AND A GREAT "DRAW" IN THE APE HOUSE.

The greatest attraction at the "Zoo" just now is the subject of the above drawings, which have been specially done for us by the well-known humorous animal-artist, Mr. J. A. Shepherd. The animal is a chimpanzee from the district of Kivu, in Uganda, presented by Mr. W. J. Moynagh, and brought home from Africa by Mr. Cherry Kearton. Mr. D. Seth-Smith, F.Z.S., Curator of Mammals and Birds, writes: "It is the most intelligent, active and accomplished chimpanzee that has ever been at the Zoological Gardens. He is an expert acrobat, and a great attraction to the Ape House." The drawings indicate that he is an adept in the cake walk and in comic tight-rope dancing, in which he is seen performing for all the world like a human acrobatic comedian, pretending to be afflicted with nerves, feinting a fall, and then lying on his back and grinning. Photographs of him appear on the opposite page.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]

The Hidden Treasure of the Capitol.

By Senator Rodolfo Lanciani, D.C.L., Professor of Ancient Topography in the University of Rome.

NO temple of ancient Rome has gone through so many vicissitudes as that of Jupiter Optimus Maximus on the western summit of the Capitoline Hill. The first crude and simple structure, planned by the



FIG. I.—WITH PENTELIC MARBLE STATUES AND RELIEFS CARVED BY VINCENZO DE ROSSI OUT OF BLOCKS FROM THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER: THE CESI CHAPEL IN S. MARIA DELLA PACE AT ROME.

two Tarquinii, withstood weather and age for 426 years, until a malefactor set it on fire, July 6, B.C. 86, and reduced it to a heap of burning ashes. Less fortunate than Erostratos, his name has remained unknown; but he was probably a partisan of C. Marius, considering that Marius himself laid his impious hands on the smouldering ruins, and robbed the treasure-chest of the temple of several thousand pounds of gold.

The reconstruction of the sanctuary was begun by Luctatius Catulus, and finished by Julius Cæsar. Augustus rebuilt it in B.C. 9, after we do not know what disaster, to undergo once more ruin and despoliation during the rebellion of Vitellius. The victorious Emperor Vespasian undertook the fourth restoration, inaugurating it by removing and carrying off on his own imperial shoulders a basketful of rubbish, which, according to the admonition of the Augurs, had to be dumped into the marshes of Ostia. Lucius Vestinius, named special Commissioner for the new building, displayed such energy that in less than two years the ceremony of inauguration was ready to be performed.

The details of this occurrence are described by Tacitus in the fourth Book of the "Historiæ." The day chosen for laying the corner-stone was June 21 in the year 71. The area to be occupied by the temple was marked by masts, from which hung festoons of flowers and evergreens and bright-coloured banners. In the early hours of the morning, under a cloudless sky, first to arrive were the delegates from the Army, brandishing, not weapons of war, but branches of olive and palm. They were followed by the Vestals, with their usual escort of white-robed boys and girls of the highest patrician descent, who performed the "lustration" of the sacred enclosure, the water for which had been drawn from the live springs of Juturna.

Plautius Ælianus, Supreme Pontiff, then offered the *suovetaurilia*, sacrificing a bull, a sow, and a sheep; whilst Helvidius Priscus, prætor, invoked the protection of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva for the prosperity of the Commonwealth, and for the quick and successful ending of the work of reconstruction. The invocation over, Helvidius touched the ropes interwoven with flowers, to which the inaugural stone was fastened. Instantly the magistrates, the priests, the Senators, the Knights, the people dragged the great block to the edge of the well and lowered it to the proper depth. A march-past was then formed, headed by the Emperor and his family and kinsmen, and followed by the Consuls, generals, ambassadors, and Roman citizens in general, each individual throwing into the well "argenti aurique stipem et metallorum primitias" (nuggets of gold, silver, and other precious metals, as they come from the mines before having been purified in the smelting-furnaces).

It is not difficult to appreciate the immensity of the treasure sunk into the depths of the Capitoline Hill on June 21, A.D. 71. When one thinks that it represents the joint offerings of the metropolis of the Roman world, of a population of about one million people, excited by religious feelings, impatient to witness the raising from the ashes of the seat of the god (Fig. II) who had presided over the fate and destinies of the Commonwealth for so many centuries, we can easily persuade ourselves that that mass of gold and silver must represent the value of several hundreds of thousands.

Has it been found already in the Dark Ages? Or is it still waiting in its hiding-place for a rescuer? No question about the right answer. *The Capitoline treasure has never been discovered from the fall of the Empire (and of the temple itself) to the present day.* The platform of tufa blocks, on which the temple stood, may have suffered diminution in height at the hands of the Caffarelli family (the owners of the ruins), it may have lost here and there a few layers of stone, but, "horizontally" speaking, it is intact (Figs. IV. and VII).

In 1536, when the Dutch artist, Marteen Heemskerk, drew his well-known panoramic view from the top of the Capitol, the site of the temple was as yet untouched. The excavations of the second half of the sixteenth century have been carefully described by an eye-witness, Flaminio Vacca, the sculptor. He speaks of huge columns, pilasters, capitals, and entablatures, so huge, in fact, that he was able to carve out of a single block one of the lions now in the Villa Medici (Fig. III.); while another artist, Vincenzo de Rossi by name, was making use of other blocks for the decoration of the Cesi Chapel in the church of S. Maria della Pace (Fig. I.).

Now, if these excavations, absolutely superficial, had led somehow to the discovery of the Capitoline treasure, we should most certainly have had news of the event. Finds of this nature—which require the collaboration of many, who share the secret, and which give rise to sudden and otherwise inexplicable increase in the fortune of one or more families—cannot be concealed. In the same way that the knowledge of many cases of treasure-trove, in the darkest period of the Middle Ages and in the most out-of-the-way corners of the city, has reached us, by tradition or by written statements, even so should we have heard of this greatest find of all, made right under the eyes of the "Conservatori," or municipal magistrates of the city, who owned the site of the temple (Fig. V). And, besides, the "Historiæ" of Tacitus—the only source of information we possess on this subject—were discovered only towards the middle of the fifteenth century. The probability, therefore, that the mass of gold and silver lies still hidden in the heart of the Sacred Hill amounts almost to a certainty.

Why, then, do we not try the experiment and solve the problem once for all? The task is not so easy as it may appear. In the first place, the area of the Temple of Jupiter was German property, and the Caffarelli Palace was the seat of the German Embassy until the outbreak of the late war. I have never experienced such thrilling moments of archæological joy as when I was deputed by the Government to superintend and direct the demolition of the said palace and the uncovering of the platform of the temple. Both tasks were accomplished in the space of a few weeks. The German Embassy—namely, the Caffarelli Palace—was made to disappear for ever, and the platform of tufa blocks, underneath which the treasure is buried, was exposed to view from end to end (Fig. VIII.). Unfortunately, we are ignorant of the precise point of the sacred area at which the ancients were wont to lay their *corner-stones*, if I may make use of such a word in my complete ignorance of its genuine significance. Was it really at the right-hand front corner of the platform that the inaugural stone was sunk, or is it a conventional and rather modern expression without any determined significance? A corner-stone of a famous Roman edifice has already been found. I refer to the discovery, made on April 1, 1531, in the lowest foundations of the Temple of Janus, between the Senate House and the Basilica Æmilia, of a round bronze receptacle, divided into three compartments filled with ashes, a drawing of which I have discovered in a sketch-book of Antonio da Sangallo the Younger preserved in the Uffizi. He says that the round cinerarium rested on a great block of marble, flanked by two blocks of travertine, and that above it there remained *in situ* a base of one of the columns of the temple. Marliano mentions another find, "magnæ æreorum nummorum copiæ." Here we have, therefore, all the particulars certifying the exactness of the account given by Tacitus—the corner-stone, the cinerarium with the ashes of the bull, of the sow, and of the sheep, and the great mass of coins. And if we bear in mind that the base of one of the columns of the temple was found *in situ*, above the inaugural stone (Fig. VII.), our task is made easier by the knowledge we possess of the location of the front line of the columns of the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol.

I do not know whether the proper investigation will be made by those who have the power to do it. It is my firm belief that, sooner or later, the hidden treasure will come to light, and I do hope that whoever may take advantage of its discovery will not forget that I have foreseen and anticipated it in an article published on Jan. 28, 1894.

ROME, *April* 1922.



FIG. II.—THE GOD WHO PRESIDED OVER THE FATE OF ROME FOR MANY CENTURIES: A TERRACOTTA HEAD OF JUPITER (A PHOTOGRAPH HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED).

This bust was discovered by Sir Savile Lumley (afterwards Lord Savile) in excavations near Civita Lavinia (ancient Lanuvium), at a place called Villa Collicola.

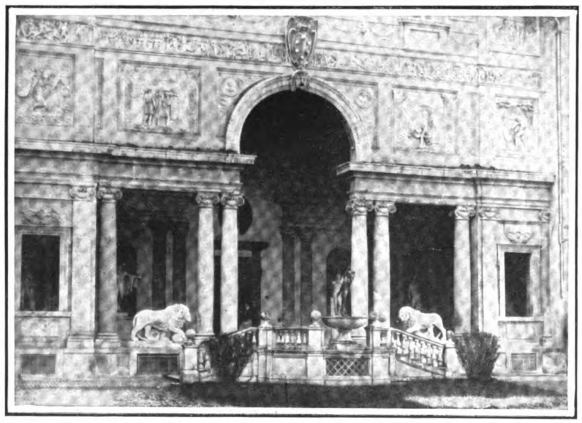


FIG. III.—SHOWING A LION (ON THE RIGHT) CARVED BY FLAMINIO VACCA OUT OF A SINGLE BLOCK FROM THE CAPITOLINE TEMPLE OF JUPITER: THE VILLA MEDICI AT ROME.

Photographs by Courtesy of Professor Rodolfo Lanciani.

HIDING VAST TREASURE OF VESPASIAN'S DAY? THE CAPITOL AT ROME.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR RODOLFO LANCIANI.

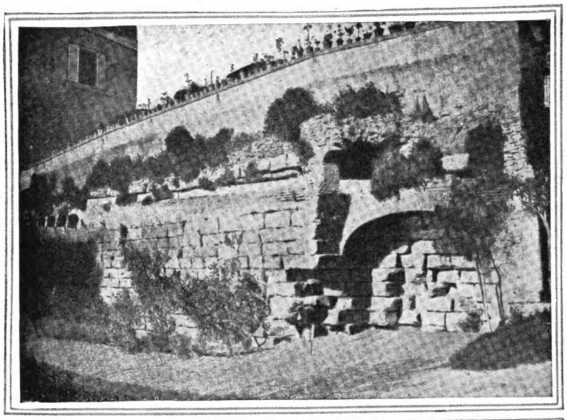


FIG. IV.—HORIZONTALLY INTACT, AND PROBABLY STILL COVERING THE CAPITOLINE TREASURE: THE PLATFORM OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER IN THE CAFFARELLI GARDEN.

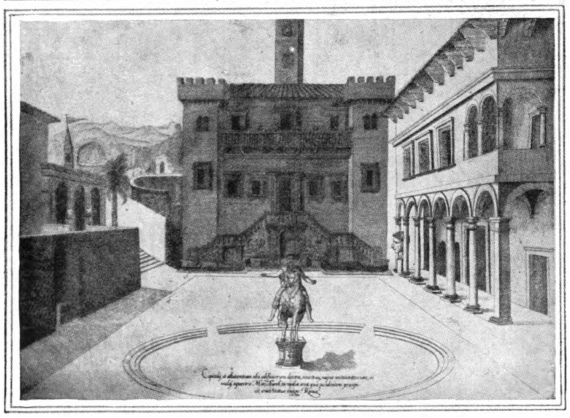


FIG. V.—AS IT WAS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: THE PALACE OF THE CONSERVATORI (WHO WOULD HAVE KNOWN HAD THE TREASURE BEEN FOUND).

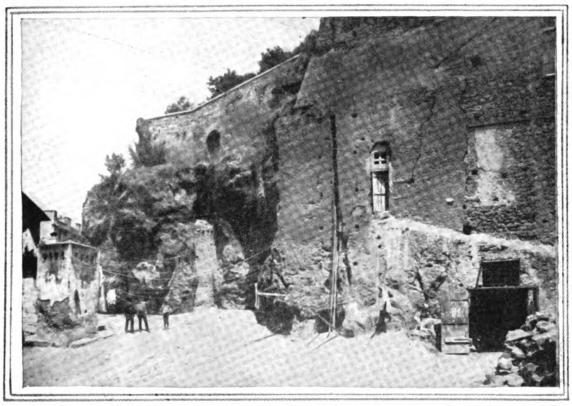


FIG. VI.—TYPICAL OF THE STONE FROM WHICH THE GREAT BLOCKS OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER WERE CUT: THE TUFA CLIFF OF THE CAPITOL (WEST SIDE).

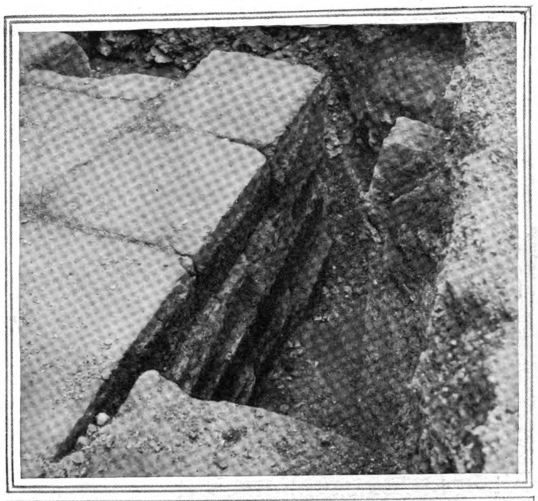


FIG. VII.—PROBABLY COVERING THE INAUGURAL STONE AND THE GREAT DEDICATION TREASURE OF GOLD AND SILVER: THE S.-E. CORNER OF THE TEMPLE PLATFORM

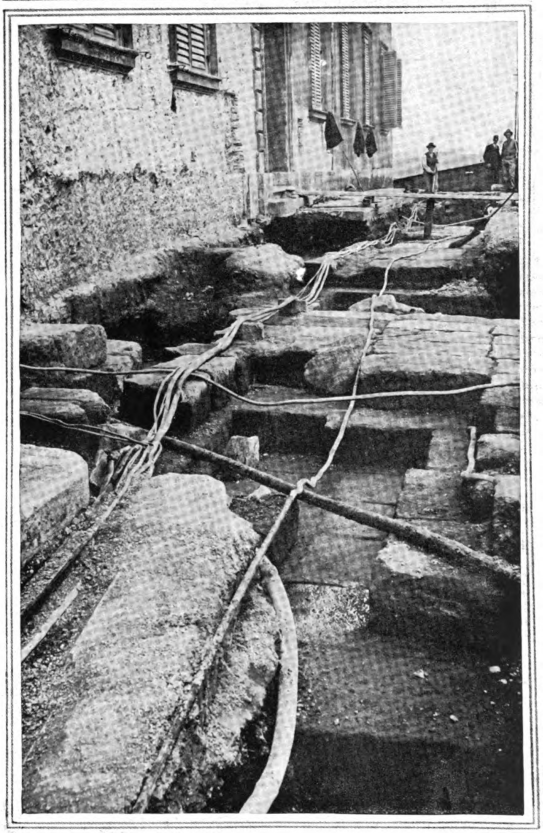
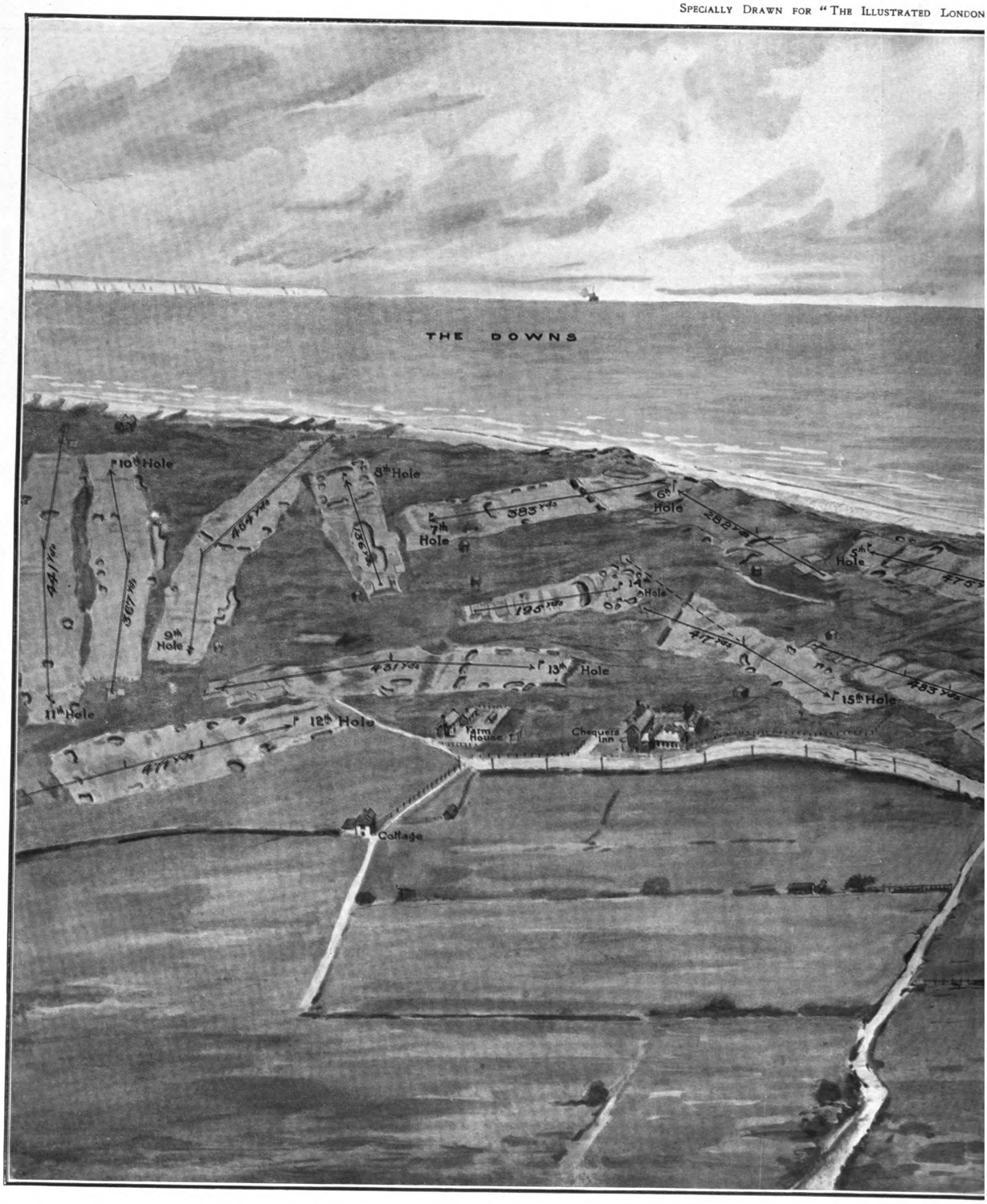


FIG. VIII.—EXPOSED BY THE DEMOLITION OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY WHOSE PIPES AND CABLES ARE SHOWN: THE TEMPLE PLATFORM OF TUFA BLOCKS (NORTH SIDE).

While visiting the antiquities of Rome during the last few days, the King and Queen will no doubt have heard the story of the vast treasure believed to be still lying beneath the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol. It is a classical romance of the first order, and quite thrilling, as Professor Lanciani relates it in his article on the opposite page. The treasure consisted of a mass of gold and silver nuggets, the dedicatory offerings of Imperial Rome at the great rebuilding of the temple by Vespasian in 71 A.D. The original masonry of the temple platform, covering the foundation stone, where the treasure must lie, was recently found to be still intact. It was an outcome of the war, and Italy's entry on the side of the Allies, that the discovery was made, for the temple site was beneath the German Embassy in the Caffarelli Palace. Professor Lanciani was entrusted with its demolition, which he carried out with "archæological joy," and under it he found the ruins of the great shrine to which, in far-off days, the path of piety led "up to the everlasting gates of Capitoline Jove." The first results of the demolition were illustrated in our issue of December 17, 1921. In Fig. V. above is seen a bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius.

FOR THE FIRST TIME THE "ARENA" OF THE AMATEUR

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON

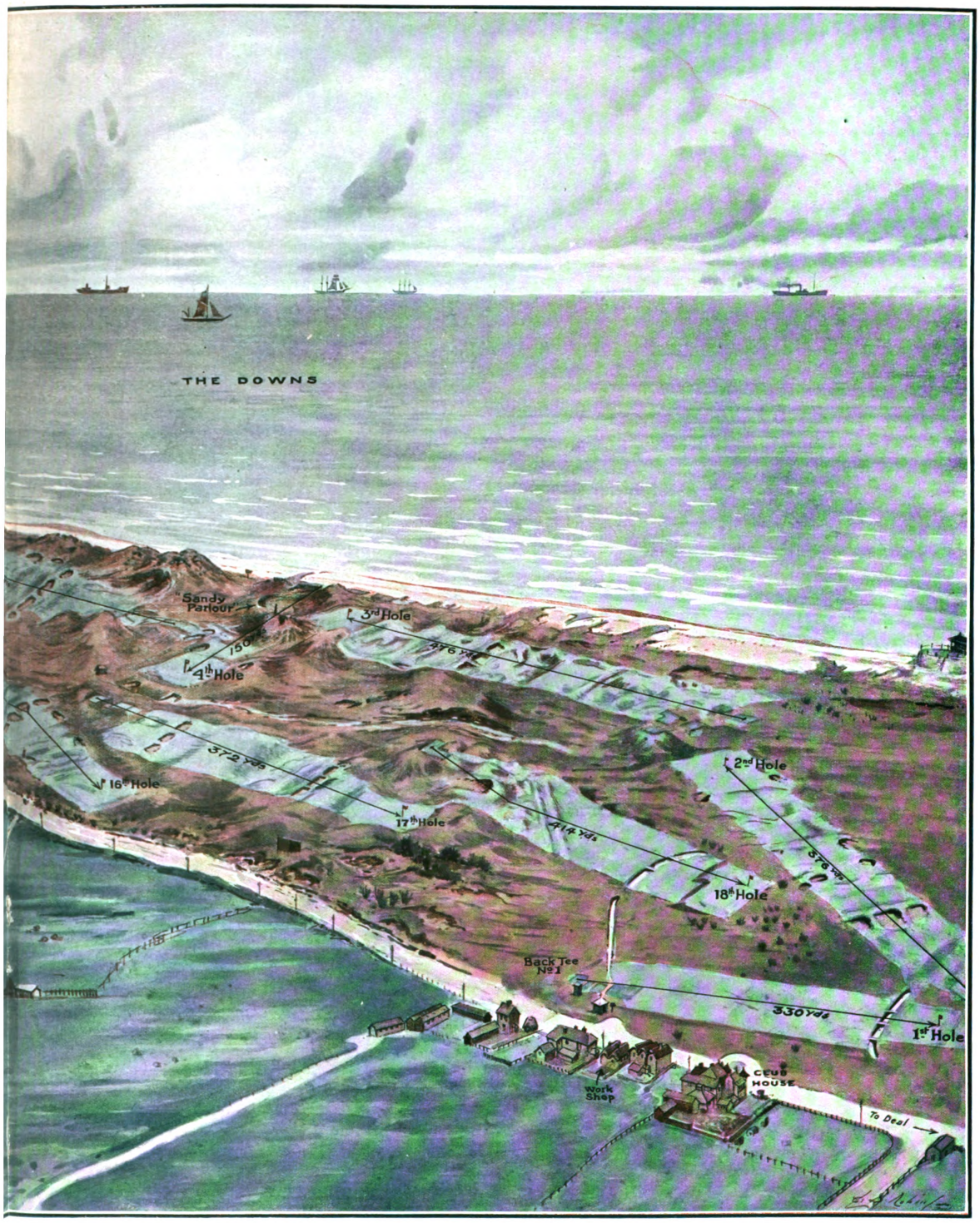


SHOWING THE POSITIONS AND DISTANCES OF THE EIGHTEEN HOLES: A PICTO CHOSEN FOR THIS YEAR'S A

The Amateur Golf Championship meeting was arranged to begin on May 7 on the course of the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club, about a mile and a half from Deal. There were 209 entries, including 14 from the United States. The American golfers arrived at Southampton in the "Mauretania" on April 23. The Cinque Ports course, as our illustration shows, lies along the shore of the Channel, and has all the characteristics of seaside links, with natural sandy bunkers. The Deal course has never before been chosen as the scene of the Amateur Championship, though it has been played on the neighbouring course at Sandwich, and the Open Championship took place at Deal in 1909 and 1920. Last year's Amateur Championship was played at Prestwick, and was won by Mr. E. W. E. Holderness. The

GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: A FAMOUS SOUTH COAST COURSE.

EWS" BY W. B. ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHTED.)



RIAL DIAGRAM OF THE ROYAL CINQUE PORTS GOLF COURSE NEAR DEAL, MATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

positions and distances (under championship conditions) of the holes on the Cinque Ports course are shown in the above drawing. It may be of interest to add the Bogey figures for the eighteen holes, which are as follows—Out—(1) 4; (2) 5; (3) 5; (4) 3; (5) 5; (6) 4; (7) 4; (8) 3; (9) 5; total (Out), 38. Home—(10) 4; (11) 5; (12) 5; (13) 5; (14) 3; (15) 5; (16) 5; (17) 4; and (18) 5; total (Home), 41. Total (Out and Home), 79. In that delightful book, "The Golf Courses of the British Isles," by Bernard Darwin, illustrated by Harry Rountree, we read: "The golf at Deal is very good indeed—fine, straight-ahead, long-hitting golf, wherein the fives are likely to be many and the fours few. . . . The difficulty lies in hitting far enough, and not so much in the intrinsic terrors of the holes."

"Onekspected" Inns: Grog and Log and Bed of Down.

"DICKENSIAN INNS AND TAVERNS." By B. W. MATZ.*

YEARS ago there stood in an obscure part of the Fens eastward of Ely, "where the wandering traveller would not expect to meet with public entertainment," *The Onekspected Inn*. Dickens did not know it—he did not write of it! Strange, when you think of it, for none could have keener nose for the Onekspected: all his inns and taverns, his hotels, his beer-houses and his drinking-shops have the enviable characteristic, if not in themselves, in their frequenters or in the birds of passage who alighted at them and passed on. Pity 'tis 'tis true. It would have completed and rounded off his tally. Indeed, had he stumbled upon it, he might well have echoed that estimable female, Sairey Gamp, when, replete with pickled salmon and cowcumber, butter and a mossel of cheese, the Brighton Tipper and not more than a shilling's-worth of gin and water warm, she was impelled to utter unctuously: "What a blessed thing it is—living in a wale—to be contented!"

As it is, his record is stupendous. "There seems to have been a positive allurement about an inn or tavern for Dickens which he could not resist. He lingered over the most decrepit and lonely public-house, such as the dirty Three Cripples, the resort of Bill Sikes, as he did over the sumptuous Pavilion Hotel at Folkestone." . . . In most cases he found reflection of his cheery optimism; grog and log after great-coat and mufflers and the straw of the jolting coach; blazing fire, drawn curtains, mulled port,



WHERE DICKENS STAYED WHEN SEEKING LOCAL COLOUR FOR "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY": THE KING'S HEAD, BARNARD CASTLE.—[*Photograph by T. W. Tyrrell.*]

punch, and the best of beef; plump landlord, beaming landlady tight as a gooseberry; the gay light of candles; and a bed of down round which the ruddy shadows flickered, dancing the guest to sleep. In others, not even his charity could find a pleasing thing. Is there not that deliberately unlocated and falsely-named 'Bull's Head' of 'The Uncommercial Traveller'—unlocated and falsely named, the law of libel being strong in the land—of which the novelist was constrained to write: 'Take the old-established Bull's Head with its old-established knife-boxes on its old-established sideboards, its old-established flue under its old-established four-post bedsteads in its old-established airless rooms, its old-established frowziness upstairs and downstairs, its old-established cookery, and its old-established principles of plunder. Count up your injuries, in its side-dishes of ailing sweetbreads in white poultices, of apothecaries' powders in rice for curry, of pale stewed bits of calf ineffectually relying for an adventitious interest on force-meat balls. You have had experience of the old-established Bull's Head stringy fowls, with lower extremities like wooden legs sticking up out of the dish; of its cannibalistic boiled mutton, gushing horribly among its capers, when carved; of its little dishes of pastry—roots of spermaceti ointment erected over half an apple or four gooseberries. Well for you if you have yet forgotten the old-established Bull's Head fruity port; whose reputation was gained solely by the old-established price the Bull's Head put upon it and by the old-established air with which the Bull's Head set the glasses and d'oyleys on, and held that Liquid Gout to the three-and-sixpenny wax candles, as if its old-established colour hadn't come from the dyers.'"

But that, as we all know, was the exception. Weighing the other scale deep down are the Holly Tree, where the Boots, taking a chair and something in a liquid form, recalled the story of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walmers; The Saracen's Head, at Snow Hill, where Squeers collected the ill-fated youngsters for Dotheboys Hall; the Maypole at Chigwell; the old George at Salisbury, model for that tavern at which Tom Pinch "fell to work upon a well-cooked steak and smoking hot potatoes"; the London Tavern, which kept the turtles for its soup swimming in tanks—two tons at a time—and housed the "United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company"; the Blue Dragon, By Mrs. Lupin; Jack Straw's Castle; the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters (the Grapes, Limehouse); the King's Arms, Lancaster, with its nightly dish of wedding-cake; and many, many another.

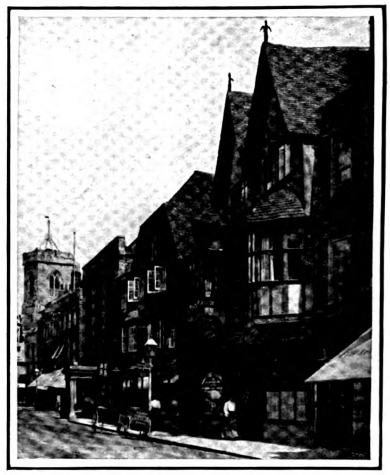
All of them Dickens loved. Most of them existed. Some were built by the master's fancy, mosaics whose pieces were garnered in many parts. Some still stand, terribly changed by the "mirrers, me'ogany, and stained glass" of a vulgar age. Some remain almost unaltered—a lucky few.

Of those of "Pickwick," our author wrote a while ago; now he has turned to the rest and is equally happy. He delves not only into the Dickens associations, but into history, and ever with excellent effect. The facts as they appear in the fiction are, of course, his first care; but he does not disdain the others.

Take his notes on the Saracen's Head Inn, on Snow (or Snore) Hill, which dated from the twelfth century, and stood two or three doors from St. Sepulchre's. According to the fifteenth-century Benedictine John Lydgate, author of "The London Lyckpenny," it would appear that, "when Richard Cœur-de-Lion returned from the Third Crusade in 1194, he approached the city of London and entered it by the New Gate, on the west. Being much fatigued by his long journey, the weary monarch, on arriving at Snow Hill, outside the gate, stopped at an inn there and called loudly to a tapster for refreshment. He drank rather freely, 'untille ye hedde of ye Kinge did swimme ryghte royallie.' He then began laying about him right and left with a battle-axe, to the 'astoundemente and dyscomfythure of ye courtierres.' Upon which one of the Barons said, 'I wish hys majestie hadde ye hedde of a Saracen before hym juste now, for I trowe he woulde play ye deuce wyth itte.' Thereupon the King paid all the damage and gave permission that the inn should be called 'Ye Saracen's Hedde.'" A good story—true or not!

The inn became a great institution. In 1522, Charles V. of Germany stayed there; his retinue occupied three hundred beds, and stabling for forty horses was provided. In 1666 the Great Fire destroyed it, but it arose from its ashes. "In 1672, John Bunyan, after his release from Bedford Gaol, paid frequent visits to London by coach to the Saracen's Head, and it is recorded that he spent several nights within its hospitable walls." Dean Swift knew it too; and Nelson, who, a youngster of twelve, stayed a night there before making his first voyage in a merchant ship in 1770. In Dickens's day it was not only a great coaching centre, but Sarah Ann Mountain, who kept it, had a coach factory. "One of her advertisements announced that 'Good, comfortable stage-coaches, with lamps' could be purchased at '110 to 120 guineas.'"

Next, the Maypole (The King's Head, Chigwell), famous through "Barnaby Rudge." "History tells us that about 1713 the King's Head was used for sittings of the Court of Attachments, and that farther back in 1630 'the Bailiff of the Forests was directed to summon the Constables to appear before the Forest Officers, for the purposes of an election,' at the 'house of Bibby,' which probably was no other than what became the King's Head at Chigwell. . . . The



MODEL FOR THE INN IN WHICH TOM PINCH AWAITED MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT: THE OLD GEORGE HOTEL, SALISBURY.—[*Photograph by T. W. Tyrrell.*]

same writer also mentions 'an arched recess in the cellar, made to hold the wine which served for the needs of the Officers of the Forest, after the graver labours of the day.'"

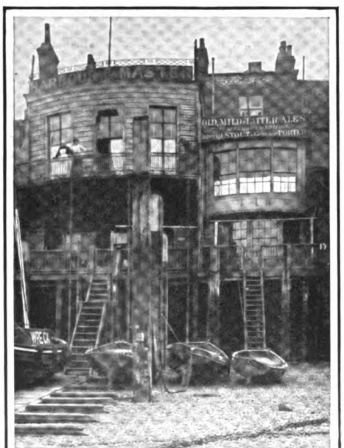
And so to the Fountain, at Canterbury: "'The inns in England are the best in Europe, those in Canterbury are the best in England, and the Fountain wherein I am now lodged as handsomely as I were in the King's palace the best in Canterbury.' So wrote the Ambassador of the Emperor of Germany to his master on the occasion of his visit to this country to attend the marriage ceremony of Edward I. to his second Queen, Margaret of France, in Canterbury Cathedral on the 12th of September, 1299.

"The Royal Fountain Hotel . . . is one of the oldest inns in England; indeed, it is so old as to claim that the wife of Earl Godwin, when she came to meet her husband on his return from Denmark in the year 1029, stayed there. It also claimed to have been the temporary residence of Archbishop Lanfranc whilst his palace was being built in 1070; and there is a legend associated with it that the four knights who murdered Thomas à Becket made it their rendezvous in 1170."

Then the Rainbow, in Fleet Street, which was "the second house in London to sell coffee and was at one time kept by a Mr. Farr, who was prosecuted for the nuisance caused by the odious smell in the roasting of the berry"!

Finally, for the purposes of these notes, the King's Arms, Lancaster, where Dickens and Wilkie Collins found a strange custom of the house: an enormous wedding-cake always served with the evening's hearty meal, a cake accounted for by—but that would spoil the story. To the book!

E. H. G.



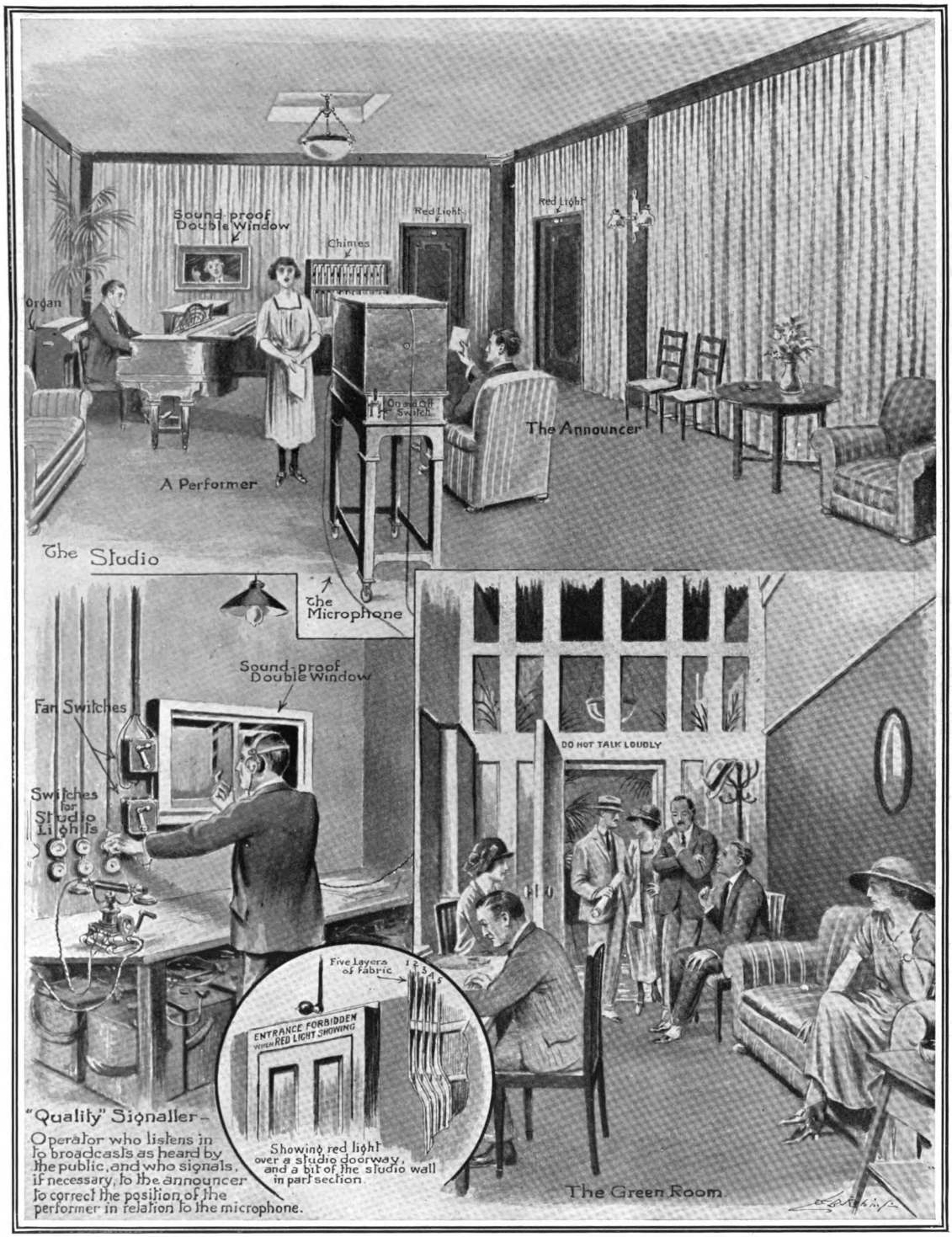
THE SIX JOLLY FELLOWSHIP-PORTERS OF "OUR MUTUAL FRIEND": THE GRAPES INN, LIME-HOUSE.—[*Photograph by T. W. Tyrrell.*]

Illustrations Reproduced from "Dickensian Inns and Taverns," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Cecil Palmer.

* "Dickensian Inns and Taverns." By B. W. Matz. Editor of "The Dickensian"; Author of "The Inns and Taverns of 'Pickwick,'" etc. Illustrated. (Cecil Palmer; 10s. 6d. net.)

"LONDON SPEAKING": THE SOURCE OF BROADCAST ENTERTAINMENTS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



"BLANKETED" TO PREVENT ECHOES: THE NEW LONDON STUDIO OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING COMPANY.

Those of our readers who are "listeners-in" to broadcast wireless entertainments—and their name, no doubt, is legion—will be interested to see, in the above drawings, the actual source from which the sounds emanate. The scene is the new London studio of the British Broadcasting Company, at 2, Savoy Hill. In the centre is the microphone, with a performer singing into it, and her accompanist on the left. On the right sits the announcer, who gives out the familiar announcements prefaced by the words, "London speaking." In the left background is the "quality" signaller, behind a double glass window. He hears the performance just as a listener-in hears it, through a receiving-set, and, if the sound is faulty, signals with his hand to the announcer, who, in turn, motions to the performer to come nearer to the microphone, or go further away, as required. Red lights indicate to those within that the microphone is open and no sounds but the performance must be made, and to those outside that the doors must not be opened. The room is thoroughly proof against external sound. The walls are built with three layers of fabric and lined with hangings, while the ceiling is also "blanketed" and the floor covered with a heavy carpet. The object is to prevent echoes, which would impair transmission. In this room are given performances of every kind—songs, lectures, addresses, humorous turns, or orchestral music.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

A "PILLAR" OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE: "THE ROCK" BY NIGHT.



MR. KENNETH D. SHOESMITH'S fine picture, "Gibraltar by Night," is one of the gems of the present Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours (195, Piccadilly), which will remain open until the end of May. The picture presents a fresh and very striking aspect of the famous Rock, which in ancient times was one of the Pillars of Hercules, and for over two hundred years has been one of the "pillars" of the British Empire, since its capture by Sir George Rooke on July 24, 1704, during the War of the Spanish Succession. It was afterwards attacked repeatedly by the Spaniards. It withstood a long siege in 1726, but the greatest siege in its history was that which lasted from 1779 to 1783, when it was gallantly held by Lord Heathfield against the combined forces of Spain and France. Gibraltar is of immense importance as a naval base, commanding the Mediterranean, and as a coaling station. It is a Crown Colony, and the present Governor is General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. The Rock of Gibraltar is a great promontory of brownish-grey limestone or marble, connected with the mainland of Spain by a low-lying isthmus, and there is a zone of neutral ground between it and the Spanish lines. In shape the Rock is like an enormous lion, three miles long and about 1400 ft. high, except on the western side, where it slopes more gradually to the sea. At the southern end (seen on the right in the picture) is Europa Point, with a lighthouse and signal station. The town has three main divisions—the North Town, South Town, and the Lighthouse.

FROM THE PAINTING, "GIBRALTAR BY NIGHT" BY KENNETH D. SHOESMITH, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THE authoritative "LIFE OF SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON" (Heinemann; 21s.) has a special claim to mention on this page; for it was at the request of *The Illustrated London News* that Shackleton made his maiden effort in writing for the Press. His article, issued as a special supplement to this journal, gave an account of his first Antarctic experiences, as a member of Scott's expedition on the *Discovery*. Lieutenant Shackleton was at that time quite unpractised in writing, and he found it uphill work, but he immediately gave promise of that graphic and virile style which he was afterwards to develop.

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In the Antarctic he had read much in the admirable ship's library, the gift of London publishers to the expedition. There he had discovered and assimilated Browning, whose poetry had taken an extraordinary hold upon his imagination—so strong a hold, in fact, that Browning could not be kept out of the memorial. All through Shackleton's later life, that poet's teaching coloured the explorer's thought. Nor is this surprising. He was himself—

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break. . . .
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

I was not actually present when Shackleton dictated his first article in this office; but in an adjacent room I heard from hour to hour how it was going, and how stern and dogged were his wrestlings with the unfamiliar task. Hitherto he had been a man of action, rather than a man of words, but it was not long before he proved that he could translate action into fitting language. His work was all the better that he was not a professional scribe. Accounts of high adventure are most successful when they are left to some actual participant, who is not in the first instance a writer. Expeditions need not trouble to take out an official reporter. They can produce the right man at need, as was proved recently in the Mount Everest affair.

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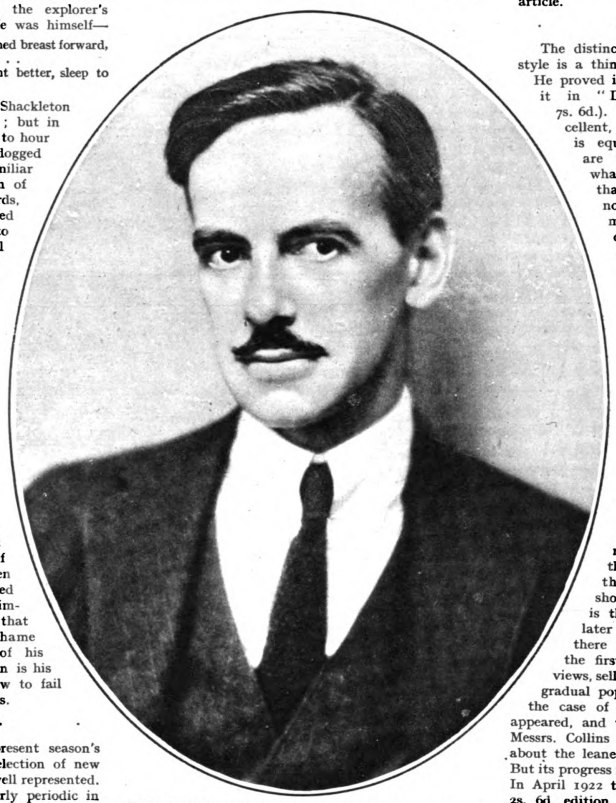
Mr. Hugh Robert Mill's biography of Shackleton is a just and intensely engrossing study of a remarkable personality. The explorer was a man of indomitable courage, to whom the Fates granted much, but denied him, by an ace, the chief prizes for which he strove. But even when he missed the most cherished achievement, he never failed either himself or his comrades. He resembled that old Spaniard of whom Mr. Cunninghame Graham says in one of the wisest of his essays: "What I like about this man is his life [of sturdy failure." To know how to fail sturdily is not the least part of success.

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Novel-readers will find in the present season's publishing lists a wide and varied selection of new stories. Both old hands and new are well represented. Mr. H. A. Vachell, who is as regularly periodic in his orbit as a planet, offers "THE YARD" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), another story of dealing—horse, not furniture-dealing this time; and from the same publishing house comes "TIME IS WHISPERING" (7s. 6d.), by Elizabeth Robins, who makes a welcome reappearance with a story of an elderly courtship, told with all the writer's delicate insight. Messrs. Hutchinson also issue Mr. Stephen McKenna's new novel, "THE COMMANDMENT OF MOSES" (7s. 6d.), a problem book in which an old theme, the unwanted child, is handled in a new and original way, the awkward entity being evaded, but the price having to be paid just the same. In the same list will be found Mr. De Vere Stacpoole's "VANDERDECKEN" (7s. 6d), a romance with all the familiar qualities of this tried and trusted author's best work; and a comparatively new writer, Mr. Selwyn Jepson, son of Mr. Edgar Jepson, makes his third bow in fiction with "THAT FELLOW MACARTHUR" (7s. 6d.). Mr. Selwyn Jepson is taking his place among the diligent and assiduous young men. It seems only yesterday that I read and enjoyed his first book—a buried-treasure story, with humorous pictures of a popular fiction factory—and here he is rapidly (I hope not too rapidly) filling up his shelf. He has a light and pleasant touch and may be trusted for good entertainment.

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The already large public that admires Miss G. B. Stern (Mrs. Geoffrey Houldsworth) will find that the strong hand she showed just a year ago, in "The Room," is equally cunning and vigorous in "THE BACK SEAT" (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.). She has the modern style and appeals to the modern taste in social portraiture and light satire. A practitioner of much longer standing and older method in that vein, Mr. Percy White, is to the fore again with "MR. BAILEY MARTIN, O.B.E." (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), yet another chapter in the life of that agreeable rascal, the titular hero. Mr. White has somehow never quite got all the recognition he deserves. Perhaps professorial duties in Cairo University have not been altogether favourable to fiction, but Mr. White is a first-rate story-teller. When he came over the horizon with "Park Lane," more years ago than I care to count, that shrewd critic, the late L. F. Austin, told me he thought that in Mr. White we had a new Thackeray. If the prophecy has not been fulfilled, it is merely because Thackerays do not pass this way a second time. Mr. White can stand on his own individual merits, and his friends and admirers wish him a still wider public.



THE AUTHOR OF "ANNA CHRISTIE": MR. EUGENE O'NEILL, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN DRAMATIST WHOSE NEW PLAY HAS MADE A GREAT HIT IN LONDON. Mr. Eugene O'Neill, whose "Anna Christie" (at the Strand Theatre) shows great emotional power and insight into character, first took to dramatic writing in 1914, and has many other plays to his credit, including "Beyond the Horizon," "Thirst," and "The Moon of the Caribbees." He was born in New York in 1888, studied at Princeton and Harvard, was at sea two years, and has also been an actor and a reporter. In 1918 he married Miss Agnes B. Burton, of London.

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Messrs. Thornton Butterworth's list will be gratifying to lovers of Mary Johnston's fine and distinguished work, for it contains her new novel, "ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN-SEA" (7s. 6d.), a tale of Columbus, brilliant in its historical setting. American critics consider this the best book Miss Johnston has ever written, and readers on this side are likely to endorse that opinion. Another notable novel of the day is Mr. J. D. Beresford's "LOVE'S PILGRIM" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), where this writer shows once more his power to combine subtle psychological analysis with admirable story-telling. That is where Mr. Beresford's strength lies. Some of our analysts forget that the tale 's the thing. To the eligible candidates for your library list you should add Sapper's "THE DINNER CLUB" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.) a book of capital short stories. "Sapper" never disappoints; nor, for that matter, does "Bartimæus," whose "SEAWAYS" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.) is in the right breezy vein he has taught us to expect. Ibañez's "THE TORRENT" (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d.), Hergesheimer's "THE BRIGHT SHAWL" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), John Cournos's "BABEL" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), and Dorothy Canfield's "ROUGH HEWN" (Cape; 7s. 6d.) are also among the pick of the new novels, and things not to be missed. I hope to return to some of these in a later article.

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The distinction of Mr. Michael Sadleir's English style is a thing for which to thank heaven fasting. He proved it in "Privilege": he has maintained it in "DESOLATE SPLENDOUR" (Constable; 7s. 6d.). And where the manner is so excellent, the matter, with certain exceptions, is equally praiseworthy. The exceptions are the quite unnecessary obtrusions of what St. Paul so happily called "things that are not convenient." One need not specify them more clearly, but merely pass them by with a note of regret that a narrative otherwise so splendid, vital, and, at times, appropriately bizarre, should have been disturbed by dingy superfluities. The story of an elderly guardian's love for his young ward is thread-bare enough, but Mr. Sadleir has lifted it far above the commonplace. Viola Marvell and Charles Plethern are new and brilliant creations. They have brought Mr. Sadleir another stage along the road that is leading him to assured fame.

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What becomes, one often asks, of many meritorious first novels? They appear, are praised, and pass. Possibly they have successors, but no particular reputation results for the author. There are, to be sure, the big hits, bullseyes at the first shot, though these are rare; and there is the first book that floats at last on later successes of the author's. But there is another kind of fortune, that of the first novel which, in spite of good reviews, sells very slowly at the onset, but gains a gradual popularity. This is what happened in the case of Mr. John Paris's "Kimono," which appeared, and was heartily praised, in May 1921. Messrs. Collins say that the advance orders were about the leanest of any novel they had published. But its progress in the 7s. 6d. edition, if slow, was sure. In April 1922 the demand warranted the issue of a 2s. 6d. edition, of which 20,000 copies have been sold. The book has been translated into several languages. In October, Messrs. Collins will publish Mr. Paris's new novel, "Rice and Chop Sticks," which, like its predecessor, is a story of Japan.

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Mr. James Blackwood sends me the very welcome announcement that Messrs. Wm. Blackwood and Sons are issuing a Uniform Edition of the novels of Neil Munro in ten volumes at 3s. 6d. each. The great body of readers who appreciate Mr. Munro's superb art will not consider such an edition premature by a single day. It was in the halcyon 'Nineties that this great Scottish writer came on the literary scene. I first heard his name from the late George Douglas Brown, author of "The House with the Green Shutters." Brown, then unknown to fame, had read "The Lost Pibroch" before it was published, and he was vehemently enthusiastic over it. He called it "great stuff: the right stuff," and he was confident of its success. Nor did Brown err. Henley called Munro's work "most personal, most persuasive—in places merely exquisite." Lang said he "does what genius alone can do." Mr. Munro has always given of his best, and Art is justified of her children.



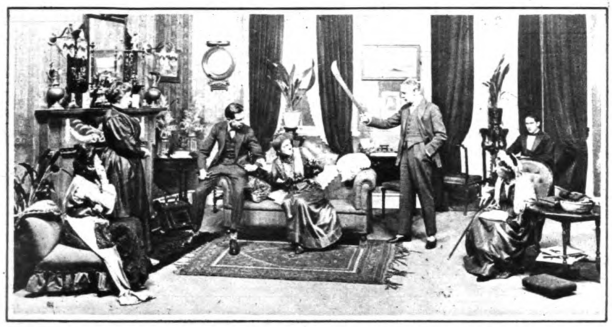
The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.



ENEMIES OF THE THEATRE.—THEATRICAL DEPRESSION.

WHEN one hears of the enemy of the theatre, the first thought is of the Censor, the next of the so-called "Nonconformist conscience." The latter, difficult to locate, may remain undiscussed, the more



A BOARDING-HOUSE COMEDY THAT HAS MADE GOOD: MR. DERMOTT (MR. DENNIS EADIE) BRANDISHES A WEAPON OVER MISS SHOE (MISS JEAN CADELL) IN "AT MRS. BEAM'S" AT THE ROYALTY.

Mr. C. K. Munro's comedy of boarding-house life, "At Mrs. Beam's," first produced by the Stage Society, and then at the Everyman, has since had a notable success at the Royalty. In our photograph the characters are (l. to r.): Mrs. Bebb (Miss Frances Wetherall), Mrs. Beam (Miss Maud Jolliffe), James Bebb (Mr. Raymond Massey), Miss Shoe (Miss Jean Cadell), Mr. Dermott, the gentleman "crook" (Mr. Dennis Eadie), Miss Cheezle (Miss Margaret Watson), and Colin Langford (Mr. William Monk).—[*Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.*]

so as there is a progressive *rapprochement* between the Church and the Stage. The former, the Censor, much assailed at the beginning of the century, shows such latitude that he may be considered nowadays as a guardian against license, instead of an obstruction to liberty. Nor do we hear latterly the old cry, "Abolish the Censor!" for the very good reason that if the Lord Chamberlain were to lose his control we should come under the heel of the police, and what that means can only be realised by those familiar with the procedure abroad. Heyermans in Holland, Schnitzler in Vienna (and Berlin), could unfold such tales as would make us feel happy under our present *régime*, governed not only by the Lord Chamberlain and the Reader of Plays, but by a council of men of the theatre, from whom liberality of views may be reasonably expected.

But there is another enemy within the gates, and that is the Law, which administers a different sauce to the goose and the gander. To put it in a few words: You may go to a concert hall or kinema on Sundays and pay at the door; but if you wish to go to the theatre on Sundays, you must be a member of a society. Of the technical reasons of differentiation we have no cognisance; but the fact is patent, and it stands in the way of progress. Take, for instance, the case of the Shakespeare Fellowship, a band of enthusiastic young actors who, under the presidency of Mr. Arthur Bourchier, have clubbed together to devote their day of leisure to the worship of the Bard for the benefit of the people.

Now, the object of the Fellowship is Shakespearean propaganda at such prices as would meet the purses of the working classes. If the doors were open to the passer-by—and the box-office during the week—that would be easy and practicable. Many people dislike being bound by dates, and prefer to go to the theatre on the spur of the moment. Moreover, subscription means the paying of a—to some—not inconsiderable sum down; or, if it were payable in instalments, a costly administration, postage, etc. Unless much money is expended to reach the millions of the Metropolis, the subscribers are likely to remain limited in number, for the very simple reason that the majority do not know what is going on in the great city. Abroad, where they do these things better, the success of the People's Theatre is the possibility of buying seats anywhere at any time. Result, that the throng attends at such low prices as to make the two ends meet and a little over. On subscription, and having regard to the demands of the stage-hands, such a happy issue is fairly doubtful.

Of course, the law being a "hass," it is possible to pull its tail. When, some thirty years ago, we opened the Royalty Opéra Comique for Sunday entertainments in defiance of the law, we found a back-door. We made the nearest tobacconist or sweet-shop keeper a member of our society, and, as the Statutes ordained that any member could buy tickets *ad lib.*, it soon became bruited abroad how and where the tickets were obtainable. So all those who were not in a position to subscribe simply went "next door" and got what they wanted. It is a humiliating situation. The concert, kinema, to say nothing of the "pub," are Everyman's domain on Sundays; the theatre can only be opened by stratagem.

Surely it is time to break with these remnants of die-hard national conservatism. Here is a chance for a Labour M.P. to make a name by pressing a claim which is a public need of the classes as well as the masses.



A COMEDY OF FILM-MAKING: MERTON GILL (MR. TOM DOUGLAS) AND THE MONTAGUE GIRL (MISS PATRICIA COLLINGE) IN "MERTON OF THE MOVIES," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]

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There is no doubt about it: on the whole, the theatres are doing badly. Last week I heard of a West End house where the evening receipts amounted to £1 15s. (whether there were any pence was not stated), but I know that the rent per week is about £200. This figure of an evening's harvest, however, may seem the extreme of absurdity, but it is significant; and if box-office secrets were revealed we would probably learn that, at a liberal computation, not more than half our theatres pay their way.

What is the cause?

The usual reply is, "Because the plays are inferior." Is that so? Of course, there are always bad plays in the week's programme—and some of them succeed in spite of all the wailing. But look at the list now current! I could name a dozen plays in London worth seeing, and certainly far above the post-war standard of 1920-21. Some of them are light fare, some revues, and for these there is always a public; but others—"R.U.R.," "The Gay Lord Quex," "Love in Pawn," "Polly," "Anna Christie," just a few titles that tell—are of quality, entertaining as well as appealing to the intellect. Yet quality is no guarantee of commercial success. Did not Mr. Percy's "Trespasses"—infinitely better than a good many other plays—die of inanition after five days?

The real root of the matter lies in two causes—outward influences and excessive prices.

The outward influences grow daily in power. Our theatres are always under the clouds of public events, including the weather, if it may be called an event. National festivities, from football to races, increasing in frequency, are enemies of the theatre. Formerly they may have been friends: one used to go to the theatre after a day's sport, or a royal wedding, or the visit of a foreign potentate. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* The wealthy go to gala dinners and dances; the less-endowed dance too or fill the kinema; the young bloods that used to enliven the promenades at the Alhambra and the Empire frequent the night-clubs; the theatre becomes an afterthought. Again, when the weather has its spell of nasty moods, the dancing hall, the kinema—in the case of the suburbs the local theatre—are close at hand, if out one must go, and they save the tedious bus or train journey. Or if the sun shines prematurely and long, with summer-time to boot, the garden at home, the river-side pleasures, the bus-ride, are a ready excuse to let the theatre severely alone. For—and thus influence number two links in—the theatre is too dear; the tax, which the visitor pays without a murmur while the managers growl about it, makes itself felt; and even if the tax were removed, the stalls and the dress-circle would be too dear for the majority when Budgets are no longer what they were pre-war. Hence, if you look well around, you will see the stalls and dress-circle sparsely filled, whereas the upper circle is now frequented by many who are not too proud and used to go to the balcony, and the pit and gallery are over-full, for their patrons are the people who have the theatre habit, who love the theatre, and who would rather forgo any other pleasure than that of the play. This is so true that plays could be named which had to be withdrawn because there was practically little public for the high-priced seats and not enough room to supply the demand in the upper-circle, pit, and gallery.

The whole question is, therefore, one of economics, and the remedy is the "axe," which has operated in every walk of life except the theatre. And so long as that axe does not fall upon rents, salaries, wages, hire of scenery, and "props," it would seem impossible, so the managers say, to lower the prices. Yet, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, I believe that a manager who would begin by "axing" the prices of admission would probably find less room and more company in his theatre.



THE FILM-STRUCK ASSISTANT REHEARSING WITH TWO DUMMIES IN HIS EMPLOYER'S STORE: MR. TOM DOUGLAS AS MERTON GILL IN "MERTON OF THE MOVIES."—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN



Polished chrome leather makes this attractive motoring coat from Aquascutum, 126, Regent Street. It is lined with teddy-bear fleece cloth.

WHAT will the art critics say about the Academy this year? I write before they have had time to record their wicked, or otherwise, remarks. The general public will, one imagines, suffer from lack of interest in the pictures as a whole. Horses were what I liked best—Lucy Kemp-Welch's and Munnings' horses. Next to them the sculpture attracted me. A statuette of the Prince of Wales after a game of squash-racquets, racquet under arm, cigarette in half-outstretched hand, Fair Isle sweater, and all complete, even to the creases in his trousers; it was charming. A bust of the late American Ambassador, George Harvey, I loved—perhaps because I 've grown to love his memory through his "Life and Letters." "Courage Bringing Victory" is an inspiring model for a bronze statue. There are portraits galore, as the Irish say, and, judging by the remarks about them at the private view, they are good, bad, and indifferent. One is of our superb-looking Queen—just like enough to make one wish it wasn't!

Travellers returning from the sunny land of Spain seem to have found that there is something in the rhyme of childhood, "Rain, rain, go to Spain": a considerable amount seems to have gone and also to have stayed there. On the whole, however, Spain seemed to have had quite a salutary effect on some friends just returned. As everything was anything from an hour to two hours late, they are less exigent as to punctuality in their own households. They asked a head waiter in Seville why everything was so late. "Not everything," said he. "Ze trains and ze bull-fight to ze very moment." Much struck were they by the Spaniards' enthusiasm for their English Queen, and by their courtesy and kindness to English visitors, probably in consequence thereof. The Queen of Spain is, they say, a wonderful worker, always about among the people doing something for them. The method of salute to royalty struck these Britons as rather odd. It looked like a mixture of bows, shrugs, and wriggles, but it was always conscientiously gone through, even to the royal children, and at San Sebastian to the ex-Empress Zita and her children, who are staying there very quietly. King Alfonso is adored by the people too.

"To meet the Society of Women Journalists"—so ran the invitation sent out by Viscountess Burnham for an evening quite recently at Princes Galleries. At first sight it looked as if the said society included a percentage of men unusually large on such occasions. There was Viscount Burnham himself, genially welcoming everyone, with his pretty, graceful wife, who wore black and diamonds and pearls, with some soft fawn-coloured tulle in her hair. Then, apparently, in Journal-land every lassie of whatever age had her laddie, and there were even a few to spare, It was a pretty party—interesting pictures to look at. an excellent band to listen to, and a sit-down supper for 140 guests at a time. There were some well-known people there, and everyone liked to see them. No host and hostess could have been more truly hospitable; so Lady Burnham scored a great success, and the Society of Women Journalists must have clapped itself very cordially on the back, if societies can perform such acrobatic exercises.

Princess Mary, before going off to Newmarket, opened the Royal Amateur Art Exhibition to the public. There was so much desire to see her Royal Highness that it was with some difficulty that she could be piloted to her place through serried masses of—chiefly—ladies. The Princess wore the largest hat I have ever seen her in. It was black tulle and lace, with sapphire-blue ribbons threaded round the brim, about an inch from the edge. She looked charming when the hat was at an angle at which one could see her. Only the stereotyped opening words were hers, but if she did not say much, she smiled the more. Her coat and skirt were light-grey, with soft-blue embroidery. The Princess has a new Lady-in-Waiting, instead of the Countess of Cavan. She is Miss Sylvia Kenyon Slaney, only daughter of Lady Mabel Kenyon-Slaney, whose son married the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn's eldest daughter. Princess Mary makes little demand on "her Lady," as she goes unattended, save to ceremonies, and is, indeed, usually with her husband.

When things prove attractive to womenkind, they are sought after to aid charities. There were, last week, two dress parades in aid of good causes. It is rather a luxurious method of becoming intimately acquainted with Madame La Mode to meet her, in all her pleasant aspects, over a delightful tea, and to become quite friendly with her and appreciative of her varied charms to the strains of a string band. No more decided differences of opinion were ever demonstrated in an acrimonious debate in Parliament than were expressed with politeness and courtesy on these occasions. The merits of the spring of a Court train; the width of a wedding-dress—this, indeed, moved one woman to the remark of the young woman from Yarrow ("Who said with a smile, As she stuck in the aisle: 'They build these here churches too narrow.'")—the question of a sleeve; the angle of a hat; and multitudinous other matters of import, were discussed with the utmost good humour and yet with a complete mastery of the mysteries in question. This would have been an example to Members of Parliament, had any been present. There is reason to believe that they were employed over mere political futilities, and consequently missed golden opportunities.

It is a little curious to watch the faces of a number of people while the latest steps in dances are being demonstrated. There is a kind of wonder mingled with expectancy as they see a pair slowly and solemnly pacing foot to foot about a small platform. Surely, they think, the dance will begin soon. It does not, and one woman says to another, "What on earth do they call that?" while the other replies shortly, "Danse Funèbre"; and really it is an apt name for it.

It has been generally noticed that when the Queen of Spain attends a bull-fight, as it is her lot fairly frequently to do, she never removes her opera-glasses from her eyes. A curious explanation is that the centre glass is black. It is said to be an expedient of King Alfonso, by which his English, animal-loving wife is spared a sight that must greatly try her.

Unless seeing-in can be combined with listening-in, I fear that the Broadcasting business will prove but a temporary craze. A family most enthusiastic about it, so much so that its members listened enthralled to the tape prices, feel now that the finest concert lacks something, and declines to be seduced from the enjoyment of a book, a conversation, or a game to listen to the most beautiful programme. Theatrical managers, musicians, and others will come into their own again all right, for seeing and hearing are so wedded to each other for giving pleasure that unless there can be a ring to bind the two in broadcasting it will soon be a thing of the past. The principal fascination about it seems the "alone I did it" principle, for only those who arrange their own apparatus seem real enthusiasts about it.

The Duke and Duchess of York seem to be spending a honeymoon after their own hearts. Glamis Castle is an ideal place for it; the Highland people are singularly considerate and charming, and the Duchess of York thoroughly understands them, and they her. Probably the thing that the royal bride will least like about her new life will be its publicity, but she will bear her part charmingly.

Lady Rachel Cavendish, who was a bridesmaid on Feb. 28 of last year, is a very handsome, typically highly bred English girl, bright of eye, clear of lovely cream and roses skin, and regular of feature. Her engagement to Captain the Hon. James Stuart is quite one of romantic interest. The meeting at which he was attracted to her took place at Chatsworth in 1921. He was then a younger son with no great prospects ahead. However, keen soldier though he was, and is, he embraced a business career, went out to the States to study modern methods, and is now secure of a good position in the City, and, what is much more important, of a charming wife. His eldest brother, Lord Doune, who was an airman in the war, and in the Scottish Horse, had about six celebrations of his coming-of-age owing to the different estates. There is another brother, the Hon. Archibald Stuart, who is in the Navy.

A. E. L.



White polo fleece makes the workmanlike tennis coat on the left, while the well-cut suit can be had in all the excellent Aquascutum materials. (See page 822)

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The illustration shows the original five gables of the inn as they exist to-day. One may happily note that the later enlargements are fully in keeping with this older portion. In keeping, too, at the Shakespeare Inn is an order for the *original* John Haig—first made in 1627, a few short years after the inauguration of the hostelry. Nearly three centuries of increasing popularity among men of discriminating taste distinguish this fine old whisky.

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Fashions and Fancies.

For the Swimmer. Gay colours are eminently in keeping with the holiday mood, and it is therefore not surprising that swimming suits and other seaside accessories become more vivid every year. Taffetas and silk stockinette are still close rivals as the favoured mediums, and a variation of the brilliant-hued bathing dresses, quaintly decorated with marine birds and beasts, are the simple costumes of earth-brown, a colour which is to be particularly fashionable this summer. Beach sunshades are a necessity to those who do *not* assume a becoming bronze tint after exposure to the sun, and many of them will be made of bright Italian peasant-shawl materials, with fascinating furry monkeys perched on the ferrule. Armlets, and even earrings, of clouded glass, chosen to match the bathing-dress, are high in favour with the mermaid; and another important item is a pair of beach shoes shaped like bed-room slippers, and carried out in that splendid material, crêpe rubber.



A gaily printed bandana handkerchief, over a plain rubber diving helmet, makes an effective bathing cap.



Beach-shoes of crêpe rubber and a rubber bag for carrying them must be included in every swimmer's outfit.

Perfect Tailoring. Good cut, which is an essential at all times, is especially important in sports clothes, for the most suitable sports wear is always simplicity itself, and therefore depends entirely for its value on perfect cut and tailoring. Aquascutum, who have removed from 100 to 126, Regent Street, are renowned for the excellent fit of their garments, and they are responsible for the two coats and the suit shown on page 820. Polished chrome leather makes the fleece-lined motoring coat. It is double-breasted, and the price is 16 guineas; or 14 guineas if suède is chosen as the medium. Nothing could be more welcome after a hard game of tennis than a white polo fleece wrap coat similar to the one illustrated. It boasts a deep collar that can be turned up and buttoned closely round the throat. Six guineas is the price, and seven guineas will secure the same coat in soft camel-hair fleece. The well-finished tweed suit sketched on the right is obtainable in any of the reliable Aquascutum materials from 10 guineas.



Appliqué crabs in white crêpe-de-Chine decorate this fascinating black taffeta bathing suit.



Glass armlets of various hues are a feature of fashionable bathing attire.

Handkerchiefs in Novel Forms. Everyone possessing a fine appreciation of artistic colour-effects should obtain a copy of the leaflet recently issued by Liberty's, of Regent Street, illustrating various methods of arranging their beautiful silk handkerchiefs. Liberty fabrics are so well known that nothing need be said in their favour, and the most attractive turbans, and even blouses, can be made from their printed handkerchiefs with very little trouble. The folder contains, besides illustrations, a list of the prices of these handkerchiefs, which are hand-printed at Merton Abbey works. The figures range from 2s. 11d. for a 17-in. square of Japanese silk, to 17s. 6d. for a Japanese satin handkerchief in a 36-in. size. Paisley silk of every hue and tint is well to the fore at the moment, and Liberty's have produced a number of new and very attractive designs in this medium. E. A. R.



White foulard or cotton crêpe beach sunshades should have vividly embroidered centres.

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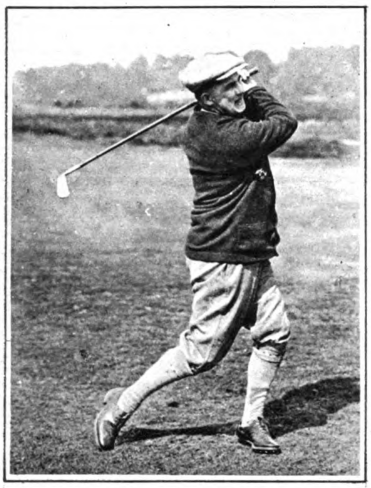
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X 203

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

LONG-RUN OPERA.

AFTER more than two hundred consecutive performances, "The Immortal Hour" has at last been withdrawn. Let us be under no illusion about the success of the opera. Most pieces that are put on for a long run are expected to pay their way, if not to make a handsome profit. Mr. Barry Jackson admitted frankly, at the presentation made to him on the last night, that "The Immortal Hour" had been run at a loss. No doubt he foresaw from the very first that this would be the case. There may be occasions when a manager considers it worth his while to run a piece at a loss in a London theatre for the sake of advertisement, knowing, or at any rate hoping, that this will enable him to recoup himself by financial success in the provinces. I should like to hope that Mr. Barry Jackson might balance his losses after this fashion, but I do not imagine that he produced "The Immortal Hour" in London with this deliberate intention. Mr. Barry Jackson, although he is a theatrical manager, is an idealist. He produced "The Immortal Hour" because he believed in it as a work of art, and he kept it going in the hopes of inducing the general public to share his belief. And it is certainly true that "The Immortal Hour" has won its position on its own merits. It has had no more than the usual amount of Press publicity. It has had no stars in its cast, though it need hardly be said that the cast was all the better for that reason. It was not an opera of a type to attract the general public. Mr. Boughton's music has won the affection of audiences, but he has never sought popularity by meretricious or vulgar means. Indeed, the opening scene of "The Immortal Hour" requires no small amount of good-will even from those who are predisposed in the opera's favour.



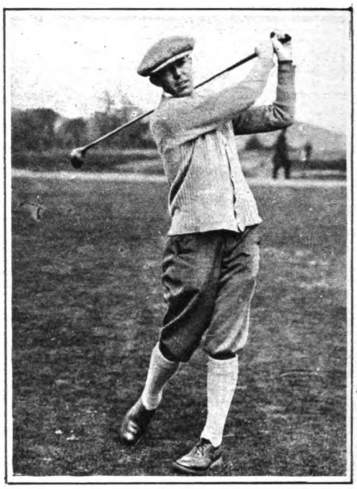
THE AMERICAN RUNNER-UP FOR THE ST. GEORGE'S VASE AT SANDWICH: DR. O. S. WILLING.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Many musicians have been puzzled to account for the undoubted hold which it has had upon audiences of all kinds. Those who are by nature critical have had plenty of good reasons to find fault with it; but they have often confessed themselves fascinated by the opera against their will and against their critical judgment. The reasons for this fascination are, I believe, simply these: the story is in itself suitable for musical treatment, being a story which, like the legend of Orpheus, expresses itself naturally in terms of music; the libretto is taken from the works of a genuine poet and has a literary value of its own; most important of all, the music itself, however unequal in inspiration, is always concentrated in the voices. It is the singers rather than the instruments that express the composer's innermost thought; and whatever the æsthetic value of that thought may be, it holds the attention of the audience because it is expressed in actual song. For that reason there is never a moment when the audience lose interest in the people on the stage, unless it be during the first monologue. As long as the characters are singing and leading the musical thought, they seem real to us. If they were to become subordinate to the orchestra, we should lose interest in them. This is a purely technical matter, quite independent of whether Mr. Boughton is or is not a great composer.

But there is another aspect of this production of "The Immortal Hour." What has been, and is going to be, the effect on the public, and on the operatic situation generally, of the fact that an English opera has been performed continuously for over two hundred representations? In the first place, it has set a standard of operatic production which is very different from that generally accepted by operatic companies in England. People have gone to "The Immortal Hour," and gone to it over and over again, not for the sake of particular singers, but simply for the sake of the opera itself. Considered in detail, the

[*Continued overleaf.*



THE AMERICAN WINNER OF THE ST. GEORGE'S VASE AT SANDWICH: MR. FRANCIS OUIMET.

American golfers carried all before them in the competition for the St. George's Vase at Sandwich. Two of them, Mr. Francis Ouimet and Dr. O. S. Willing, tied for first place with a score of 153 each for the 36 holes, and a third American, Mr. R. A. Gardner, was third with 154. On playing off the tie Mr. Ouimet beat Dr. Willing by one stroke over 18 holes, their scores being 77 to 78.—[*Photograph by Sport and General.*]

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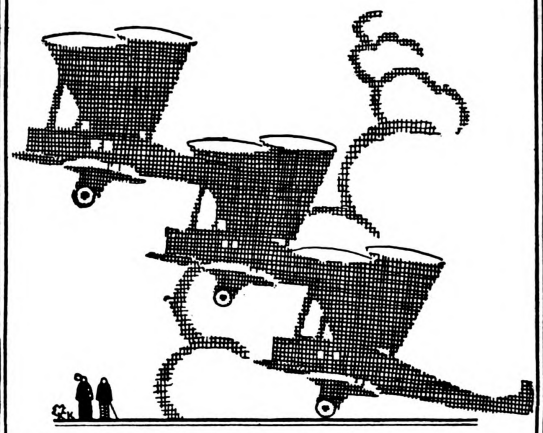
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COLNA-DONA.

O stone! Prone from the stormy night the traveller shall lay him by thy side: Battles rise before him, blue-shielded kings descend to war. The darkened moon looks from heaven on the troubled field. He shall ask about the stone, and the aged shall reply "This grey stone was raised by Ossian, a chief of other years."

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Φ 8

Continued.]

production was far from perfect. During the initial weeks of the run the performances improved up to a certain point; but after that things went on in the same way and little attempt was made to correct errors of judgment. Supposing that the opera had been brought out at Dresden or Munich in the palmy days of German opera, it would have had a certain number of performances in the course of the repertory, would then have been withdrawn for a time, and very possibly taken up again later, rehearsed again from the beginning, and probably very much improved in the process. This is impossible in the course of a long run. In an English repertory opera company the opera would just go on without further trouble; it would be seldom rehearsed, and the performances would simply get worse and worse until it dropped out altogether.

The long run of "The Immortal Hour" has had at least this good result, that it has drawn public attention to the opera in a way that no ordinary repertory performance could do. Had it been put on in the course of repertory many people would have missed it altogether, by inadvertence, by indifference, or by pressure of other engagements. Put on for a run of several months, it is always accessible. If I cannot go this week I can make certain of it a week later. In the present state of benevolent apathy towards opera this is, perhaps, an advantage. At the "Old Vic," where opera always draws full houses, you must make up your mind in good time as to what you wish to see, or you will risk not getting in at all. Needless to say, the long-run system for opera has just the same drawbacks as it has for plays. The strain on the singers' voices need not necessarily be prohibitive. Certain operas may be fatiguing; others not; in any case, understudies ought to be available, so that individual performers can be released for a holiday, just as happens with other long-run productions. In the present conditions of life in London it is probable that the long-run system suits the practical convenience of theatre-goers better than the repertory system, which is appropriate enough to a town the size of Frankfort or Hanover. From the practical point of view of the theatre-goer, the repertory system of the great German opera-houses is inconvenient to the last degree, unless one is a regular subscriber throughout the whole season.

Many people would rejoice if Mr. Barry Jackson would try the experiment of repertory opera in London on a modest scale, not attempting the sumptuous and spectacular, but confining his repertory to works that could conveniently be given with the resources required for "The Immortal Hour." It is possible that in this way he might build up his own public, as the "Old Vic" has built up a public of a different type.

Opera has throughout its history been more directly affected by social conditions than any other form of music. It has for centuries been the plaything of Princes, and for that reason many people have suggested that it will very shortly die out altogether as the result of modern social changes.

I do not see that there is any need for it to die out. But it must adapt itself to modern conditions, and although Continental opera-houses go on in their old ways at enormous loss, and millionaire opera continues to exist at New York and Monte Carlo, opera in England will never establish itself both artistically and financially as long as it clings to effete traditions. Mr. Barry Jackson appears to have a sense of the future.—EDWARD J. DENT.



ROUMANIA'S ABLE AND ACCOMPLISHED QUEEN: HER MAJESTY AT A RECENT REVIEW, AS HONORARY COLONEL OF THE 4TH REGIMENT OF ROCHIORI (HUSSARS).

Queen Marie of Roumania is a daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, second son of Queen Victoria, and is thus a first cousin of the King. Her mother was a daughter of the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia. She married King (then Prince) Ferdinand of Roumania in 1893. Modern Roumania owes much to her social and political ability.—[*Photo. by C.N.*]



"MY HORSE IS MY FRIEND": THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA AND HER CHARGER.

This photograph recalls the Academy picture by Mr. A. J. Munnings, A.R.A.—"My Horse is my Friend"—reproduced on another page of this number.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

Wolseley House, the beautiful building erected last year in Piccadilly by Wolseley Motors, Ltd., has been paid a signal honour by the Royal Institute of British Architects. A jury consisting of Earl Crawford, Sir Aston Webb, Mr. Paul Waterhouse, Sir Reginald Blomfield, and Mr. F. Guy Dawber, were appointed to select the best street frontage completed during 1922 within a radius of four miles from Charing Cross, and, after examining a score of fine buildings, unanimously decided in favour of Wolseley House, the award being based on its æsthetic treatment and architectural technique. The architect, Mr. W. Curtis Green, has therefore been awarded a special bronze medal by the R.I.B.A. as the designer of the building. This is the first year the medal has been awarded.



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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

UNINVITED GUESTS.

ONE of my correspondents writes to tell me that some time ago, when shark-fishing in Florida, he landed a specimen eight feet long; and, as he hauled it aboard, there dropped from the prize several "sucker-fish." Later, he found one inside its mouth, attached to the gills. This has puzzled him, and he asks me to account for the presence of the "sucker" in the mouth of the shark. I gather that he imagines that the shark had been feeding on the "sucker."

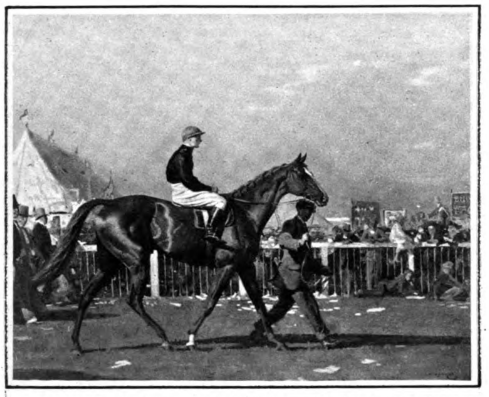
The inference is a natural one; for the life-history of the "sucker" is remarkable. Briefly, it is a relation of the perch tribe, and is represented by several species, ranging from a few inches to a foot or more in length. On the top of the head and shoulders is a long oval structure, broken up into transverse pleats. This is the "sucker," from which the fish derives its common name among the fishermen. Therewith it can attach itself at will to any object which seems likely to achieve its purpose—which is to be carried about to fresh feeding-grounds. Ships and boats will serve it very well. But it prefers turtles and large fishes. When the latter are selected, the mouth, of all unlikely places, is commonly chosen as a convenient shelter. From thence it sallies forth to capture small, free-swimming crustacea, or fragments which fall from the jaws of its host!

Sharks and large rays are commonly victimised: though they appear to suffer no inconvenience from these "Weary Willies" of the sea! They are probably unaware of the fact that they are carrying such strange passengers. By such means "suckers" are borne enormous distances, as is shown by the fact that, though natives of warm and tropical seas, they are sometimes carried over into our seas: for the "sucker," or "remora," has occurred off our coasts a sufficient number of times to be reckoned in our lists of British fishes. The sword-fish and that ferocious fish, the barracuda, are also utilised. But, according to some accounts, the sword-fish at least is often seriously inconvenienced by his uninvited guests: since it is often seen making frantic leaps from the sea into mid-air, and these are said to be due entirely to efforts to rid itself of its pigmy tormentors.

There are many authenticated instances of the remora having been taken from the mouths of whales. In the Arabic "Chain of Chronicles," we are told that: "When the *Al-wal* (the Sperm-whale) begins to tyrannise the other animals of the sea, God sends a fish, about a cubit in length, which attaches itself to its ear, and the *Al-wal*, seeing no means of freeing itself from its tormentor, goes down to the bottom of the sea and strikes its head on the ground until it dies." If there is any truth in the statement that the sperm-whale is ever distressed by this fish, it must be because it has entered the spiracle, or blow-hole; for the ear of no whale is large enough to admit even a straw.

On the East Coast of Africa, the remora is used by the maritime natives for the capture of turtles. It is attached to a line by a metal ring passed round the base of the tail. When a turtle is sighted, the fish is put overboard, when it attaches itself to the turtle, which can then be drawn up and captured. Occasionally, I imagine, it attaches itself to the boat instead. What happens in this case we are not told.

[*Continued overleaf.*



AN ACADEMY PICTURE OF A FAMOUS RACEHORSE AND JOCKEY: "HUMOURIST AND DONOGHUE GOING OUT FOR THE DERBY IN 1921," BY ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A.

Another Royal Academy picture by Mr. A. J. Munnings, the famous painter of sporting subjects, entitled "My Horse is My Friend," is given elsewhere in this number. Mr. J. B. Joel's Humourist (S. Donoghue up) won the Derby in 1921. Donoghue won it again last year on Lord Woolavington's Captain Cuttle.

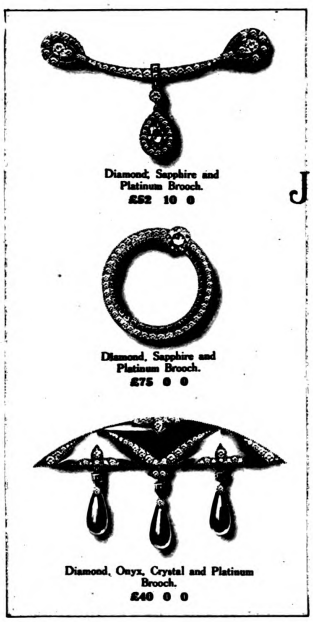
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AN ACADEMY PORTRAIT OF AN EMINENT IRISH JURIST: "THE LORD GLENAVY," BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.

Lord Glenavy (formerly Sir James H. M. Campbell, Bt.) was Lord Chancellor of Ireland from 1918 to 1921, when he was made a Baron, and is Vice-Chancellor of Dublin University. He has been Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and M.P. (U.) for Dublin University. The portrait was painted for the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn, of which he became a Bencher in 1901.

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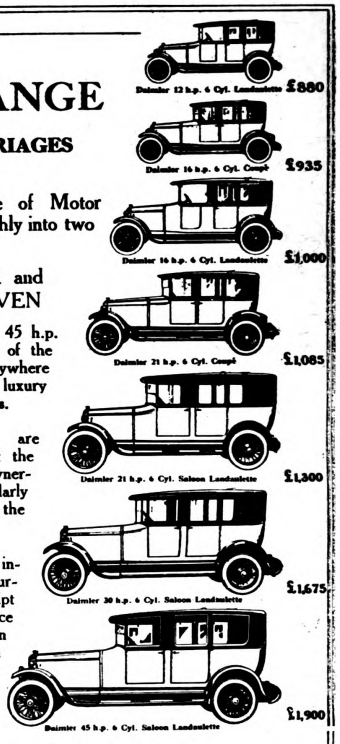
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Continued.]

What is the structure of this sucker? And how has it come into existence? One can answer the first question with no great difficulty. It has been fashioned out of a dorsal fin. About that there is no doubt. But how? What preliminary change in the structure of this fin—a structure formed of a series of bony rods, supporting a thin fold of skin, such as the familiar dorsal fin of a perch—could have laid the foundations for the evolution of so remarkable an organ? At what stage in its development towards a "sucker" did it become, or begin to become, useful for the purpose to which it is now put?

In the gobies, and in the "lump-sucker," we find equally efficient suckers. But these are fashioned out of the ventral fins, answering to the hind-limbs of land animals. From a *pair* of fins, and on the under side of the body, it is not difficult to see how a sucker could be formed. Especially when living fish are being kept under observation. For different stages of perfection can be found in different species of goby.

The remora is sometimes branded as a parasite. But this is not justified. For it in no way injures or levies toll upon its host. In this regard it recalls another, and even more singular, fish. This is the fierasfer, which is found in nearly all warm and tropical seas. It has, indeed, even been taken as far north as the west coast of Ireland. There are several species. But the best known is *Fierasfer acus*, which lives in the bodies of holothurians, or "sea-slugs." It is a long, lithe, almost eel-like creature, and very nearly transparent. It enters the holothurian, and then ensconces itself within the water-tubes. At times it retreats entirely within the body of its host; at others it emerges till only the end of the tail is left within the shelter of the body, and here it awaits passing crustacea, on which it feeds. More than one fish may enter the body of the same holothurian. But only such as live in deep water are thus inhabited. Here, again, there is no parasitism. The fish simply makes a convenience of its host. One species, found off the coast of Japan, lives also in the bodies of starfishes. Another, a tropical American species, lives within the shell of the pearl-oyster. Should one die within this chamber, it is promptly "buried" under a layer of "mother-of-pearl"!

This list of uninvited guests, which come to stay, may close with a brief mention of certain "Amphipod" crustacea, which live within the bodies of certain curious transparent molluscs, tunicates, and jelly-fish, far out in the open sea. The best known of these is *Phronima*, which lives within the barrel-shaped body, transparent as glass, of a tunicate, *Pyrosoma*. The female, with her brood, is often taken in the Mediterranean, within one of these living glass-houses. Once captured, poor Pyrosoma has to go wheresoever she is driven. Mistress Phronima thrusts out her abdomen from the aperture of the hinder end of the barrel, and by alternate flexion and extension drives her car forwards; and water is thus made to enter at the front aperture, bringing with it a ceaseless current of food particles to supply her and her brood with nourishment!

W. P. PYCRAFT.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

JAMES M. K. LUPTON (Richmond).—Thanks for problem, which shall receive attention.

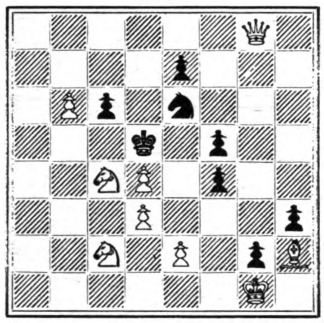
T. H. EVANS (Cardiff).—Your problem admits of at least two solutions by 1. R takes P (ch) and 1. Q takes P (ch), while your own solution is impossible. In any case, the construction is too elementary for use.

H. L. (Southsea).—As the position stands, it is a forced win for White; what may happen if finished by the players you describe is another matter.

O. NEWBOLD (Salisbury).—In your last two-mover so many duals occur that we regret it is not suitable for publication in this column.

PROBLEM No. 3905.—By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3903.—By JAMES M. K. LUPTON.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Q to K 8th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3897 received from C Okey (Auckland, N.Z.); of Nos. 3901 and 3902 from Casimer Dickson (Vancouver, B.C.); of No. 3903 from P W Hunt (Bridgwater), C H Watson (Masham), L W Cafferata (Newark), R P Nicholson (Crayke), E M Vicars (Norfolk), H Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), Col. Godfrey (Cheltenham), E J Gibbs (East Ham), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), H Heshmat (Cairo), Hugh Nicholson (Otley), A Edmiston (Worsley), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter) and Albert Taylor (Sheffield).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3904 received from H W Satow (Bangor), James M K Lupton (Richmond), H.F Glenton (Wandsworth Common), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), W C D Smith (Northampton), A Edmiston (Worsley), S Homer (Kensington), Joseph Willcock (Southampton), F J Fallwell (Caterham), C H Watson (Masham) and J C Stackhouse (Torquay).

CHESS IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

Game played in the Teplitz-Schonau Tourney between Messrs. R. SPIELMAN and M. GRUNFELD.

(King's Bishop Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Kt to B 4th	B to Kt 5th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	15. Q to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 4th
3. B to B 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	16. P to K R 3rd	B to Q 2nd
4. Kt to K B 3rd			

Possibly B takes Kt would have prolonged the game, but it is difficult to see how it could be saved.

The opening is a little mixed up, but is none the less a welcome change from the close variety so generally favoured in first-class tournaments.

4.	P to K Kt 4th	17. Kt to R 5th	R to R 2nd
5. Castles	P to Q 3rd	18. P to K 5th	P takes P
6. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 2nd	19. Q to K 4th	P to B 4th
7. P to B 3rd	P to K R 3rd	20. R takes P	B takes R
8. P to K Kt 3rd	P to Kt 5th	21. Q takes B	

Although this leaves White a clear Rook to the bad, Black's Q Rook is quite out of action, and the attack is irresistible.

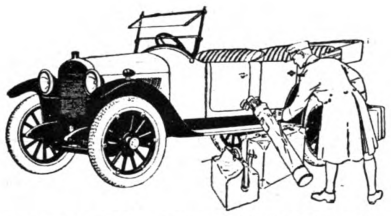
Normal lines are now being followed. If 8. —— P takes P, 9. B takes P (ch) yields a winning attack.

9. K Kt to R 4th	P to B 6th	21.	R to K 2nd
10. Kt to Q 2nd	B to B 3rd	22. B takes B	P takes B
11. Q Kt takes P		23. R to K B sq	Q to Q 3rd
		24. B takes Kt	P takes P
		25. Q to B 8th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
		26. Q takes R	Q to B 4th
		27. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to Q 3rd
		28. Q to K B 8th	Q to K 4th
		29. K to Kt 2nd	P to Q 6th
		30. R to B 2nd	Q to K 8th
		31. Q to R 6th	Resigns.

White obtains a full equivalent in position for his sacrifice. His opponent is, to say the least of it, badly cramped.

11.	P takes Kt	A pretty and typical example of a gambit game.	
12. Q takes P	R to R 2nd		
13. Kt to Kt 6th	R to Kt 2nd		

In the Auckland (New Zealand) Motor Club's racing carnival, held on Muriwai Beach on March 3, a 30-98-h.p. Vauxhall, driven by Mr. Sanderson, won the New Zealand Cup, valued at 100 guineas. In this fifty-mile race over a course of 8¼ miles, five turns had to be made round the pegs at the end of the course; nevertheless, the average speed of the successful Vauxhall was 76 m.p.h. Last year the same race was won by a twelve-cylindered American car at an average of 73 m.p.h., with three turns. Mr. Sanderson won also the half-mile sprint race, and in a test over the measured mile his time was 37·5 sec., an average speed of 96·25 m.p.h.



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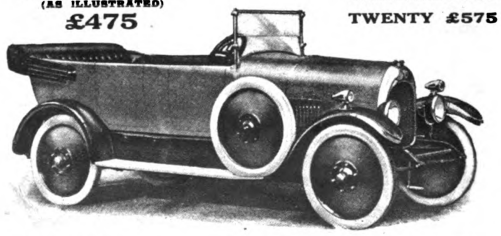
I toured Wales last Autumn and had nothing but admiration for the Car's behaviour. She kept the road well and climbed beyond expectation—the harder the work the better she ran.

My Car is not run as a 'fair weather' proposition; she is out six days per week, and never does less than 50 miles per day, so that my man has little time to spend on tuning up."

FIFTEEN (AS ILLUSTRATED) £475

SIXTEEN £525

TWENTY £575



RUSTON & HORNSBY LTD.,
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From 7/6 EACH



The flask that lasts a lifetime

THE "ISOVAC" Vacuum Flask is almost unbreakable. Boiling liquids poured straight into the flask will not crack it. All the rough usage that a flask receives, the falls and the joltings, will not break it.

With an "ISOVAC" there is no fear of opening a picnic basket to find the contents soaked in the liquid that has oozed from a broken or leaking flask. The "ISOVAC" is absolutely reliable. The reasons for its strength are graphically illustrated in the diagrams. These features are possessed by *no other flask.* Liquids pour out at the same temperature as they go in—boiling hot or icy cold. Will outlast seven ordinary vacuum flasks.



THE ORDINARY VACUUM FLASK



THE ISOVAC-STEEL GLASS

The "ISOVAC "Steel Glass" Flask

Price 7/6

Superior finish models at 10/6 and 13/6.
All one pint capacity.

Sold by Whiteleys, Harrods, Selfridges, Gamages, and all the leading Stores and Ironmongers.

Trade enquiries only to—

L. REES & CO., 12, New Union Street, London, E.C.

JUST RIGHT

THAT is the universal opinion about the 11.9 Bean. It is right in size, power, comfort, appearance and price. If it were any bigger it would be less economical. If it were any smaller it would be less durable. As it is, the Bean strikes the right note. It can take four in comfort anywhere—over any road or any hill. It holds the road wonderfully at 50 miles an hour. It has a delightfully sweet clutch and simple gear change. The steering is light and responsive. In short, it has all the qualities of a big car without its excessive cost.

The Leader of its Class

The 11·9 BEAN

For full range of models and prices write—

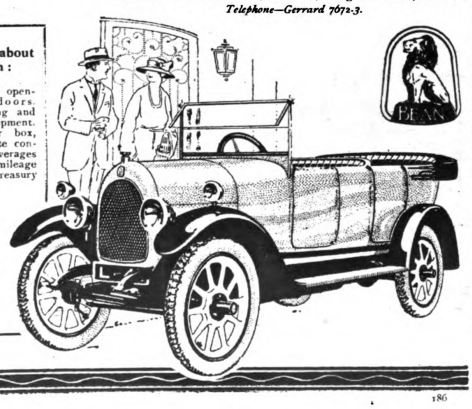
A. HARPER, SONS & BEAN, LTD.,
Estab. 1826,
Dudley, Worcestershire.
London Showrooms ... 11A, Regent Street, S.W. 1
Telephone—Gerrard 7672-3.

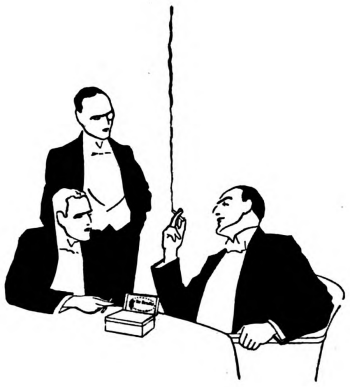
Some facts about the Bean:

Side Curtains opening with doors. Electric lighting and starting equipment. 4-speed gear box, right-hand gate control. Petrol averages 30 m.p.g., Tyre mileage from 8000. Treasury tax £12.

TWO-SEATER WITH DICKEY
£335

FOUR-SEATER TOURING CAR
£345





The best blend ——in the end

..... Supreme enjoyment tells you that someone has reached the summit of his life's work. Someone has found the better soil for the cultivation of his plant—has gone one better in the blending of the leaf—has found tasteless paper to ensure your full enjoyment—has made for you and your friends .....

De Reszke CIGARETTES

"The best blend—in the end"

TENOR	AMERICAN
If your taste is for the good Turkish Cigarette. In boxes	If you prefer the good Virginia Cigarette. In boxes
10...1/3½ 50....6/1	**10...10d 50....4/2**
25...3/2 100..11/9	**25....2/1 100....8/2**

"De Reszke" Cigarettes are obtainable at all high-class Tobacconists & Stores, including all branches of SALMON & GLUCKSTEIN, LTD., and A. I. JONES, LTD., or from

J. MILLHOFF & CO. LTD., 86 Piccadilly, W.1

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Competition Controversy. It looks as if there is likely to be a great deal of trouble in consequence of the sudden decision of the R.A.C. to assume control of all competitions, whether open or closed. That very much alive and influential body, the Motor Cycling Club, has hoisted the standard of revolt, and has said in plain terms that it will not be dictated to, and that it will run its own affairs without let or hindrance from anybody. This means that the forthcoming London-Edinburgh event will be a complete "wash-out" in so far as the car section of the run is concerned. The R.A.C., as will be seen from the terms of an official announcement printed in another paragraph, has taken the extreme step of placing its ban upon the event. What the M.C.C. and those who had entered for the run will do remains to be seen. Undoubtedly, the position which has arisen is highly unfortunate, and I sincerely trust that means will be found to bridge over the difficulty in order that an event which has become a classic may be held as in years past.

However, this is only a single example of what the action of the R.A.C. is leading up to. The M.C.C. is not alone in the feeling that the action of the parent Club is unwarrantable and uncalled for. For my own part, I cannot subscribe to this view. The one thing that is, I think, open to criticism is that the R.A.C. has allowed things to drift for so long, and that it was not until the competitions question had assumed great dimensions that it decided to act. It should not have allowed control to pass out of its hands, and then there would have been no trouble at all. After all, there must be a body of some sort to exercise ultimate government of sports and competition matters generally. The R.A.C., in so far as automobile sport is concerned, is that body, and I cannot see how it is to be blamed for insisting upon recognition of its authority. The lesser clubs should, in my judgment, bow to authority, and do it as gracefully as possible. They will have to recognise the position and, as there is nothing anomalous in that position, they might just as well do it at once.

Trade Control of Sport. No small factor in the controversy is the idea that it is the motor trade which is behind the decision of the R.A.C. Why, it is asked, should the trade claim to "control" the sport of automobilism? Taking the question simply as it stands, I should answer by saying that the trade has no right whatever to control or attempt to control sport. But to put the question thus is not correct. Nothing that has emerged leads to the conclusion that there is any attempt to control anything. Control is still in the hands of the R.A.C. What does seem to have happened is that the trade as a whole has become alarmed by the increasing number of competitions which it is being asked to support by way of entries, and has made representations to the R.A.C. with a view to closer control of such events. "Open" events are in a class by themselves. They have always required a permit from the R.A.C. to enable them to be held at all. "Closed" events are in a different category, and hitherto it has been optional to run them under rules formulated by the R.A.C., or under regulations entirely drafted by the organising body.

Abuses have crept in, with the inevitable result. A club, knowing it could not obtain a permit for an "open" competition, would announce a hill-climb or a reliability trial for members of the club only. In very many cases entry for the competition was deemed to carry membership, either for the day of the competition only, or for the season, as the case might be. Obviously, this is a patent evasion of the regulations supposed to govern "open" events. The number of such ostensibly "closed" competitions has grown enormously, and the cost of taking part has become a serious question for firms which habitually participate in sporting events as a matter of business policy. Moreover, and there is no use blinking the fact, there have been cases in which the conduct of things was not beyond suspicion. On the facts, therefore, I think the trade was perfectly within its rights in appealing to the R.A.C. to keep a tighter hand on the whole competitions business. Except that, as I have already said, criticism rightly arises at the belated nature of the action, I am in full accord with the stand taken by the R.A.C.



POPULAR IN THE BRAZILIAN CAPITAL: A SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER LANDAULET AT ATLANTIC BAY, COPABANA, A SUBURB OF RIO.

The new Napier has been much seen of late in Rio, which many motorists have visited for the Centenary Exhibition, and the car's distinctive appearance, combined with silent and smooth running, have made it popular there. All the chief promenades are tyssellated in black and cream, to take off the glare of the sun, as shown on the left in the photograph.

Super-Charging. Something like a mild sensation has recently been caused by reports of extraordinary results obtained by a well-known German firm of motor-car constructors through the use of a blower fan to assist in filling the cylinders

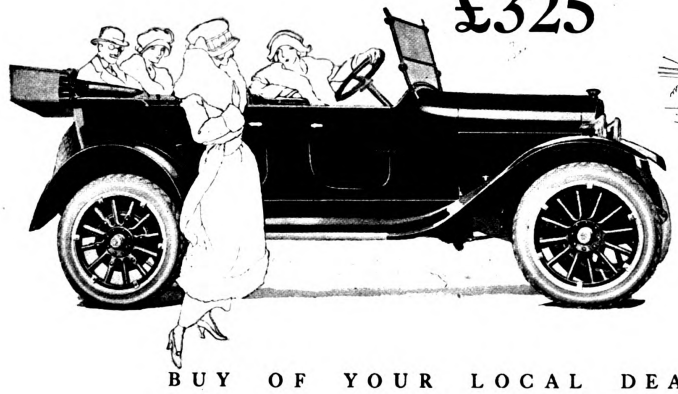
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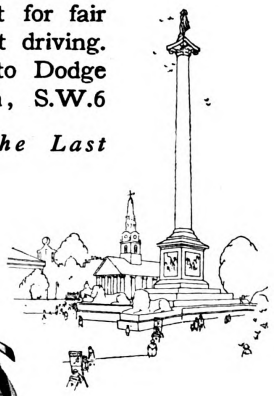
DODGE BROTHERS TOURING CAR

Dodge Brothers Touring Car has proved its dependability. For eight years it has been consistently refined, improved, perfected. The result is an engine of almost living responsiveness, a roomy, comfortable five passenger body, complete equipment for fair weather or foul, for day or for night driving. Write to-day for Touring Car folder to Dodge Brothers (Britain), Ltd., London, S.W.6

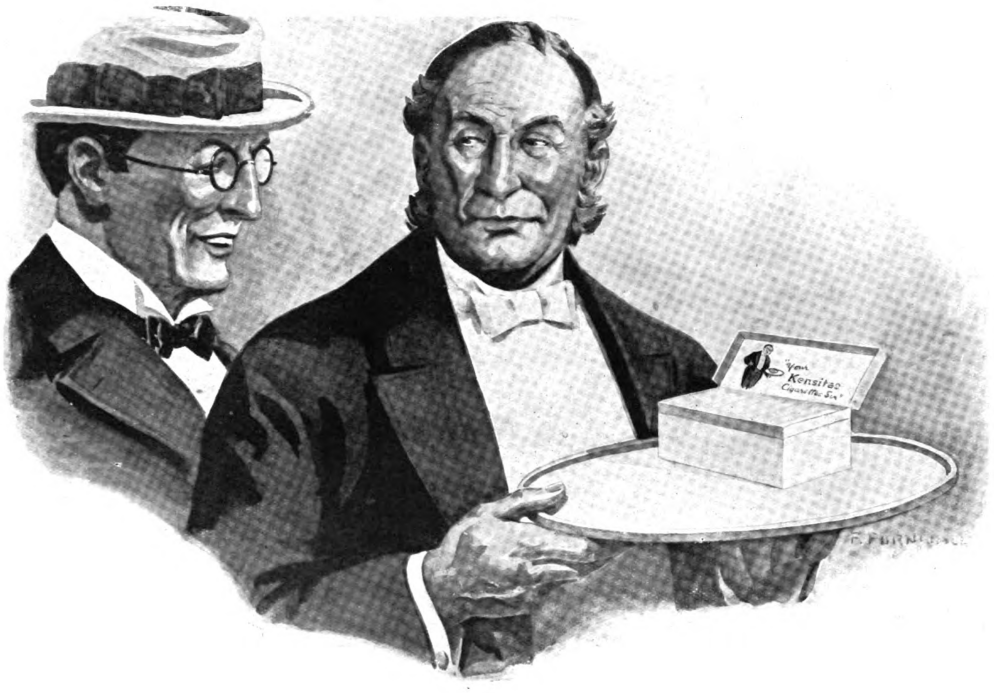
The First Cost is Practically the Last

£325





BUY OF YOUR LOCAL DEALER



"As Good as . . . . . ."

American: "Say, Jenkyn, can you get me some *really* good cigarettes?"

Jenkyn: "I have Kensitas here, sir."

American: "Fine, that's what I meant."

Kensitas Cigarettes are manufactured from a blend of choice Virginia Tobacco of a quality not used in any other cigarette at a popular price, and only previously found in a few cigarettes at much higher prices. Kensitas Cigarettes are made with scrupulous care to ensure even packing and perfect condition. They are packed by hand.

The outstanding quality and value of Kensitas Cigarettes has only been possible because no coupons, pictures, prizes or other inducements are offered with them. The money which these things cost—paid by the consumer—has been expended instead in producing a better cigarette from better tobacco, yet at a popular price.

Standard Size Virginia 20 for 1/- 50 for 2/6 100 for 4/10

Extra Large Virginia, 20 for 1/5, 50 for 3/5, 100 for 6/10

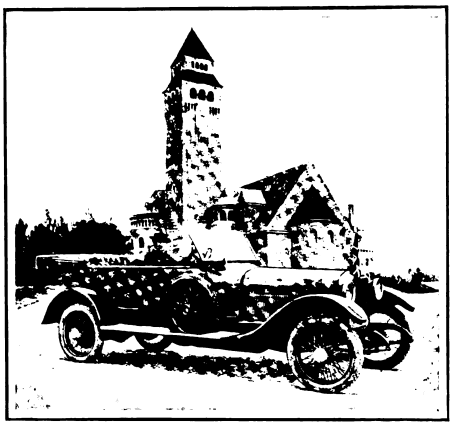
Manufacturers: J. WIX & SONS, Ltd., 174-5-6 Piccadilly, W.

Kensitas
Cigarettes

"AS GOOD AS REALLY GOOD CIGARETTES CAN BE."

Continued.]

with explosive mixture. Experts who have driven the car in question are unanimous in saying that a marked increase of acceleration and a much higher ultimate car speed result from the use of this auxiliary super-charger. For years experiments have been made in this direction, not only in Germany, but elsewhere, and there seems to be no doubt that we are at least within sight of yet another advance in the efficiency of the internal-combustion motor. Just how much improvement can be effected by super-charging is not certain at the moment, but the speed trials, to be held at Fanoe Island, in Denmark, towards the end of June, ought to be illuminating, since it is understood that a team of Mercedes cars, fitted with the blower attachment, is to take part. I rather fancy we shall see the device in operation at Brooklands before the end of the season. Undoubtedly, it must be a good thing for racing; but whether it is likely to prove as useful an accessory of the touring car is another matter.



THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR PALESTINE IN HIS SIX-CYLINDER SUNBEAM: SIR HERBERT SAMUEL AT JERICHO.

The photograph was taken outside Sir Herbert Samuel's winter residence at Jericho.

Records Broken by the Crossley.

A new record has just been established by a 19·6-h.p. Crossley, fitted with Rapson cord tyres, which has completed 20,000 miles. This is the first car to complete a road trial of this distance under the official observation of the R.A.C. Starting in January, the 19·6-h.p. Crossley has covered approximately 300 miles every day (Sundays excepted) until it reached 20,000 miles, the longest distance covered by any car in any officially observed trial in the history of the R.A.C. The most significant feature of the trial has been the amazingly consistent trouble-free running of the car and tyres throughout the whole 20,000 miles. The records of the consumption of fuel and oil will, I am told, prove extraordinary economy. After the 20,000 miles had been covered, a speed of just under 60 miles per hour (to be precise, 59·12 m.p.h.) was obtained on Brooklands track, under the official timing.

A New Machine for the British Air Ministry.

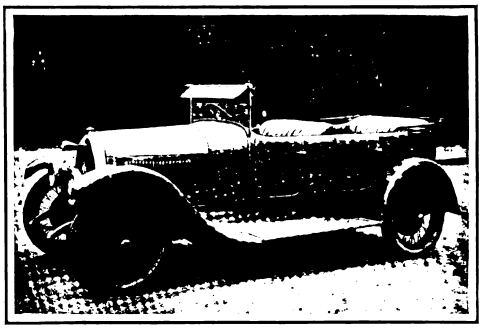
A new machine, which will be on trial shortly, has been built at Bristol for the British Air Ministry. This latest creation is the Napier Parnall "Possum," and it is the first machine ready for flight with a central engine unit. Only one Napier engine is fitted to this particular machine, but, in a final and ambitious form, this system would embrace a large central engine-room, containing the whole of the power plant, with engineers in charge who could perform repairs in the air should it be necessary, whilst the machine would be flying on its remaining units. The Napier Parnall has three tiers of wings, and, in place of the usual tail skid, it has a steerable tail-wheel, which gives this huge machine the manœuvrability of a small light car.

The R.A.C. and Competitions.

Permits have been issued for the following meetings: (Under the Open Competition Rules): June 16, Saltburn Speed Trials, Yorkshire Automobile Club. (Under the Closed Competition Rules): May 12, Race Meeting at Brooklands, Ealing and District M.C.C.; May 13, One Day Reliability Trial, Brighton and Hove M.C. and Light Car Club; May 26, One Day Reliability Trial, Sutton Coldfield and North Birmingham A.C.; May 26, General Efficiency Trial, Kent Automobile Club.

The Club has issued the following official communiqué: The organisers of the London-Edinburgh run proposed for May 18 and 19, 1923, having failed to apply for a permit for this Competition as required by the R.A.C., warning is hereby given to officials, entrants and drivers that this is therefore an "unrecognised" meeting, and that by taking part therein they render themselves (and their vehicles) liable to the penalties under the Rules, including possible suspension from all open and closed competitions. Any such penalties as may be inflicted under these Rules are notified to and upheld by the International Association of (Foreign and Colonial) Automobile Clubs.

W. W.



WITH AN ENGLISH-BUILT TOURING BODY: A 15·9-H.P. HOTCHKISS.

The sole concessionnaires for Hotchkiss cars are the London and Parisian Motor Company, of Davies Street, W.

BY APPOINTMENT

STRATTON-INSTONE LTD.

beg to announce that they have been honoured by

HIS MAJESTY THE KING

with an order for a

45 h.p. DAIMLER CHASSIS

TELEPHONE REGENT 933

27, PALL MALL LONDON S.W. 1

TELEGRAMS "STRATSTONE, LONDON"



The record-breaking 19.6 h.p. Crossley photographed on Brooklands, where it put up a speed of over 59 m.p.h. after concluding 20,000 miles under the official observation of the R.A.C.

THE wonderful performance of the 19·6 h.p. Crossley, which has completed the longest road test ever made under the official observation of the R.A.C., has naturally caused a great sensation. This is easy to understand when it is remembered that the car covered 20,000 miles without involuntary stop or change of tyres, afterwards attaining a speed of over 59 miles per hour on Brooklands. The car broke all R.A.C. Certified Trial Mileage Records.

Consider the mileage, accomplished over all kinds of roads, and in all kinds of weather—20,000 miles (equal to the distance the average motorist covers in four years). It is absolute and conclusive proof of COMPLETE RELIABILITY.

In so far as this advertisement refers to R.A.C. Certified Trials, it has been approved by the R.A.C.

20,000

miles without involuntary stop !

19·6 h.p. Crossley breaks all R.A.C. Certified Trial Mileage Records.

Important Note :— This car is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be absolutely standard in every way.

THE official figures, relating to the consumption of fuel and oil, and tyre wear, will shortly be published. These figures, which show extraordinary economy throughout, will create a great sensation.

The 19·6 h.p. Crossley was fitted with Rapson tyres and used Wakefield Carbonless Castol C.W. Motor Oil.

Full details of all Crossley models from

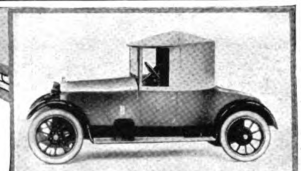
CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD.
GORTON, MANCHESTER.

LONDON SHOWROOMS & EXPORT DEPT. : 40-41, CONDUIT STREET, W. 1.

Manchester Showrooms : Royal Exchange.

The WOLSELEY STANDARD TEN

"A Post-war Car at less than Pre-war Price."



The announcement of this new model has already led to a phenomenal demand. Motorists appreciate that **never before has a car of such high quality been offered at so low a price.**

In all main essentials, it is identical with the Wolseley Ten de luxe, world-famous for its high road efficiency and low running cost. The same wonderful system of springing is adopted. It is just as fast, has the same hill-climbing powers, and is equally economical in use. The less essential details of equipment have been simplified in order to produce the car at a really popular price, but it is in every respect complete and ready for the road.

The equipment includes :

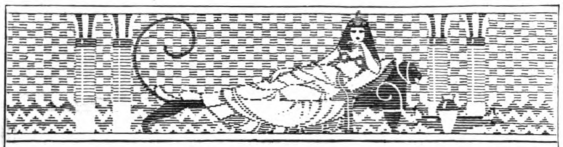
Folding Hood, All-weather Side Curtains, Dickey Seat, Adjustable Windscreen, Spare Wheel with Tyre on carrier, Electric Lighting Outfit (3 lamps), Bulb Horn, Tool Kit, &c. Dunlop Tyres fitted as standard.

Price **£295**

Catalogue No. 20, post free.

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., Adderley Park, BIRMINGHAM.
(Proprietors : Vickers Limited)
London Showrooms : WOLSELEY HOUSE, 157, Piccadilly, W





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Every
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30 GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1.



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TEA GOWNS

IN addition to the pretty and inexpensive Tea Gowns that are such a feature of this Section, we have always in stock a charming variety of handsome and exclusive Tea Gowns copied and adapted from original Paris Models in the richest and most fashionable materials at moderate prices.



"HEBE."
Original Tea Gown in rich quality metal brocade, with the long line bodice showing a becoming cape which can be clipped at wrist to form sleeves, full skirt and square train, finished with ceinture of self flowers, which also appear in the sleeve drapery. In several good evening shades, also Black and Silver.

Special Price, 10½ Gns.

THE RAVAGES OF MOTH.
Store your Furs in our Freezing Chambers. Particulars of our new combined Fur Storage and Insurance against all and every risk sent post free on application.

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HAIR—
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untidiness

All users of Anzora know how easily and efficiently it keeps their hair in place throughout the day. No matter how unruly and troublesome hair may be, Anzora will surely control it. Cream for greasy scalps and Viola for dry scalps. Sold everywhere in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles. Refuse all substitutes. Insist upon

ANZORA

Masters the Hair.

Anzora Vanishing Cream
Ladies will find it very refreshing and beneficial to the skin. Pure, free from grease and delicately perfumed. Obtainable in handy jars at 1/3

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6

Meltis (Regd.)
Dessert
CHOCOLATE
"melts in the mouth."

PRICES REDUCED — Estimates Free.
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PATENT STEAM
CARPET BEATING
COMPANY LTD
196, YORK ROAD, KING'S CROSS, N. 7
CARPETS SHAMPOOED. CARPETS DYED.
COLLECTION AND DELIVERY FREE.

FOSTER CLARK'S
Best for Rhubarb!
It's the Creamiest Custard, and it's for this reason discerning housewives always use it with Rhubarb. This delightful creaminess takes away the tart taste of the Rhubarb without destroying its luscious flavour.
Sold in Family Tins 11½d., Packets 9½d., Small Packets 4d., 1½d. & 1d.



CREAM CUSTARD



For Thin Falling Hair
Use Cuticura

If your scalp is irritated and your hair dry and falling out in handfuls, try this treatment. Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment and follow with hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. Nothing better than Cuticura for all skin and scalp troubles.

Soap 1s., Talcum 1s. 3d., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold throughout the Empire. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Always ask for
"SPHERE"
BRACES, GARTERS, SUSPENDERS
Each pair bears manufacturer's guarantee
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THE BRITISH BERKEFELD FILTER



SARDINIA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

LONDON: Published Weekly at the Office, 172, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 172, Strand, aforesaid; and Printed by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD. Milford Lane, W.C.2.—SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1923. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1901.

THE 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall-Kington sells at £895. Judged by its performance, appearance and the class of material and workmanship incorporated, it might well cost a far greater sum. This is a touring car with complete equipment. The refinement in running is remarkable. No expense appears to have been spared in maintaining and improving Vauxhall character, yet the selling price is low. *Bristol Times*

Vauxhall
THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

VAUXHALL

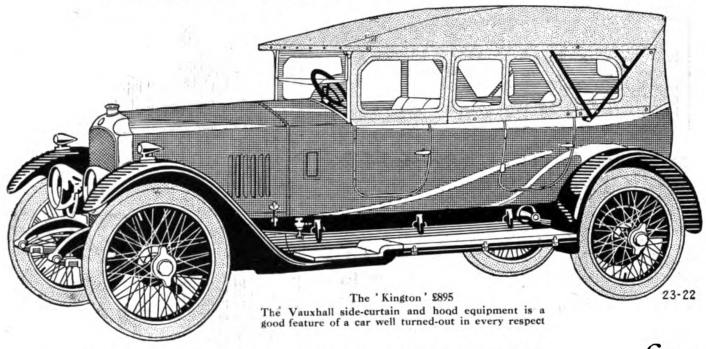
". . .yet the selling price is low"

THE secret of this low price coupled with a performance which seems only possible at a high price is the successful use in the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall engine of the Lanchester harmonic balancer. In a more economical way it ensures the kind of performance for which hitherto you have had to pay a far higher price.

23-60 h.p. Vauxhall. Body space 8 feet 8 inches. Power development 60 b.h.p., tax £23. Petrol 20 m.p.g. Kington 5-seated touring car £895. Arundel all-weather £1,145. Warwick lim-landaulette £1,195, Carlton pullman £1270.

14 h.p. Vauxhall. Body space 7 feet 8½ inches. Power development 40 b.h.p., tax £14. Petrol 30 m.p.g. Princeton 4-seated touring car £595. Welbeck all-weather £745. Grafton coupe-cabriolet £720. Wyndham saloon £745.

A trial drive is our best argument



The 'Kington' £895 23-22
The Vauxhall side-curtain and hood equipment is a good feature of a car well turned-out in every respect

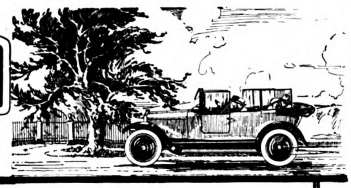
£895
23-60 H.P. KINGTON TOURING CAR

VAUXHALL MOTORS LIMITED, LUTON, BEDFORDSHIRE
AND REDUCED
& 174-182 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Museum 8216 (3 lines) Telegrams: Whirling Phone London
London Agents: Shaw & Kilburn Ltd., 20 Conduit Street. W.1 (Tel. Mayfair 6210)

£595
14 H.P. PRINCETON TOURING CAR

MA.2

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FOR SATISFACTION



THE name SINGER on your car is the best guarantee that you can have for perfect motoring. It ensures you receiving the mature experience of engineers who were the pioneers of light-car construction in 1912, and who retain their lead to-day. British throughout, the SINGER Car, built in one of the most efficient and self-contained factories in the United Kingdom, has established many world's records at Brooklands, and in 1913 won the only Competition ever held for light cars, organised by the Royal Automobile Club, an outstanding performance in light-car history.

The story of the SINGER is *always* a story of satisfaction.

15 h.p. SINGER Six-Cylinder Four/Five Seater - - £500
10 h.p. SINGER All-Weather Two and Four Seaters - £250
10 h.p. COVENTRY PREMIER Two and Four Seaters £210
All the abeve Cars have Dunlop Tyres and Rotax Equipment.

The 10 h.p. Coventry Premier now manufactured by the Singer Company is the same engine, chassis, and body as the famous Singer "Ten," but without electric starter, side curtains, and certain refinements which account for the difference in price.

Illustrated Catalogues and full particulars sent with pleasure.

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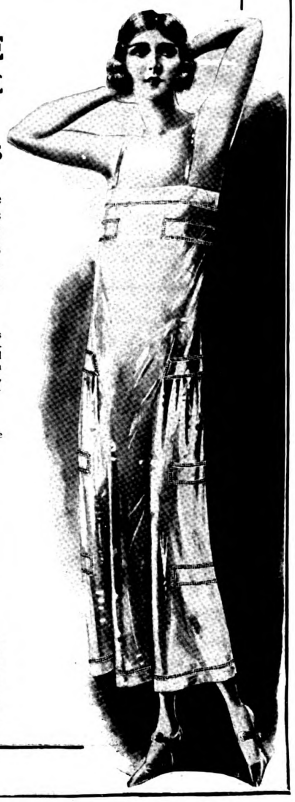
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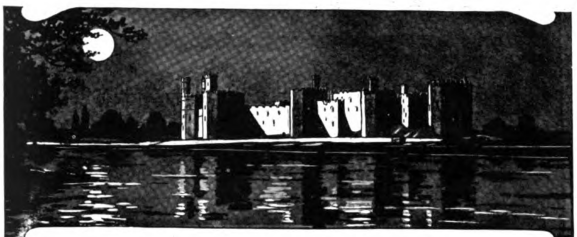
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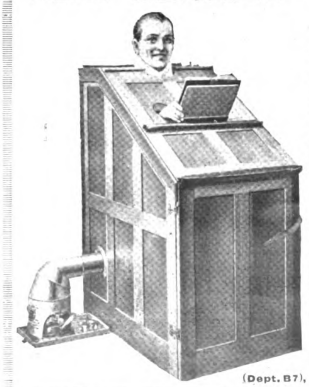
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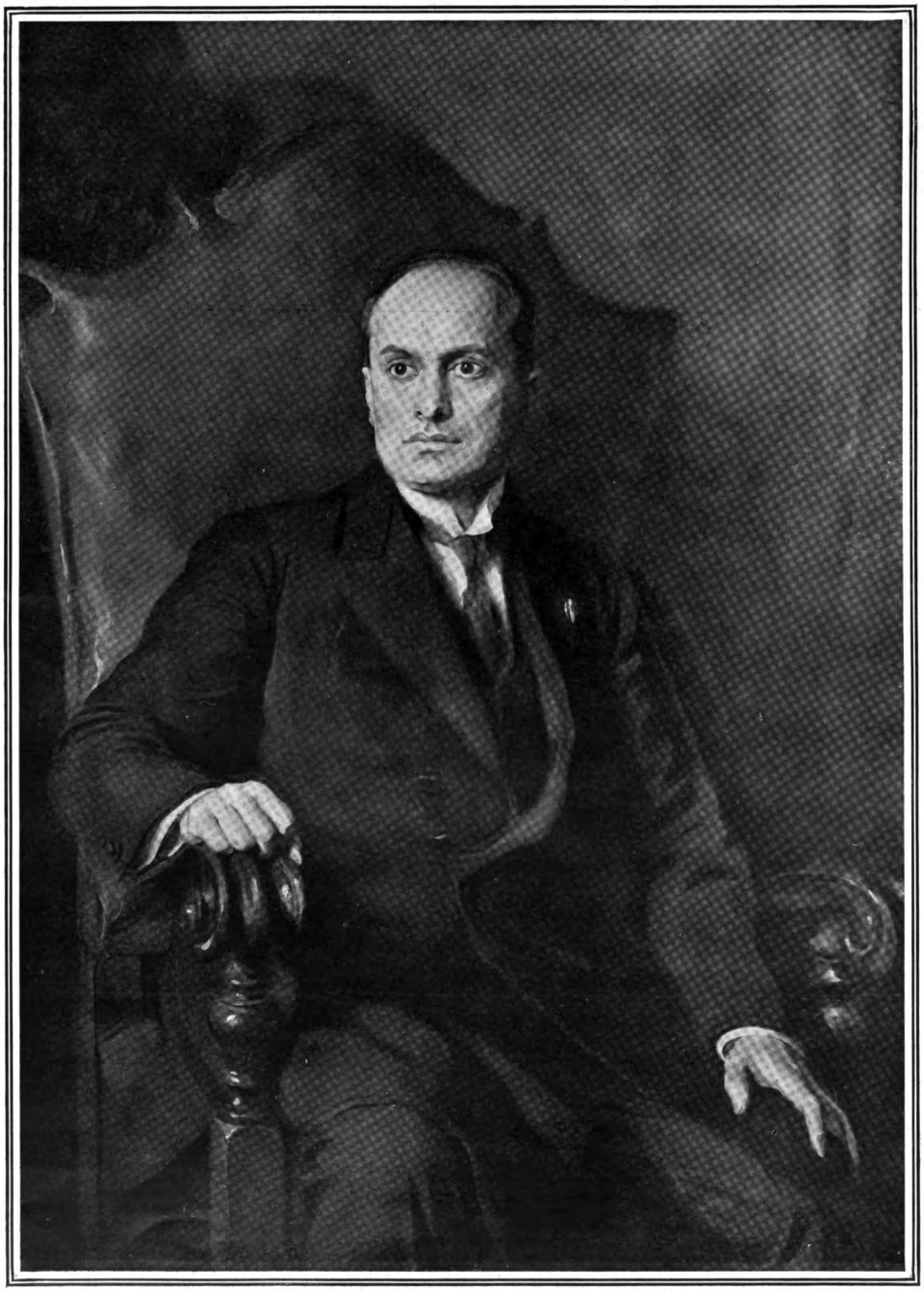
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1923.

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MADE A G.C.B. BY THE KING: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, BY P. A. DE LASZLO—THE FIRST PORTRAIT OF THE ITALIAN PREMIER EVER PAINTED FROM LIFE.

While in Rome the King created Signor Mussolini a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. This portrait of the famous Italian Premier, the founder of Fascismo, is the first one that has ever been painted from life. It is to be included in Mr. Philip de Laszlo's forthcoming exhibition, which is to open on May 31, for four weeks, at the French Gallery in Pall Mall.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is rather unlucky for the Americans, and rather amusing for the English, that a quarrel should arise over the application of Prohibitionist coercion to English ships. It reminds us rather too aptly that the last stories about such a conflict were the stories of slaves pursued by American planters and protected by English captains. Those stories may have been legends, but they were very popular and powerful legends. And, anyhow, it was only the liberation that was a legend. The slavery was not a legend. And what is true of the old slavery that was confined to Africans is equally true of the new slavery that is extended to Americans. It is now being extended from Americans to Europeans. We have outlived the legend that the negro was free on the Englishman's ship, and progressed to a period when the Englishman is not free on his own ship.

Nevertheless, the reminder is more unpleasant for the Americans even than for the English. I am far from being a flag-waving Imperialist, but I could not resist the temptation to tell the Americans that the bootleggers escaped to Canada just as the niggers had done; and that for a second time men had sought our monarchical and feudal soil in order to recover the ordinary rights of men. The temptation in such cases is strong; nevertheless, it should be resisted, or at least controlled. If the American weakness has always been slavery, the English weakness has always been superiority. Our most necessary, because our most difficult, duty is to exert our imaginations and see these things a little from the American side. Anybody can see America, but few can see what America sees.

The Americans are a very self-conscious people. That is the nearest I have ever got to a generalisation that really covers that great and mixed multitude. That is the thing that is really common to the optimism of Whitman and the pessimism of Poe; to the humour of Lincoln and the romanticism of Lee; to the Jingoism of President Roosevelt and the Pacifism of President Wilson; to the vulgarity of Billy Sunday and the virtuosity of Henry James. All the characteristics of all these characters had the slight extra touch of emphasis which belongs to a man who is conscious of his part or (in a more favourable phrase) who knows what he is doing. Dickens left behind him a legend of the rudeness of Americans, which is now hardly true enough even to be called legendary. But when an American really is rude, as a cocksure Yankee may sometimes be in a Continental hotel, it is always by over-acting his part. It is by being conscious of being Yankee; by being conscious of being cocksure; by being cocksure of being cocksure. But an English tourist in a Continental hotel can not only be rude and stupid; he can be too stupid even to know that he is rude. For the English are a much more unconscious people; much more blind and automatic and absent-minded. And as it is with the extreme of American rudeness, so it is with the extreme of American politeness. Enough remains even to-day of the traditions of the old Southern aristocracy to convince anyone that it was really the most stately and humane school of manners in the world. But the Southern gentleman was a very conscious gentleman; he was not like the ordinary unconscious English gentleman. I do not mean that it was a pose maintained with constraint or difficulty. On the contrary, I mean that it was a part of him, as poetry is a part of a poet or music is a part of a musician. But the poet knows he is a poet; nobody would say that the musician was unconscious of music, or that this type of man was unconscious of manners. It was not an artificial thing, but it was an artistic thing. And the American gentleman is in that sense an artist and almost in that sense an actor. I have met the representatives of old families in the old cities on the eastern coast of America who were almost too civilised to be human; they had no imperfection except perfection. They really were artists in life; and it must be a terrible and almost tragic vocation. But there is the same deliberate artistic quality in the commonest and coarsest smoking-room story told with an ever-lengthening drawl by an American drummer in the lounge of an hotel. There is the same self-consciousness in the photograph of the most absurd business bounder on the make, who tightens his mouth and swells out his jaws in the advertisements of a cheap magazine. He may not be exactly an artist, but he is far from being an artless character. He may not be a portrait-painter, but he knows how to be a portrait; and the photograph of him is not an accidental snapshot. That sort of art never deals with the unconscious outlying parts of a man, with glimpses of him behind his back, with qualities betrayed when he is off his guard, with the automatic actions of an animal walking away. There are more of these sidelights and subconscious betrayals, both for good and evil, in the English mode of life. The American always fixes the world with his face, even if it is a mask in the sense that he may truly be said to be making a face. To use a yet more theatrical metaphor, we may say that he has made up his face, to prove that he has made up his mind.

There is a great deal of this American psychology in the current contradictions of the Prohibition controversy. Nobody can be expected to have any respect for Prohibition, but we ought all to have a respect for patriotism. And American patriotism, while very strong, is a curiously sensitive and self-conscious and sometimes almost morbid thing. The truth about the intelligent American is very simple, but it is not one that he can always be expected to admit. He is ashamed of Prohibition, but he is also ashamed of being ashamed of Prohibition. Even if he would have preferred the movement never to have come, he does not like the suggestion that it has come to nothing. He does not like the idea of so big a thing being a bathos and an anti-climax. It goes against all his national instincts for that queer process which he calls "making good." He would prefer that a thing should make good, even if it is obviously bad. There was something of the same sensibility in the old days about the Negro Slave Trade; and there was a time when everybody's pride was up in arms although (or because) nobody's conscience was at ease. Of course, there were people, like Calhoun, who said that slavery was good in itself; and there are people, like Bryan, who manage to think Prohibition is good in itself. But I am not talking of these very provincial prophets of the new Islam, but of the many Americans who are conscious of the attitude of civilisation as a whole towards such new religions. These good citizens cannot help feeling that the Amendment to the Constitution is the Constitution, and that the Constitution is the United States. Such a man has nailed the flag to the mast, even if he has nailed this ridiculous rag of nonsense to the flag. For good or evil, Old Glory has got another star, though all men say it is only a spot; it has got another stripe, though the whole world sees it is a stain. I repeat that we ought all to be able to sympathise with that sensibility in anybody; but in the American it is a very sensitive sensibility. American nationalism is the most self-conscious in the world, just as English nationalism is the most unconscious in the world. It is one of the many points on which the American and the Englishman, so often idiotically identified, are almost comically contrasted. The American never imitates the Englishman in simply taking for granted both his own patriotism and his own superiority. The American is still very insistent in asserting that he has a country, lest the world should still mistake it for a colony. Anyhow, the effect of this on the problem of Prohibition is to perplex it further by turning it into a problem of patriotism. Rather than that Prohibition should dishonour America, America must even honour Prohibition.

I think that this rather subtle and sensitive element in the case must be carefully considered. I suspect that negro slavery lasted much longer than it might have done, being maintained by national pride against the rather cheap challenges of the world outside. Men are touchy about their reputation abroad, even when they are careless about their regulations at home. But Americans as a race are at once unusually touchy and unusually careless. They are quite capable of standing stiffly upon some regulations about New York Harbour, at the very moment when they are sweeping the whole nonsense out of New York State.

The wisest tone we can adopt, I think, is to trust to the revolutionary spirit in the internal politics of the nation, as against any self-conscious rigidity in its international politics. It is an excellent illustration of the most necessary and the most neglected truth in Anglo-American relations. I mean the truth that the Englishman and the American can be friends because they differ, and not because they agree. For the real corrective to the American fad is a purely American freedom. America really is, as one of its greatest men said of his ideal State, a country where the people think lightly of the laws. That easy habit of revolt really is an American quality; it is certainly not an especially English quality. It would be harder to establish so bad a law in England; but I think it would also be harder to disobey it. If, therefore, we congratulate them on the contempt with which a bad law is often treated, our congratulation will be really a compliment. We shall be doing something that we do less often than we should; we shall really be praising others without praising ourselves.



THE KING GREETS THE FOUNDER OF FASCISMO AND LEADING STATESMAN OF THE NEW ITALY: HIS MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, ON WHOM HE CONFERRED THE G.C.B.

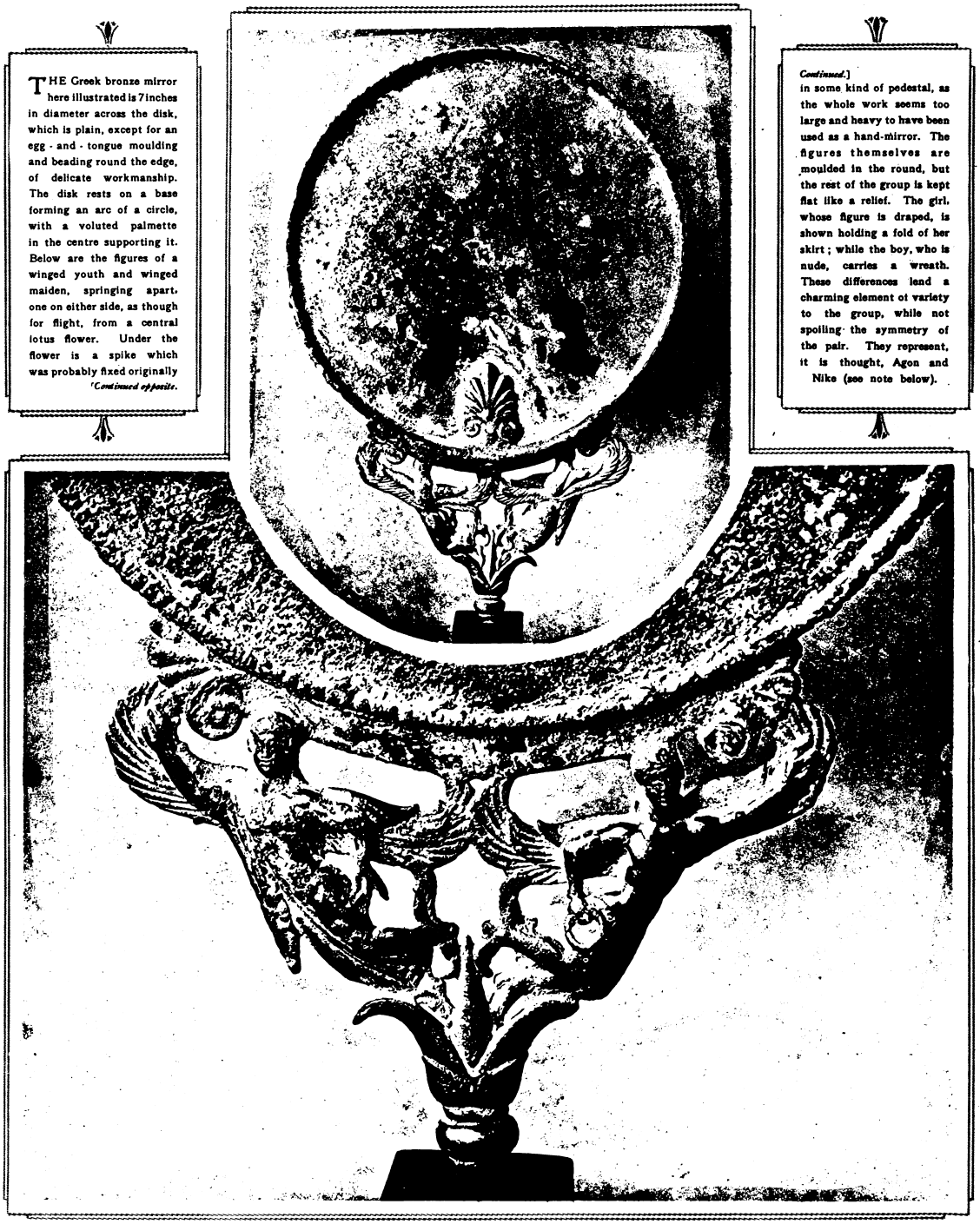
Shortly after the arrival of the King and Queen in Rome on May 7, Signor Mussolini, the Italian Premier, called at the Quirinal and had an hour's audience of his Majesty, who created him a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. Signor Mussolini was present at the State banquet in the evening.

Photograph by Agenzia Fotografica Italiana.

OF THE 5TH CENTURY B.C.: A NEW NATIONAL TREASURE OF GREEK ART.

THE Greek bronze mirror here illustrated is 7 inches in diameter across the disk, which is plain, except for an egg-and-tongue moulding and beading round the edge, of delicate workmanship. The disk rests on a base forming an arc of a circle, with a voluted palmette in the centre supporting it. Below are the figures of a winged youth and winged maiden, springing apart, one on either side, as though for flight, from a central lotus flower. Under the flower is a spike which was probably fixed originally

Continued opposite.



Continued.]

in some kind of pedestal, as the whole work seems too large and heavy to have been used as a hand-mirror. The figures themselves are moulded in the round, but the rest of the group is kept flat like a relief. The girl, whose figure is draped, is shown holding a fold of her skirt; while the boy, who is nude, carries a wreath. These differences lend a charming element of variety to the group, while not spoiling the symmetry of the pair. They represent, it is thought, Agon and Nike (see note below).

AMONG THE BRITISH MUSEUM'S NEW TREASURES APPROVED BY THE TRUSTEES, INCLUDING THE PRINCE OF WALES: AN EXQUISITE GREEK BRONZE MIRROR (7 IN. IN DIAMETER) OF ABOUT 475 B.C.—(ABOVE) THE WHOLE MIRROR; (BELOW) THE BASE, WITH FIGURES PERHAPS REPRESENTING AGON AND NIKE.

The Prince of Wales, as a Trustee of the British Museum, was present at the Trustees' meeting on May 12, when various important additions to the national collections were officially approved. Our photographs illustrate one of the most interesting of these new treasures, an exquisite Greek bronze mirror, which has been acquired for the Department of Greek and Roman antiquities. It is believed to date from about 475 B.C., a period when archaic forms were gradually giving place to those of greater freedom. The date has been deduced from a comparison with other early Greek bronzes found in the Acropolis excavations, and certainly older than 480 B.C. They included many statuettes in the archaic attitude known as a "kneeling run," but the new bronze seems to be a later modification of this pose, the feet of the figures being brought close together. It has been suggested that the figures may represent Agon (contest) and Nike (victory), thus personifying the struggle and the victory of an athlete. Another interpretation is that they are Nike and Eros (love).



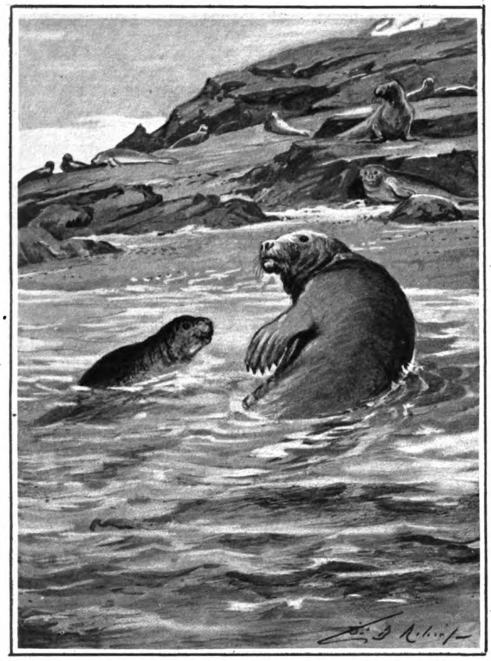
THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SOME WONDERFUL CHILD PERFORMERS!

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

AT the meeting of the Zoological Society held on May 9, some very remarkable facts were related of that fairy-like little animal, the Pigmy Flying Phalanger (*Acrobates pygmæus*) of Queensland and New South Wales. This little creature, not so big as a mouse, feeds upon the nectar it extracts from flowers and insects. And to obtain these it takes the most prodigious leaps from tree to tree, supported in mid-air by means of a fold of skin stretched between the fore and hind legs and the side of the body. It is, in short, one of Nature's animated "gliding machines."



CO-OPERATION BETWEEN PARENT AND OFFSPRING A VITAL FACTOR IN SURVIVAL: A YOUNG SEA-ELEPHANT, LYING IN THE WATER TO DIGEST ITS FOOD, SAVED FROM DROWNING BY ITS MOTHER.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson.

These facts have long been known. But what was not known till this meeting concerned the details of the birth of its young. As with all the smaller marsupials—and this is a very remarkable fact—many more are born than can possibly survive. This much, I shall be reminded, is true of the young of all animals which produce large litters, or, for the matter of that, which produce no more than one or two at a birth. But in these "normal" cases, the incidence of the death rate is uncertain, and it may often happen that every member of a litter, here and there, may attain to maturity. Such, however, are exceptional cases; but among these small marsupials there is evidently a double death rate.

One may take it that the number of teats borne by the mother is the measure of the maximum number of offspring she can rear. In some of the opossums there may be as many as twenty-three! In this little pigmy flying phalanger there are no more than four; but the number of young born very considerably exceeds this. At the moment of birth—and this is really a very extraordinary fact—each youngster, much less in length than the width of one's little-finger-nail, crawls up the hair of its mother's body and into the maternal pouch. Only the first four to reach this goal can survive. They at once proceed, after the fashion of young marsupials, to seize a teat, to which each remains permanently attached until it is old enough to consume stronger meat. All the rest of the litter, then, inevitably fall off the mother's body and die before they are more than a minute or two old!

With the larger marsupials, such as the kangaroos and wallabies, it is the rule for no more than one to be produced at a birth. And the manner in which this gained admittance to the pouch was for long a matter of dispute, though it was generally believed that the mother took the youngster, at the moment of birth, between her lips and placed it there, where it quickly fastened itself on to the teat.

Even the young of the largest kangaroo is extraordinarily small at birth. It is, in a sense, prematurely born. And hence has come about a very peculiar device for ensuring its due nourishment. As I have said, once the teat has been seized it is never released. It does not, apparently, obtain its meed of milk by the sucking action common to the higher, non-marsupial animals, but spasmodically. That is to say, it is squirted automatically down its throat when the pressure of the milk in the teat causes muscular contraction, and its consequent expulsion. Choking would inevitably follow such a method of feeding but for the fact that the back of the throat is so constructed that the upper end of the wind-pipe is always protected against the ingress of milk, much as the throat of the crocodile is guarded against the ingress of water when the animal is drowning its prey.

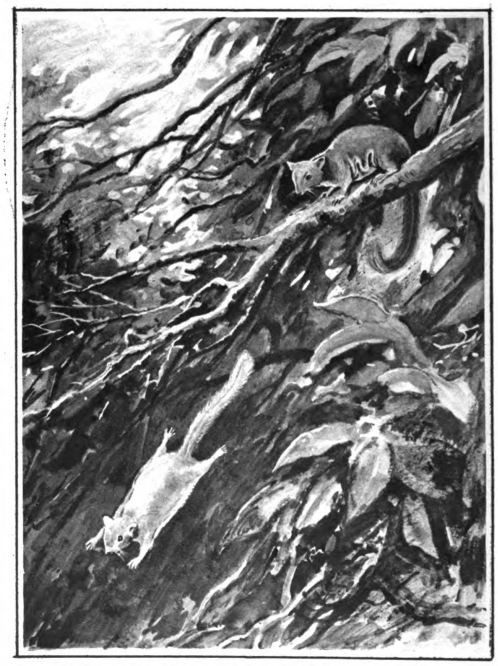
This over-production of young in the smaller marsupials was, until recently, quite unsuspected; and it raises some very interesting problems. The most obvious of these calls for some explanation as to what useful purpose can possibly be served by bringing into the world offspring, albeit but very incompletely developed, which are inevitably doomed to practically instant death.

There are exceptions to every rule. The number of teats borne by the mother, I have remarked, indicates the maximum number of young which can be reared, whatever the number which may be born. The wart-hog of Africa provides the exception. In this animal no more than four teats are present; yet occasionally twice that number of young would seem to be reared. At any rate, cases are on record where females have been seen followed by litters of six and eight. Here, however, one can find an explanation of the facts with no great strain on the imagination. It may well be that the secretion of milk in this animal is copious and continuous; for the wart-hog is a large animal. If this be the case, as soon as the four hungriest have satisfied themselves, their places can be taken by the remainder of the litter. This is impossible in the case of the marsupials, where the young are so helpless that they cannot release the teat, once it has been seized, for months.

But to return to the marsupials. The extraordinary behaviour of the young at the moment of birth calls attention to an aspect of the "Struggle for Existence" which seems to have escaped the attention of the man of science. And that is this. The survival of the species depends, not alone on the behaviour of the individual, but of itself and another—the offspring and its parent, in short, must mutually adjust themselves to perform certain acts of vital importance, in the right way, and at the right time; not spasmodically, accidentally, but synchronously.

A delicate and all-important adjustment between parent and offspring—an adjustment absolutely essential to the survival of the race—is to be found in the cases of the young of the elephant-seal and sea-lion, and probably other members of the seal tribe. Immediately after the newly-born elephant-seal has taken its first meal of milk, it proceeds to make its way laboriously down to the sea. It shuffles along, its huge head a world too big and heavy for its feeble shoulders. But it attains its goal in time—the fringe of the beach, washed by the incoming waves; and always accompanied by its mother, who makes no effort to assist it. As soon as the water is reached and entered, it turns its back to the sea, and lies, half-submerged, to digest its meal. But every now and then a somewhat larger wave breaks upon the beach, and in its retreat carries the youngster backward. In a moment it is out of its depth. More than this, the heavy head sinks, and death from drowning must speedily follow but for the action of the mother. She, apparently in anticipation of such crises, enters the water with her babe. At once taking in the situation, she drives the youngster forward on to the beach with a swoop of her flipper, and all is well again.

Here, if the instinct to go to the water fails, the youngster must die. For it has been shown that, if it be forcibly prevented, it is at once seized with vomiting. It suffers from a species of "land-sickness," and *must* lie half-submerged if digestion is to take place. If the mother failed to realise the part that she has to play, the death of her offspring is no less certain; for it would inevitably be drowned.



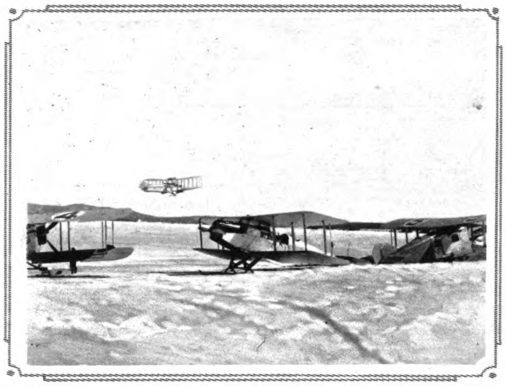
ONE OF NATURE'S "GLIDERS": THE PIGMY FLYING PHALANGER, SUPPORTED IN AIR BY A FOLD OF SKIN STRETCHED BETWEEN THE FORE AND HIND LEGS AND THE SIDE OF THE BODY.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson.

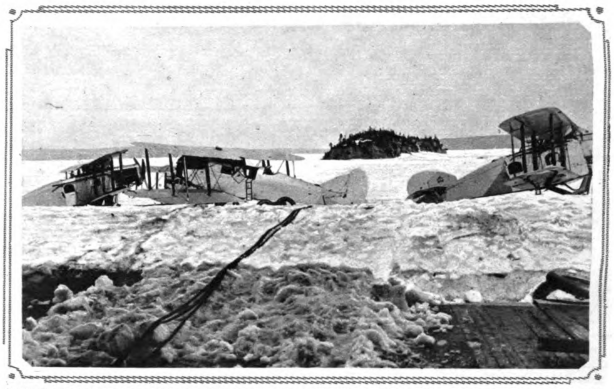
One might cite further cases of this kind, but enough has been said to show that the factors which govern the survival of different species are many and subtle, especially so where the survival depends upon the absolutely harmonious responses of two separate individuals, each of which must play its part efficiently, often over a long period.

GOLD-SEEKING BY AIR OVER ARCTIC SNOW: PREPARING FOR THE START.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AERIAL SURVEY CO. (NEWFOUNDLAND), LTD., SUPPLIED BY MR. C. G. GREY.



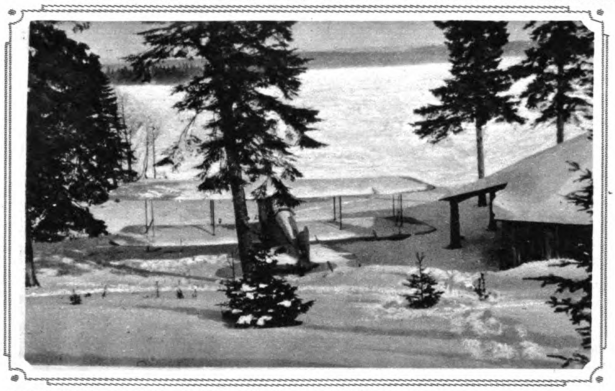
PREPARATIONS FOR A FLIGHT TO STAG BAY, LABRADOR, IN SEARCH OF GOLD: AEROPLANES BEING "TUNED UP" AND A WESTLAND-NAPIER TESTED.



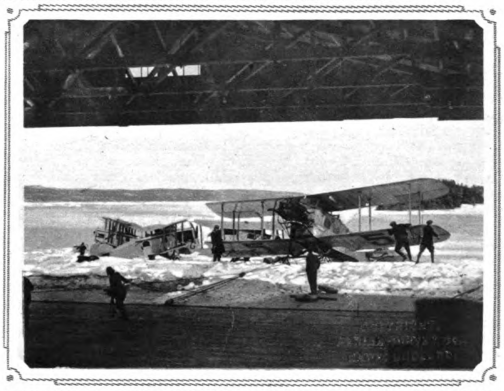
IN A TEMPERATURE FREQUENTLY FORTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO: "TUNING UP" MACHINES AT BOTWOOD FOR THE STAG BAY FLIGHT TO A NEW GOLDFIELD.



LOOMING THROUGH THE SNOW-LADEN AIR LIKE SOME WEIRD WINGED DRAGON: A BRISTOL MACHINE BEING HAULED IN FROM A BLIZZARD AT BOTWOOD, NEWFOUNDLAND, DURING PREPARATIONS FOR A FLIGHT TO THE REPORTED GOLDFIELD IN LABRADOR.



A CAMOUFLAGE EFFECT OF SNOW: A MARTINSYDE MACHINE MERGING INTO THE WINTRY LANDSCAPE AFTER A STORM AT HAWKES BAY.

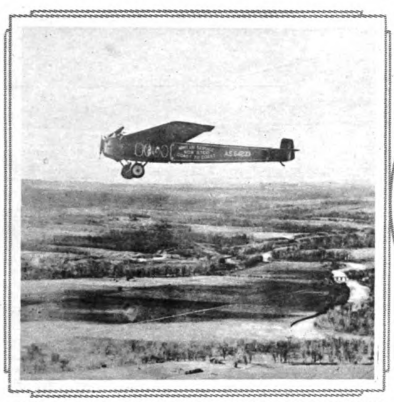


SEEN FROM INSIDE A HANGAR AT BOTWOOD: THREE WESTLAND MACHINES AND A MARTINSYDE BEING PREPARED FOR THE STAG BAY FLIGHT.

The reported discovery of a new goldfield in Labrador has led to a remarkable expedition by aeroplanes, which it was hoped would be the first arrivals. "These photographs," writes Mr. C. G. Grey, editor of the "Aeroplane," "represent various scenes at Botwood in Newfoundland, where is the aeroplane fleet of the Aerial Survey Company (Newfoundland), Ltd., the president of which is Major Sidney Cotton. Major Cotton started only a few days ago for Stag Bay, the nearest settlement in Labrador to the goldfield area. The winter having been exceptionally hard, it will be late in the summer before steamers can get through to Stag Bay. The Straits of Belle Isle were still completely blocked with ice at the end of April, a fact which has hardly ever been known before. Consequently, the aeroplanes (which must by now be at Stag Bay) will have very nearly three months' start of any other means of locomotion in getting there. The expedition which has gone by aeroplane is not only actually prospecting for gold, but is also mapping the territory from the air, as there are at present no maps available whatever. When the accompanying pictures of the preparations for the start were taken, the thermometer was frequently as low as 40 degrees below zero; yet such is the system of the Aerial Survey Company that they have never yet had any real trouble with engines or radiators in spite of the cold."

HISTORY IN THE MAKING: TOPICAL PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A., KEYSTONE VIEW CO., PHOTOPRESS, S. J. LOEB, ANTON KRENN (ZURICH), AGENCJIA FOTOGRAFICZNA (WARSAW), L.N.A., WIDE WORLD PHOTOS., AND C.N.



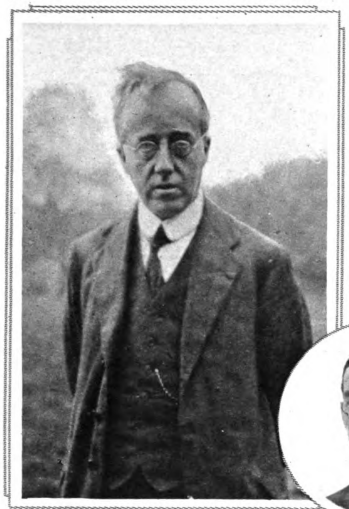
A GREAT TRANS-AMERICA FLIGHT OF 2600 MILES IN 27 HOURS: THE "T 2" PASSING OVER DAYTON, OHIO.



THE SOVIET ENVOY SHOT DEAD IN A LAUSANNE HOTEL: THE LATE M. VOROVSKY.



VALUED AT £2500: A BLOCK OF 30 BLACK PENNY STAMPS OF 1840, IN THE WESTMINSTER EXHIBITION.



AUTHOR AND COMPOSER OF "THE PERFECT FOOL": MR. GUSTAV HOLST.



VOROVSKY'S ALLEGED SLAYER: M. CONRADI.



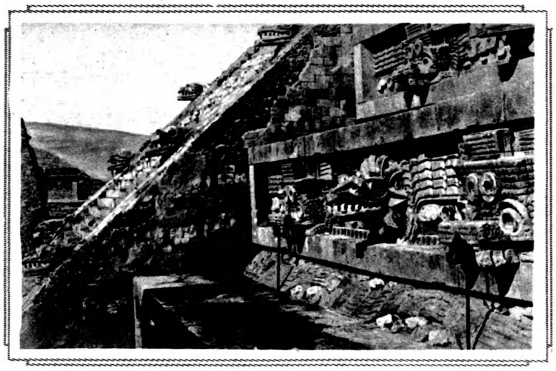
POLAND'S WELCOME TO MARSHAL FOCH: A TRIUMPHAL ARCH INSCRIBED "VIVE LA FRANCE."



THE IRISH APPEAL: MR. ART O'BRIEN.



A DISTINGUISHED HISTORICAL PAINTER: THE LATE MR. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.



THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN AND ITS WONDERFUL SCULPTURES: PART OF A GREAT ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY IN MEXICO.



THE KING AND QUEEN PAY HOMAGE TO THE BRITISH DEAD IN ITALY: THEIR MAJESTIES AMONG THE GRAVES IN THE WAR CEMETERY AT MONTECCHIO.

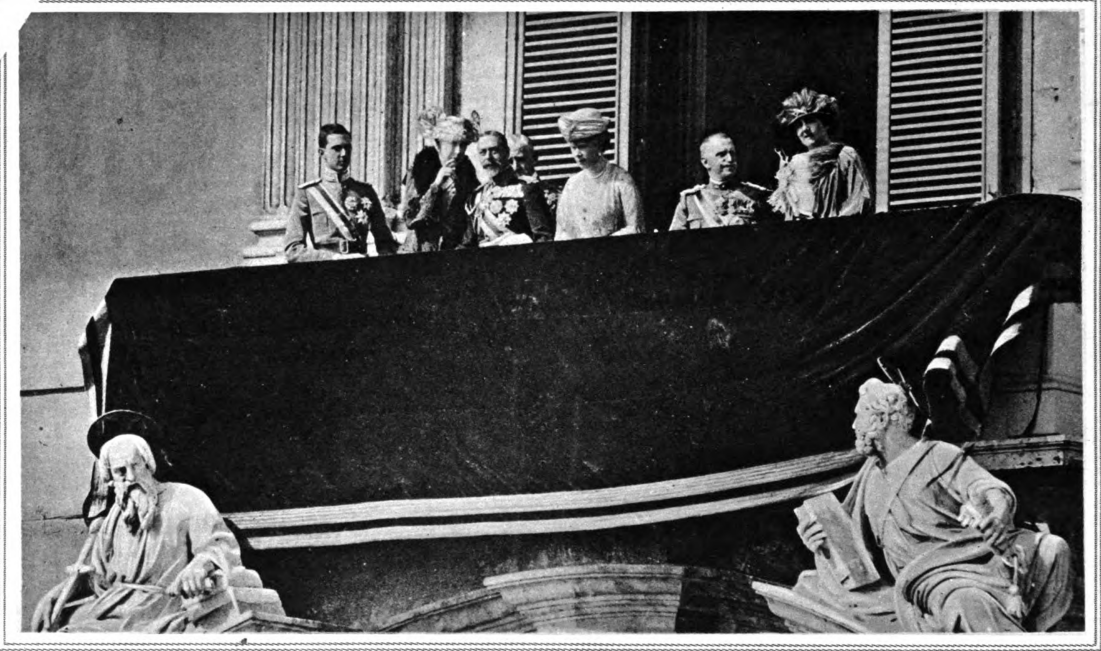
Two American officers, Lieutenants J. A. Macready and O. Kelly, recently made a non-stop flight across the American continent, from New York to San Diego, California (about 2600 miles) in 27 hours. Their machine was a T.2 Fokker monoplane.——M. Vorovsky, the Soviet Agent in Italy, and head of the Soviet Mission to the new Lausanne Conference, was shot dead after dinner in an hotel at Lausanne on May 10. His alleged assailant, M. Moritz Alexandre Conradi, is a Swiss, born in Petrograd, who was a captain in the Russian Army until 1917. He has stated that his father and uncle were tortured and killed by Bolshevists.——An exhibition of rare postage stamps was recently opened by the Postmaster-General at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster.——Mr. Gustav Holst's new one-act opera, "The Perfect Fool," opened the season at Covent Garden on May 14.——Marshal Foch was enthusiastically received wherever he went in Poland. He arrived in Warsaw on May 2, and left on the 6th.——Mr. Art O'Brien was one of those deported to Ireland on March 11. His application for a writ of Habeas Corpus was allowed by the Court of Appeal.——Mr. Seymour Lucas painted many well-known historical pictures, including "The Armada in Sight."——Earlier excavations of a Pyramid of the Sun, at Teotihuacan, in Mexico, were illustrated in our issue of September 18, 1920.——After leaving Rome the King and Queen made a pilgrimage to British graves in Italian war cemeteries. In that at Montecchio 439 British soldiers are buried.

ROME'S GREAT WELCOME TO OUR KING AND QUEEN: THEIR ARRIVAL.

THE LOWER PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



GATHERED IN THEIR THOUSANDS TO SEE BRITISH MAJESTY "PASS THE STREETS OF ROME": A CHEERING MULTITUDE IN THE PIAZZA QUIRINALE AS THE ROYAL PROCESSION WENT BY TO THE PALACE.

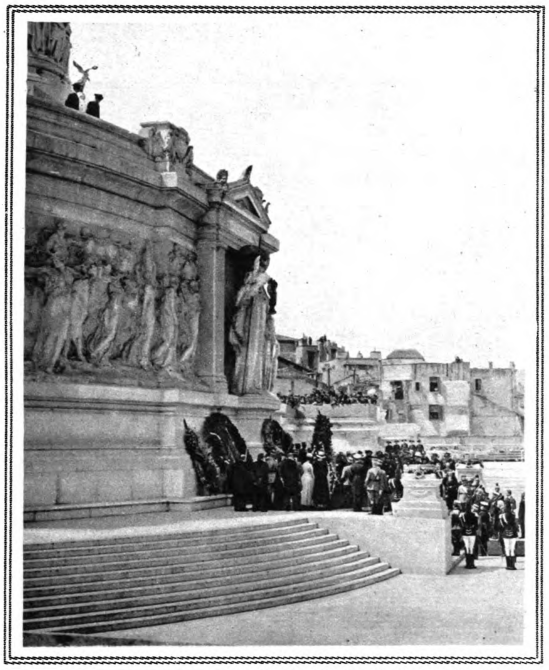


ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETINGS OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE FROM THE PALACE BALCONY: (L. TO R.) THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT, THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA, KING GEORGE, THE DUKE OF AOSTA (AT BACK), QUEEN MARY, KING VICTOR, AND QUEEN HELENA.

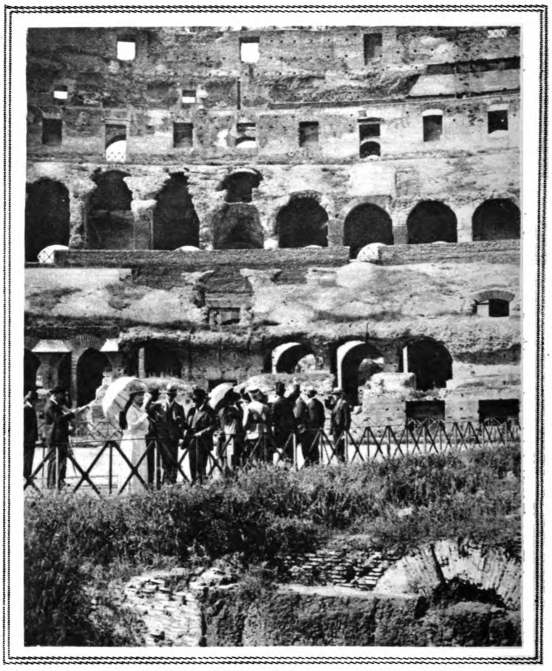
Rome gave a magnificent welcome to our King and Queen when they arrived on May 7 for their State visit to the King and Queen of Italy. At the station they were met by their royal host and hostess and the Prince of Piedmont (Crown Prince of Italy), while the Royal Commissioner for Rome, Signor Cremonesi, speaking for the city, said: "As along our streets the English flag alternates and intertwines with those of Italy and Rome, so in our hearts to-day is there a warm feeling of deference and affection for your Majesties and our own beloved Sovereigns." The enthusiasm of the people well bore out these words, as the procession passed through the streets to the Piazza Quirinale, flanked on one side by the Consulta, and on the other by the Royal Palace. The route was lined by picked Italian Infantry and Marines supported by mounted Carabinieri. In the first carriage were the two Kings, and in the second (the one seen in our upper photograph) the two Queens with the Prince of Piedmont and the Duke of Aosta. Very soon after arriving at the Palace the royal party came out on the balcony, and received such an ovation from the people that they were recalled for a second appearance.

BRITISH ROYALTY IN ROME: ITALY'S UNKNOWN WARRIOR: THE COLISEUM.

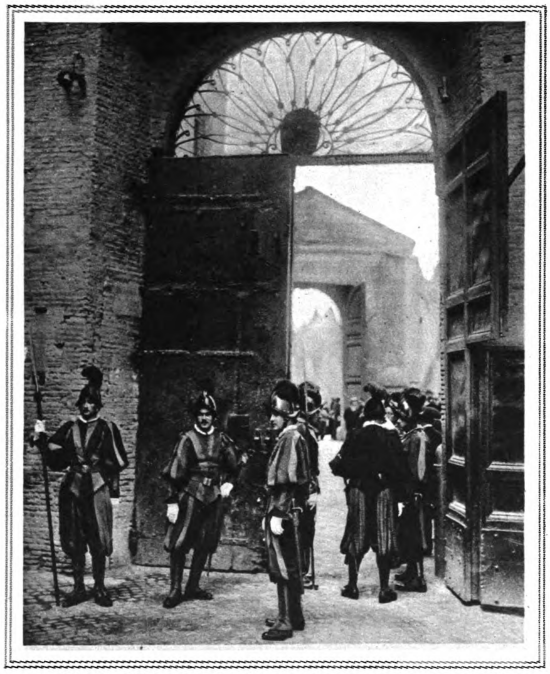
PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B. AND C.N.



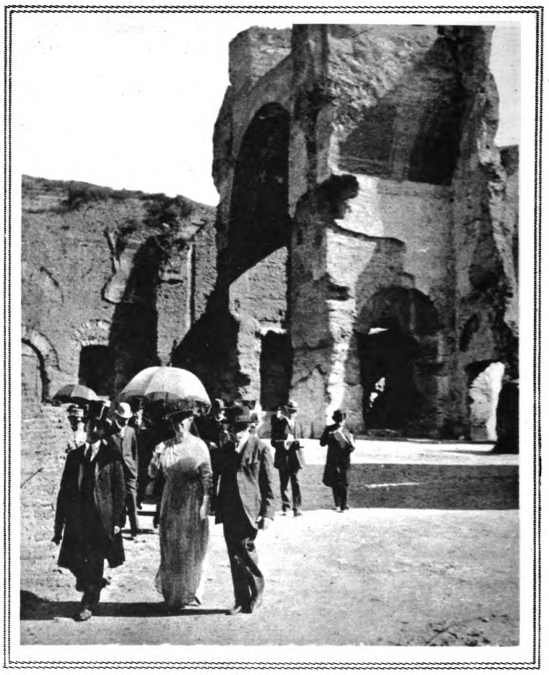
THE KING AND QUEEN PAY TRIBUTE TO THE ITALIAN UNKNOWN WARRIOR: PLACING A WREATH ON THE ALTAR OF THE FATHERLAND.



THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE COLISEUM: A GROUP SHOWING THE QUEEN (IN WHITE) ON THE LEFT WITH SENATOR LANCIANI (NEXT BUT ONE).



IN BRILLIANT UNIFORM OF SLASHED RED, YELLOW AND BLUE, WITH MEDIÆVAL HELMETS: SWISS GUARDS AT THE VATICAN.



THE QUEEN WITH SENATOR LANCIANI (ON THE RIGHT) AND THE KING FOLLOWING: THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.

On the morning of May 8, the day after their arrival in Rome, the King and Queen paid their tribute to the memory of Italy's Unknown Warrior, whose Tomb lies beneath the Altar of the Fatherland in front of the great monument to Victor Emmanuel. The ceremony was simple and impressive. Accompanied by the King and Queen of Italy, and followed by four Carabineers carrying a huge wreath, they ascended the steps of the memorial, and the two Kings stood at the salute while the wreath was placed in position, and bands played the "Marcia Reale." Four mothers who had lost sons in the war were presented to Queen Mary, who, in our first photograph, may be distinguished by her light dress in the centre of the group standing with backs to the camera. In the afternoon their Majesties made a round of the chief classical antiquities of Rome, including the Palatine, the Forum, the Coliseum, and the Baths of Caracalla, under the guidance of Commendatore Boni and Senator Lanciani, eminent Italian archæologists. The visit to the Pope at the Vatican (illustrated on another page) took place on May 9.

LEADERS OF BRITISH SOCIETY IN ROME DURING THE ROYAL VISIT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDYK.



WIFE OF THE BRITISH MINISTER TO THE VATICAN WHOM THE KING KNIGHTED DURING HIS VISIT TO ROME: LADY RUSSELL.

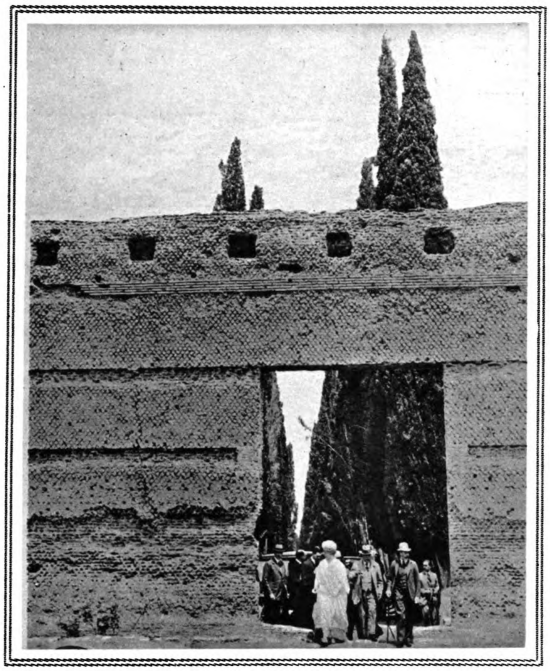


WIFE OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO ITALY AND DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF MIDLETON: LADY SYBIL GRAHAM.

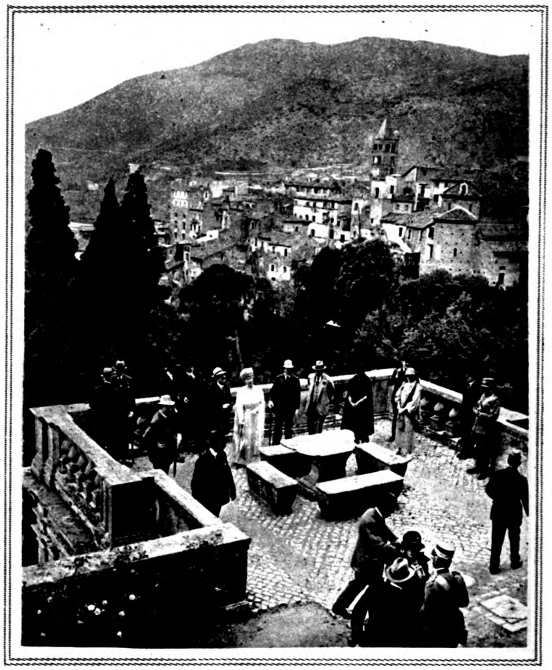
Lady Sybil Graham, wife of the British Ambassador to Italy, the Rt. Hon. Sir Ronald William Graham, P.C., K.C.M.G., is the second daughter of the Earl of Midleton, and was known before her marriage, which took place in 1912, as Lady Sybil Brodrick. She was a Maid of Honour to the Queen in 1911-12. At the dinner which their Majesties gave at the British Embassy in Rome on May 10, she went in on the arm of the Prince of Piedmont (the Crown Prince of Italy), while Sir Ronald Graham took in Princess Mafalda. The King of Italy has conferred on the Ambassador the Grand Cordon of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus. Sir Ronald and Lady Sybil Graham accompanied the King and Queen on their motor tour in the Campagna (illustrated in this number). On the occasion of their Majesties' visit to the Pope, the King conferred the K.C.V.O. on the British Minister to the Vatican, the Hon. Theo Russell, who is now known as Sir Odo Russell, using his first Christian name. He is a brother of Lord Ampthill. In 1910 he married Countess Marie Louise, daughter of Count Rex, who was at that time Saxon Minister to the Austro-Hungarian Court at Vienna. Sir Odo and Lady Russell have three sons.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT TIVOLI: A DAY IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

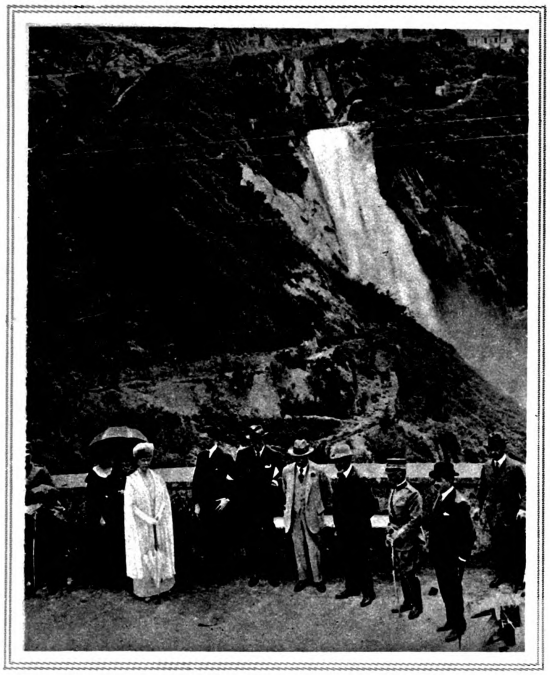
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES" AND C.N.



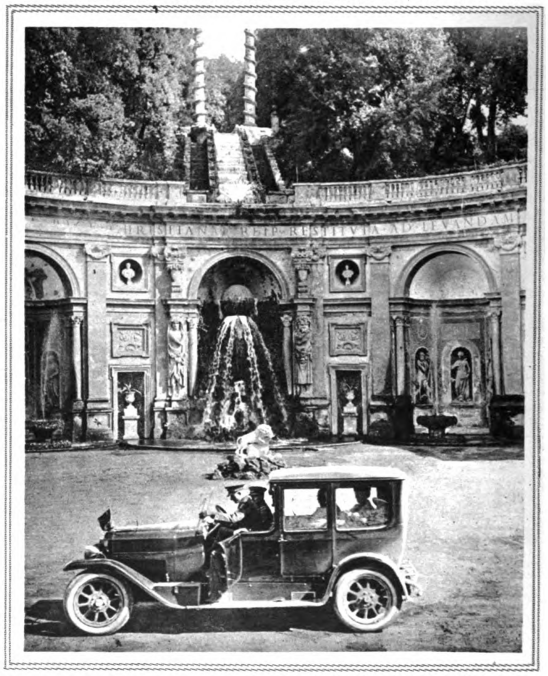
AMONG THE RUINS OF A ROMAN EMPEROR'S MAGNIFICENT PALACE: THE KING AND QUEEN AT HADRIAN'S VILLA.



A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF TIVOLI: THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE VILLA D'ESTE—THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND.



AT THE CASCADES OF TIVOLI: THE QUEEN (THIRD FROM LEFT), THE KING (SEVENTH), AND LORD CAVAN (EXTREME RIGHT).



THE QUEEN (IN HER CAR) AT THE VILLA FRASCATI: A HALT BESIDE A PICTURESQUE ORNAMENTAL FOUNTAIN.

On the last day (May 11) of their visit to Rome, the King and Queen made a tour by motor-car in the Campagna, and did a strenuous round of sightseeing, accompanied by the British Ambassador to Italy, Sir Ronald Graham, and Lady Sybil Graham. They went first to Tivoli, where they saw the famous cascades and the ruins of Hadrian's Villa, once the most magnificent palace in the world, standing picturesquely amid tall cypresses. Next they proceeded to the Villa d'Este, where they lunched in the Loggia overlooking its beautiful garden and colossal fountain. The Villa d'Este, one of the finest buildings of the Renaissance, was designed by Pirro Ligorio in 1550 for Cardinal Ippolito d'Este. During their drive in the afternoon their Majesties visited the Villa Frascati and many great Roman villas in the neighbourhood, the Lakes of Nemi and Albano, and Castel Gandolfi, where is the Pope's summer villa. At the last official function of the royal visit, a reception at the Capitol in the evening, the King said in reply to Senator Cremonesi, the Royal Commissioner for Rome: "I desire to express to you, as first Citizen of Rome, the warm thanks of the Queen and myself for the touching welcome which we received from the Roman people."

BY THE ONLY ARTIST ADMITTED: THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE POPE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY G. D'AMATO, THE ONLY ARTIST ADMITTED TO THE VATICAN ON THE OCCASION.



WITH POPE PIUS XI. AT THE VATICAN: THE KING AND QUEEN CONVERSING WITH HIS HOLINESS IN THE SMALL THRONE ROOM—HER MAJESTY WEARING A BLACK MANTILLA.

The King and Queen visited Pope Pius XI. at the Vatican on May 9. On their way from the Quirinal they entered the Palazzo Patrizi, which had been lent for the occasion as a temporary Legation for the British Minister to the Vatican. By so doing they had technically returned to British territory, and thence they started for the Vatican. The King was in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, while the Queen was in black with a high-pointed mantilla of black lace, and high black shoes, a costume in which her Majesty made a very stately figure. The Pope, in a white cassock, stood to receive them at the door of the Small Throne Room, and sat between them during the ensuing conversation, which lasted for nearly half an hour. His Holiness presented them with two large autographed portraits of himself in silver frames and cases of white parchment and gold, with the Papal arms in gold on the frames and the royal initials on the cases. Their Majesties in return gave him portraits of themselves. The members of their suite were then presented to the Pope, and the visit concluded. Mr. G. d'Amato, who made our drawing, was the only artist admitted to the Vatican for the occasion.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]



The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.



"THE MACHINE WRECKERS," BY ERNEST TOLLER.—THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

"MORE light," was Goethe's dying word. And it was prophetic of his country's future. Germany, whence in its great poet's day the light came by the torch of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, is wallowing in darkness. It has lost faith in itself, in the world, in the future, in life. The drift of its literature is despair, unless it be revenge. It spreads hopelessness, rebellion, destruction. The old cry of "To-morrow we may not be able to live, thus let us live to-day!" has changed into "Let us undo to-day! We have nothing worth living for, so let us spend and cast away—the deluge is upon us."

In Toller's play, "The Machine Wreckers," which Mr. Ashley Dukes has rendered into exquisite Victorian English—the stately language of an age when oratory was in flower and purity, undefiled by bastard words—we have woeful Germany of to-day under the mask of England in 1812. From the very beginning it is symbolic, when, in an expressive scene in the House of Lords, Byron inveighs against the Machine Bill threatening death to destroyers, and Castlereagh defends the Bill and the penalty on the plea of commonsense. Byron is the symbol of the submerged people, of the over-taxed and under-fed—a survival of that idealism which in 1914 received its death-blow. Castlereagh is the symbol of the capitalists who now, while the country is in the slough of despond, are the covert rulers. The whole play is an indictment of capitalism—a bitter, relentless, unsparing attack; and its message is that when the masses are purblind and obsessed by an idea it is useless to preach moderation and insight. Reason goes to the wall—reason will be silenced. When the action unfolds and describes the revolt of the starving weavers against the introduction of machines and consequent unemployment, there is but one man in the frenzied throng who sees "light" and would lead to it. He himself is a tramp and hungering, but he sees that destruction as a remedy is worse than the evil of unemployment and its aftermath. He would adjure his fellow-sufferers to stand firm, but to temporise—to wait and see. For he feels that the *impasse* of the moment is but temporary. Anon, when the machines are at work in full force, industry, trade, credit—all will flourish, a wave of prosperity will flood the land, and myriads more hands will be needed than ever before. But the purblind heed him not; and when they discover that he is the brother of the overseer at the factory they stone him as a traitor. Once more the saver pays with his life for the fruits of enlightenment. Then the troops come, and the wreckers are in their turn to meet their reward. What does it matter? They have achieved their end—destruction! There is nothing to live for; we may as well die on the gallows or in prison.

It is excessively painful, this play of "Dis-Kultur"; it is complex, involved, and verbose—so much so that only with the greatest difficulty can even those who know the German mentality of to-day extract its real *raison d'être* from a maze of speeches, phrases, incidents, and upheavals. Hauptmann, with infinitely more talent and with greater sobriety of method, has told the same tale in "The Weavers," that famous "J'Accuse" against the capitalist and the sweater. But Hauptmann was direct and coherent in his tragedy; his people were human; their sufferings penetrated the hearers' hearts and souls. Toller's people are not characters of inwardness; they are but the means to illustrate a cause. Their ravings and woes are disturbing, but they do not move us beyond the moment: their vehemence overwhelms their force. It is what the Germans themselves call a "Tendenz-Stück"—a play with a purpose—and the purpose has so beset his vision that he does not see clearly himself, and drowns in words his power of projection. When it is all over we have the feeling that we have heard a man with a mission, whose soul is so deeply stirred, whose head is so full of whirling ideas, whose craving to coerce us with conviction is so ardent, that he misses when firing. We can but repeat what we said of the Insect-play, that other typical post-war drama of despair—*Cui bono?* We have heard nothing new; we have once more had it dinned into our ears that life is misery, and perhaps futile. But what *is* the good of it? To revel in the slough of despond may be the sad pleasure of the few, but the world wants something different to carry on. Such plays may have an ephemeral value as curiosities—as a manifestation of the mental state of Germany to-day—but they are merely typical of a passing phase, and a repetition of such cries of despair as are born from the agonies of crisis.

Having said this, there remains but an expression of indebtedness to the Stage Society for having attempted this ambitious production; to Mr. Nugent Monck, of the Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich, for his guiding hand, so firm, so simple in choice of means, so telling in effect; and to the phalanx of well-known actors, among whom is Mr. Herbert Marshall, the hero, the victim of the drama, excellent by such magnificence of diction that the character will be remembered when the play will rest in quietude with many other products of "storm and stress."



THE RETURN OF ELEONORA DUSE: THE GREAT ITALIAN ACTRESS WHO WILL SHORTLY REAPPEAR IN LONDON AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS.

London will soon have an opportunity to welcome again Signora Eleonora Duse, the famous Italian actress, who has not been seen on the stage here since 1906, when she took part in Miss Ellen Terry's jubilee performance. She is to appear in a series of six matinées organised by Mr. C. B. Cochran. It was stated that the first, on June 6, would probably be Ibsen's "Ghosts" or "The Lady of the Sea." Signora Duse was born at Venice in 1861. She appeared before Queen Victoria at Windsor in 1894.

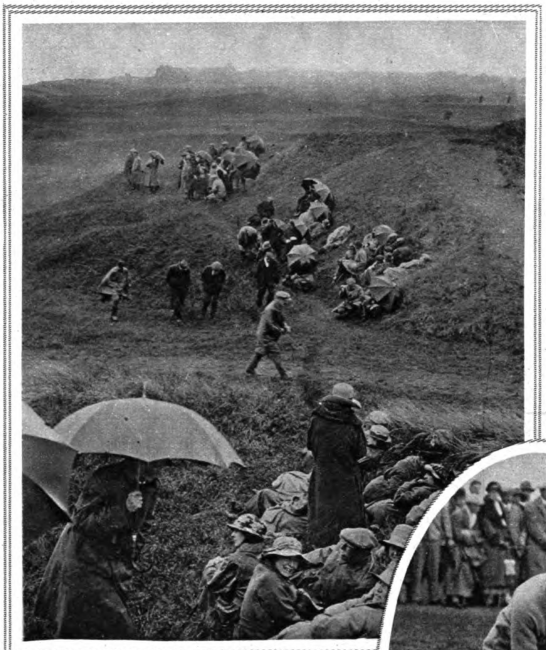
Photograph by Scindus (Genoa).

On the 28th of this month there will be an interesting ceremony at Mr. Rosenthal's handsome Pavilion Theatre in Whitechapel. Then the foundation-stone will be laid of a new enterprise, "The People's Theatre." At present it is not intended to go further than the creation of the frame. Whether the flag will ever wave on the roof depends on public support. We have the plans, we have the plays, we have the people too; we have confidence in our engineer, Mr. A. E. Filmer. But our means, except an inexhaustible fund of enthusiasm, a little knowledge, and a small sum wherewith to begin, are very limited. We are doing this for the people, and we hope that the people will be with us. Already Toynbee Hall and its leaders are moving to rally their followers in support. We feel sure that the intelligent Hebrew population will be eager to welcome our efforts. We have cut the prices to fit Everyman's purse. For three-and-sixpence we offer stalls as commodious and comfortable as any in the West End; for the nimble ninepence we throw open a gallery the like of which is to be found nowhere else in the Great City; and, mindful that the play 's the thing, as well as the players, we have planned a repertory for a start which by its very choice must commend itself to every playgoer who seeks in the theatre something better than amusement to kill time—something to appeal to his intellect, his mind, and his outlook on life. "The Witch," from the Danish, by John Masefield; "You Never Can Tell," by Bernard Shaw; Ibsen's "Ghosts"; Teixeira's version of Zola's "Thérèse Raquin"—these are the foursome of our first month. Then, if our hopes are not blighted, we have an arsenal behind us: British plays deserving a rehearing; Continental plays hitherto withheld from London despite their fame abroad; new plays by some of the younger generation which would not appeal, perhaps, to the commercial theatre, but should be heard because their authors have something to say in the spirit of new lamps for old. As for the players, we have enlisted for a time the services of Mr. Ernest Milton, whose Hamlet at the Old Vic brought him fame, and ranks as a creation of memorable originality; of Miss Phyllis Relph, far too little known in London as an actress of power and personality; of Mr. Orlando Barnett, whose name is as familiar to every playgoer as Mr. Campbell Gullan's, who has promised to be one of us. Others still remain unnamed so far, for theirs is the opportunity to make their name themselves. We have chosen the young who are ambitious to make good for the cause for themselves, and who, confident in their producer, Mr. A. E. Filmer, devote themselves with heart and soul to their mission. I say "mission" designedly, for the actors as well as the sponsors of the People's Theatre seek no other gain than the right to live, and such prestige as will further their career, and, by individual effort, assist to consolidate the enterprise.

Thus we may say with conviction that on the artistic side everything will be done to make the People's Theatre worthy of its name. But the last word remains with the people themselves. Will they let us live? That is the question. Will they fortify our belief that a people's theatre on this side of the Thames is as much needed as on the other bank, where the Old Vic has succeeded *per aspera ad astra*? We want the help of all who love the theatre; and, as we are working for a great cause, we are not ashamed to raise and proffer our hat to all who can afford and are willing to support, with the humble prayer and assurance that by Mr. Graham Morrison, the manager of the People's Theatre, Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel Road, "even the smallest contributions will be gratefully received" and wielded under careful stewardship.

AN ALL-BRITISH FINAL IN THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

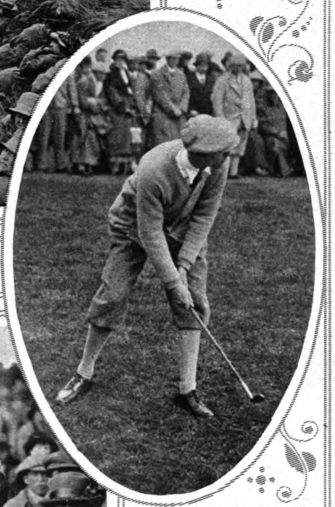
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., AND TOPICAL.



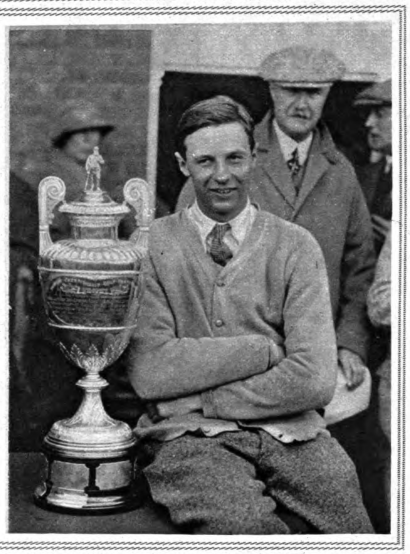
DRIVEN TO COVER BY A HAILSTORM: SPECTATORS SHELTERING UNDER GRASS AND HILLOCKS.



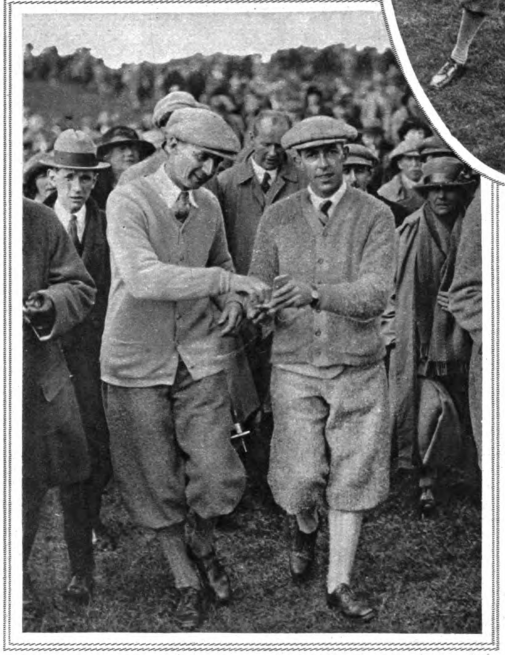
MARKING HIS BALL WITH A PEN-KNIFE BEFORE THE MATCH: MR. ROGER WETHERED, THE WINNER OF THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT DEAL.



IN THE ROUGH NEAR THE FIFTEENTH GREEN: MR. WETHERED IN PLAY DURING THE MATCH.



THE NEW AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION: MR. ROGER WETHERED (WORPLESDON) WITH THE CUP AFTER HIS VICTORY.



ANGLO-AMERICAN GOLF COURTESIES: MR. WETHERED TAKING A CIGARETTE FROM MR. OUIMET AFTER BEATING HIM IN THE SEMI-FINAL.



THE RUNNER-UP IN THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. ROBERT HARRIS (ROYAL AND ANCIENT) DRIVING DURING THE MATCH.

The final of the Amateur Golf Championship, played on the Royal Cinque Ports course at Deal on Saturday, May 12, produced a very fine display of golf under trying conditions of weather. The finalists were both British players, Mr. Roger Wethered (Worplesdon) and Mr. Robert Harris (Royal and Ancient), the last American competitor, Mr. Francis Ouimet, having been eliminated in the semi-final, in which he was beaten by Mr. Wethered by 2 and 1. In the final, Mr. Wethered played magnificent golf, and Mr. Harris fought a fine uphill fight with pluck and tenacity. Mr. Wethered won by 7 holes up and 6 to play. His score for the 30 holes played (out of 36) was 123—only 3 points above the number (120) giving an average of 4 per hole. Mr. Harris's score was 130. The figures were: 1st Round—Mr. Wethered: Out, 35; Home, 38—Total, 73. Mr. Harris: Out, 37; Home, 40 — Total, 77. 2nd Round—Mr. Wethered: Out, 37; Home, 13. Mr. Harris: Out, 39; Home, 14. These scores were the more creditable considering the strong wind with squalls of rain and hail, occasionally so violent as to drive players and spectators to whatever cover they could find. Mr. Wethered is a brother of Miss Joyce Wethered, who was Lady Golf Champion last year.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

AMONG the new novels, one of the most vital and interesting is G. B. Stern's "THE BACK SEAT" (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.), a short book, even as novels go nowadays, but so packed with matter that its brevity leaves the reader with no sense of incompleteness. The canvas is thoroughly well filled, and one has no uncomfortable sense of having been fobbed off with a mere sketch. It is a little book, but yet a book and a good book at that.

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In many ways I prefer the new story to the author's previous one, able though "The Room" was. There, the rather hectic picture of modern youth reacted uncomfortably at times on those who prefer a little serenity in their fiction. "The Room" dated itself, and had little of the universal in it. "The Back Seat," although not exactly serene, has yet a quieter atmosphere, and is not so likely to get out of date as its predecessor. The central situation is more general, and will be understood long after the present phase of manners and morals has passed. Post-war aggressiveness is becoming old-fashioned, but the egotism of the actress, her insatiable craving for applause, and the torture of seeing younger players usurp the place of public favour, will always remain. Nor is this peculiar to the abstracts and brief chronicles of their time. Every painter, every musician, every politician, every writer, every preacher, every prominent servant of the public, knows the hour of supersession for his private hell. There are two back seats in the novel. One is permanent, the other temporary. The first was taken, before the story opens, by Robert Carruthers, who having failed as an iron-broker, and then as a leather-broker, retired on nothing to a contented career of home-carpentry and fretwork. He had two passions—one for his wife, the great actress, Leonora Carruthers; and the other for making preposterous wooden gadgets to adorn the home in Edwards Square. He was always breaking out in a new place: a cupboard here, a set of shelves there, and all very good, abominably ugly, and doubtfully useful. Leonora loved him with a rather frayed but still loyal affection, and put up with his futility. Her great earnings kept the house together. She did not mind, and Robert did not mind. In less skilful hands Mr. Carruthers' economic dependence might have been contemptible, but he is not so futile as he seems.

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Perhaps Mrs. Houldsworth (G. B. Stern—I see some call her *Mr.* Stern) wishes to explode the notion that the man must be the breadwinner or perish, or she may be indulging herself with a sly, ironic criticism of "This Freedom." However that may be, Robert is not a nonentity. He had a fairly subtle brain that enabled him to combat successfully and unobtrusively a threatening domestic situation. He wanted his wife to himself, and invited her to take the second of the two back seats. That is, she was to "rest" for six months, escape from the social and artistic whirlpool that was her life, be domestic, and darn his neglected socks. He had tried "to be a good wife" to her; now it was her turn to play the like.

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I can recall few equally successful pictures in little of the fashionable actress's distressful days of "rush." Since "Miss Bretherton" (if one dare mention Mrs. Humphry Ward's first, and in many ways best, story in the same breath with one of the brilliant new writers) and Anthony Hope's "A Servant of the Public," there has been no such complete and understanding portrait of the theatrical star *intime*. Sandra Belloni, more singer than actress, moves on the ethereal and Olympian Meredithian plane, and stands above comparison with any Leonora Carruthers. Leonora is no Olympian; just a capable, successful player, a little above mediocrity and a little below genius. Her acting is only once important to the story. It is her off-the-stage life that counts. That life is very neatly summed up in the author's phrase, "breathlessly jostled by the many gay things crowding into the gay day." There is first-rate fun in the scenes where Leonora appears in the interviewer's hands, and if the illustrated papers get a shrewd knock or two for fatuity and banality in descriptive letterpress, this journal bears no malice. In his last novel, by the way, Mr. Michael Sadleir justifies his finer literary perceptions with similar jokes. It is the fashion: it does no harm, and it may even do good.

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I refuse to spoil "The Back Seat" by giving a tabloid version here; nor will I say in what very interesting and poignant form a usurper of Leonora's place threatened to arise, or what came of that episode. The story is too closely wrought to be summarised. It lives in every line, and shows, I think, that the author's art is mellowing, and her powers of observation and insight maturing. There are fewer squibs and crackers than in her former works, which sometimes left one a trifle dazzled and deafened. Human frailty, amiable domestic humbug and self-deceptions may be exposed as before, but it is with a gentler touch. Here, once again, as in several recent novels by other hands, the modern spirit seems to be coming to terms with old institutions. The book makes no concessions to mawkishness, but at the same time it holds no truck with cynicism, and the result is something very fresh, wholesome, and attractive.

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Two other new books by women writers have come to my table this week, and both have proved profoundly interesting. Apart from their context, these volumes make a special appeal to me because they are Northern products. The authors are Scotswomen, distinguished graduates of Aberdeen University. There and in a wider circle Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor and Miss Agnes Mure Mackenzie made a name as poets. On this occasion their medium is prose: Miss Mackenzie has given us a novel of Deeside, "WITHOUT CONDITIONS" (Heinemann; 6s.); Mrs. Annand Taylor a volume of essays that is in some sense a compendious history, "ASPECTS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE" (Grant Richards; 12s. 6d.), a poet's prose-poem on a period.

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To those who know Mrs. Taylor's former books, "Rose and Vine," and "The Hours of Fiammetta," her delicately poetical and artistically romantic treatment of the Renaissance will be no surprise. To her the period has long been an object of worship, and to this book she has devoted many years of study. Perhaps she has over-idealised it. Burckhardt said that if its most ardent modern admirer were taken back to the actual life of that time, he could not endure its conditions for a quarter of an hour. This is a salutary corrective to the too rhapsodic mood, but only a corrective. It is not to be taken as a negative; for the period certainly afforded sufficient material for the exposition of beauty in art and letters. And it is as such an exposition that this book best finds its account.

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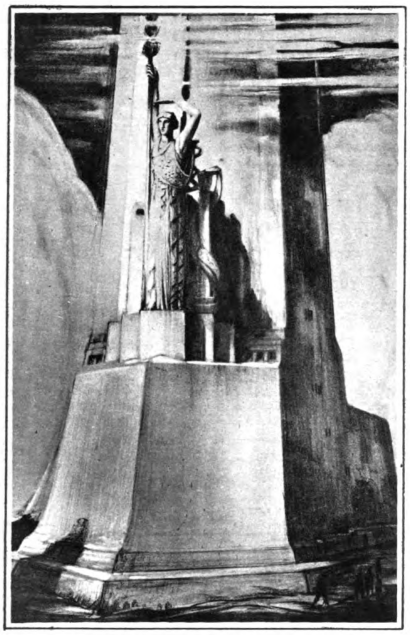
It is, however, chiefly a book for those who already know something of the subject. So many great names are introduced in a passing allusion that readers without previous knowledge may miss the full scope of the argument. But those who come in any way prepared will be impressed with Mrs. Taylor's easy handling in brief of her huge subject, and with the general rightness of her scheme. She is on intimate terms with all the men and women of the Renaissance, and she places them on her tapestry with an artist's skill. The book is perhaps best compared to a tapestry, beautiful to look at, even if the full meaning of the design may elude our ignorance.

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Miss Agnes Mure Mackenzie's first novel, "Without Conditions," is not her first book. Besides her poems, she edited, in collaboration with Miss Anna Shepherd, an anthology of the best verse that had appeared during twenty-one years in the magazine of her Alma Mater. Although not an Aberdonian by birth, she has chosen Deeside as the scene of her first full-dress effort in fiction. But here is no Kailyard delving. Miss Mackenzie has been most happily inspired to go back to 1848, to set her scene in the county, and to choose her actors from county families. There is a touch of Jane Austenism in her delicate etchings of polite society, but it is Austenism in crinolines, most delightful and billowy to behold. Here is an aristocratic setting that has been somewhat rare in Scottish fiction for many a day.

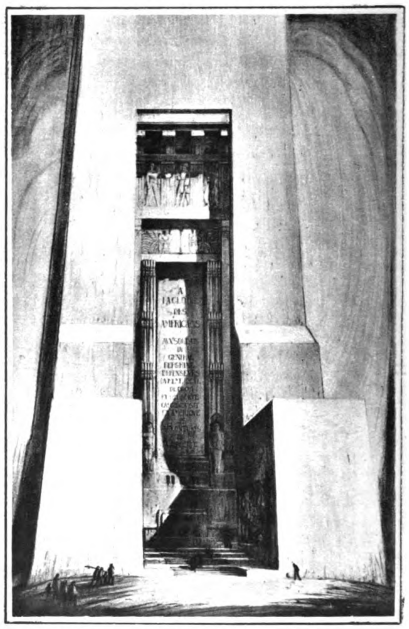
. . . . . .

The writing, highly finished and fastidious, pleased me more than the actual story, a curious episode of courtship and honeymoon, which seemed to be much ado about nothing without the necessary justification of whimsicality. But I trust the author means to follow up this most promising beginning. She has the gift of drawing both character and scenery with unusual skill, her domestic interiors are exquisite, and I look forward to many more of the same kind.



THE FRENCH MONUMENT OF GRATITUDE FOR AMERICAN AID: THE DESIGN FOR THE SEAWARD SIDE—A COLOSSAL FIGURE OF FRANCE ON A PROW-SHAPED BASE SCANNING THE OCEAN FOR THE AMERICAN SHIPS.

The monument will overlook the sea at the Pointe de Grave, at the mouth of the Gironde, where the first American contingents landed. The figure of France (65 ft. high), by the famous sculptor, Antoine Bourdelle, is inspired by the tradition of the Athene Parthenos of Phidias. The whole design is illustrated and described on the opposite page.



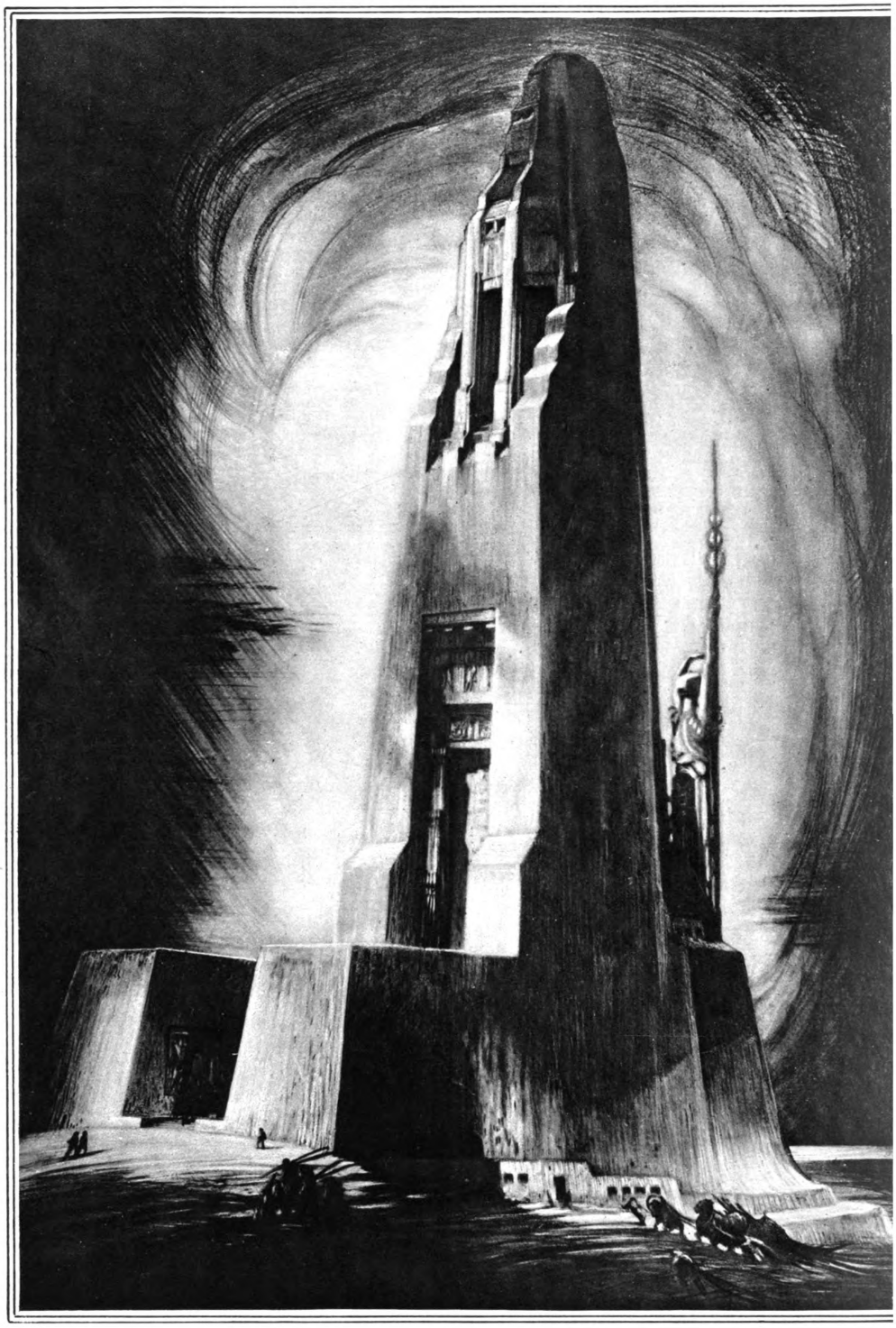
FRANCE'S GREAT MONUMENT OF GRATITUDE FOR AMERICA'S AID: THE DESIGN FOR THE LANDWARD SIDE, SHOWING ITS COMMEMORATIVE TABLET AND APPROACH CORRIDOR WITH MURAL BAS-RELIEFS.

At the foot of the central tablet are figures of a French and an American soldier, one on each side. The side walls of the corridor will be adorned with bas-reliefs by M. Henri Navarre, the French sculptor.

Drawings by the Architect, M. André Ventre.

FRENCH GRATITUDE TO AMERICA: A SISTER TO THE "LIBERTY

FROM A DRAWING BY THE ARCHITECT, M. ANDRÉ VENTRE, OF HIS MODEL FOR THE MONUMENT.



TO STAND WHERE THE FIRST AMERICAN CONTINGENTS LANDED IN FRANCE IN 1917: THE DESIGN FOR TH GREAT FRENCH MEMORIAL (325 FEET HIGH), TO BE ERECTED AT THE MOUTH OF THE GIRONDE.

The foundation-stone of the colossal monument to commemorate the gratitude of France for American aid in the war was laid on September 6, 1919 (the anniversary both of the first Battle of the Marne and of the birth of La Fayette) by the President of the French Republic and the United States Ambassador to France. The site for the memorial, which will be 325 ft. high, is on the cliffs at the Pointe de Grave, at the mouth of the Gironde, where the first American contingents landed from the transports "Orleans" and "Rochester." The general design, which has been altered considerably since its first conception, has been prepared by M. Barthol and M. André Ventre, the architect of the famous "Trench of Bayone monument at Verdun. The colossal statue of France, scanning the hor for the American ships, by the eminent French sculptor, M. Antoine Bourd recalls the statue of "Liberty" in New York harbour. One bas-relief represent the arrival of La Fayette in the United States in 1777, ano the landing of the Americans in France in 1917. A model of this monun is in the Paris Salon.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

) BE REVIVED FOR THE 800TH ANNIVERSARY OF "BART'S."

DRAWN AND DESCRIBED BY A. FORESTIE



AS IN HENRY VIII.'S DAY: BARTHOLOMEW FAIR AT SMITHFIELD—TO BE RESUMED WHEN

great feature of the celebrations of the eight-hundredth anniversary of St. Bartholomew's Hospital will be the revival of old Bartholomew Fair, in Smithfield, June 6, 7 and 8. "This drawing," writes Mr. Forestier, "represents a conjectural view of Smithfield during the Fair in Henry the Eighth's reign before suppression of the monasteries. On the right of the picture is the entrance to St. Bartholomew's Hospital through Henry the Seventh's Gate. The rch and tower of St. Bartholomew-the-Less appear immediately behind the gate. . . . The church of St. Bartholomew the Great appears in the background, wing the west front, in the style of the thirteenth century, with two turrets above the side doors. The nave is visible, as well as the great tower where g a peal of bells that went to St. Sepulchre's Church when the tower was pulled down. The church was approached through a fortified gate. . . . On right of the church are perceived the roofs of part of the monastic buildings. On its left the wall is hidden by the booths of the Fair, which abounded

OLD BARTHOLOMEW FAIR—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.

(SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 856.)



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL CELEBRATES ITS "EIGHT HUNDRED SUMMERS OF RENOWN."

near the church, and where the amusements of the Fair were chiefly to be found. Cloth Fair is indicated by a double row of booths, within the churchyard. Houses extended to the left to the corner of Long Lane and beyond, where a horse fair is taking place. In the left foreground is one of the famous elms under which stood the gallows. A gypsy encampment is in the left foreground, close to 'the river of wells.' On the right is an open-air eating-place, and in the middle of Smithfield are the usual tumblers and mountebanks, wrestlers, stilt-walkers, rope-dancers, and jugglers, each attracting their own crowd, while merry fellows dance and play the fool, beggars whine incessantly, gentlemen and ladies ride or walk, preceded by their page boy, and rogues are led away by the guards. Booths and taverns are driving a roaring trade, and one may imagine the incessant din from drum and trumpet and the discordant shouts that went to make up all the fun of Bartholomew Fair."—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

By A. FORESTIER.

WHEN Rayer (called in Latin Raherus, anglicised as Rahere), "a pleasant and witty gentleman," says Stowe, "and therefore the King's Minstrel," feeling pangs of conscience, left the frivolous Court of Henry I., which he had enlivened by his jokes, and went on pilgrimage to Rome to do penance for his sins before the shrines of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, he vowed that, if he recovered from an extreme sickness that had seized him during his stay in the Eternal City, and was able again to reach England, he would make a hospital "in recreation of poor men, and to them so gathered minister after his powers." "The vow was approved by the benign and merciful Lord," Rayer was restored to health, and in the course of his return journey he had a vision of the great St. Bartholomew, who commanded him to found a church in the suburb of London at a place called Smithfield (otherwise, the Smooth Field), promising him assistance.

Rayer obeyed the command: he petitioned and obtained Henry the First's grant of the land he desired, "for it was contained in the King's market," and there, in time, raised his church with the help of people attracted by a superstitious reverence for a man who, "with cunning of truth," instructed them in the word of God and exhorted them to deeds of charity. It was not then a pleasant place: the soil was marshy, and planted with gallows for thieves. But the work prospered. Both the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London consecrated the adjoining field as a cemetery. Clerks were brought together to live under regular institution, Rahere naturally being appointed Prior. Miracles occurred. St. Bartholomew's fame spread far and wide. Pilgrims flocked thither in numbers and with them dealers in articles of piety, rosaries, crosses, medals, souvenirs of all sorts; and with these, it can be presumed, sellers of meat and drink. The "Smoothfield" was, we are told, in the King's market where horses and cattle were sold, and shambles stood near by. It was a place of execution. In 1305 Wallace, the Scottish hero, was done to death there in revolting circumstances. The Priory of St. Bartholomew had a purifying influence. The fête day of the saint, Aug. 24, attracted an extraordinary number of worshippers.

A fair was instituted under the auspices of the chief City magistrate* and aldermen, who duly came in full pomp to proclaim it. Strict regulations were established (not always observed), and for three days a great deal of trade in all sorts of things and products was made, the London drapers having their booths within the churchyard—permanent structures which were closed and guarded for fear of theft. They were the origin of Clothfair, that narrow street until lately passing between two rows of old houses (one of them now demolished) which had gradually superseded the ancient booths of the drapers. Besides military exercises and jousting and tournaments, games of all sorts and sports were indulged in at Smithfield—sword and buckler, quarter-staff, archery, races, probably football. The 'prentices would enjoy the place exceedingly. A row of elms grew along what was called "the river of wells," an expanse of water or pond formed by the meeting of several brooks which came from a number of springs or wells arising in the neighbourhood — Clerken well, Tode's well, Rede's well, Skinners well, Fags well, and others. This "river" flowed into the near city ditch which joined the Fleet below Fleet Bridge (Ludgate Hill). At Smithfield it was used, of course, as a watering-place for horses and so on. Holebourne, or Old bourne (Holborn) the river of wells, flowed near by where now runs Farringdon Road.

The Fair became naturally a rendezvous for tumblers and mountebanks, quack doctors, acrobats, rope-dancers, and wrestlers; and, as it developed, was a centre of amusements of a rough kind; while eating and drinking and merry-making attracted all the citizens, who gorged themselves with roast pig—a speciality of the Fair—sausages, and oysters.

The church of St. Bartholomew was founded in 1123; so was the hospital, whose 800th anniversary is to be commemorated this year by a revival of the Fair, produced by the students with great ceremonial. The hospital had its separate chapel, now the church of St. Bartholomew the Less, which stood within its precincts, but its date is much later, about 1400-1410.† The great church (St. Bartholomew the Great) was not finished at Rahere's death in 1143. The nave



NOW 800 YEARS OLD: ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL—THE ENTRANCE THROUGH KING HENRY'S GATE.
Photograph by Topical.

was completed about 1240. Meanwhile, the monastic buildings were growing, and at the beginning of the fifteenth century the Priory offered all the resources of the great abbeys in cloisters, dormitories, guest-house, and kitchen gardens. Canonbury was the canons' country house. The monks belonged to the Order of St. Augustine. Rahere had at first assembled thirteen canons regular, but that number was increased to thirty-five by Thomas, the second Prior.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL AS A GREAT MEDICAL TRAINING SCHOOL: THE SPLENDIDLY EQUIPPED MUSEUM.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

At the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII., the Priory was surrendered to the King by Robert Fuller, the last Prior, in 1539. The hospital was closed, and the canons were dismissed. What became of them no one knows. A few years later, in Edward the Sixth's time, the church was more than half destroyed. So were the monastic buildings, the materials being used, they say, by the Duke of Somerset, the Protector, who is accused of blowing up with gunpowder the Priory of St. John's and its beautiful spire, to obtain the materials for building his palace in the Strand, which he did not live to see completed (not the present Somerset House, which only dates back to 1776-1786, the year of its completion). On December 27, 1546, one month before his death, Henry VIII., yielding to the prayer of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and citizens, decided to refound the hospital. He made a gift of it to the City of London, together with other places. So that he became the second founder of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and his statue figures over the present gate, which, however, was built in 1702.

Those changes did not affect the Fair, which year after year went on merrily. The Smoothfield, which at first was a morass in wet weather, when thousands of people and animals were assembled there, had been paved by order of the King—James I. This was in 1614. The burning of heretics had not prevented people from meeting on the same spot for trade and amusement. The new condition of things, including the suppression of the gallows, invited the building of numerous houses permanently devoted to trade. Ben Jonson wrote his comedy of "Bartholomew Fair" at that time. Therein he gives us a lively picture of the characters through which he satirises the follies and vices of the Fair.

People of condition now ventured to visit it Carriages brought them in. They could walk dry-foot on the flagstones laid in front of the shops, and entered the good inns for a meal.

Pepys records several visits to the place, and evidently derived some enjoyment from it. Evelyn also had been there, but had come back scandalised by the gross and licentious display he had witnessed. Gradually the booths increased in number and variety; stage plays were given; puppet shows were greatly in favour; shows of all sorts appeared, all competing in noise, so much so that the neighbours, who could not sleep at night on account of the kettledrums, or during the day could hardly reach their doors owing to the crowds—let alone their own trade being stopped—protested against an undue prolongation of the Fair, which at the time of the Restoration had largely exceeded the three days to which it should have been restricted. The Lord Mayor and Council of Aldermen were petitioned, and in 1708 an announcement appeared in the *Gazette* reducing the duration of the Fair to three days, and no more. The Fair, it is true, had become a scene of disorder and debauchery. A number of thieves and rogues of all descriptions, causing tumults and violence, were constantly apprehended, but many more escaped.

However, there were theatrical and musical booths offering great interest. Gay's "Beggar's Opera" was performed at the Fair in 1727-28. Fielding had a great theatrical booth at the George Inn yard at Smithfield, where his dramatic opera, "Hunter; or the Beggar's Wedding," was performed in 1729. He gave several other plays at the same inn, among others, in 1736, the "Fourberies de Scapin," adapted from Molière's comedy. There were four theatrical booths. They formed a diversion from the strange and wonderful creatures, such as the elephant firing a gun, the learned pig, and the six-legged sheep.

The Court of Piepowder was formally opened by the Lord Mayor when he proclaimed the Fair, to settle disputes and differences between members of the Fair. It was part of the Fair, and lasted to the end. Its decisions were upheld, and against any error an appeal to the Courts of Westminster was allowed, and "such courts had the right to issue writs of execution in aid of their process after judgment, when the person or effects of the defendant were not in the Fair, and therefore beyond the ancient limits of their jurisdiction. (Act 19 George III., cap. 70.)" The Lord Mayor, for the maintenance of peace, placed a City Marshal at the Ram Inn, with a strong body of constables.

So Bartholomew Fair went on until the year 1855, when it was definitely suppressed.

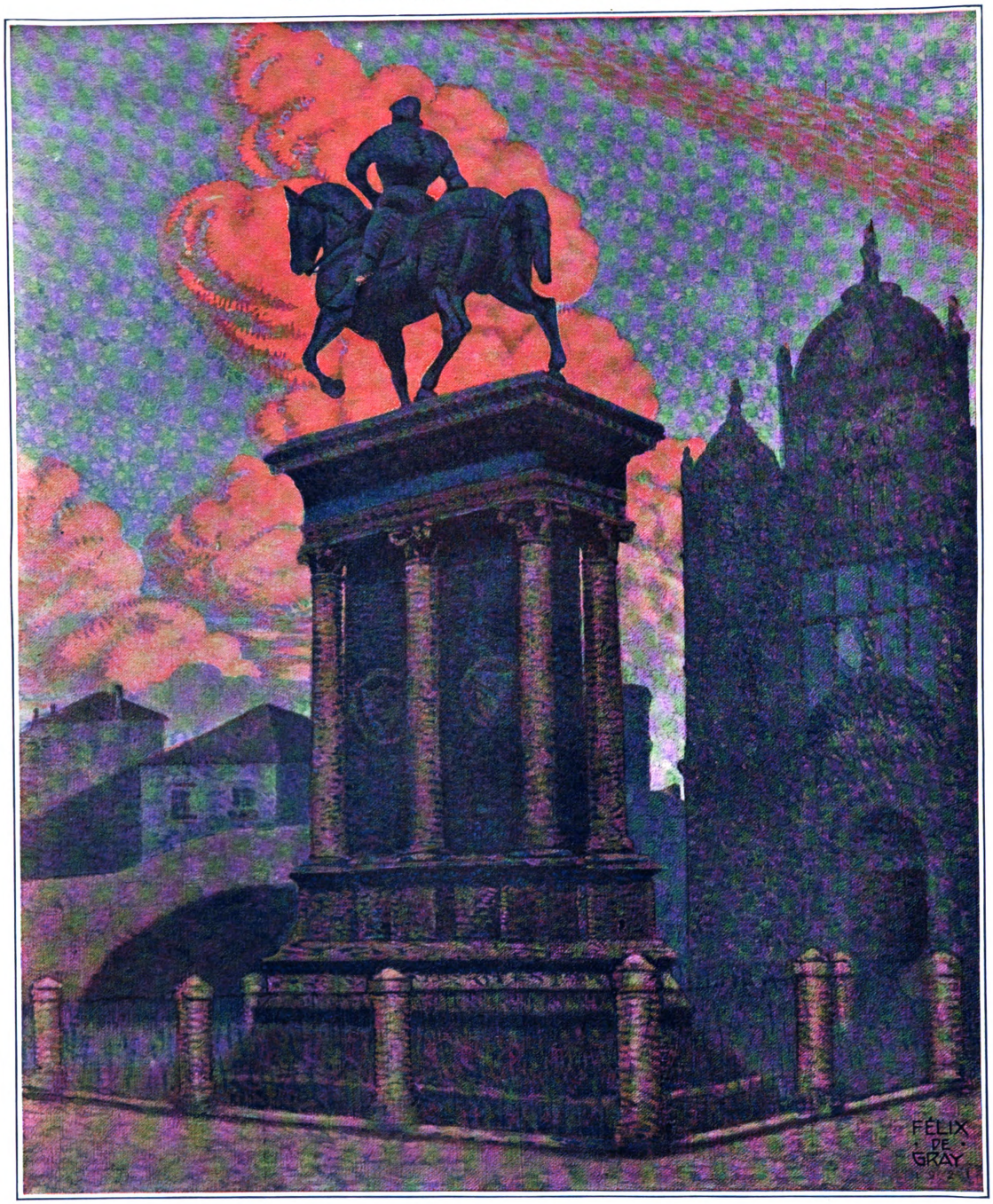
This abbreviated account is based on Henry Morley's exhaustive memorial, "Bartholomew Fair," and articles by J. Saunders on the Priory and Church of St. Bartholomew's, in "London," edited by Chas. Knight (1851); Loftie's "History of London," and other sources.

* The first Mayor on record is FitzAlwyn in 1189.

† The present church was rebuilt in 1823.

IN RUSKIN'S VIEW, THE WORLD'S MOST GLORIOUS WORK OF SCULPTURE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY FÉLIX DE GRAY. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



MODELLED BY LEONARDO DA VINCI'S TEACHER, ANDREA DEL VERROCCHIO, IN 1481: THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF BARTOLOMEO COLLEONI, IN THE CAMPO SANTI GIOVANNI E PAOLO, AT VENICE.

Ruskin said: "I do not believe there is a more glorious work of sculpture existing in the world than the equestrian statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni." It stands at Venice, in the centre of the Campo Santi Giovanni e Paolo, opposite the Dominican church of that name. The statue was modelled in 1481 by Andrea del Verrocchio, among whose pupils were Leonardo da Vinci and (probably) Pietro Perugino. After Verrocchio's death it was cast in bronze in 1493 by Alessandro Leopardi, who also designed the lofty marble pedestal. Verrocchio was born at Florence in 1432, and is described by Vasari as "a goldsmith, a master of perspective, a sculptor and carver, a painter, and a musician." Another famous work of his is the bronze statue of David in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. His only extant picture is the "Baptism of Christ," in which Leonardo is said to have helped him. He died at Venice in 1488. The subject of the above statue, Bartolomeo Colleoni, was a Venetian general who died in 1475. His tomb is in the Church of S. Maria Maggiore, at Bergamo, which he founded.

EXPECTING A VISIT FROM THE KING AND

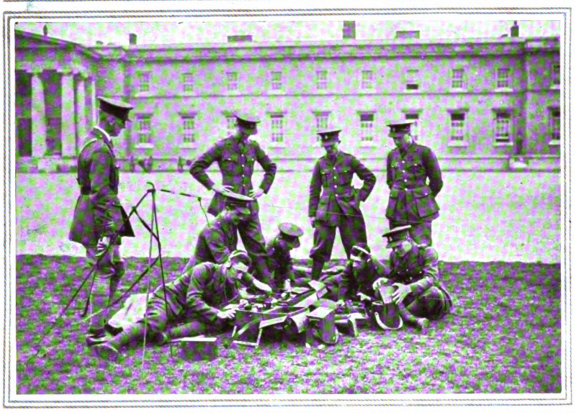
PHOTOGRAPHS BY



PLUNGING COLD STEEL INTO A LINE OF DUMMY ENEMIES: CADETS AT SANDHURST, IN STEEL HELMETS, MAKING A PRACTICE BAYONET CHARGE.



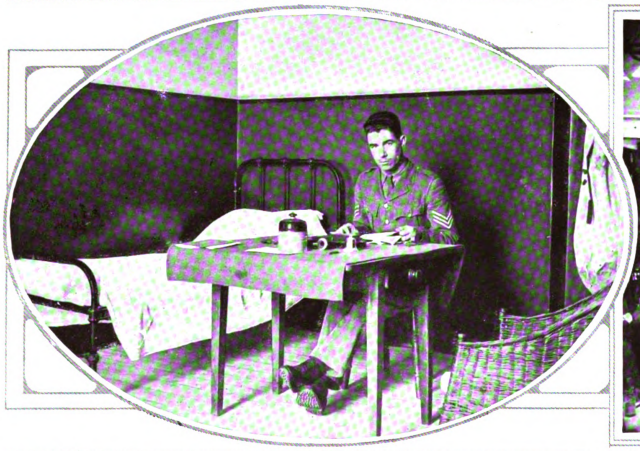
WHERE THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE HAS BEEN HOUSED THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS



INSTRUCTION IN THE LATEST PHASE OF SCIENTIFIC WARFARE: AN OPEN-AIR WIRELESS CLASS AT SANDHURST.



BUDDING OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY WIELDING PICK AND SHOVEL: CADETS AT SANDHURST DIGGING TRENCHES.



WHERE SOLDIERLY SIMPLICITY IN FURNITURE IS THE ORDER OF THE DAY: A SANDHURST CADET IN A DORMITORY.



HOW THE SIX HUNDRED AND TWENTY CADETS AT SANDHURST TAKE THEIR MEALS: THE MESS-ROOM.

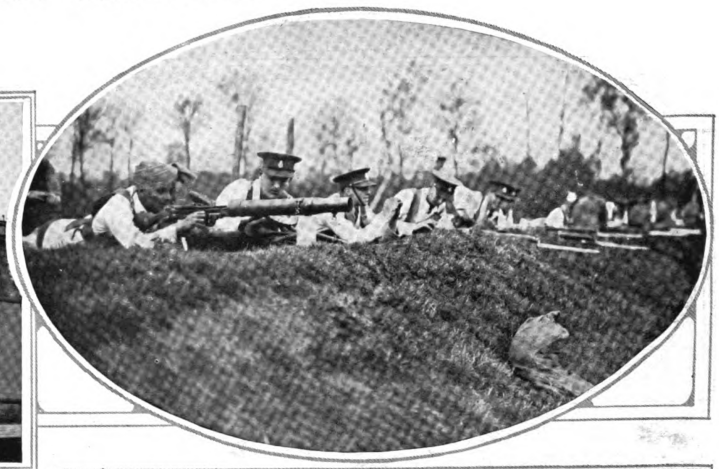
The King and Queen, it was announced recently, have arranged to spend a few hours to-morrow (Whit Sunday) with the cadets at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, whither they will drive by motor from the Royal Pavilion at Aldershot. Their Majesties will arrive soon after 10 a.m., and, after inspecting the cadets, will attend Divine service with them. The town of Sandhurst, in Berkshire, is about nine miles north of Aldershot—and the College buildings stand two miles away to the south-east, in beautiful grounds containing a large lake. The Royal Military College was established here in 1812, three years before Waterloo. It had been originally founded, by the then Duke of York, at High Wycombe, in 1799, and in 1802 he removed it to Great Marlow, where it remained until its

QUEEN ON WHIT SUNDAY: SANDHURST.

KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



HINCE THREE YEARS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO: AT SANDHURST.



INCLUDING AN INDIAN: CADETS OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE AT SANDHURST PRACTISING TRENCH WARFARE WITH A LEWIS GUN.



DRILLING WITH FIXED BAYONETS: A PARADE OF CADETS IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE AT SANDHURST.



INDOOR RECREATION AT SANDHURST: CADETS HAVING A GAME OF PING PONG WHILE ANOTHER PLAYS THE PIANO.



LEARNING TO APPLY THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES TO MILITARY USES: AN INDOOR CLASS IN WIRELESS.



THE COMMANDANT OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE AT SANDHURST: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR R. B. STEPHENS, K.C.B., C.M.G.

transference to Sandhurst. In 1858 the system of training was remodelled, Sandhurst up to that time having formed the Junior Department of the Royal Military College. There is now accommodation for 700 cadets, and the number in residence at present is stated to be 620. The course of training, which includes practical experience of all details of a soldier's life, as well as scientific military studies, occupies two years; after which the cadets enter on their career in the Army. The great interest which they have shown in wireless has led the College authorities to instal a powerful broadcasting apparatus. The present Commandant of Sandhurst, Major-General Sir Reginald Eyng Stephens, served in the Great War, and was severely wounded in the South African War.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST LINER: THE HUGE "LEVIATHAN

FROM THE PAINTING BY



THE AMERICAN "INVASION" OF ENGLAND: A FLOATING CITY WHICH

The world's largest ship, the huge S.S. "Leviathan," of the U.S. Lines (formerly known as the "Vaterland"), is about to cross the Atlantic on her maiden voyage as a passenger liner under the American flag. She has a gross tonnage of 59,956 tons, is 950 ft. long, 100 ft. wide, 124 ft. high from keel to bridge, and has 9 decks. The next three largest existing ships are the "Majestic" (56,000 tons), "President Harding" (54,282 tons), and "Berengaria" (52,022 tons). The "Leviathan" will leave New York on Independence Day (July 4) for Cherbourg and Southampton, where she is due to arrive on July 10. In addition to her ordinary passengers, she will carry a party of members of the American Cabinet, Congressmen, and Senators, as guests of Chairman Lasker,

FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE GERMAN "VATERLAND."

CHARLES E. TURNER.

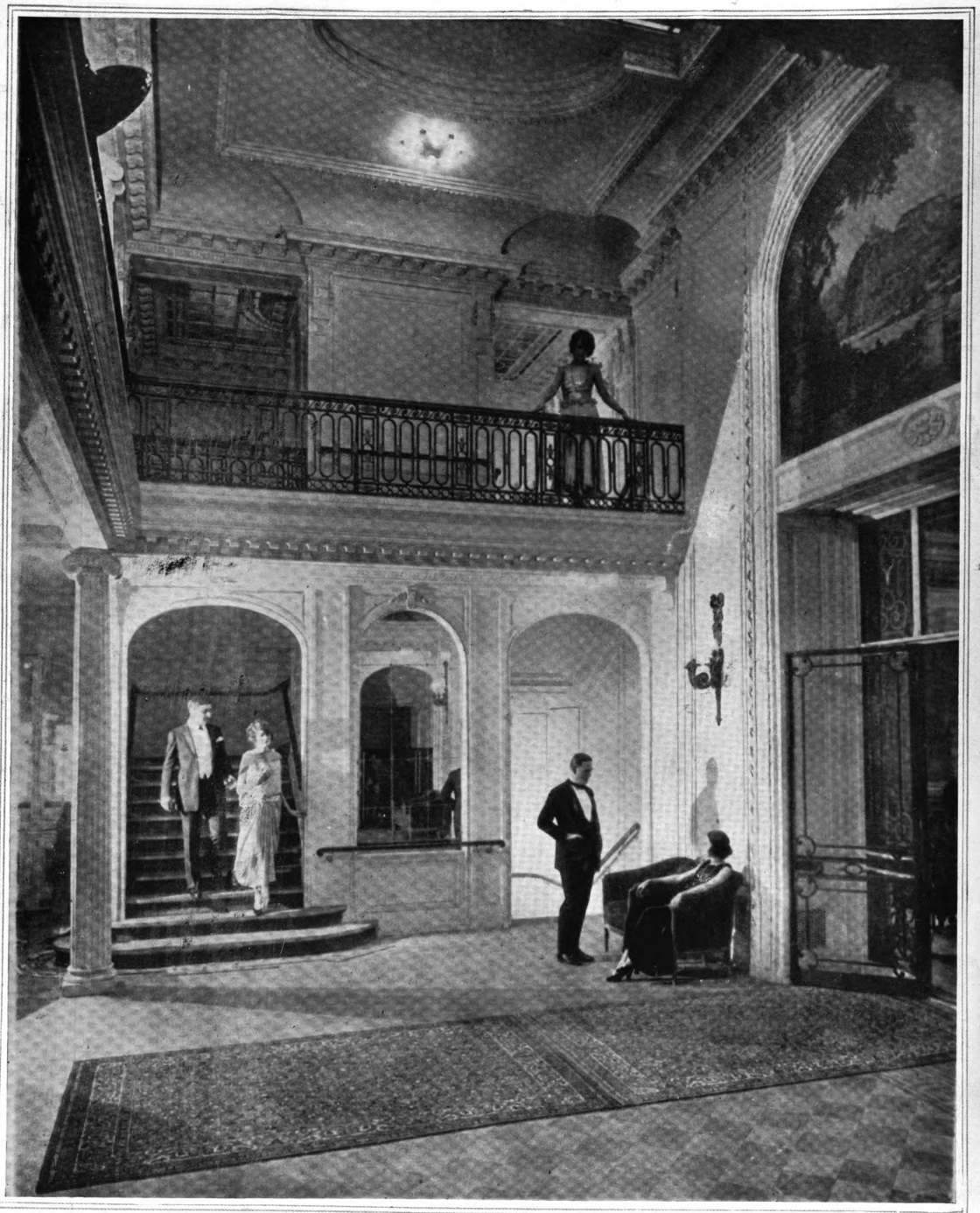


WILL BRING A "POPULATION" OF OVER 3000 TO BRITISH SHORES.

of the United States Shipping Board. It is a wonderful sight to see such an immense vessel being tenderly "nursed" into dock by comparatively tiny but very powerful tugs. At night the blaze of myriad lights adds to the impressive effect, as, to the sound of many syrens and whistles, the great ship slowly approaches the quayside. The "Vaterland" was built at Hamburg and commissioned in 1914, but in August of that year she was interned in New York. In 1917, as an American troop-ship (renamed the "Leviathan"), she broke the troop-transport record for carrying-capacity. She carries 976 first-class passengers; 548 second class; and 1887 third class. Officers and crew number 1100, making the total 4511. She has been converted into an oil-burner.—[*Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.—C.R.*]

LIKE A PALACE ASHORE: IN A GREAT LINER.

BY COURTESY OF THE U.S. LINES, LTD.



WHERE TYPICAL AMERICAN BEAUTIES POSED TO ASSIST THE COLOUR-SCHEME OF DECORATION: THE S.S. "LEVIATHAN"—THE GRAND STAIRCASE TO THE FOYER OF THE RITZ-CARLTON WINTER GARDEN RESTAURANT.

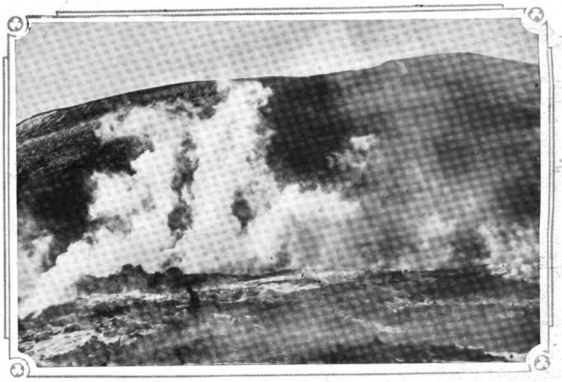
The "Leviathan" of the U.S. Lines (formerly the German "Vaterland"), as mentioned on our double-page colour illustration of the ship, is the largest liner in the world, and is about to make her maiden trip across the Atlantic as a passenger steamer under the American flag. The interior of the vessel presents the appearance of a great building on land, making it hard for the passengers to believe that they are really afloat. The ornate and garish German scheme of decoration has been entirely superseded by a new one according to the best canons of taste, and the big public rooms have been repainted in grey, green and buff. They include a social hall and theatre, leading from which through a foyer is the Ritz-Carlton winter garden, modelled on the famous London hotels. The wall frescoes, which had been spoilt in storage, have been replaced by new ones. In order to obtain the best colour-effects in decorating the various rooms, a number of beautiful American girls posed while the walls and furniture were draped in various shades. The girls were selected from the stage, the cinema, and artists' models, to represent different types of beauty familiar in the work of well-known American artists, such as Charles Dana Gibson, Harrison Fisher, and Howard Chandler Christy.

FIRE AND SNOW MINGLED ON A VOLCANO: ETNA IN ERUPTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. BRUNI AND ALINARI BROTHERS; SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



THE BEGINNING OF THE RECENT ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA: LAVA BOILING UP AMID THE SURROUNDING SNOW.



SHOWING AN ADVENTUROUS OBSERVER PICKING HIS WAY NEAR THE ACTIVE CRATER: ANOTHER VIEW OF MOUNT ETNA IN ERUPTION.



IN GREEK LEGEND, THE MOUNTAIN WITH WHICH ZEUS CRUSHED THE GIANTS TYPHON AND ENCELADUS, AND THE FORGE OF HEPHÆSTUS (VULCAN): A MAGNIFICENT PANORAMA OF THE CLOUD-CAPPED SUMMIT OF ETNA IN THE WINTER.

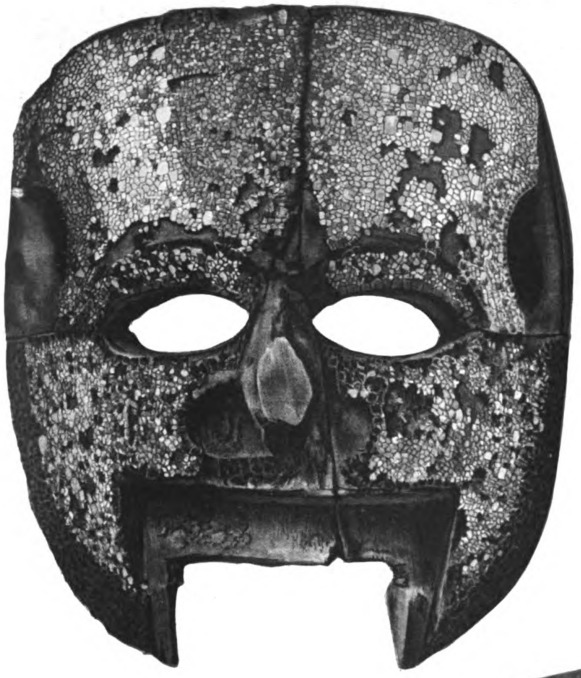


THE GREAT SICILIAN VOLCANO WHICH RECENTLY EJECTED A NEW STREAM OF LAVA, ACCOMPANIED BY EXPLOSIONS: THE CONE OF ETNA.



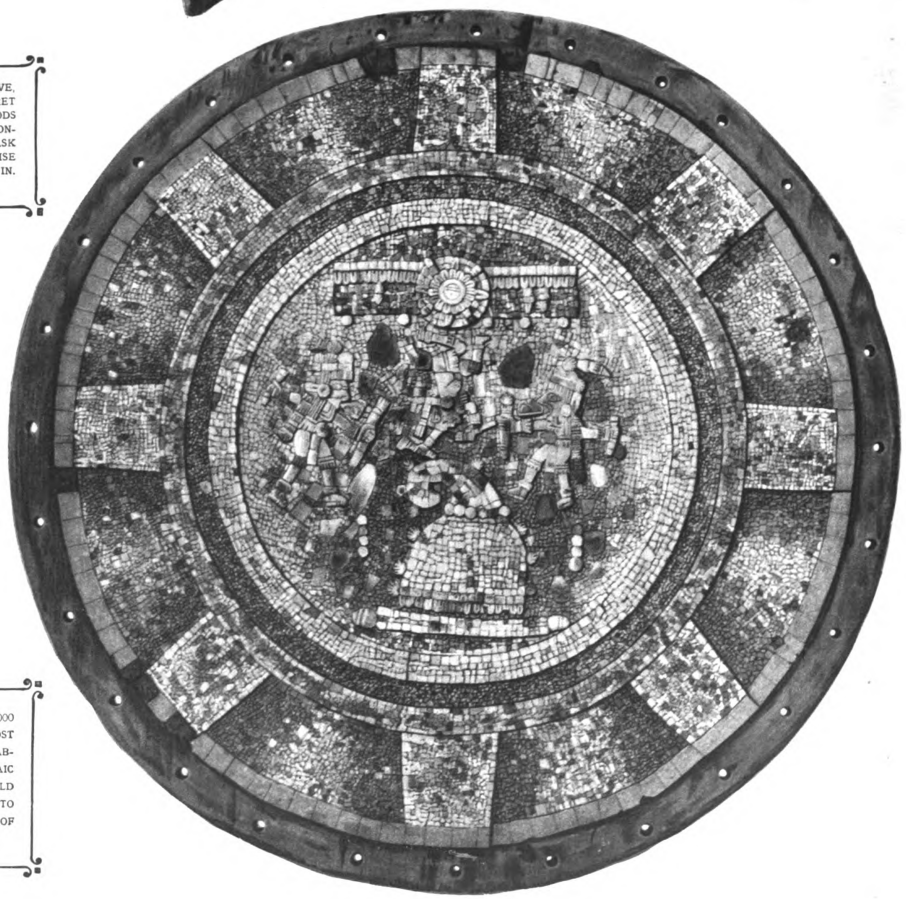
APPROACHING THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT ETNA TOWARDS THE END OF WINTER: SNOW ON THE LAVA FIELD OF EUROPE'S GREATEST VOLCANO.

Mount Etna broke into fresh eruption on May 5. On the 7th it was stated that a stream of lava, 20 ft. wide, was flowing slowly eastward towards the Valley of the Lion. There was no apparent danger to villages or cultivation. On the 8th it was reported that volcanic activity had considerably increased, the explosions being more intense, while the principal lava stream was 360 yards wide and 20 ft. deep. The summit of Etna, rising to about 10,800 ft., is about 18 miles from Catania, which was overwhelmed, with its 15,000 inhabitants, by a great eruption in 1169. More than 80 eruptions are recorded in history, the greatest in 1669. One of the earliest known was that of 476 B.C., seen and described by Pindar. The last took place in March 1910. In shape Etna is a truncated cone, split on the west by the Valle del Bove, a huge sterile abyss, three miles wide and bounded by sheer cliffs from 2000 to 4000 ft. high. Some 200 subsidiary cones rise over lateral fissures. There are three distinct zones of vegetation on the slopes. The zone of cultivation, richly fertile and densely populated, extends up to 3000 ft. Then comes forest, and at the top is bare ground without animal life, and covered with snow most of the year.



THESE exquisite examples of turquoise mosaic, a mask and shield, were among others found in a cave in the Mixteca, Mexico. In the book quoted below, Mr. Marshall Saville says: "We believe that the objects in this cave deposit were used by the Indians after the Spanish conquest. . . . If they resorted to the cave to worship in secret their ancient gods, we can explain the worn condition of nearly all these . . . relics of a lost but not entirely forgotten civilisation. There is not the slightest reason for doubting their origin in pre-Spanish times. . . . The shield is the most important example of aboriginal American mosaic art known. It is in an almost perfect state of preservation. Nearly 14,000 individual pieces enter into the composition. The design represents a sun disc, with eight pointers. The scene portrayed perhaps relates to the worship of the planet Venus." The upper horizontal band represents the celestial region, with the sun a rosette in the centre. A person, probably a goddess, is seen falling or descending from the sun. Facing the plunging figure are two human figures, one on each side, holding something like a staff. Below is a hieroglyph, the well-known glyph for Culhuacan, an important town in ancient times. The form of the glyph is a mountain with a curved peak.

FOUND IN A MEXICAN CAVE, AND PROBABLY USED IN SECRET WORSHIP OF AZTEC GODS AFTER THE SPANISH CONQUEST: A WOODEN MASK DECORATED WITH TURQUOISE MOSAIC (7⅛ IN. HIGH BY 6¼ IN. WIDE).



CONTAINING NEARLY 14,000 SEPARATE PIECES: "THE MOST IMPORTANT EXAMPLE OF ABORIGINAL AMERICAN MOSAIC ART"—A WOODEN SHIELD (12⅛ IN. ACROSS) BELIEVED TO REPRESENT THE WORSHIP OF THE PLANET VENUS.

The so-called New World has antiquities of no less interest than those of the Old World, and American archæologists are busily opening up new fields of discovery in their own continent. In the book (mentioned below) from which these remarkable Mexican mosaics are reproduced, Mr. Marshall H. Saville writes: "One of the tragedies of the discovery of the New World was the abrupt and summary blotting out of the flourishing and still advancing civilisation of the Aztec and other Mexican tribes. . . . Their craftsmanship was equal to that of the best lapidaries of Europe at the beginning of the sixteenth century. . . . The materials usually employed in Mexico (*i.e.*, for mosaic) were turquois, jadeite, malachite, quartz, beryl, garnet, obsidian, marcasite, gold . . . shell, and nacre."

Reproduced from "Turquois Mosaic Art in Ancient Mexico," by Marshall H. Saville. By Courtesy of the Museum of the American Indian—Heye Foundation, New York.

Complex Simplicity: The Lango as They Live.

"THE LANGO: A NILOTIC TRIBE OF UGANDA." By J. H. DRIBERG.*

THE Lango are a nude, good-looking Nilotic tribe who originated near to and north of the Langudyang, and were such "bonny fechters" that they clubbed and whipped and speared forward, in sanguinary waves as devouring as the spate of the Nyangaragot, until they now command—under protection—an area of some 5673 square miles of land and water. In the old days blades were rare; but Civilisation, with its barter, brought the metal hoe to the agriculturist-warrior, and stabbing spears and throwing spears became common; cudgel and buffalo-lash had had their reign. So it has been with other things; Progress has set crushing heel upon prostrate Passivity, and, taking it all in all, it must be confessed that the despot has proved to be beneficent—a fact emphasised, incidentally, when Mr. Driberg acknowledges that his book could not have seen the light but for the generous financial assistance extended by the Uganda Government and the Lango Lukiko, or Council of Chiefs.

The Lango continue, however, to live a life of complex primitiveness, conforming to their kind. Nothing is So Simple for them. They are so swathed in bonds of tribal manners and customs, traditional and national, they they might well rank with the rule-bound, after-war European!

To illustrate the point, take the foundation of a village and the building of the huts. Few of our own Councils could provide a more intricate set of by-laws and regulations!



A BACHELOR CRAWLING OUT OF HIS HUT ENTRANCE AND DOWNSTAIRS: A LANGO DWELLING FOR AN UNMARRIED MAN.

"A man desirous of building a new village first consults *Jok* [God] through the medium of an *ajoka* [a medicine-man] as to the merits of a particular site. He will be ordered to apply one of the numerous tests usually prescribed. Thus he may be recommended to place eggs in a certain spot or to throw them at haphazard into the bush, and after the interval of a few days the *ajoka* will be able to read the signs and portents ensuing; or, more practically, he may be advised to plant grain and to be guided by the nature of the crop. . . . Thus by numerous omens is a man able to foretell the character of a site; but not till he has definitely occupied it will be know with certainty that it is not in 'the path of God' (*yo jok*, also called *yo yamo*, 'the path of the wind')—that is, the road by which *jok* frequently passes. He will first learn this by numerous inexplicable deaths, after which, if he is a wise man, he will move his village."

The site having been settled, there is another appeal to *jok*, who is requested to say whether or no the builder may utilise the thatch of his old house. "If *jok* allows it (as he generally does), it will be used on the *goin*, or shed, not on the house itself. If *jok* disapproves, the old grass is left *in situ*, and disregard of the order will result in disease following the builder to his new home. Before entering the completed house, however, the man's wife must brew some special beer, which is drunk on the third day after brewing, and enables a family to enter into occupation with safety. Fire is not newly made, but is brought from the old house."

A village may vary from ten to a hundred and fifty huts, and, unlike that of many other Nilotic tribes, is destitute of any kind of zariba, a tribute to the Lango's valour!

The community, whatever its size, comprises *ot*, *otogo*, and *goin*, granaries, chicken-houses, and cattle-kraal, with, possibly, a sleeping-hut (*ot aguruguru*), "reserved for guests or occupied when the owner is living apart from his wife," and an *otogo anyira*, or girls' dormitory, "where in former days all the unmarried girls of the village used to sleep together after attaining the age of puberty in the charge of an aged matron—a practice almost entirely fallen into desuetude."

The *ot* is the hut of the married man, and belongs to his wife. "For each wife a man has to build a separate house and separate granaries, just as for each wife separate crops have to be cultivated. It is not built, however, until the woman has given birth to a child, till which time she lives with the man in his *otogo* (bachelor quarters)."

"The *ot* is a circular, dome-like structure, the roof being thatched with grass arranged in flounces, and rising from a mud wall eighteen inches to two feet in height." The circle of ground covered is usually some eleven feet in diameter — a size determined by the very indifferent native woods used for the uprights and the concentric rings of rafters. "Owing to the poor quality of the timber and the ravages of termites and borers, a house rarely stands for more than three years. . . . There is one doorway (*dokika*) at the front, with a porch (*gola*) projecting two feet. . . . The actual opening of the porch and doorway is only just sufficiently large for a body to crawl through on hands and knees, and is closed from inside by a stiff, plaited, mat-like door." The interior arrangements are of the simplest: "Immediately on the right, on entering, is the grindstone, which may be used in wet weather; on the left a raised dais (*tuti*) on which the occupants sleep. On the other side is the *anok*, a corner reserved for goats. It is cut off by a low plaster wall about three to six inches high, in which pegs are driven, and to the pegs the goats are tied. . . . Opposite the door and on the far side are the cooking-stones and the fire. . . . The smoke usually escapes through the door, but sometimes there is a smoke-hole on the lee side of the roof." Pots are set along the wall by the fire, and a shelf across the house holds small articles and firewood. The dais is spread with grass and sleeping hides, sometimes supplemented with bark-mats. The floor is of cow-dung and earth, mixed. Little wonder that Mr. Driberg opines: "Bursitis patellæ and fibrous tumours on the hips and elbows are very usual, due, probably, to the crawling position necessary for entering their huts, and to the hard surface of the floor on which they sleep, with only the intervention of a little grass or a thin hide."

The *otogo* is the bachelor's quarters, erected by the boy on attaining puberty and having his father's permission to leave his mother's house. "These huts are built on piles varying from three and a half to seven and a half feet above the ground. They are exceedingly small, being only about four and a half feet in diameter; and the circular opening used for a door — only just wide enough for the body to squeeze through—is reached by a log staircase (*apetan*), sometimes covered in by a roof and reed sides, or, in very superior huts, by mud sides. . . . So small is the doorway and steep the staircase, that entrance and exit have to be made slowly on hands and feet. But, in spite of their small proportions, these huts will, on occasion, accommodate from four to five men."

The reasons assigned for these curious constructions are various and ingenious. Mr. Driberg dismisses as hopelessly inadequate the theory held by some "that the unmarried men were made to live in these houses for moral reasons, and that once they had turned in for the night, their elders scattered ashes on the ground in order to detect them should they visit any of their girl friends before the dawn," stating that the idea has no foundation in fact, and pointing out that the method of detection cited would be equally effective if the huts were on the ground. Nor does he believe greatly in the Lango explanations: that the *otogo* were raised so that the sleeping inmates could not be stabbed by spears thrust through the roof; and, alternatively, that they were made small in order to eliminate the cold night air and were set on piles that a fire might be lighted beneath them, and so made to warm them up for the night: hence, possibly, the ashes of the story! Yet another notion is that the *otogo* were elevated "to prevent the youths being 'magic-ed' at a particularly susceptible period of their lives."



EXCEPTIONALLY FINE: LANGO BACHELORS' HUTS ON PILES, SHOWING THE SMALL, CIRCULAR ENTRANCES.

Mr. Driberg denies the truth of the theory that these huts were raised on piles for reasons of morality—to keep the unmarried men indoors at night. He also states that it is not true that ashes were spread around them, that footprints of any man walking abroad after dusk might be detected.

Illustrations Reproduced from "The Lango." By Courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

The *goins* are the sheds for cooking and grinding, and for storing pots.

The girls' *otogo* is built on the ground, and is considerably larger than the bachelors', having a diameter of twelve feet. Its doorway is small and raised six inches above the ground by a plaster step, and "it is black and shiny with the semsem oil which has rubbed off the girls' bodies."

With such housing and accommodation, the Lango live contentedly enough: the women working with the men, wiving them, brewing their beer, and bearing them children, the while holding higher position than they would in many another tribe; the men fighting when permitted, cultivating the soil, watching the cattle, hunting whenever they have the chance.

Thus Mr. Driberg on one phase of Lango life. He is equally interesting, equally thorough, equally erudite, on the others, and he rivets the attention always. His range is immense—History, Environment, Physical and Psychical Characteristics, Mode of Life, Social Organisation, Religion and Magic; each section divided and sub-divided—and he adds fables, and a most valuable grammar, with vocabularies. Truly his book was well worth the travel and research it entailed. Congratulations are due.—E.H.G.

* "The Lango: A Nilotic Tribe of Uganda." By J. H. Driberg (Uganda Civil Service). Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.; 63s. net.)

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

OUR QUEEN was immensely admired in Italy. The enthusiastic Italians were never tired of praising her Majesty's stately carriage, beautiful blue eyes, wonderful fair complexion, amd wavy silvered hair. It was all a beauty rare with them. Those who have in old times criticised the Queen's taste in dress do not do so now ; it may not be—indeed, happily, it never is—in extreme of fashion, but it is beautiful and it suits its wearer perfectly, which is the true art of dress. I was privileged to see the designs and materials for some of the gowns which her Majesty took with her. They were beautiful, and some of them magnificent, as was suitable for a Queen of a great Empire visiting a Queen of a great country. One gown specially imposing for evening wear was of rich soft brocade, the ground pearl-grey. The design, bold and effective, was carried out in sapphire-blue and silver. A superb embroidery in sapphire-blue and white crystals covered almost the front of the dress, two long ends of embroidery falling from the bodice to the hem. There was a red-and-gold silk and tissue dinner gown embroidered in pale gold and iridescent and mother-o'-pearl paillettes of the new kind, light and brilliant as soap-bubbles. Also lovely was a gown of pale eau-de-Nil soft satin embroidered in eau-de-Nil and emerald crystals. There was a white-and-gold evening dress, also beautifully embroidered ; and among the day dresses was a perfect gem in pale orchid-mauve embroidered in silk and silver and gold, the silk in delicate tones of pink, blue, and mauve. Not one of her Majesty's dresses was sleeveless, and every one was dignified and graceful.

There are no royal ladies who have such wonderful jewels to wear as our Queen, and none who can wear them so beautifully. The tiara usually worn on State occasions is of finest diamonds, and crown-shaped. There is a wide band of scroll and flower design from which rise alternate Maltese crosses and *fleurs-de-lys*. There is a cluster in front of the crown which can be replaced on occasion by the Koh-i-noor. The Queen has also the great and lesser Stars of Africa—very large and perfect diamonds. Many other parures are possessed by the Queen, none more remarkable than one of emeralds and diamonds which was once in the Cambridge family, and which includes some of the finest emeralds in the world. The Queen's pearls are also very wonderful. Queen Margherita of Italy, who was known as the Pearl of Savoy, has a necklet of marvellous pearls, portions of which were birthday presents from her husband, the late King Umberto, during their long married life. The late King spared no pains to provide gems for this necklet, which make it one of the most remarkable of its kind in the world.

There was a letter in one of our morning papers over which have been many chuckles. An Irish cook sent it to her mistress, and in it she says : "The National Army came and took possession of the house. The Irregular Army attacked them. The battle lasted until five o'clock. The Irregulars were defeated. Afterwards I showed the armies round the garden. They specially admired your Ladyship's antirrhinums. I regret to say they went down to the village and got drunk, and two of the Irregulars came back and got drowned in the lake. The funeral is on Thursday, and, as I am sure it would be your Ladyship's wish, I am sending a wreath of antirrhinums." Was ever a more Gilbertian attack, battle, and tragedy ? I rewrite it in case any readers may have missed it. In its small way it is a real example of the state of affairs in some parts of Ireland. There is no date to the letter, which was probably written last autumn. It was first published in *St. Peter's (Coventry) Magazine* by the Rev. Paul Stacy, who had it from a friend.

I have a correspondent in America whose name is unknown to me, as mine to her — she writes to "A. F. L." Some time ago I gave an extract from a letter of hers about the Italian royal family, about which she has been right. Her latest letter deals with a probable revival of an Empire in France. She says there is great enthusiasm among our neighbours over the young son of Prince and Princess Victor Napoleon. Prince Victor is head of the Bonaparte family, and Princess Clementine, his wife, the youngest daughter of the late King Leopold of Belgium, is a descendant on the spindle side of the last Bourbon King, Louis Philippe. My interesting and kind correspondent gives many political details which favour the theory of this youthful Prince being the Emperor Napoleon V. ; the late Prince Imperial was acknowledged by Bonapartists as Napoleon IV. The embryo (?) Emperor is now nine years old, and a fine lad. His mother is a clever woman, and very wealthy ; her father's fortune, divided between his three daughters, was an immense one, and the late Empress Eugénie left a large part of her wealth in trust for this young Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. Be my friend in America right or wrong, the question is one of great interest, and France at the moment is undoubtedly a restless nation.

All sorts of ways are being resorted to to get money for good objects. People are so indisposed to part from what they have, fearing the next onslaught of the tax imposers—who are slaying the geese that lay the golden eggs by flocks—that subtle means have to be resorted to to obtain enough for maintaining the good works set going long ago and more than ever needed now. Miss Dorothy Yorke is much interested in the Roehampton Club for working girls, built by Viscountess Harcourt in Lambeth over twenty years ago on a site also given by sympathisers, and ever since a boon and a blessing to its members. So an American tennis tournament was given last week on eight hard courts lent by people in town who possess these luxuries. There were heaps of entrants, and the affair, well organised and well carried through, proved a great success. Each entrant paid a guinea, and there were donations as well, so one hopes that Miss Yorke did well for the club. She is, with the newly appointed Miss Kenyon-Slaney, Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Mary. A large number of men and women of light and leading played in the tournament, and all seem to have thoroughly enjoyed it. The three crazes of the day—dancing, tennis, and bridge—are well pressed into the cause of charity.

An excellent chairman was Lady Violet Astor at the meeting in her big, handsome, rose-brocade, cream-colour and gold drawing-room, which she lent for a gathering in support of the Great Ormonde Street Children's Hospital. She spoke shortly, lucidly, and in most sympathetic way, pleading for the children ; and then she looked awfully nice in fawn-coloured crêpe romaine and a dainty sea-blue sash, the light hat being of lace and gauze in similar tone. There is a great deal in looking nice, I may say, especially when there is a room full of women. That splendid hospital is spending on actual necessaries £15,000 a year more than its income. For seventy-two years it has done splendid work, and the Ministry of Health pronounces it the best and most economically managed institution of its kind in the kingdom. There was a fine musical programme contributed to by Miss Beatrice Harrison, Captain John Coates, and Miss Gladys London. Mr. John Murray, a veteran friend and President of the Hospital, spoke, and it was delightful to see cheques and crisp notes find their way into plates for the sick and helpless little ones. The Earl of Wemyss made a really manly and fine appeal, too.

A. E. L.



A quartette of lovely Parisian frocks of satin, georgette and lace. They are in the salons of Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, and present a study in white, champagne, honey-colour, and café-au-lait shades. (*See page 870.*)

BUCHANAN'S



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AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF NOTABLE EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, CENTRAL PRESS, TOPICAL, HARTMAN (GOTHENBURG), L.N.A., AND JAMES'S PRESS AGENCY.



RUNNER-UP IN THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MRS. ALAN MACBETH DRIVING.



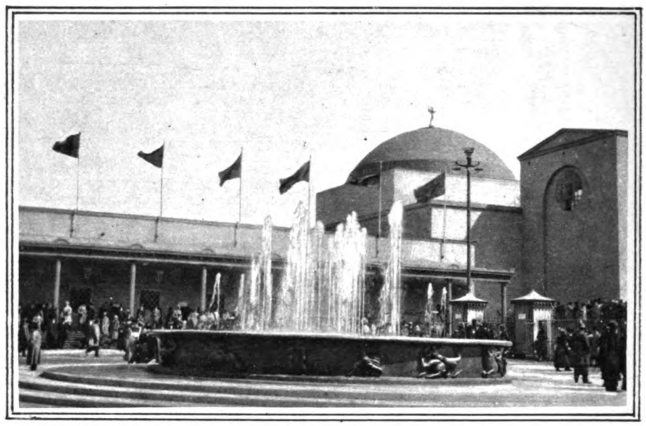
SEMI-FINALISTS: (L. TO R.) MISS CHAMBERS (WINNER), MISS BROWN, MISS WETHERED, AND MRS. MACBETH (RUNNER UP).



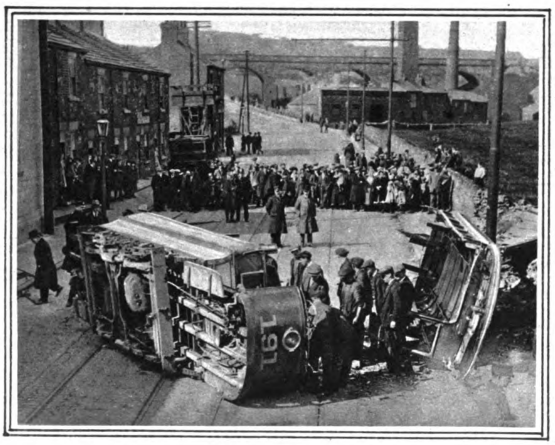
THE NEW LADY GOLF CHAMPION: MISS DORIS CHAMBERS (WIRRAL) WITH THE CUP.



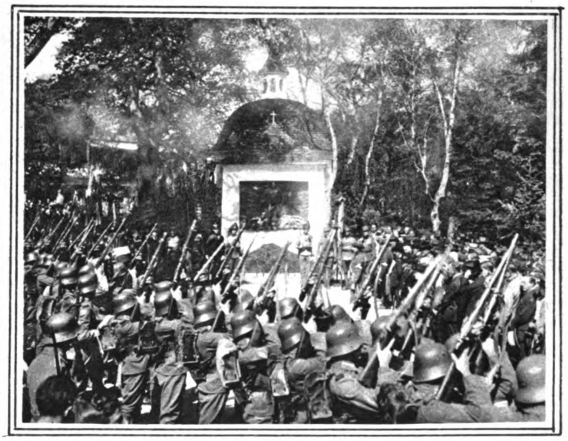
DESPATCHED TO PROTECT BRITISH TRAWLERS OFF THE MURMANSK COAST FROM SOVIET INTERFERENCE: THE SLOOP "HAREBELL."



THE TERCENTENARY OF GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN'S CHIEF COMMERCIAL CITY, WHICH HAS A STRONG SCOTTISH ELEMENT: A FOUNTAIN AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE EXHIBITION.



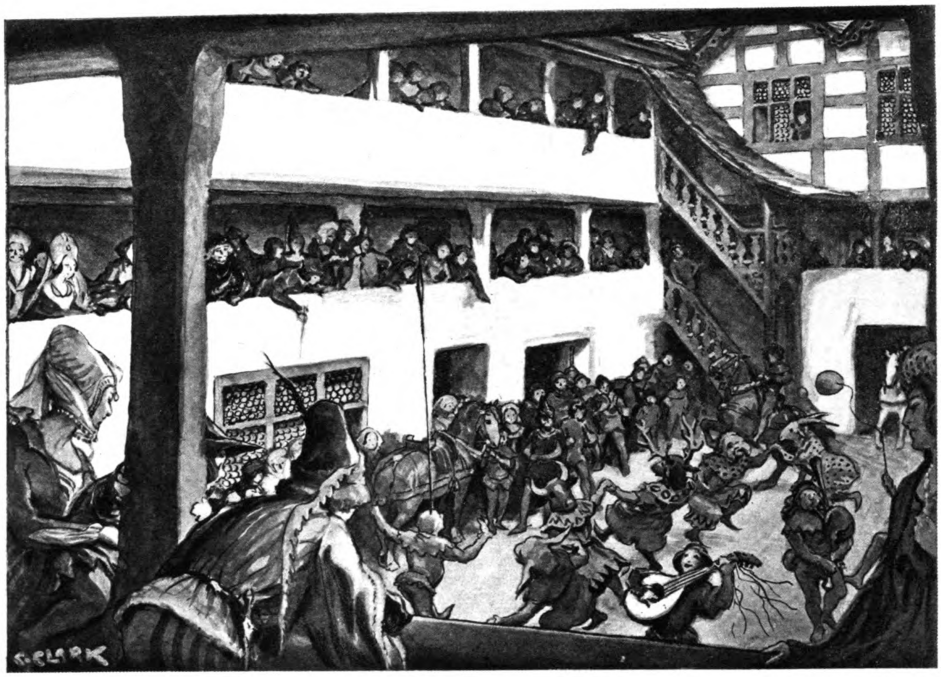
AN ACCIDENT IN WHICH 6 MEN WERE KILLED AND 30 PEOPLE INJURED: WRECKAGE OF THE TRAM WHICH RAN AWAY DOWNHILL AT CHURWELL, NEAR LEEDS.



A BRITISH FORM OF COMMEMORATION COPIED BY AN EX-ENEMY COUNTRY: THE TOMB OF THE AUSTRIAN UNKNOWN WARRIOR AT INNSBRUCK—A VOLLEY BY TROOPS.

The new Lady Golf Champion, Miss Doris Chambers (Wirral), won her title by a most exciting match with Mrs. Alan Macbeth, whom she beat at the thirty-sixth green by one hole in the final at Burnham-on-Sea on May 11. In the semi-finals Miss Chambers had beaten Miss Beryl Brown by 3 and 2, and Mrs. Macbeth had beaten Miss Joyce Wethered, the holder, by 2 and 1.——The sloop of war "Harebell" (1290 tons) has been sent to the fishing grounds off the Murmansk coast of Russia to protect British trawlers. The Soviet Government claims a 12-mile limit (while Britain only recognises a 3-mile limit) for territorial waters, and a Soviet gunboat has seized four Hull trawlers. The owners consider that a stronger protective force is needed.——Gothenburg, where King Gustav opened the Tercentenary Exhibition on May 8, is politically the second city of Sweden (after Stockholm), and the first in commercial importance. It was founded by Gustavus Adolphus, and received its charter in 1623. Many of its leading citizens are of Scottish ancestry.——At Churwell, near Leeds, on May 12, a tram full of work-people got out of control and dashed down a hill into a wall and was overturned. Six men were killed, and thirty people injured.

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The New Inn, Gloucester

A Stroke of Mediæval Politics.

NEVER was judicious policy or generous loyalty more amply justified than following the enshrinement of the murdered Edward II by Abbot Thokey of Gloucester in 1327. The neighbouring monasteries of Bristol, Kingswood and Malmesbury had refused to receive his body, fearing the reprisals of the villainous Mortimer and his paramour, the Queen.

Edward was accounted a martyred saint and his tomb became a place of pilgrimage, greatly to the advantage of the then depleted monastic revenues. So great was the increasing number of pilgrims that in 1455 the monk John Twyning built the "Newe Inne" for their accommodation, this being the New Inn substantially as it is to-day.

A feature of mediæval life was the entertainment provided by strolling troupes of mummers, remarkable for their acrobatic feats and clever jugglery. The appearance of such a troupe in the yard of the New Inn may be judged by the illustration. It is interesting to note that these mountebanks were the precursors to the Morris Dancers.

Fashions in entertainment, in eating, and drinking, change with the times—some more, some less—the best persisting. The tradition of good fare has always been maintained at the New Inn. An example is the *original* John Haig, first introduced in 1627 and remaining the favoured choice until the present day among men who appreciate the best old whisky.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

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Frocks for Ascot. Only a short time separates us from Ascot Week, and it is certainly not too early to consider the vital question of frocks for one of the most important functions in the fashionable year. Woolland's, Knightsbridge, can always be relied on for inspiration, and they are responsible for the four beautiful toilettes sketched on page 866. All shades of beige, honey, fawn, and champagne are highly favoured this season, and it is the last-named colour that is chosen for the charming georgette and lace frock on the extreme left. Lace is destined to play an important rôle in frocks designed for the racecourse, and honey-coloured lace is allied with georgette of the same shade to make the attractive gown with the cable belt and tarnished gold Egyptian buckles on either hip. Long lines that are particularly kind to heavily built women characterise the *café-au-lait* georgette gown next in order. It is heavily embroidered with a deeper tone of silk, and the lace sleeves are slit to the elbow. White lace, with panels of heavy white crêpe marocain, makes the lovely cape on the right, which is decorated with delicate crêpe marocain roses. It is worn over a simple gown of white, hand-embroidered crêpe marocain.

E. A. R.



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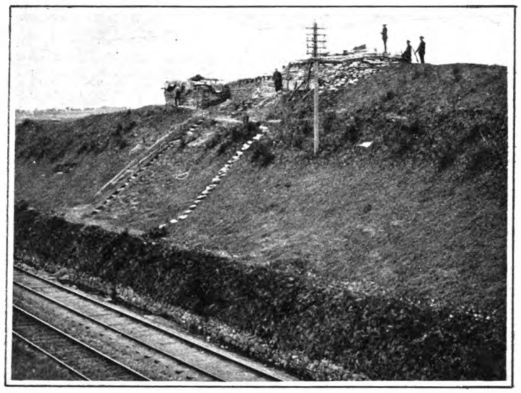
THE GLAMOUR OF GLAMIS.

"THE huge old tower of Glamis, whose birth tradition notes not," says Scott, "once showed its lordly head above seven circles (if I remember aright) of defensive boundaries through which the friendly guest was admitted, and at each of which a suspicious person was unquestionably put to his answer." Thirty years after Sir Walter had seen and admired these feudal outworks, he was to lament their removal. He considered the "ancient dome and towers like these beggar'd and outraged" by the change. His regret was mainly that of a mediævalist romancer, who could not bear to see any ancient fortalice stripped of those outer defences which helped him to conjure up in fancy battle-scenes such as the Siege of Torquilstone.

But Glamis was still sufficiently romantic, and so it remains to-day with its great range of buildings, from which rises the massive central tower crowned with clustering turrets that give it the appearance of a French château. Architects, it is true, differ sharply as to the precise amount of French influence to be discovered there, and some authorities hold that the Scottish baronial style is not French at all, but a native development. That question may be left to wrangling experts. To the visitor of any imagination who approaches Glamis, it is as romantic in its suggestion as Blois, Chenonceaux, or Azay le Rideau. It speaks of majesty, mystery, and an antiquitywhich the actual buildings cannot claim.

By inheritance, the keep is certainly immemorial, and a castle must have stood there in the legendary period of Scottish history. Malcolm II., it is said, was assassinated (if assassinated he was) in the immediate neighbourhood. Near the manse of Glamis Malcolm's Stone still marks the reputed scene of the murder. To the connection of Glamis with Macbeth and Duncan, much allusion has of late been made. If strict history doubts the association, Shakespeare's "Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis," is at least a poetical title-deed. Elsewhere it has been told how Glamis came into possession of the Lyons, from whose hands the fabric received its existing form.

Not much of the present building can be earlier than the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. Patrick Lyon, first Earl of Kinghorne (1578-1615), began the great structural alterations and carried out part of his scheme; but it was his grandson, Patrick, third Earl of Kinghorne and first Earl of Strathmore, who completed the reconstruction of the castle and made many enlargements. This first Earl of Strathmore has left a most interesting and valuable personal document, "The Book of Record," a vellum-bound MS. volume in which he recorded his expenses, his works and days, together with his reflections on life and many quaint side-lights on family history. He succeeded in infancy to a heavily-encumbered and despoiled estate. At seventeen he left St. Andrews University, and came home, determined to rebuild his fortunes. Finding Glamis uninhabitable, he took up his quarters in the hardly less desolate Castle Lyon (now Castle Huntly) in the Carse of Gowrie. He borrowed a bed from the minister, and from Glamis he managed to scrape together "some old potts and pans q^ch were verie usefull, so within a few dayes I gott two rowmes more dressed up; as a begers cloak consists of many cluts of divers colors, so my furniture was verie disagreeable, but being alone I was impatient and thought long [*Anglicé*—felt bored] and so sent for my sister." This is most interesting to us to-day, for the sister in question was the Lady Elizabeth Lyon of 1660. The struggle of these two young things to pull their ruined house together reads like a fairy-tale. "Her companie," says the Earl, "was of great comfort to me, so young as we were both we consulted togither and partlie by our owne conclusions and partlie by advice in two years time I got togither as much of cours furniture as in a verie mean and sober way filled all the rowms of my house." His college furniture, which was brought by boat from St. Andrews to Dundee, came in very useful, and we catch a glimpse of Lady Elizabeth using her needle on "some Inglish cloath for a bed and linen and frings to it which my sister made up."

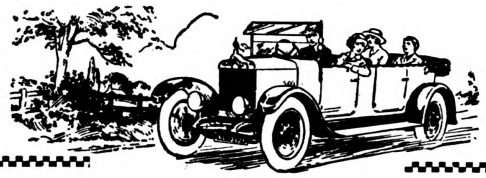


A SIGN OF THE TIMES IN IRELAND: ONE OF THE FIRST SANDBAG BLOCKHOUSES, BESIDE THE RAILWAY NEAR ATHLONE ON THE ROUTE TO GALWAY.—[*Photograph by L.N.A.*]

In two years, this young man of grit and enterprise had so far re-established himself as to be able to marry. The idea of restoring Glamis was constantly in his mind, but it was a good ten years before he could undertake it. These years were passed at Castle Lyon. "We were," he says, "as much strangers to Old Glammiss as if it had not been." But in 1670 the family spent the winter at Glamis, and "lodged ourselves all in that storry of the old house q^ch is on the top of the great staircaice, for that storry was only glazed at that time." The Earl has left a minute account of his alterations and additions, and his description still holds good for the most part, despite the rather extensive changes made during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The castle stands close to the old township of Glamis, and is entered from the road by a triple arched gateway, bearing carved heraldic lions. An avenue leads for three-quarters of a mile up to the main entrance of the castle. The visitor approaching from this side sees a quarter-circle tower seven storeys high, flanked by two wings at right-angles to each other. At the base of the tower is the principal door flanked by fluted pilasters with rich floral capitals. Over the door are the Royal Arms of Scotland, and a bust of Patrick, first Earl of Kinghorne, and on the upper walls of the wings appear the arms of the Earls since 1606. The door knocker bears the date 1689, the year in which the first Earl of Strathmore completed his reconstructions. Within the doorway are three staircases. That on the left leads to the upper great hall; that on the right descends to the crypt,

[*Continued overleaf.*



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10 6 ×	10 6 -	10 11 6
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12 0 ×	9 0 -	10 7 0

ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.
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12 0 ×	12 0 -	13 16 0
13 6 ×	9 0 -	11 13 0
13 6 ×	10 6 -	13 11 9
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16 6 ×	13 6 -	21 7 0
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Continued.]

or lower hall, and then ascends to "King Malcolm's Room," in the very ancient portion of the building; the third and latest leads to all the flats in the tower.



AFTER VISITING THE COPTIC PATRIARCH: PRINCESS MENEM OF ABYSSINIA IN A PROCESSION, FOLLOWED BY MEMBERS OF THE EGYPTIAN CABINET.

Princess Menem, wife of the Crown Prince of Abyssinia, recently paid a ceremonial visit in State to King Fuad, to whom she made a gift of a lioness. She also visited the Coptic Patriarch, accompanied by members of the Egyptian Cabinet and Government officials.

The great hall, now the drawing-room, one of the chief show places of the castle, is famous for its magnificent pargeted roof and its superb fireplace. A disputed tradition attributes staircase and hall to Inigo Jones. That architect, who died in 1652, could hardly have worked for the first Lord Strathmore, but there is no reason why he should not have been employed by that Earl's grandfather, who began the main alterations. Although documentary proof is awanting, the family tradition is circumstantial. Adjoining the great hall is the chapel, finely panelled and decorated with paintings by the Dutchman, Jacob de Wet, whose gallery of the Kings at Holyrood has given him a serio-comic reputation. The Book of Record contains an amusing account of the first Earl of Strathmore's intromissions with de Wet. The artist did not act fairly by the Earl, who certainly treated him with great generosity. With dry humour Lord Strathmore "wishes wt all his heart that Mr. d'Vit had made as good and profitable acct. of his tyme ever since as he did for the short tyme he was wt the Earle of Strathmore." The paintings were made from engravings in a Bible still preserved at Glamis—"conforme to the Cutts in a Bible here in the house or the Service Book." The chapel formerly contained an ancient organ, now vanished, but known in complete specification from an estimate for repairs. Mr. A. H. Millar, editor of "The Book of Record" for the Scottish History Society, makes the most interesting suggestion that this very instrument may have been the organ of the Chapel Royal, Holyrood, which in 1643 was lying derelict and dishonoured. Its sale was proposed by the Kirk Session, and it is not too wild a supposition that Lord Strathmore purchased it and had it renovated for Glamis.

The Crypt, the oldest part of the castle, is a vaulted chamber with walls fifteen feet thick. Formerly the Retainers' Hall, this apartment served as a dining-room for wounded soldiers when the castle was used as a hospital during the Great War.

Visitors to Glamis are shown the famous Lion Cup, a massive silver-gilt beaker holding a pint of wine, in which guests were invited to pledge the Earl's health at a draught. With some trepidation as to the result, Sir Walter Scott performed the feat, and the effect was only to give happy stimulus to his imagination. Other objects of great interest, at a place where everything is interesting, are the famous ornamental iron balustrade of the roof platform, and the sundial in the grounds. This sundial, erected by the first Earl of Strathmore as part of his scheme of improvements, is one of the finest and most curious in Scotland. "There is," he notes, "in the gardin a fine dyal erected," and it remains unimpaired, presenting more than eighty faces to the sun.

Of the fantastic legends of Glamis much has been written. Attempted explanations of the Mystery make good reading, but they must be taken *cum grano*. Yet the place affords the finest possible setting for eerie stories, and it is not hard to persuade oneself that if anywhere there is a secret chamber, where a Wicked Earl still continues his impious Sunday game of cards with the Evil One, Glamis must be the place. It is a circumstantial enough story: did not the butler, venturing to peep through the keyhole, have his sight destroyed by a spirt of flame? And there are ghosts, a goodly company. A guest once heard the sound as of a scaffold being erected, and, mentioning the matter in the morning, was bidden by a troubled host never to allude again to the subject. No one knows the reason for this silence. That is a second-hand story, from a doubtful book; but here is something not second-hand. Within recent years, one of the family saw in the chapel an apparition of a little woman in brown, and on another comparatively recent occasion, when a son and daughter of the house were in the avenue, one asked the other what person that



A ROYAL VISIT TO THE KING OF EGYPT: PRINCESS MENEM OF ABYSSINIA UNDER HER STATE UMBRELLA.

Photographs by G.P.A.

was walking always a little in advance of them. But the figure was not visible to both. Whatever stories of apparitions may be mythical, these at least are true. There are more things at Glamis than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

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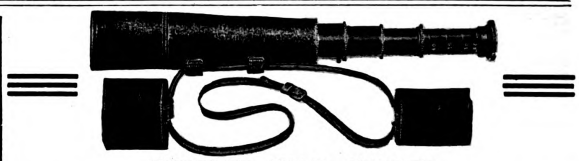
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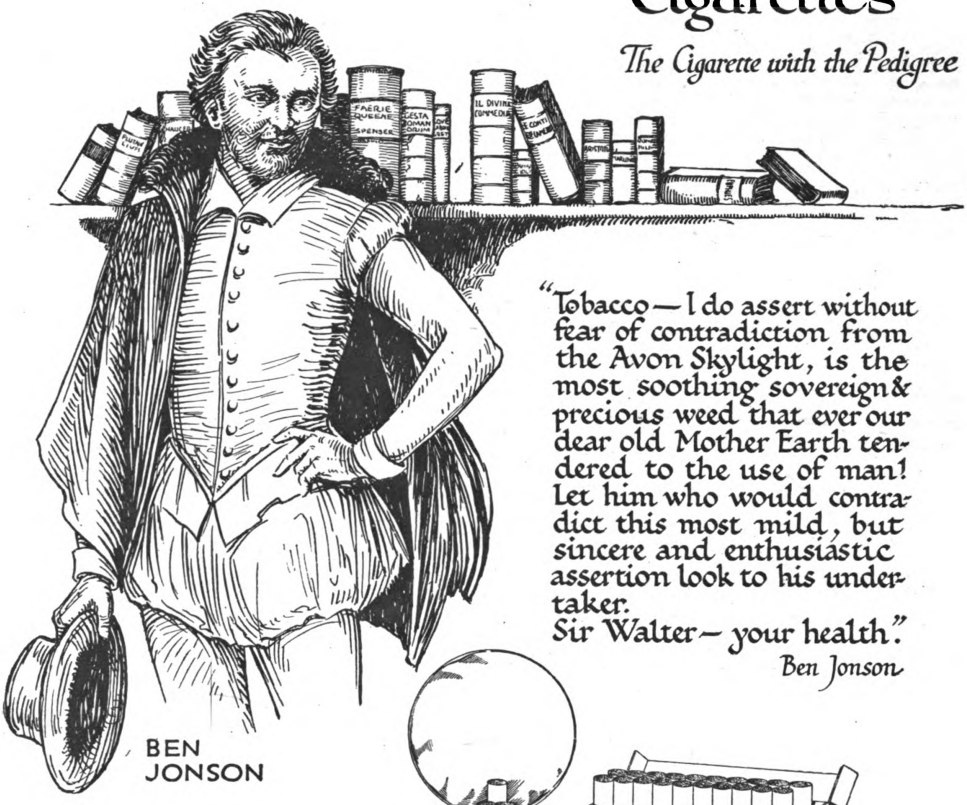
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RADIO NOTES

BROADCASTS FROM BOURNEMOUTH.

OWNERS of receiving-sets who live in southern and south-western counties of England will be interested to know that a site at Bournemouth has been chosen for a new broadcasting station. Application for sanction to erect the station has been made to the Postmaster General by the British Broadcasting Company, and transmissions are expected to commence within a few weeks after official approval has been obtained. In the original scheme for eight broadcasting stations to cover the whole of Great Britain, it was proposed to transmit from London, Birmingham, Manchester, Cardiff, Newcastle, Glasgow, Plymouth and Aberdeen respectively. The first six have been in action for some time past, but the seventh and eighth stations had to be delayed for various reasons. To dwellers in the south, including the Isle of Wight, the seventh station, at Bournemouth, will be a great attraction, as at present the nearest stations to which they are able to listen are London and Cardiff.

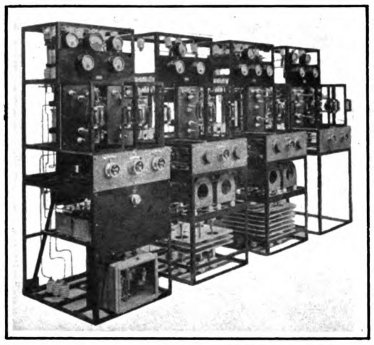


SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS.

OPERA FOR EVERYBODY.

Arrangements have been made for performances by the British National Opera Company at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, during the current week to be broadcast by radio-telephony, enabling thousands of people to hear fine singing and instrumental music by many of the foremost artists of the day. The public appreciates greatly the British National Opera Company's helpful attitude and realisation of the importance of broadcasting. Apart from the aspect of broadcasting as an educational medium, there must enter also into the subject the great possibility of thousands of the public all over the country, who never before have experienced the delights of opera, desiring to see performances which have aroused their interest through listening-in. Until we can see by means of radio waves, in addition to hearing, our senses will not be satisfied fully by hearing broadcasts of plays and other entertainments in public places. What does happen at present — and there is much proof of the fact — is that an urgent wish is created to *see* a performance which has been heard by broadcast. This is evidenced by the receipt of over three thousand letters from listeners-in in all districts stating that, as a result of hearing several plays, they have been to see for themselves the performances thus introduced by radio-telephony.

One thing is certain: broadcasting will not stop by reason of any ban preventing the transmission of certain entertainments. Contracts have been made by the B.B.C. with performers as far ahead as December next, and when the eight stations are completed, nearly three hundred artists of the best class will be engaged every week in broadcasting.



OF INTEREST TO LISTENERS-IN: RADIO PERSONALITIES, AND A TRANSMITTING APPARATUS.

Many thousands of applicants for experimental licenses are awaiting the results of the Committee appointed by the Postmaster-General, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, to consider broadcasting. In addition to its Musical Director, Mr. L. Stanton Jefferies, the B.B.C. has appointed Mr. Percy Pitt as Controller of Music. The Marconi apparatus illustrated above is a medium between performers and their listeners, by which broadcasts are radiated in all directions.

OPEN-AIR RADIO.

During the summer months, owners of portable valve receiving-sets will be able to listen-in at any rendezvous they may care to reach by motor-car or side-car. Broadcasting should be very popular, also, at favourite up-river resorts, both for houseboat parties and for the occupants of smaller craft idling along the river or moored to the bank.

Unlike other forms of music-reproduction when used by a number of people in close proximity, radio music transmitted from the nearest broadcasting station issues simultaneously from one or a hundred loud speakers, and at similar tempo and pitch, enabling the various parties with receiving-sets who may be gathered together on any part of the river to hear clearly the broadcasting items without interference or jangling of different tunes.



MR. PERCY PITT.

Listening on a summer's night to the same song or orchestral selection coming from dozens of loud-speaking trumpets will be one of the novelties of the up-river season this year.

With a four-valve receiving-set, which includes radio-frequency amplification, only a small aerial is necessary for river use. In the case of a houseboat, the far end of a single aerial wire might be supported from the branch of a tree on the river bank. Smaller boats, including punts, might use a "frame" aerial, or a light mast as support for the wires of a temporary aerial. Connection to "earth" is made by letting the earth wire hang overboard, with about two or three feet of the wire immersed.

RADIO DANCES.

Every Saturday evening, "2LO," the London broadcasting station, transmits dance music for about two hours. Doubtless the service will form the basis of numerous impromptu dances in private homes, at country picnics, and on many houseboats. This feature will be transmitted again to-night, the 19th instant, and additional performances will be continued throughout the summer months.

CARE OF DRY BATTERIES.

After a valve set has been in use for some months, it frequently happens that crackling noises are heard in the telephones, or from the loud speaker. During hot weather, intermittent crackles at irregular intervals may be caused by atmospheric discharges, perhaps thousands of miles away. But if the noise is continuous, the cause may arise from a partly worn-out or defective dry-battery—that which supplies the high-tension current to the receiving-set. These batteries are inexpensive, and a fresh one should effect a cure.

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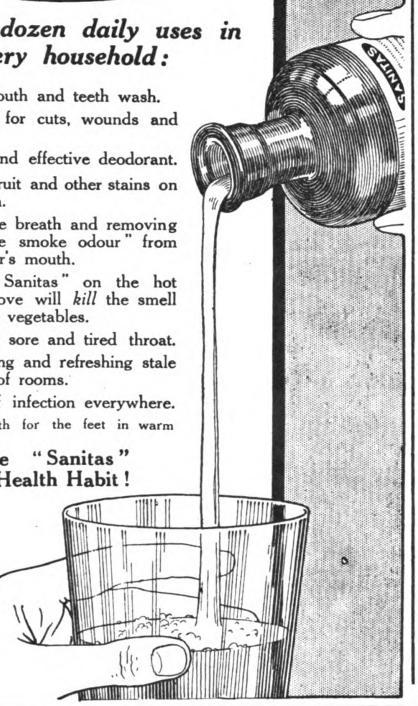
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"NED KEAN OF OLD DRURY," AT DRURY LANE.

MELODRAMA, no doubt, is the term one must apply to "Ned Kean of Old Drury," but it is bustling, stirring melodrama. It may not be too true to fact in some of its details, and a Kean who is for ever mouthing Shakespeare off as well as on the stage takes some crediting; but it makes a picturesque figure of its hero; it summarises well enough from the popular point of view the main features of his career, and it really expresses something of the spirit of the man who, with genius in him and the consciousness of it, put up a long fight with poverty and neglect, tramped with his family as barn-stormer from village to village to keep the wolf at bay, and finally and unexpectedly, thanks in no small degree to Hazlitt, won fame in a night at Drury Lane. To have contrived to get this much over the footlights is a feather in the cap of the playwright concerned, Mr. Arthur Shirley, and certainly to him congratulations are due; he is a craftsman who never bungles his job. Hardly as much praise can be extended to the actor who figures in the title-rôle; though, if the reception Mr. H. A. Saintsbury got on the play's first night from the popular parts of the house could be trusted, he, too, might be supposed to have achieved a triumph. If triumph it was, then it was one of sheer artificiality and staginess. He brought out what was grotesque and violent in the man, but never suggested the power or magnetism. He gave us fluency, but not musical elocution. He was unsparing of effort and gesture, reached, in a broad way, both pathos and humour, but we missed the tragic note; there were no flashes of lightning in this Kean. How the reading lacked naturalness was shown by the brief appearance of Miss Haidee Wright as Mrs. Garrick: here was art that was true to life and made an instant appeal to the emotions. The setting of the play, it should be added, is admirable, notably good being its countryside picture.

"HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

The idea behind Mr. E. A. Paulton's farce, "Her Temporary Husband," will not recommend itself to a fastidious taste. An heiress under her father's will—what would our farce-writers do without wills these days?—is to lose a fortune if she weds the man of her choice; but there is no provision against his becoming her second husband, so why should she not, it is suggested, find some moribund person to marry at a sanatorium, and then wait for Nature to make the way clear for her to gratify her own inclinations. The procedure, to be sure, is not carried out—a young man shamming senility for the occasion and substituting himself for the "No. 56" selected for matrimony; and his prank, and the real attachment which springs from it, help to take away the nasty taste from the palate left by the play's opening scenes, and its ugly jokes about graves and death. From that point on, there is only one fault to be found with the piece as an entertainment: sentiment is allowed to interfere too much with fun, especially in the concluding act. Mr. George Tully carries through the young hero's masquerade amusingly; Miss Edna Best is as vivacious as ever, until she is called upon to be sentimentally serious; and there is good work done by Miss Ena Grossmith and Mr. Breon in frivolous parts; by Mr. Elton as an invalid attendant, and by Mr. A. E. Matthews in a rôle that is out of his customary genial line.



"THE GREATEST UNPAID SERVANT OF THE STATE": SIR JAMES STEVENSON, BT., G.C.M.G., VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION—FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A., IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Sir James Stevenson has been described as the greatest unpaid servant of the State. Among other things, he has served as a member of the Munitions Council, the Army Council, and the Air Council, and is personal Commercial Adviser to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Recently he accepted the Vice-Chairmanship of the British Empire Exhibition, and is acting as Chairman of the Administrative Board of that great Imperial project. These, and a number of other public appointments, he has filled in an honorary capacity. He was born at Kilmarnock in 1873.

Photograph by Grove, Son, and Boulton.

THE ROMANCE OF FURS.

WHEN a woman puts on her furs she little thinks, perhaps, of the peril and hardship, the labour and the skill, that have gone to their production. It would be well, indeed, if all of us knew a little more of the life-history of manufactured goods in daily use, and such information is accessible in handy form in Pitman's Common Commodities and Industries Series. One of the most interesting of the numerous volumes in it is "Furs and the Fur Trade" (Pitman; 3s. net), by Captain John C. Sachs (late Northamptonshire Regiment), author of "Silver Fox Farming" and other works. His new book is extremely well written, in an easy, agreeable style, with a touch of humour, and no little scholarly research. Within a small compass he has compressed a large amount of information, which is so conveyed as to read, in parts, like a historical romance, and in parts like a tale of adventure; but at the same time it is all solid fact. Some idea of its contents may be gathered from the headings of its seven chapters—"Furs Throughout the Ages," "The Romance of the Fur Trade," "Fur-Bearing Animals," "Fur Farming," "Markets and Marketing," "Manufacture and Fashion," "Hints and General Information." There is a number of illustrations and a useful index. Anyone who possesses or has the care of furs, or who thinks of buying any, would be well advised to study this little book carefully, for it might prevent unfortunate mistakes. Besides this special class of readers, it will appeal to all who like to know where things come from and how they are made, and can feel the romance of reality that underlies the commonplaces of life.

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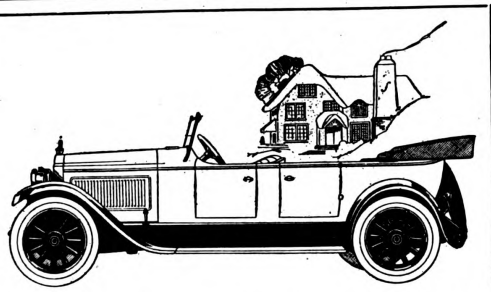
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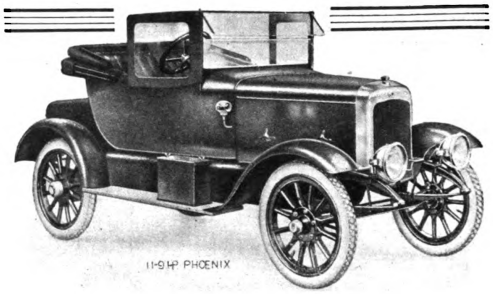
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'11·9' seating three abreast

A STURDY all-weather car that has accomplished astounding performances over and over again in Open Trial. Handsome and comfortable, providing ample room for three occupants abreast, with additional accommodation for luggage. Silent, speedy, and essentially trustworthy, the Phoenix "11·9" is ideally suited to a lady's ownership. There is also a 4-seater all-weather model at £395.

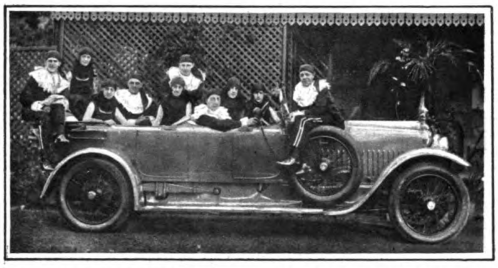
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

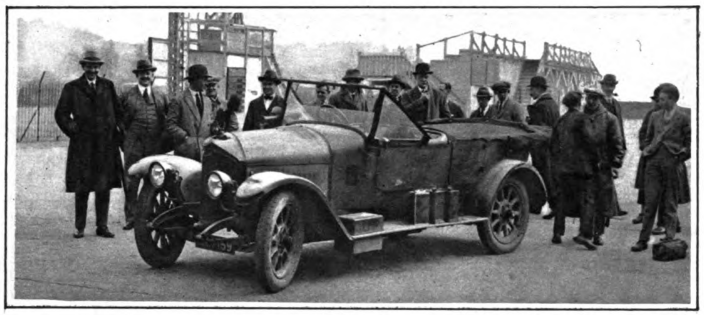
The Cost of Insurance.

Almost every cost in connection with motoring has fallen considerably during the past year. Car prices, especially in the smaller classes, now closely approximate to those ruling in the halcyon days of the pre-war period. Petrol costs a great deal less than it did. Tyre prices are even lower than before the war; and so on, all round. In one important direction, however, there is not the smallest indication of any intention to lower costs. I refer to insurance premiums, which were greatly increased in 1919 and 1920, when repair charges were based on an apparent idea that everybody was bursting with money, and desired to get rid of it at the maximum rate possible. All these charges are very much less now, but still the insurance companies keep their premiums at the boom-time level. If they are asked whether it is not possible to reduce them, they will tell you that they cannot take off a penny and continue to live. I do not believe them, more especially after studying some of the balance sheets issued by companies which make a specialty of motor-car insurance. One case in point will be sufficient to disprove the contention that the companies do not make a good thing out of this class of risk. The company to which I refer shows that during the financial year recently closed its motor insurance department made a net profit of £40,000, while the company was in the happy position of being able to pay a dividend of no less than 50 per cent. to its fortunate shareholders! That does not look as though motor insurance were a very losing proposition. What the motorist wants to know is why he should be compelled to pay 1920 premiums in 1923, and why some of the inordinate profits accruing should not go to the relief of his pocket instead of into those of the shareholders. The whole thing is absolutely immoral and cannot be defended on any grounds.



WITH THEIR SIX-CYLINDER MINERVA CAR: THE "BLACK DIAMONDS," A WELL-KNOWN INDIAN AMATEUR CONCERT PARTY.

The "Black Diamonds" give many successful entertainments in aid of charity in India.



AFTER ITS RECORD 20,000-MILE R.A.C.-OBSERVED TRIAL AND FINAL SPEED TEST AT BROOKLANDS: THE 19.6-H.P. CROSSLEY.

As mentioned in our issue of May 12, this 19.6-h.p. Crossley recently completed the longest distance trial ever held under R.A.C. observation—20,000 miles, and, finished up by doing nearly 60 m.p.h. (59.12, to be precise) in a speed test at Brooklands, where the above photograph was taken.

Roadside Assistance.

From time to time one sees in the correspondence pages of the motoring journals complaints from non-members of the R.A.C. or the A.A. that they have been refused, or at least not offered, assistance by the road patrols of these organisations when the individual concerned found himself in trouble. It is difficult to gauge the mentality of people who write to the papers to complain that they have been denied service for which they are not willing to pay. I have in mind a letter from such a disgruntled motorist which naïvely commences by saying that he never joined either association, because he did not think he was likely to need any service from them. One fine day, however, he had some slight trouble entailing the changing of a sparking-plug. Apparently, a road patrol was standing by, and, because he did not offer to assist in this very simple operation, the motorist concerned writes to the papers about it, and says that if the patrol had helped him he would have joined the association. As he did not so assist, he, the motorist, will have nothing to do with it!

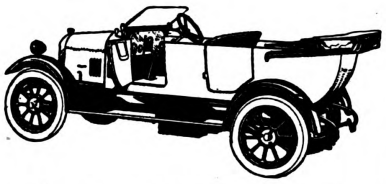
Personally, I have been a member of both associations for a considerable number of years. I have never yet—I am touching wood—had occasion to invoke assistance by the roadside; but I am not asking for a return of the money I have paid for the help I have not had. I am quite content to regard my membership as a species of insurance against the time of need, and I realise that we are individually bound to contribute to the general fund, which provides assistance to those who really do

[*Continued overleaf.*



"The Car you buy to Keep."

Morris Cars



The 11·9 MORRIS-COWLEY,
Price - - - - £275

THIS fascinating car, with its graceful lines and luxurious fittings, is a perfect example of what a first-class, thoroughbred English car should be. It is noiseless and absolutely vibrationless in engine and gear-operation, scientifically sprung, full of elastic power. Its fittings include a speed-indicator, 8-day clock, petrol and oil-gauges, spring gaiters, force-pump, chassis lubrication and 12-volt dynamotor starter-lighting set—in each case of the highest class. There is no car on the market to-day quite like it.

Other prices, from £225 to £415, for the 11·9 and 13·9 two-seaters, four-seaters and coupés. All Morris-Oxford open cars are fitted with All-Weather bodies, the four-seaters having sliding windows.

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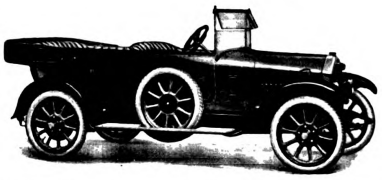
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AS time passes, the sterling qualities built into every Humber model become more and more apparent; the handsome design excites more admiration; the unusual comfort is more appreciated; the low cost of running more clearly demonstrated.

The seating accommodation in the 11·4 h.p. Four-Seater here illustrated is commodious and the upholstery is luxurious and cosy to the highest degree.

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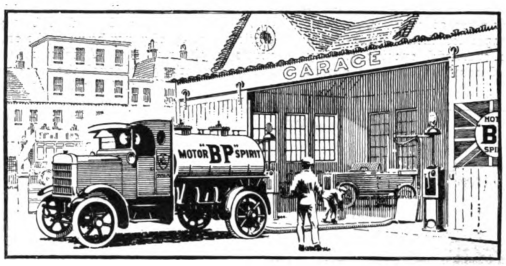
is *not* a modern scientific wonder: it is the natural result of using the natural fruit in their making. When the juice has been expressed the rinds are utilised in the preparation of candied peel—orange, lemon, citron—of which we supply thousands of pounds annually for sale by grocers.

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The growing tendency of motorists to avail themselves of kerbside pumps has called for extensive reorganisation on the part of those responsible for the distribution of Motor Spirit.

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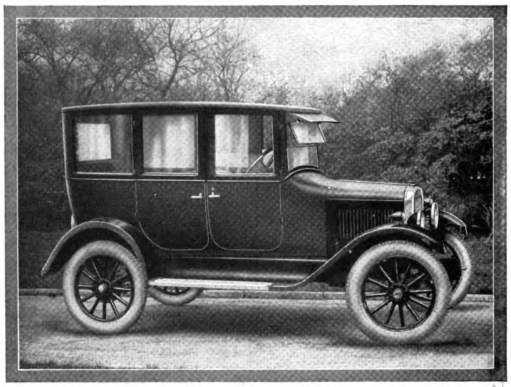
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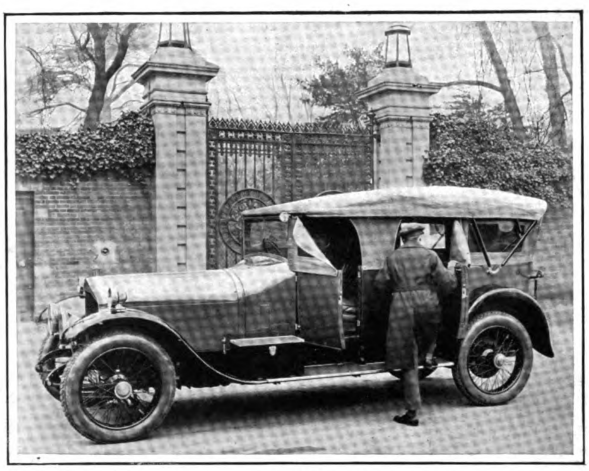
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(Continued.

require it. It is certainly a new code of ethics to me that the individual should go on year after year without paying, because he does not think membership is likely to prove useful, and then should be given as a right the help he hoped he would never want. It is fortunate that this sort of selfishness is comparatively rare, or we should have no road service at all.

Sir Julian Orde Retires. Very few active motorists will have heard with anything but deep regret that Sir Julian Orde has been compelled, through ill-health, to relinquish the secretaryship of the Royal Automobile Club. When he succeeded to the post, in the first or second year of the century, the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, as it was then called, was a very small affair indeed. Those were the days when the Automobile Club's chief business lay in the promotion of races and trials, all designed to the end of showing the public that the motor-car was really a practical proposition. Sir Julian's share in this propaganda work is a matter of intimate history, which is known completely only to those who were engaged with him in pioneering the infant movement; but it was a great part he played in its development. In later years, and particularly after the move was made to the present Club in Pall Mall, the activities of the R.A.C. became more social; and here again Sir Julian's peculiar gifts assisted in large measure to make a huge success of an enterprise which the prophets had foredoomed to dismal failure. It was during the war, however, that he probably did his best work, when the whole of the R.A.C. organisation was engaged in the work of showing hospitality to Overseas officers of the fighting Services. It was for his work in this connection that he received the well-earned honour of knighthood. He can ill be spared from participation in the affairs of the R.A.C., and of motoring, and it is good to know that, although he will not be as actively associated with these as he has been, he will still serve on the Committee of the Club, where his ripe experience will be of enormous assistance.



THE SIDE-CURTAIN DIFFICULTY IN AN OPEN CAR OVERCOME: MESSRS. H. J. MULLINER'S DEVICE—CURTAINS THAT OPEN WITH THE DOORS FITTED TO A SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER.

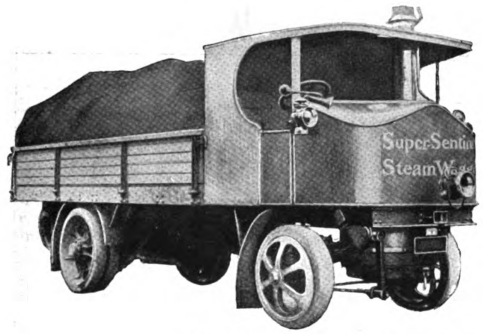
New Non-Stop Air Express. Croydon Aerodrome — Britain's civil aviation centre—is awakening to summer activity. Last week the Daimler airways inaugurated their London-Berlin route, and hot on its successful opening journey comes the news that the Instone Air Line commenced an express service to Cologne on Monday last. On this latter service, in addition to the machines calling at Brussels, a Napier D.H.34 Express will leave Croydon each morning at 10 a.m., arriving at Cologne without intermediate stop, at 1.30 p.m. The same machine will return from Cologne, after a two-hours stay, arriving at Croydon at 7 p.m., having covered a total distance of 640 miles in seven hours' actual flying time. Passengers to Cologne, by using the express machines, will save an hour each way on the journey. On the London-Berlin and London-Cologne express routes, the only machines used are the Napier D.H.34.

Practical Jokes. Have you ever had a trick played on your car when you left it unattended for a time? It used to be a great joke (!) to place a scrap of paper between the contact-breaker points on the magneto. Another rather threadbare dodge is to stick a pin through the high-tension wire so that it "shorts" on to a metal part of the engine. This is what happened recently to an 8-h.p. Rover incautiously left unattended in a hotel yard the night before a trial. Next day, the unfortunate owner suffered interminable and mysterious misfiring, and stopped on several test hills before he retired in disgust. Incidentally, the 8-h.p. Rover has been doing well in competitions lately, and has proved itself capable of surmounting the longest and steepest hills.

Hill-Climbing Extraordinary. Sutton Bank, near Thirsk, is a hill to remember—with a gradient of 1 in 4. A 12-h.p. Vulcan, shod with Dunlop cord tyres, recently made 53 ascents of this notorious bank—which is 950 feet high—so that the car may almost be said to have outdone the climbers of Everest! The load was four up—until the final ascent, when the car carried eight passengers, including the driver. When it is pointed out that this test, quite unpremeditated and unofficial — was accomplished in a drizzle of rain, and that the road abounded in loose metal and soft gravel, the fact that the car and the tyres (which were Dunlops) gave not a moment's trouble may be taken as affording crowning evidence of the sterling worth of two entirely British productions.

An Austin Success. In the "Circuit" of the Milan Automobile Club, run on Sunday, April 29, the Austin "Seven," driven by Captain Arthur Waite, was first, Anzani second, and G. L. (Italian), third. There were eight entries in the class, and the Austin "Seven" (747.5 c.c.) won the race at a speed of 93 kilometres per hour. Its best lap speed was 103 k.p.h. The car is that which won its first race, the Small-Car Handicap, on Brooklands track at Easter.

W. W.



Introducing the "Super-Sentinel" Steam Waggon—

A "Sentinel," hitherto the leading heavy transport vehicle, improved in practically every detail and thoroughly tested by many thousands of miles of heavy road work. It has a better Boiler, a better Engine, a better Frame and Body, better Axles, and better Steering and Brakes. It runs on less water, less fuel, a lesser tyre bill, and will reduce up-keep costs. It is sold, with all its exclusive improvements covered by over 20 patents, at the same price as a "Sentinel."

It can save its entire cost in from one to three years, and as its useful life should be from 15 to 20 years, its purchase as an investment should return a minimum of 500%.

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Its wonderful Differential. By means of a simple patented device, the Differential on the "Super-Sentinel" is incorporated in the Engine Crankshaft; thus allowing the use of a dead back axle with all its advantages of strength and saving in unsprung weight. The "Super-Sentinel" is, therefore, light on Tyres, and owing to the special brakes incorporated, skidding is practically eliminated. The use of two light Chains of fine pitch and Sprockets with many Teeth, makes the "Super-Sentinel" very silent.

The Differential being away from the road grit, running under ideal lubrication conditions, removes the most vulnerable parts of a Steam Waggon. In 80,000 miles of rough road work it has been found to wear not at all.

Other Special Features of the "Super-Sentinel" Engine are Adjustable Valve Gear, which allows of the initial "Super-Sentinel" efficiency being retained indefinitely; Automatic Lubrication, which floods all bearings with Oil, practically eliminating wear; Double Glands which keep the Crankcase free from water and make the Oil last twice as long.

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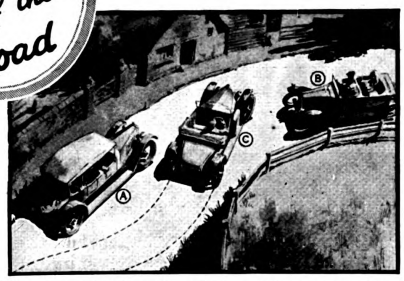
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Correspondence on these interesting subjects is invited.



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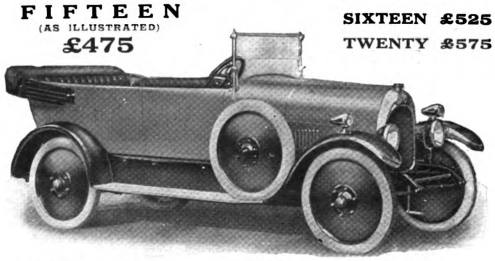
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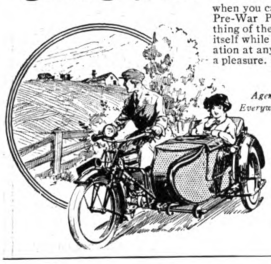


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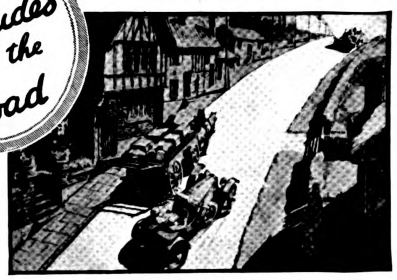
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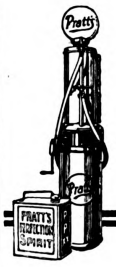


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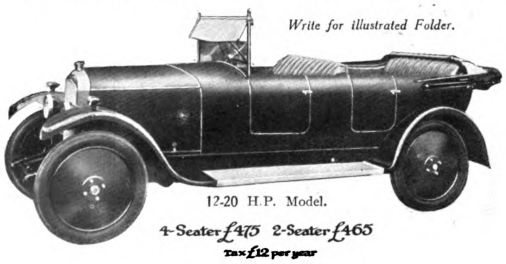
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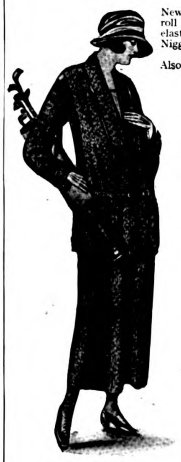
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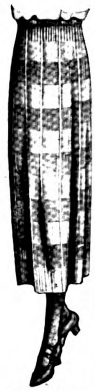
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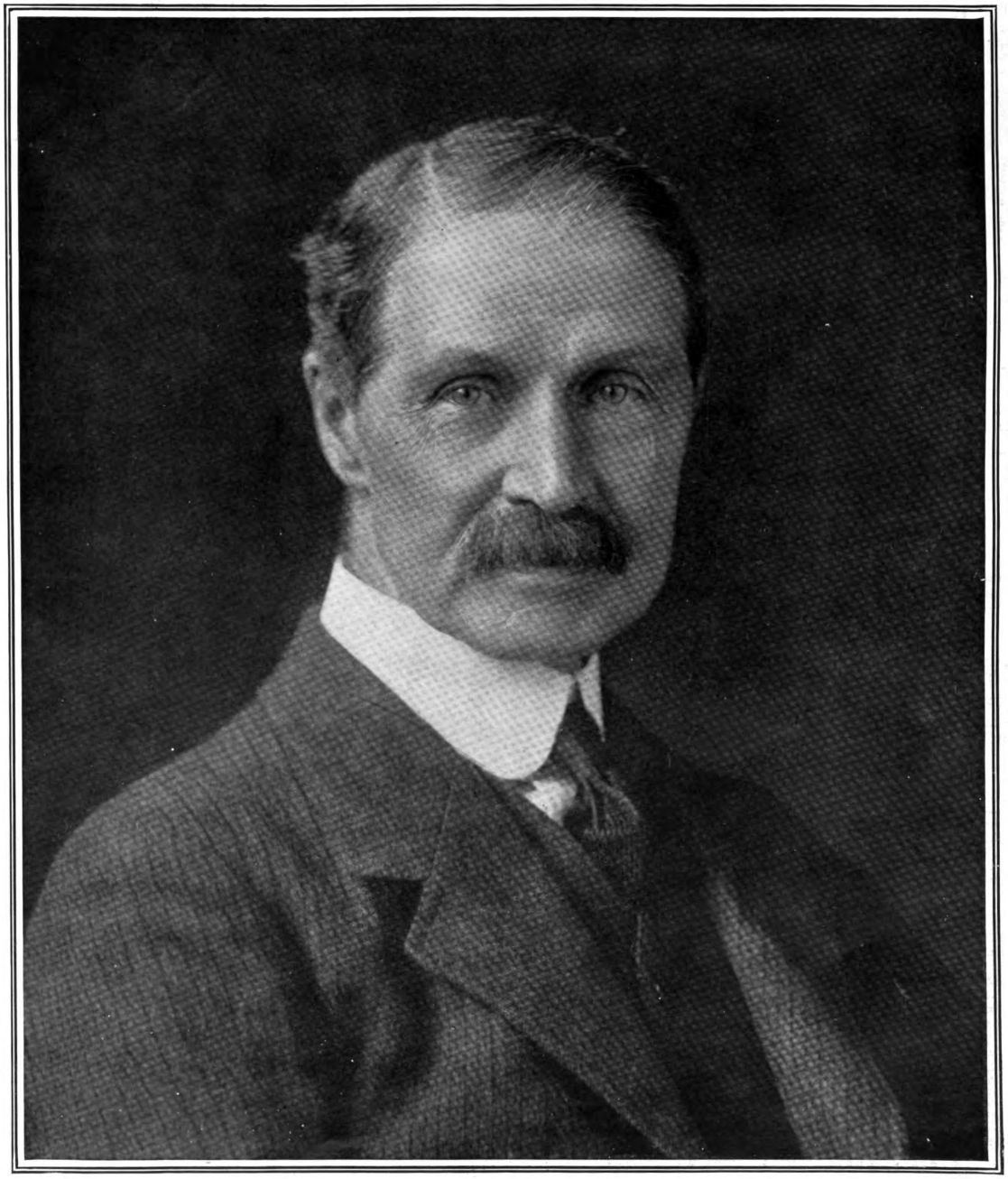
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1923.

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COMPELLED TO RESIGN THE PREMIERSHIP OWING TO ILL-HEALTH: THE RT. HON. ANDREW BONAR LAW, P.C., M.P.

The country heard with genuine regret, in which all parties shared, that Mr. Bonar Law had been compelled by ill-health to resign his position as Prime Minister, which he had held for so short a time. It may be recalled that when he accepted office, he indicated the possibility that he might not prove physically equal to the task. It had been hoped that his recent holiday rest abroad would have enabled him to continue his work, but immediately after his return, on May 19, his medical advisers issued the following bulletin: "In spite of his rest, the Prime Minister's voice is still unsatisfactory. We are unable to promise improvement within a reasonable time. The state of the Prime Minister's general health is not good." On the 21st he had a slight operation on his throat. Mr. Bonar Law has represented the Central Division of Glasgow since December 1918. He was a Member of the War Cabinet, and a Plenipotentiary at the Peace Conference.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MOST of us who know any history have grown sceptical about the phrases common in historical novels. Even when they denote something definitely true, they commonly connote something indefinitely false. This applies to phrases about jolly abbots, about gentle hermits, about all sorts of picturesque figures. They are not so much unreal as unrealised. It applies to the common phrase about robber barons. There were men in mediæval society, especially on the edges of that society, to whom such a description would really apply: Renaud de Chatillon, the raider in Palestine, is an example; and many of the Scottish nobles in the feudal chaos before the final settlement of the Scottish crown. But to read some of the romantic histories, one would suppose that only robbers were allowed to be barons—or possibly that all barons were expected to be robbers, It is to be assumed that in those days the criminal classes had somehow become an aristocracy without ceasing to be a criminal class, and that Raffles was the only burglar as well as the only householder. But, however this may be, there are certain inferences from the phrase that are of more practical importance at the present time.

Whatever might be said about a robber baron, it may be presumed that those who commonly had to address him as a baron did not address him as a robber. The nearest earl or viscount would appeal to him affably as "My dear baron," and not as "My dear brigand." His French valet or cook would address his remarks to M. le Baron and not to M. le Bandit or M. le Voleur. Official letters addressed to him would not begin with "My dear thief," or any such playful allusion. In short, the predatory profession, if it was a profession, was not one that was publicly professed. All that we can say is that the conditions of the times permitted of feudal chieftains seizing advantages that might not be allowed, or even attempted, under the more complex legal system of later times. Robbery was not recognised; robber barons were not recognised; but barons sometimes escaped punishment for types of robbery which we, at any rate, claim to punish. This at least is quite tenable and may be quite true; but if we assume it to be true, there follows a rather interesting and curious comparison.

For if this is the sense in which there were robber barons then, it is precisely in this sense that there are robber barons now. There are at this moment many men rich and respected, and often titled, who openly do things for which they could have been punished in the time of the mediæval barons. By mediæval law a man who made a corner in some common object of consumption was condemned to the pillory; in some countries he was condemned to the gallows. The man whom we now call a Trust Magnate would be an ordinary criminal by mediæval morality, as much as the wildest robber baron of romance could be a criminal by modern morality. We also do not insist in so many words on the financial operation, as if it were an official honour. We do not call a man Lord High Forestaller or Chief Freezer-out. We do not give a money-lender the ceremonial title of Mr. Usurer Moses. In that sense the modern scandals and the mediæval scandals are alike unofficial and unauthorised. But the moderns go much nearer than the mediævals to such an avowal, in using popular titles like the Salt King or the Steel King. These are practically confessions of cornering, and they would seem to a mediæval conscience like the title of the Poison King or the Torture King. I am not maintaining that we are wrong in being shocked at what was wicked in the Middle Ages; I am only pointing out that there are things in our society at which the Middle Ages would have been shocked, and things which they would have quite sincerely thought wicked. It is, to say the least of it, tenable that they would be right in being shocked. But I fear there are many moderns who would be sincerely shocked at their being shocked.

It is only against bigotry of that kind that I have ever urged the claims of the mediæval culture. I have never maintained that mediæval things were all good; it was the bigots who maintained that mediæval things were all bad. Yet I find myself frequently referred to as one who looks back to a Golden Age of Guilds which was a heaven for all humanity, or to a Merry England in which men were merry, without a moment of melancholy, for all their lives. And this interests me a little, because it involves a curious trick or fallacy which is often used against those who think as I do.

There is a certain kind of critic who has reached an intermediary position in this matter of our mediæval past; there was a very good example of it in a recent review of a Life of St. Bernard. There are critics who have passed through the whole process of discovering that there is something to be said for the past, without paying any attention to what is really said for it. Having only just realised the truth, they fall back on charging us with idealising it. They began by being



THE PREMIER'S RESIGNATION: MR. BONAR LAW ARRIVING AT VICTORIA ON HIS RETURN FROM ABROAD.

Mr. Bonar Law, whom ill-health has unfortunately compelled to resign, returned to London from Paris on May 19. He had been spending two or three weeks abroad in the hope of recovering sufficiently to carry on his work as Prime Minister, and during his tour he visited Algiers, Genoa, Aix-les-Bains, and Geneva.

Photograph by L.N.A.

surprised to find any light in the Dark Ages, and now they seem to be surprised at finding any shadows.

This is, indeed, the verbal trick which is applied to the problem. It consists of first refusing to listen to a reasonable view, then being forced to accept it, and then boasting of it and accusing those who originally held it of having held something else—generally something that no human being could ever possibly have held. In this case, let us say, Mr. Brown is fixed in the belief that the Victorian Age was vile and miserable, and without a glimmer of human hope. Mr. Smith assures him that it was not so bad as that; that it contained many healthy elements, happy homes, and hopeful writers. A long controversy ensues between Smith and Brown, in the course of which Brown is gradually induced to admit that Browning had his more optimistic moments, that Dickens had his more convivial scenes, and generally that Victorians were not vampires but men and women. Then the fun begins—I mean, then the curious thing happens. Mr. Brown then turns round on Mr. Smith with an air of plain candour and good sense, and says: "The truth is your ideal Victorians were just like anybody else. Some of them were good, some bad, some hopeful, some hopeless; they were ordinary human beings, and not, *as you say*, gods of golden perfection and wisdom, giants a hundred feet high, magicians ruling the sun and stars. *You* may think they were perfect and infallible; but I tell you they were only——" And Brown proceeds to tell Smith that Victorians were only what Smith had always said they were, and Brown had originally denied that they could possibly be.

I have myself known two cases in which this curious intellectual antic has been performed by my own antagonists; one is this case of mediæval civilisation, and the other is the problem of the Jews. In the latter case, my friends and I originally shocked the Victorian conventions by saying that the Jews should be recognised as a separate nation, with their own national virtues and vices. Our critics howled with horror at the very suggestion that Benjamin Disraeli was not as English as the English primrose. A long controversy ensued, in the course of which they were gradually induced to listen to reason. But our critic invariably ended up by saying, with undiminished self-satisfaction, "The truth is, Jews may be different from us; but, after all, they have their good points and their bad points, just like Frenchmen and all sorts of foreigners. We must be broad-minded; they aren't all horrible heartless devils, *as you say they are*."

Needless to say, I never said anything of the sort. I never said anything except the very thing he is himself saying. But when I first said it, he maintained that what I said was nonsense; and, now that he has found out for himself that it is sense, he chooses to say that I must have said something else. He makes a caricature of my caricature of the Jew, without even looking at it to see whether it was a fair portrait; and later, when he sees the same portrait, he points it out to me as a model without even remembering that it is mine.

As it is with the blackening of the Jews, so it is with the whitewashing of the Middle Ages. The critic began by saying that the mediæval period was black and hopeless and inhuman, and was gradually forced to admit that it contained elements that were bright and hopeful and humane. Having been driven to admit that mediæval things were mixed of good and evil, and to abandon his own view that they were unmixed evil, he then turns round and accuses me, without a shadow of reason, of saying that they were unmixed good. Because I deny the universal generalisation that the Dark Ages were dark, he argues that I must be denying that the Black Death was black. Because I point out to him that mediæval life produced many gaudy colours and gay stories, he assumes that I am trying to prove that black is white and that the story of the starving Ugolino is gay. He implies that I represent all mediæval sciences as if they were as gay as the Gay Science, merely because he himself has only just left off describing all mediæval arts as if they were as black as the Black Art. Nothing will induce him to believe that I never claimed any more for mediævalism than he himself is really obliged to concede to it. I only claimed that the age was as human as our own and in some points happier, though possibly in other points less happy. It is quite true that I think mediævalism can teach modernism a great deal of saving common-sense. But when he tells me that I have merely imagined my Golden Age of mediævalism, I know it is the other way round. *He* has merely imagined my Golden Age of mediævalism. He has merely imagined that I imagine it. My Utopia is not mine, but his; it is the creation of his imagination, re-shaping not only mediævalism, but modern ideas about mediævalism. This mediæval Earthly Paradise is, indeed, the shadow of a shade. It has only a reflected and indirect existence in any case. It does not exist at all except as something which he thinks that I think, and that only because he has never thought of really thinking about whether I think it or no.

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER; AND SUGGESTED "CANDIDATES."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, HUTCHINSON AND RUSSELL, WALTER STONEMAN, F.R.P.S., AND C.N. PORTRAIT OF LORD BALFOUR FROM A DRY-POINT BY WALTER TITTLE; PHOTOGRAPH BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



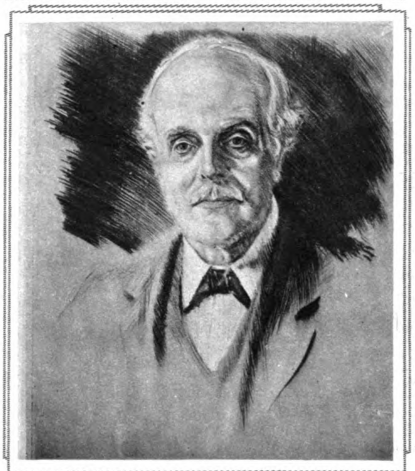
MR. BALDWIN'S PRINCIPAL "RIVAL" FOR THE PREMIERSHIP: MARQUESS CURZON, FOREIGN SECRETARY; WITH MARCHIONESS CURZON.



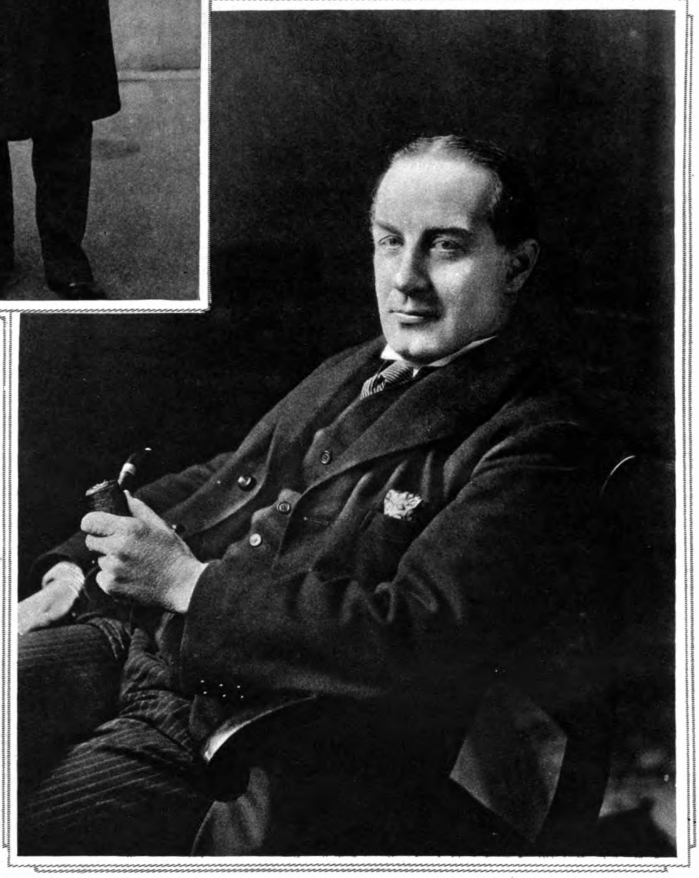
COLONIAL SECRETARY IN THE BONAR LAW CABINET: THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.



SECRETARY FOR WAR IN THE BONAR LAW CABINET: THE EARL OF DERBY.



THE VETERAN UNIONIST LEADER WHO WAS CONSIDERED A POSSIBLE SUCCESSOR TO MR. BONAR LAW: THE EARL OF BALFOUR.



THE NEW PRIME MINISTER: THE RIGHT HON. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., PREVIOUSLY CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

The vexed question that suddenly arose, on the resignation of Mr. Bonar Law, as to who should succeed him as Prime Minister, was settled on May 22, when Mr. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, was summoned by the King, and agreed to form a Government. The choice had been considered to lie mainly between Mr. Baldwin and Marquess Curzon, Foreign Secretary, but one factor in the situation was that under present political conditions it would be difficult to have as Premier a Member of the House of Lords. The Duke of Devonshire and the Earl of Derby had also been suggested in some quarters.

Mr. Baldwin's rise to the chief office in the State has been a rapid one, and it is only recently that he has become prominent, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, by his Budget, and a few months before by his visit to the United States in connection with the British debt. He is a son of the late Mr. Alfred Baldwin, M.P., and was born in 1867. In 1916 he became Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Bonar Law, and the next year a Junior Lord of the Treasury and Joint Financial Secretary. In 1921-2 he was President of the Board of Trade. He was formerly a member of Messrs. Baldwin's, Ltd., the well-known ironfounders.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, AITKEN, AND L.N.A.



NEWCOMERS FROM INDIA ON LONDON POLO GROUNDS: THE TIGERS TEAM BEATEN BY HURLINGHAM BY 7 GOALS TO 6.



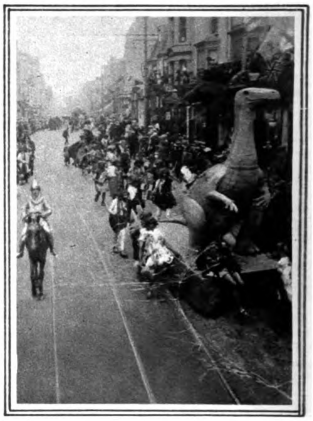
RECENTLY RELEASED AFTER CAPTURE BY THE BOLSHEVISTS: THE CREW OF THE HULL TRAWLER "JAMES JOHNSON" ON ARRIVAL AT NEWCASTLE.



THE WHIT MONDAY CARNIVAL AT HASTINGS: A TABLEAU CAR IN THE PROCESSION.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE CENOTAPH WITH EARL HAIG: H.R.H. DEPOSITING A WREATH ON BEHALF OF THE BRITISH LEGION.



THE WHIT MONDAY CARNIVAL AT HASTINGS: A PREHISTORIC MONSTER.



EEL PIE ISLAND RIVER PAGEANTRY: ROWING THE PIE ROUND THE ISLAND BEFORE LANDING IT, ACCORDING TO ANCIENT CUSTOM.



A LABOUR MEMBER WINS THE DUNMOW FLITCH (NOW TRANSFERRED TO ILFORD): MR. TOM GROVES, M.P., WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

The Indian Tigers polo team, consisting of Count Jean de Madre (No. 1), Major Jaswant Singh (No. 2), Colonel Jogindra Singh (No. 3), and Major E. G. Atkinson (back), played their first match in London at Ranelagh on May 19, against the Eaton team, who won by 10 goals to 4. On the 21st the Tigers met Hurlingham in the opening match of the season there, and were beaten by 7 goals to 6.——It was recently stated in the House that the Soviet Supreme Court had decided to release the British trawler "James Johnson," captured off Murmansk, on payment of a fine of 500 gold roubles, and that all the detained British trawlers could be considered free. Our photograph shows the crew of the "James Johnson" on board the Norwegian ship "Jupiter" on arriving at Newcastle-on-Tyne.——On Whit Monday a carnival procession including many decorated cars was held at Hastings.——On May 20 the Prince of Wales addressed the annual conference of the British Legion at Queen's Hall. He was re-elected its Patron, and Earl Haig as President. The Legion held a memorial service at the Cenotaph, where the Prince deposited a wreath.——At Eel Pie Island, in the Thames, the old custom of landing the pie was observed.——The Dunmow Flitch, awarded to the married couple who can satisfy a jury of spinsters and bachelors that they have not quarrelled or regretted their marriage for a year and a day, was awarded this year, at Ilford, to Mr. Thomas E. Groves, Labour M.P. for the Stratford Division of West Ham. Mr. C. E. Grigsby cross-examined for the flitch.

AN AMERICAN GOLF VICTORY AT ST. ANDREWS: THE WALKER CUP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



A "SHOWER-BATH" SHOT: MR. NEVILLE PLAYING OUT OF A BURN AT THE FIRST GREEN.



PLAYING "RACKETS" TO GET HIS BALL OUT: MR. OUIMET AWKWARDLY PLACED AGAINST A WALL.



WEARING THE YALE CAPITAL "Y" THAT CORRESPONDS TO A 'VARSITY "BLUE": MR. SWEETSER.



A GREAT CONCOURSE OF SPECTATORS AT THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN GOLF TEAMS FOR THE WALKER CUP: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FOURTEENTH GREEN, WITH ST. ANDREWS IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE BRITISH TEAM: (L. TO R.) FRONT ROW—MESSRS. WETHERED, HARRIS, HOPE, TOLLEY; BACK—MURRAY, HOOMAN, CAVEN, HOLDERNESS, WILSON, MACKENZIE.



THE U.S. TEAM: (L. TO R.) FRONT ROW—MESSRS. MARSTON, GARDNER, SWEETSER, ROTAN; BACK—WRIGHT, NEVILLE, OUIMET, JOHNSTONE, WILLING, HERRON.

The second annual golf match for the Walker Cup, between teams representing Great Britain and the United States, was played at St. Andrews on May 18 and 19. On the first day the British team won three out of the four foursomes and so had a lead of two points; but on the second day the Americans won five out of the eight singles, whereby their deficit on the foursomes was converted into a credit balance of one. They thus won the match and retained the Cup. The American team included Messrs. F. Ouimet, J. Sweetser, R. A. Gardner, M. R. Marston, G. V. Rotan, S. Davison Herron, H. R. Johnstone, J. Neville, F. Wright, and Dr. O. F. Willing. The last two were omitted from the foursomes, and Messrs. Johnstone and Neville from the Singles. The full British team consisted of Messrs. R. H. Wethered (Amateur Champion), C. J. H. Tolley, R. Harris, C. V. L. Hooman, E. W. E. Holderness, W. L. Hope, John Wilson, W. A. Murray, John Caven, and W. W. Mackenzie. The last two were omitted from the foursomes, and Messrs. Hooman and Caven from the Singles. Yale University now awards a capital "Y" to any Yale golfer or lawn-tennis player who wins an American amateur championship. It corresponds to an Oxford or Cambridge "Blue." A small "y" is awarded for minor sports, and may be compared to a "Half Blue." Mr. Sweetser is the U.S. Amateur Golf Champion.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT ALDERSHO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, S



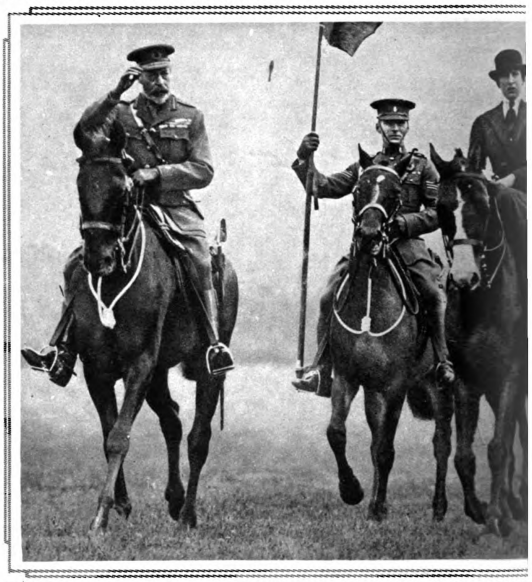
A PICTURESQUE SECTION OF THE MARCH-PAST OF OVER 8000 OFFICERS AND MEN BEFORE THE KING ON LAFFAN'S PLAIN AT ALDERSHOT: A BODY OF HIGHLAND DRUMMERS.



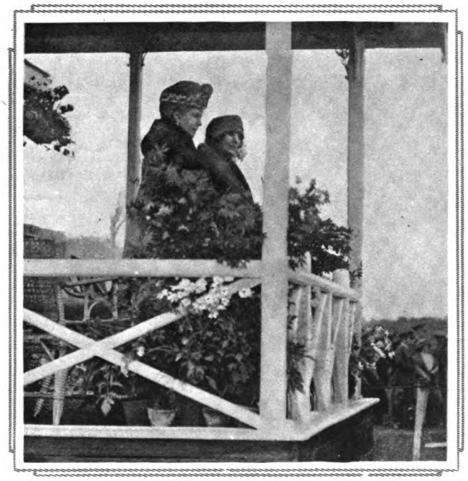
THE KING'S INSPECTION OF ALL ARMS BEFORE THE MARCH- G.O.C. AT ALDERSHOT, INSPE



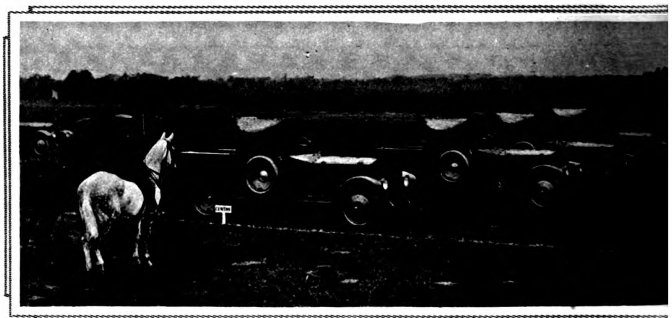
THREE CHEERS FOR THE KING AND QUEEN! SCOTTISH TROOPS IN THE MILE-WIDE FRONT AFTER THE GREAT REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES.



ARRIVING ON THE PLAIN FOR THE REVIEW: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, IN FI IN THE SADDLE THROUGH



HOW THE QUEEN SAW THE GREAT REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT: HER MAJESTY IN THE PAVILION AT THE SALUTING-BASE.

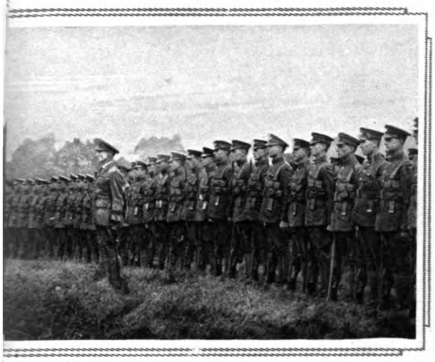


SALUTING BY LOWERING THEIR GUNS: ARMOURED CARS IN THE MARCH-PAST PASSING BEFORE THE KING AND LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR PHILIP CHETWODE (RIGHT).

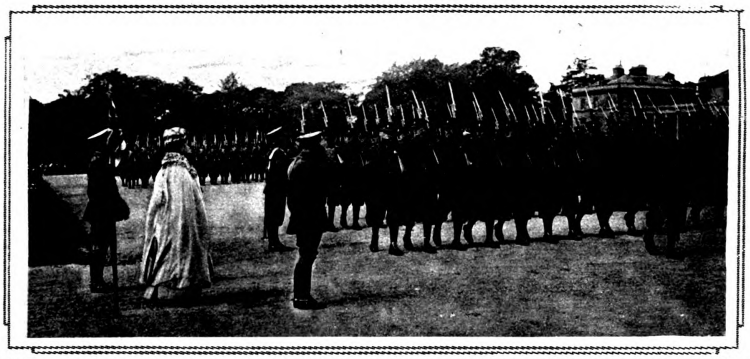
The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, motored on May 18 from Buckingham Palace to the Royal Pavilion at Aldershot, for a week's residence there among the troops. On the 19th a great review took place on Laffan's Plain before their Majesties, every branch of the fighting services being represented—infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers, the Royal Air Force, armoured cars, and tanks. The King rode on to the ground with the Duke of Connaught and Princess Mary, who remained in the saddle for the whole two hours, while the Queen drove to the little pavilion at the saluting-base, where she was received by Lady Chetwode, wife of Lieut.-General Sir Philip Chetwode, G.O.C., Aldershot Command. General Chetwode accompanied the King in his inspection of the line before the march-past. There were over 8000 officers and men on parade, besides some 2000 mules and 112 guns.

ND SANDHURST: A GREAT REVIEW.

D General, C.N., and L.N.A.



S MAJESTY, WITH GENERAL SIR PHILIP CHETWODE (ON THE LEFT), E ROYAL AIR FORCE.



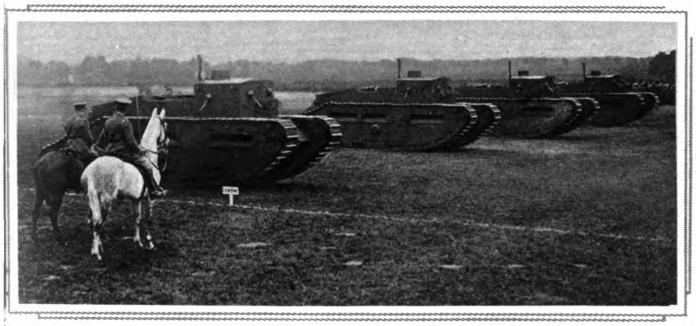
THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE AT SANDHURST: A MARCH-PAST OF THE CADETS, WITH FIXED BAYONETS, BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN.



THE KING (SALUTING), PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES, WHO REMAINED AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.



THE QUEEN WITH THE BROWNIES: HER MAJESTY IN THE GROUNDS OF THE ROYAL PAVILION, WHERE SHE AND PRINCESS MARY INSPECTED GIRL GUIDES AND BROWNIES.



"EVERY GUN-BARREL SIMULTANEOUSLY SWUNG THROUGH AN ARC OF A CIRCLE": TANKS SALUTING HIS MAJESTY IN THE MARCH-PAST AT ALDERSHOT.



THE QUEEN AT SANDHURST: HER MAJESTY RECEIVING ADMIRAL STURDEE AT THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

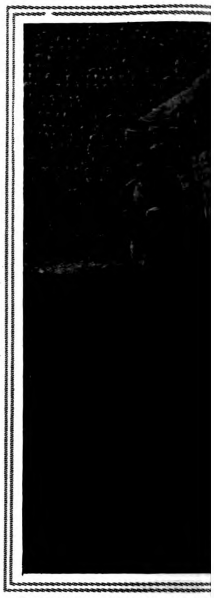
It was interesting to see how the tanks and armoured cars saluted. As they passed his Majesty, each gun-barrel described an arc of a circle and pointed downwards. In the afternoon the Queen and Princess Mary received the Aldershot Girl Guides and Brownies in the grounds of the Royal Pavilion. On Whit Sunday (May 20) the Royal party motored to Sandhurst and attended Divine Service in the memorial chapel of the Royal Military College. The King's programme at Aldershot was interrupted by the resignation of the Premier, which brought his Majesty to London, and the cavalry parade arranged for the 22nd was cancelled. The King drove to Buckingham Palace from Aldershot by motor-car, arriving at about 12.30 p.m. After inviting Mr. Stanley Baldwin to form a Government, his Majesty was expected to return to Aldershot that evening.

THE RESCUE OF MISS ELLIS FROM ABDUCTORS: EXCLUSIVI

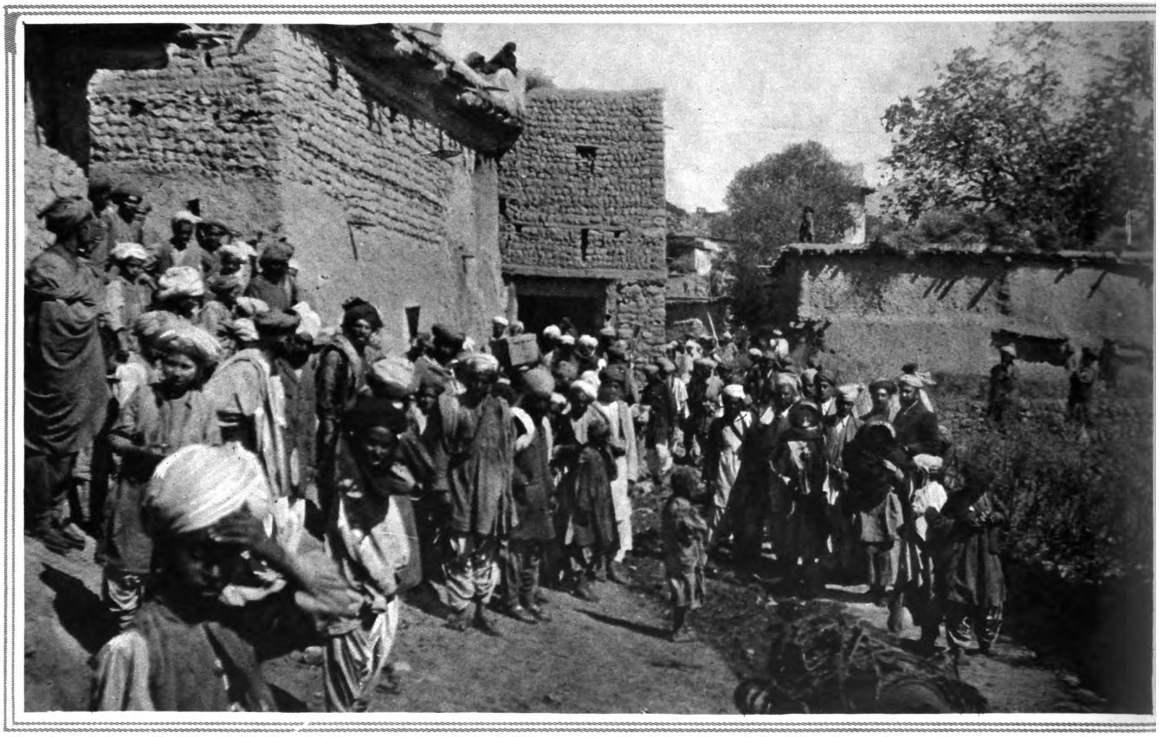
PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURT



"THE MANOZAI JIRGAH; BACK AT SHENAWARI FORT; SUBDAN BADE OF ZAMAN IN FRONT": A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE RESCUE EXPEDITION.



"OUR GUARDS IN THE COURT THE STONE BASE OF



"LEAVING THE LAST HOUSES IN KHANKI BAZAR; MISS ELLIS AND MRS. STARR WALKING OUT OF THE VILLAGE": AN INCIDENT OF MRS. STARR'S PERILOUS EXPEDITION TO RESCUE MISS MOLLIE ELLIS, ABDUCTED FROM KOHAT BY THE MURDERERS OF HER MOTHER.

Recent news has recalled the terrible outrage at Kohat, on the Indian frontier, on the night of April 14, when Afridi raiders murdered Mrs. Ellis, wife of Major Ellis (who was away on duty) in her bungalow, and carried off her daughter, Miss Mollie Ellis, to the Tirah Hills. Miss Ellis, it will be recalled, was rescued about a week later, mainly through the heroic action of Mrs. Harold Starr, a nursing sister at Peshawar, who had lost her own husband some years ago through a similar crime. On April 20 Mrs. Starr set out with a native escort on an adventurous rescue expedition, and after many dangers they succeeded in finding Miss Ellis, negotiating for her release, and bringing her back in safety to Peshawar. The King sent a message of congratulation to Mrs. Starr on her achievement, and awarded her the Kaisar-i-Hind gold medal. It was announced a few days ago that his Majesty had approved the award of the same

HOTOGRAPHS OF MRS. STARR'S ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY.

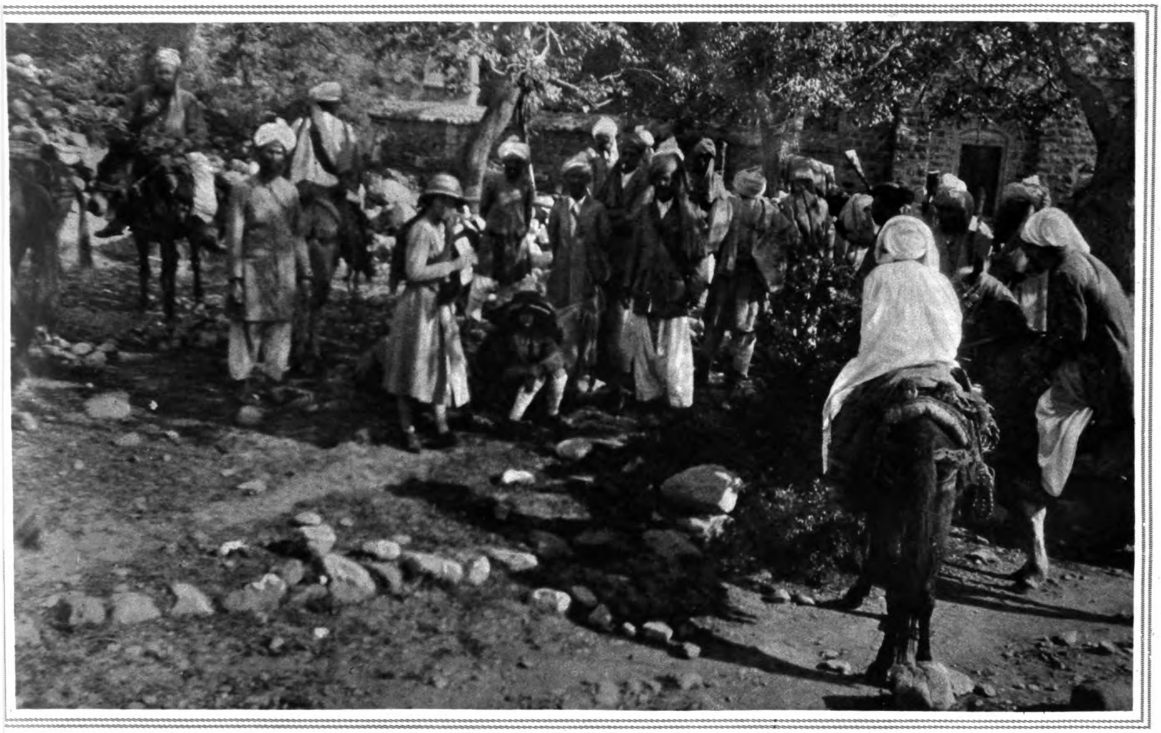
MRS. HAROLD STARR.



MULLAH MALCHEND'S HOUSE; CH-TOWER AT THE END."



"IN THE UPPER PART OF THE KHANKI VALLEY: AFRIDIS COMING DOWN THE HILLSIDE TO MEET US": AN INCIDENT OF THE RESCUE OF MISS ELLIS.



"AT THE ZAMAT OF THE MULLAH KARBORGHA; HIS SON WHO WENT WITH US, MULLAH ABDULLAH, ARRIVING ON THE RIGHT": A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE RESCUE EXPEDITION, SHOWING MISS ELLIS SITTING ON A STRETCHER AND MRS. STARR STANDING BESIDE HER.

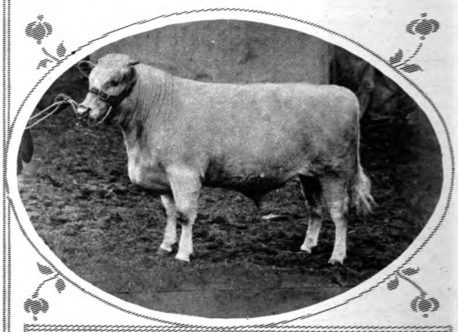
medal to two Indian officers who accompanied her. One of them, Rissaldar Mogul Baz Khan, of the Guides, Personal Assistant to the Chief Commissioner at Peshawar, commanded the tribal band which escorted Mrs. Starr. The other, Khan Bahadur Kuli Khan, Assistant Political Officer of Kurram, persuaded the abductors of Miss Ellis to surrender her to the Mullah, and made a night journey of eight miles to bring the captive to the Mullah's house. On May 22 it was stated that a strong aeroplane demonstration was recently made over Tirah, with the result that a representative *jirgah* came to meet the British Chief Commissioner, Sir John Maffey, and gave a written bond that the perpetrators of the Ellis crime were their enemies and should never be allowed to return to their land. The actual assassins had escaped into Afghanistan. We give the titles of the photographs in the form supplied to us.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AS AGRICULTURIST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND G.P.U.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SHOW: H.R.H. WALKING THROUGH THE GROUNDS WITH LORD BLYTHSWOOD AND THE MARQUESS OF BATH.



ONE OF THE PRINCE'S PRIZE-WINNERS: THE SHORTHORN BULL "CLIMSLAND DANDY DUKE" (FIRST PRIZE) IN THE SHOW.



THE PRINCE WATCHING SEVEN YOUNG PIGS TESTING THE EFFICIENCY OF THE NAPIER AUTOMATIC FEEDER.



THE PRINCE OF WALES (IN CAR ON LEFT, RAISING HIS HAT) ARRIVES AT SWANSEA TO VISIT THE BATH AND WEST SHOW: A POPULAR WELCOME.



"IS THIS A BEEF-TEA AFFAIR?" TWO FIRST-PRIZE BULLS PUTTING THEIR HEADS TOGETHER AT THE BATH AND WEST SHOW.



AS PRESIDENT OF THE BATH AND WEST AND SOUTHERN COUNTIES SOCIETY: THE PRINCE (CARRYING TWO BOOKS) AT THE RECEPTION OF MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE.

The Prince of Wales visited the Bath and West Agricultural Show at Swansea on May 18. The previous night he had stayed as the guest of Lord and Lady Blythswood, at Penrice Castle, twelve miles away. On arriving at the Show ground, the Prince drove to the Council Pavilion, where members of the Council and others were presented, including the Marquess of Bath. After the presentations, the Prince made a tour of the yards and visited first the pavilion built by the Canadian Government, where he talked with Dominion representatives, and recalled his own trip to Canada and his ranch there. In the cattle-sheds he saw his own three prize-winning Shorthorns, including a young white bull, which was specially brought out for closer inspection. During the morning he presided over a meeting of the Council of the Bath and West and Southern Counties Society, when a governor and twenty new members were elected. The Marquess of Bath expressed the Council's appreciation of the Prince's visit and of his acceptance of the presidency for two years in succession.

SONGS ACROSS THE SEA: BROADCAST LINKS BETWEEN LINER AND HOME.

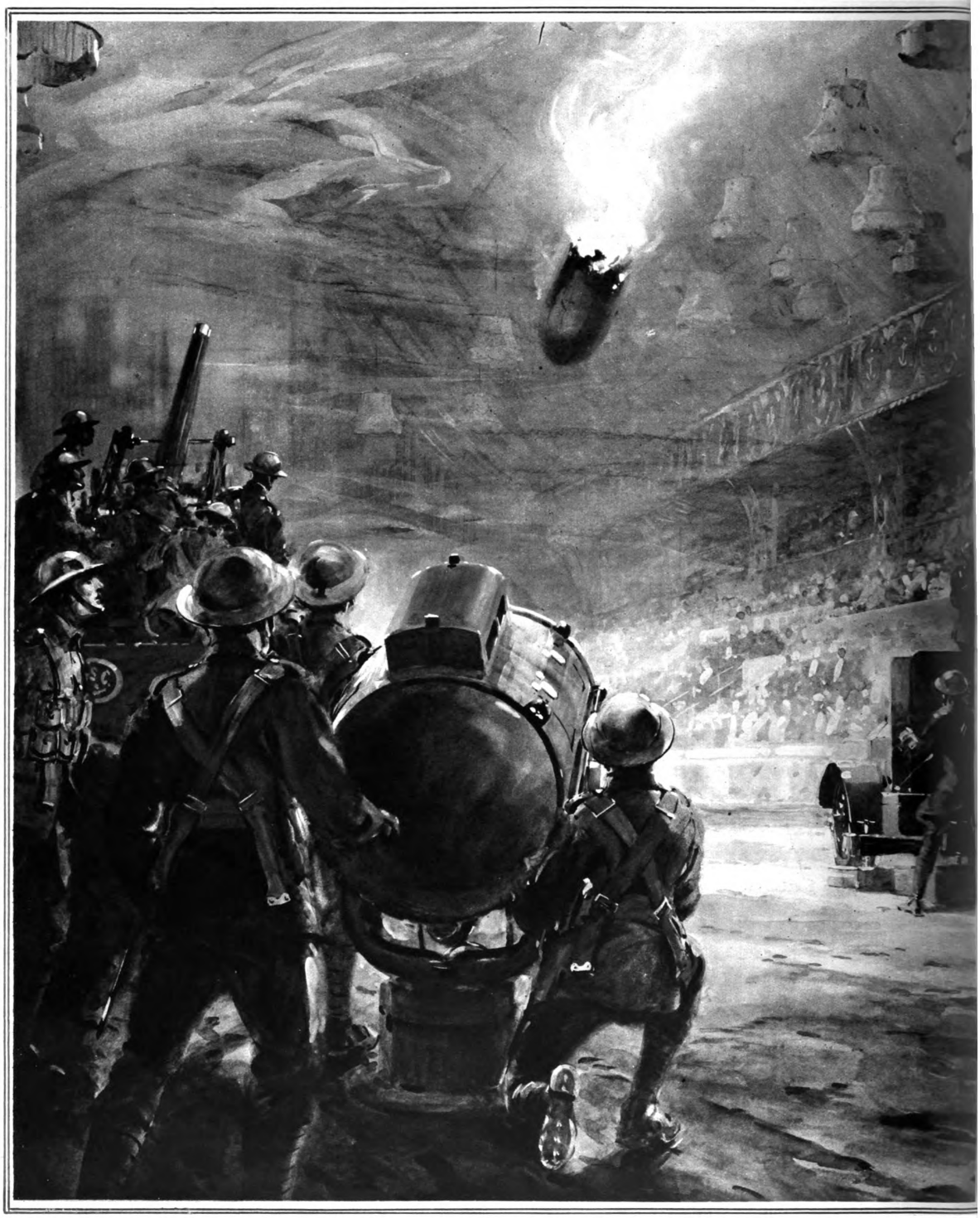


KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH HOME VOICES 300 MILES AWAY BY RADIO: PASSENGERS AND OFFICERS IN AN OCEAN LINER ON THE HIGH SEAS LISTENING-IN TO MUSIC BROADCAST FROM THE SHORE.

While it has long been possible for ships to communicate with the shore, and *vice-versa*, by means of wireless messages, the new science of broadcasting has still further extended this invisible bond of union between the voyager and home. Passengers in an ocean liner, by means of radio-telephony, can now listen to the actual voices of singers and speakers on shore, or instrumental music, while their ship is anything up to 300 miles away on the high seas. An Atlantic liner approaching Europe would come within range of the broadcasting stations in London, Cardiff, Birmingham, Paris, and the Hague. Similarly, on the outward voyage, those on board could listen-in to music and songs transmitted from numerous broadcasting stations in America. It is also possible, of course, for transmission to be made from one ship at sea to another, if they both possess the necessary equipment. In our illustration the listening-in party in one of the saloons is grouped around a "loud-speaker" connected with the ordinary receiving-set in the wireless operator's cabin.

A ZEPPELIN "BROUGHT DOWN IN FLAMES" AT OLYMPIA:

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

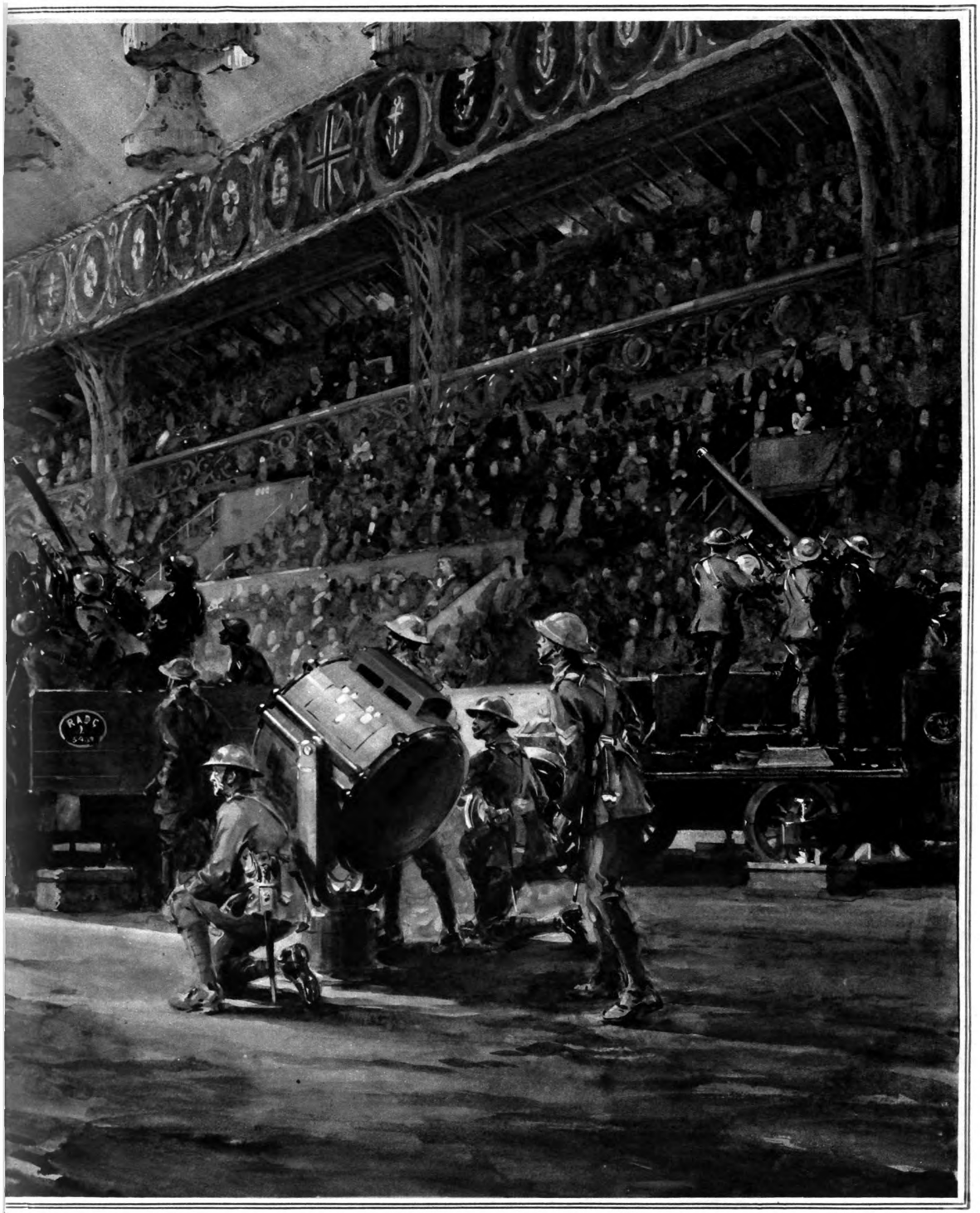


A REMINISCENCE OF THE ZEPPELIN RAIDS IN THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA:

A striking episode in the Royal Tournament at Olympia is a representation of a Zeppelin raid, in which, after a warning maroon, an airship appears in the darkened hall, drops bombs, is picked up by searchlights, and brought down in flames by mobile anti-aircraft guns, mounted on lorries. The display is given by the 1st Air Defence Brigade from Aldershot. The opening of the Royal Tournament by the Duke of Connaught was fixed for Thursday, May 24, and the King has arranged to attend the afternoon performance on Monday, May 28. Another important feature of the Tournament is the historical Scottish Pageant

THE MOST DRAMATIC EPISODE OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AND SEARCHLIGHTS IN ACTION AGAINST A GERMAN AIRSHIP.

entitled, "Scotland in Arms," one of the most brilliant that has ever been seen at Olympia. There is a great attraction also in the jumping competitions for the King's Cup and the new cup presented by the Prince of Wales, and many foreign officers have arranged to compete. American military interest in the excellent jumping programme that has been arranged is especially keen, owing to the fact that the United States Army is preparing a mounted team to compete at the Olympic Games next year in Paris.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]*

The Submerged Harbours of Alexandria:

A HISTORICAL MYSTERY.

By A. Forestier.—From "Les Ports Submergés de l'Ancienne Île de Pharos," by M. Gaston Jondet, Chief Engineer of Egyptian Ports and Lighthouses. (Published by the Institut Égyptien, Cairo.)

AMONG the riddles of the past, none seems more puzzling than the submerged harbour works of the Island of Pharos, at Alexandria.

Pharos, it should be explained, is no longer an island, since it is joined to the mainland by a wide causeway on which part of the city is built. This causeway was made by order of Alexander the Great when he decided upon building his capital of Egypt, where it still stands, to stop the invasion of the harbour which he had designed by the sand carried in by the waves.

The port of Pharos has been known from high antiquity, and Homer mentions it in the Odyssey. The roadstead created by the close neighbourhood of the island to the mainland, of which it had once formed part, may be the port mentioned by Homer, and was evidently well known to all mariners of the time as the best shelter on the north-eastern African coast. The causeway or isthmus joining Pharos to the mainland changed the roadstead into two harbours, one on each side of it. But these are not in question.

The object of our inquiry is the existence and origin of some other harbour works recently discovered in the course of soundings by M. Gaston Jondet, Engineer of Bridges and Roads, Chief Engineer of Egyptian Ports and Lighthouses. These extensive works, actually lying under the water at no great depth—a few feet only—seem, so he thinks, to have been ignored by all historians, and do not figure in books on Alexandria.

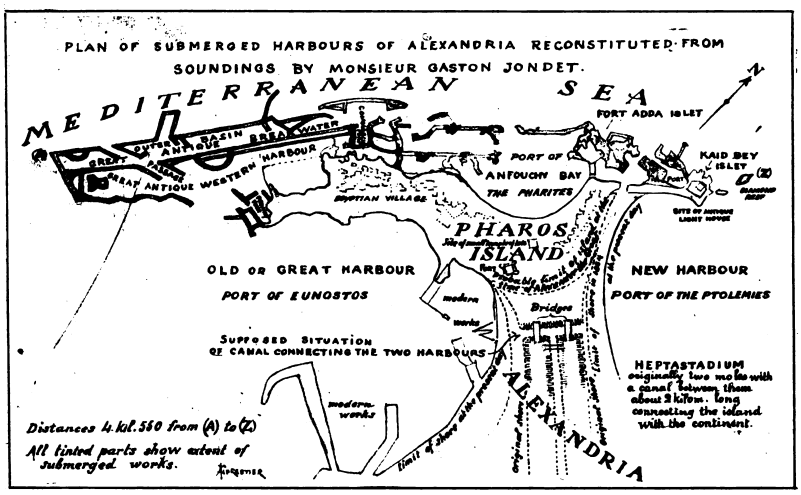
This part of the coast teems with reefs, some of which are submerged, making access to Alexandria a matter of great care. It may be that the immense ruins of the submerged harbours were considered as part of the chain of reefs on which certainly they were originally built and enlarged, for it is impossible that they should have escaped the notice of fishermen and other mariners who lived in the island of Pharos for centuries; and, considering the almost incessant warfare that took place at and around Alexandria ever since Ptolemaic times, the presence of these colossal constructions must have been known. The wonder is how they have not been recorded in history. The Arabs must have observed them even if they were under water, and the only conclusion one may arrive at is that Alexandria fell into ruin during the barbarian invasions, and that all the Arab civilisation was directed to Cairo, so that the existence of the submerged works, if known, was treated with indifference and relegated to oblivion.

Alexandria was raised from its ruinous condition by the genius of Mehemet Ali in the nineteenth century, but the general condition of the harbours was studied from an engineering point of view by French naval officers in the 'thirties. Numerous soundings were taken, both inside the harbour and out, and rocks are indicated which now turn out to be points of the structures made in remote antiquity. From 1912 to 1916 M. Jondet explored the sea—by no means an easy undertaking—and in the course of his work was able to fix the extent of stupendous marine works, which reveal a skill and reasoning of the highest order in the design of enormous breakwaters, jetties, basins, landing-stages, taking advantage of all natural rocks, the whole showing profound knowledge and extraordinary prevision.

The materials were brought from the coast, where quarries of calcareous stone have been and still are excavated, and some special means had to be invented for raising and loading stone blocks weighing from three to five tons. These blocks were used in the construction of wide quays and landing-stages, being adjusted very ingeniously to form even surfaces, on which can be seen the grooves prepared for the erection of warehouses or other buildings. From the foundations to the upper surface is shown the same care to produce a solid construction able to resist the action of the waves; and if at the present moment some of these big blocks have been disturbed and lie at some distance from their original place, still, it is possible by attentive study to reconstruct the lines of masonry to which they belong, and thus to reproduce the ground-plan of the original work. That is what I have attempted in the present set of drawings. All these constructions, now under water, have evidently disappeared from view for many centuries, and their existence has been forgotten.

Now the problem which confronts us is—Who was the originator of this vast *ensemble* of works? Two suggestions are put forward by M. Jondet. The first is that it might have been one of the powerful rulers of Egypt—in particular, Rameses II, the King-mason—who, to achieve his conquest and to acquire absolute supremacy of the Egyptian Sea and safety for his empire, chose to make this place, which he clearly perceived to be the most suitable for safeguarding the land from aggression, a seat of maritime defence second to none in the eastern Mediterranean.

The name of Pharos, according to Dr. Botti, comes from Pa-Ra (= Helios), "who sees everything," and the name Atli defines the geographical situation of a port from which a complete survey of the sea-routes and the adjoining country is easily obtainable.



SHOWING WHERE THE MYSTERIOUS SUBMERGED HARBOUR WORKS (TINTED, AT THE TOP) LIE UNDER WATER OFF PHAROS, AS MAPPED FROM SOUNDINGS BY M. GASTON JONDET: A PLAN OF ALEXANDRIA.

Drawn by A. Forestier.

To make it secure, a body of coastguards was settled in a native village called Rhacotis, on the shore of the canal connecting the Nile with Lake Mareotis, just across the tongue of land that divides the extensive lagoon from the roadstead. Rhacotis, now enclosed in the walls of Alexandria, has remained a populous quarter.

The other alternative respecting the origin of the submerged harbours is that Alexander at first thought of building his capital on the island itself, and commenced constructing harbours accordingly, but then abandoned the idea on realising that Pharos was too small for his ambitious designs. This is, in my opinion, very doubtful, if we must believe the tradition that he traced the limit of his new city on the mainland at the place it still occupies, although now considerably enlarged. He caused the Heptastadium to be made, making thereby two harbours well sheltered from weather and foes, and his stay in Egypt was not long enough to supervise the slow work of building the submerged harbours.

I incline to think that they existed before Alexander's time. When they were submerged is another question. No one, so far, can answer it. As to the cause of the submergence, M. Jondet suggests, and quite plausibly too, after examination of the sea-bottom, that on the rocky subsoil that belongs to this part of the coast, and constitutes the Libyan hills, a layer of Nile mud was deposited, retaining some of its fluidity. Sand blown from the desert formed sandbanks, which covered this slippery layer, and in the course of ages the agglomeration of this sand led to its solidification. Actual parts of chalky rock emerged at many points.

On these solid sandy foundations, the submerged harbours were built. Then, in consequence of some volcanic activity or earthquake, the slimy layer of Nile mud suddenly escaped through cracks due to the disturbance, and the result was that the mass of sand sank to the bed-rock, carrying the buildings with it under water.

That explanation appears sufficient, though it seems that such a sudden disappearance would have been recorded and left a lasting trace in the people's memory. So, while admitting the cause of the subsidence, I prefer the opinion of Lenormant, who points out the slow, imperceptible sinking of the whole coast—not mentioning in particular the submerged harbours, naturally, as they remained unnoticed in modern times. He states that the subsidence still continues, and it seems true, for, on comparing the map made in 1834 by Saulnier de Vauhello with the most recent one by M. Jondet, it is noticeable that some emerged land and rocks have since then, not a century ago, disappeared, while others are reduced in area, partly, no doubt, through the incessant destructive action of the waves, and partly in consequence of a general subsidence.

The rocks in the great, or Ptolemaic, harbour, were numerous enough in Roman times, as marked in Dr. Botti's map, and were used in creating a chain of fortifications that surrounded the Royal Palace and other parts of the harbour; very few of them remain at the present day. Probably some were destroyed for clearing the harbour in modern times.

M. Jondet gives extracts from several ancient and modern authors (Julius Cæsar, Strabo, Hirtius Pansa, and Dr. Botti) none of whom mentions the ancient harbours of Pharos. Homer is always quoted, but his few words are too vague and may or may not apply to the actual harbours, as he may have meant the roadstead. On the other hand, I find that Plutarch, in his Life of Alexander the Great (translated by Alexis Pierron), describes Pharos as indeed an island, a somewhat narrow strip of land placed as an isthmus between the sea and a considerable lagoon (Lake Mareotis), and terminated by a large harbour.

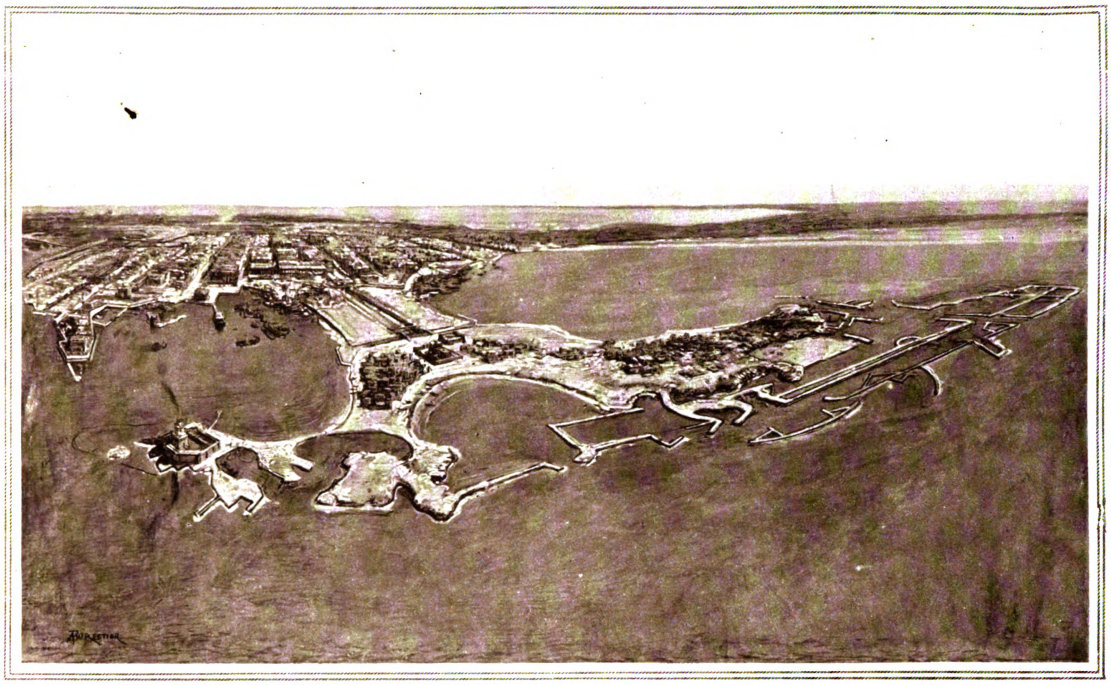
The allusion is unmistakable, and this is my reply to M. Jondet's assertion that the great Pharos harbour is not mentioned by any historian. Plutarch lived in the second half of the first century A.D., a short time therefore after Cæsar's death in 44 B.C. If the latter did not mention the harbours, perhaps he did not attach much importance to them. Strabo's silence is more remarkable, but in his glowing description of Alexandria he may have overlooked the Pharos harbours because, as he says, the new things, as ever, make one neglect the old ones.

The rock on which the famous ancient lighthouse was built stood as an island at the entrance of the new harbour of Alexandria. It apparently was so at the time of Julius Cæsar. The land connection dates, it is stated, from later times; some Arab writers say the ninth century A.D. However, in Roman times, according to Dr. Botti's map, it seems that the connection existed in the shape of a fortified wall leaving a narrow opening for the passage of ships of moderate size. The fortified wall does not appear to have existed at the time of Julius Cæsar's attack on Pharos, otherwise his capture of the lighthouse rock would hardly have been possible, insomuch as an extensive system of defences of the same order ran out right round the rock and reached as far as the middle of the new harbour, where it faced the fortified Cape Lochias, and rendered access to the port extremely hazardous for any attack from the sea. The entrance into the lighthouse precincts seems to have been in the south wall, by means of a jetty stretching out to a rock called by the Arabs

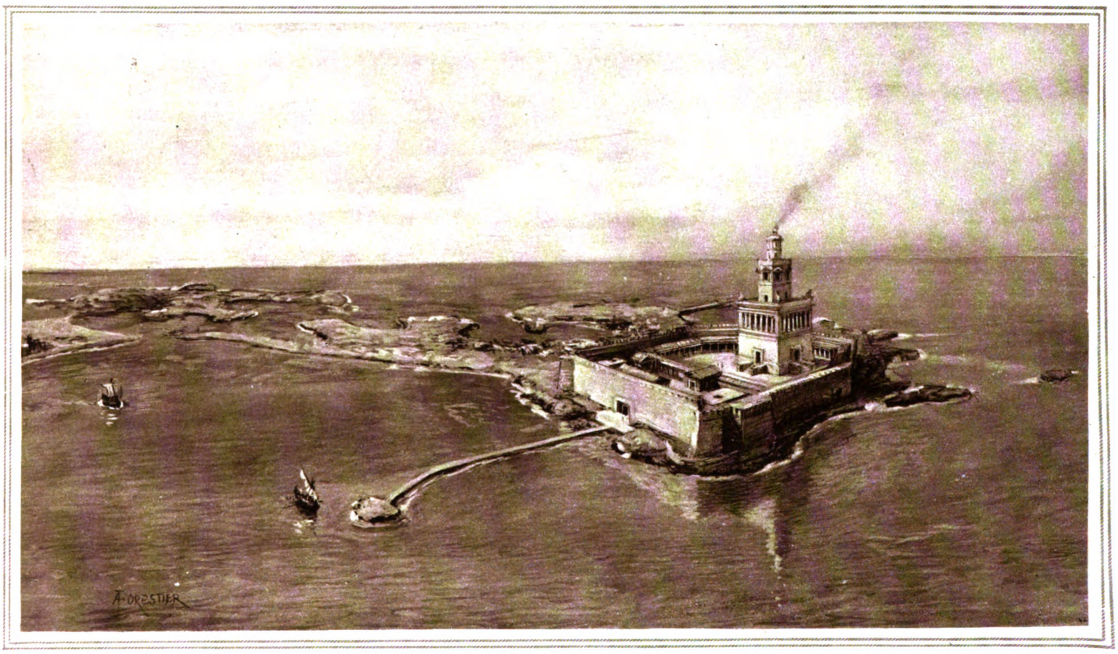
(Continued on page 920.)

WHO BUILT THE SUBMERGED HARBOURS OF ALEXANDRIA? A MYSTERY.

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWINGS BY A. FORESTIER, FROM "LES PORTS SUBMERGÉS DE L'ANCIENNE ÎLE DE PHAROS," BY GASTON JONDET (INSTITUT ÉGYPTIEN, CAIRO).



MADE BY ALEXANDER OR RAMESES II.? THE NOW-SUBMERGED HARBOUR WORKS (IN THE FOREGROUND) OFF THE ISLAND OF PHAROS, AND THE FAMOUS LIGHTHOUSE: ALEXANDRIA BEFORE CÆSAR'S TIME—A "BIRD'S-EYE" RELIEF MAP.

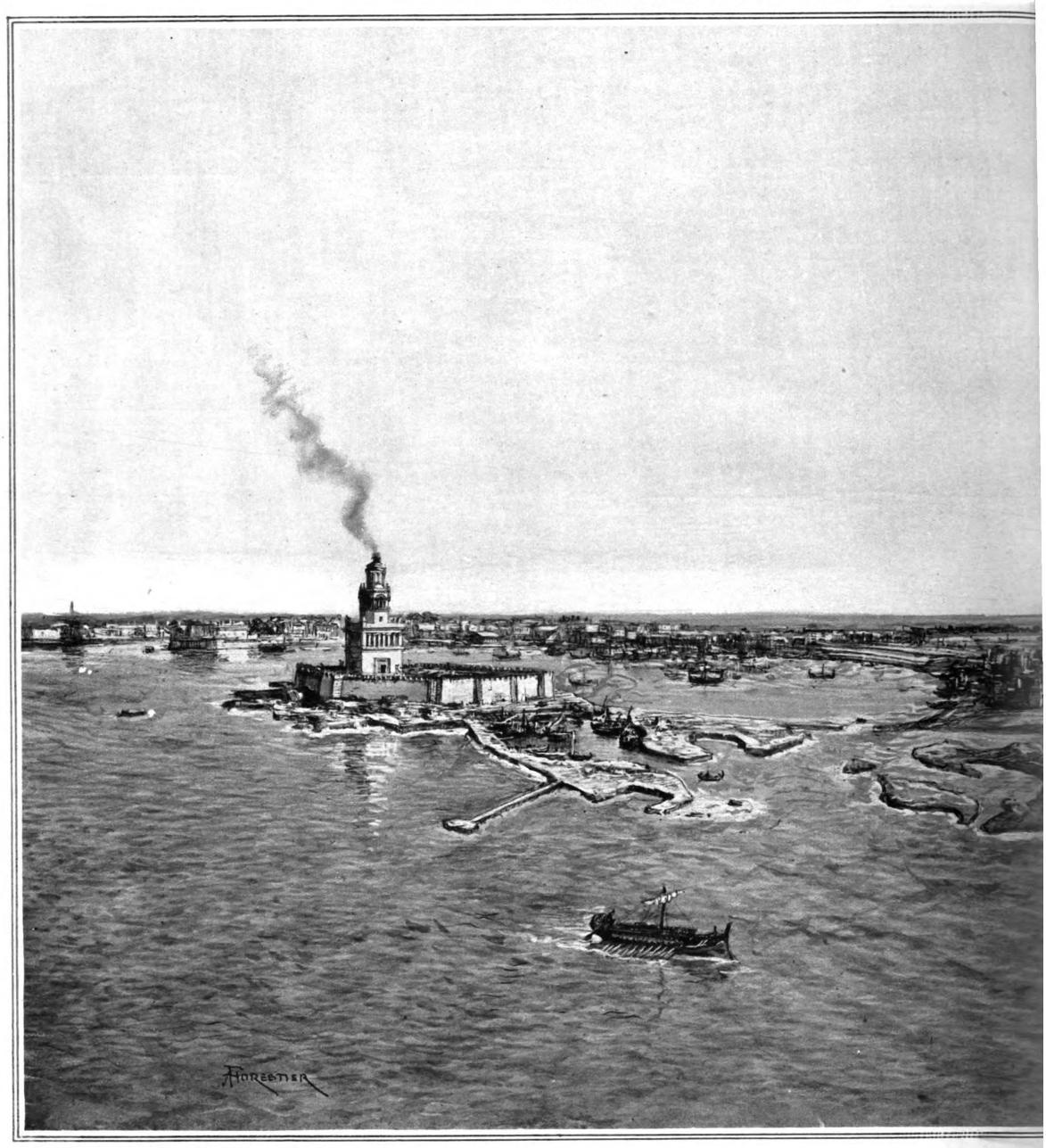


ONE OF THE "SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD" AND PROTOTYPE OF ALL LIGHTHOUSES: THE FAMOUS PHAROS, 350 FT. HIGH, BUILT BY SOSTRATOS OF CNIDOS FOR PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL HARBOUR OF ALEXANDRIA.

In his article on the opposite page, Mr. Forestier describes the mysterious submerged harbour works at Alexandria (shown in the upper drawing here as they probably looked when they were new), and discusses the interesting problem of their unrecorded origin in antiquity. He suggests that they may have been made by Rameses II. (1300 B.C., some 50 years after Tutankhamen), or by Alexander, about 1000 years later. On the succeeding double-page a larger drawing reconstructs the general aspect of the great city founded by Alexander. Of the famous Pharos, or lighthouse (also described opposite), Mr. Forestier writes in another note: "It was one of the marvels of the world. Situated on a rock at the eastern end of the island, it was connected with it by a causeway, rumour says, made in the ninth century by the Arabs. I personally believe, however, that the Alexandrians had not waited so long to make a quay and roadway to reach the Pharos, the glory of the town, from whose height the most extensive view could be obtained. Submerged ruins attached to the rock on which it was built show that a small harbour enabled the inhabitants—who, of course, included military guards—to be provisioned from outside before the causeway was made. On these flat shores the Pharos was the most conspicuous object, for its height, computed at 350 ft., exceeded that of the city monuments. Arabic writers have given figures of its dimensions which appear to tally with the distance—27 miles—for which its light was visible."—[*Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*—C.R.]

WAS PHAROS A PORT OF THE PHARAOHS 1000

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWINGS BY A. FORESTIER, FROM "LES PORTS SUBMERGÉS DE

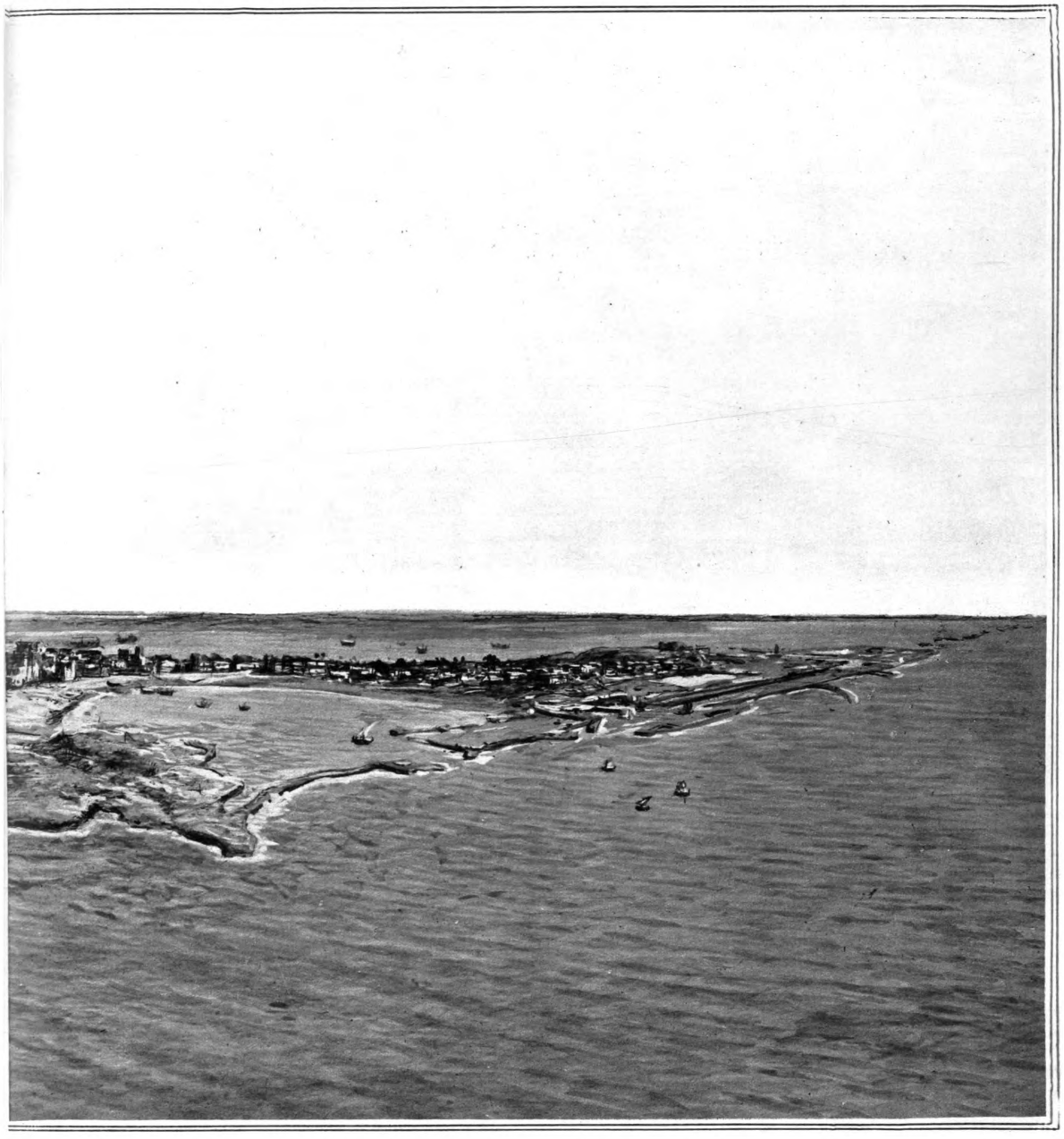


WITH GIGANTIC HARBOUR WORKS (NOW SUBMERGED) IN KEEPING WITH THE GREAT

The question of when and by whom were constructed the ancient harbour works, now submerged, lying off Pharos at Alexandria, is discussed by Mr. Forestier in his article on a previous page. In a shorter summary of this interesting historical mystery he writes: "The origin of these works is extremely obscure. The soundings taken by M. Jondet from 1912 to 1916 reveal the existence of immense breakwaters and quays connected with the island at Pharos, which is parallel to the sea coast of Egypt, a short distance from it, and now connected with it by an isthmus on which the city of Alexandria was built. Between the island and the coast an ideal refuge or natural harbour existed. The isthmus cut it in two, and the result was that there are now two harbours: one on the west and the other on the east side of the isthmus or 'digue.' The latter is called the new harbour or harbour of the Ptolemies. The other is the 'Port vieux,' considerably the more important in size and depth. Alexander the Great, to whom the advantages of the natural harbour were pointed out, thought at first of making the island of Pharos the seat of his new capital. But he found the island too small for his grandiose conceptions, and the result was the making of the broad 'digue,' on which Alexandria was built. The new town was originally called Neapolis, to distinguish it from an old town situated on the coast itself, at this place a narrow bend extending between the sea and the lake Mareotis. The island of Pharos was inhabited, and had been known from before Homeric times for the safety of its anchorage and its numerous creeks. It was frequented by Greek pirates. The Pharites themselves, great mariners, were also sea-robbers. Pharos was, therefore, an important sea centre, the best harbour on this part of Africa, and its importance cannot have escaped the attention of the Pharaohs of old. It is admitted as quite possible that the old works were commenced by command of the Great Rameses, their gigantic character being well in keeping with the great constructions of Thebes. However, nothing certain is known about that. It is also surmised that when Alexander thought of making his capital in the island of Pharos, he may have thought of sheltering it well from encroachments of the sea, which is always, or nearly so, very rough, and brings with its waves a great quantity of sand, destroying the littoral. So the works may have been originated by him, and, on

YEARS BEFORE ALEXANDER? ANCIENT ALEXANDRIA.

L'ANCIENNE ÎLE DE PHAROS, BY GASTON JONDET (INSTITUT ÉGYPTIEN, CAIRO.)



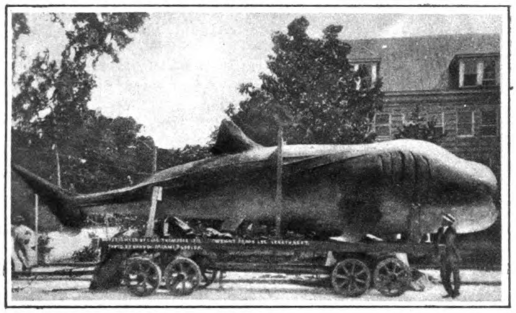
BUILDINGS AT THEBES AND POSSIBLY BEGUN BY RAMESES II.: ANCIENT ALEXANDRIA.

his deciding to erect his city where it is, they may have been abandoned. But here again we know nothing precise about it. All these works are now submerged. They lie at no great depth, a few feet under the surface, some being awash, the action of the waves having levelled them flat. Part of the constructions are quite clearly visible; the size, sometimes enormous, of the blocks that are put together shows the immensity of the labour, as well as the skill of the engineers of the time. In fact, the action of the sea destroyed these walls; but it may perhaps be attributed rather to the sudden submergence due, so says M. Jondet, to a landslide at the bottom. He supposes that a deposit of the Nile mud covered the solid calcareous bed-rock. Then sand was accumulated over that slimy layer, the sand becoming harder and stone-like. He supposes that, perhaps through some earthquake or other volcanic cause, the mud suddenly escaped, leaving the sandstone foundations to rest on the chalk. This is quite plausible, that sudden subsidence would have caused the fractures one sees in the submerged quays and jetties; and of the buildings that once covered the quays one knows no more than that in some places there are shallow grooves in which probably wooden buildings or wharves were resting. When did the subsidence happen? No one knows. No historian has recorded the fact. It seems to me that, if it had occurred at the time of the Ptolemies, someone would have said so. Strabo says nothing, and he was very precise in his descriptions of Alexandria. There is no doubt, judging from the lines of materials discovered in the soundings, that the island of Pharos was in ancient times far more important in size than it is now. The sea has displaced large masses of masonry, many of which have crumbled down and have been dissolved by the water, while some were probably dragged out by the waves into deep water. What is visible in many cases consists of natural reefs jutting from the bed-rock. As occasion required, they were connected by lines of stones drawn from neighbouring quarries. Enough of these lines, though broken and disconnected, figures on the plans to suggest outlines of constructions, quays, jetties and basins, and to realise, however inaccurately, the great size of these very ancient harbours. They are, of course, of small account compared to the two great harbours, but they certainly exceeded in size any other in the Mediterranean."—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

BOOKS on London topography are always welcome—even the poorest contain some good thing—but there is more than ordinary pleasure for the reader in Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor's new work, which reverses the usual method of literary allusion. As a general rule, your gossiping London topographer tags on his apt quotation to a locality, and this, neatly done, is quite attractive and entertaining; but it is still, at the best, a tag, and very great skill is required to avoid the scrappy effect of the guide-book. Unity is difficult to attain in such a case, but the problem is not insoluble.



DWARFING THE MAN BY THE TRUCK TO PIGMY SIZE: A MONSTER WHALE-SHARK SIMILAR TO THE ONE SEEN IN THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPH.
This huge whale-shark (*Rhineodon*) was captured off Florida by Captain Charles Thompson. Its length appears to be about 35 ft.

Boswell said he had often amused himself "with thinking how different a place London is to different people." It is one thing to the politician, another to the grazier, and yet another to the merchant on 'Change. Each sees it in terms of his own calling. "The intellectual man," Bozzy continues, "is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible." That is the broadest philosophic view, but he might have added that the intellectual man will see the Town also in terms of books; he may even narrow his range on occasion, and see it in terms of a single book, or of one author's works. There is the London of "Pickwick," or the more extensive London of Dickens in his entirety, with their seemingly endless bibliography. And now Mr. Beresford Chancellor, the admirable writer of "Memorials of St. James's Street"—that aristocrat among thoroughfares, which Dizzy used to say had "the finest air in Europe"—has followed it up most appropriately with "THE LONDON OF THACKERAY" (Grant Richards; 15s.), a most delightful volume, which no lover of W. M. T. can afford to omit from his shelf of Thackerayana.

. . . . . .

The chief charm of the book lies in its scheme. It does not discuss a series of places, and tell us as an afterthought what Thackeray may have had to say about each. Mr. Chancellor has devised a more excellent way. The reader is not in the first instance the spectator. The London of which this book treats is London as it was seen by the characters in the novels, and we are invited to look at it with their eyes. "It is the London known to the Newcomes and Pendennis; the London where Brand Firmin and the Little Sister had their struggles; the London of Beatrice Esmond ["Beatrix," Mr. Chancellor, not "Beatrice"] and the wits, of Costigan and the revellers." There is a general introduction based on "The Four Georges" and "The English Humourists"—with the latter book in hand, "we can follow the wits and men of fashion into all sorts of localities, some strange enough." Gay's "Trivia" may serve very well for illustrations, but a far better authority is Hogarth, and on this point Mr. Chancellor puts Thackeray himself into the witness-box to give corroborative evidence. Thus prepared, we come to the reconsideration of "Esmond," "The Virginians," "Barry Lyndon," and "Denis Duval."

. . . . . .

The nineteenth century novels and the Miscellanies are then examined in detail. In both the earlier and the later period, we walk about arm-in-arm with our old friends of the Thackeray gallery, and let them take us to their ancient haunts. If we have not "a Duke on each arm" like the quintessential Snob who thus achieved Paradise in Pall Mall, our felicity is not less than his, and it is a good deal better justified. As we stroll here and there, Mr. Chancellor, with his stores of patient research, keeps just one pace behind, ready to whisper in our ear a few well-chosen words reconstructing the scene, and fixing as far as possible the locality when that is in any way disguised by the novelist.

. . . . . .

Mr. Chancellor has the happy knack of gratifying old curiosities. For example, I never pass Grosvenor Place but I think of Colonel Altamont, a good deal the better of liquor, hanging on to the railings and addressing the company in the Claverings' dining-room, and I have long wished for more light on that scene, something that would clear away the architectural disguises of to-day, and restore me the street as it was on the evening of the Colonel's escapade. Well, here it is, with its former adjuncts, the Lock Hospital and neighbouring Tattersall's—the old Tattersall's, which stood where Grosvenor Crescent now cuts through the Place just behind St. George's Hospital. The street—

> then exhibited many differences from its present aspect . . . it was considered very much "out of London," although ever since Horace Walpole's Lady Ossory lived there, it was regarded as fashionable. It must necessarily have been so, to fall in with the wishes of good-natured Lady Clavering, and especially those of the affected Blanche.

. . . . . .

That last sentence, with its easy, natural appeal to the creatures of fiction, for whom Grosvenor Place had, as it were, been specially built, is a good sample of Mr. Chancellor's skill in keeping Thackeray's characters always in the picture as real people. He accepts them, just as Charterhouse has accepted the reality of Colonel Newcome, and has marked his original's, Captain Light's room (No. 70, in XVI. Staircase, Preacher's Court) with a commemorative inscription, mentioned some time ago in our review of "Charterhouse in London." Similarly many Dickens inns and taverns point out in good faith the very rooms where famous incidents in the novels took place.

. . . . . .

To read "The London of Thackeray" is to read Thackeray himself once more, with footnotes conveyed in the pleasantest and least distracting form, that is, as an integral part of the narrative. Mr. Chancellor adds to our knowledge alike of the novels and of London. Henceforth we shall see Thackeray's people revolving in their own proper sphere, the London that was actually theirs, not in surroundings vaguely imagined from present scenes, coloured by recollections, probably ill-chosen and ill-arranged, of topographical changes. The book, as Mr. Wagg said of the London it describes, "will repay a visit."

. . . . . .

While a book like that just considered gives a picture of the past coloured by personality, the personality is fictitious and actual only in so far as the creations of a master-novelist achieve poetical truth. For actuality alike of scene and person we must turn to history, biography, memoirs, or, for personality more intimate still, to the work of the diarist. This last, the most engaging form, has inspired Mr. Arthur Ponsonby to a work of an entirely fresh character—a general survey entitled, "ENGLISH DIARIES FROM THE XVITH TO THE XXTH CENTURY" (Methuen; 21s.), an ideal volume for desultory reading.

. . . . . .

It would make a most companionable bedside book, but at the same time it deserves to be studied with close attention, and many readers will prefer to go through it systematically, in order to grasp the author's intention, which is to "give a full representation of all shades of diary writing, long and short, historical, public and private, good, bad, and indifferent." It is confined to the diaries of Englishmen alone, and that has ruled out Scott, Carlyle, Sir John Moore, Swift, and John Mitchel. This limits the representative character of the work, but the line had to be drawn somewhere, and sufficient wealth remains to satisfy the most exacting. There is a considerable amount of hitherto unpublished material, including some curious and obscure minor works. The collector begins with the diary of Edward VI.

. . . . . .

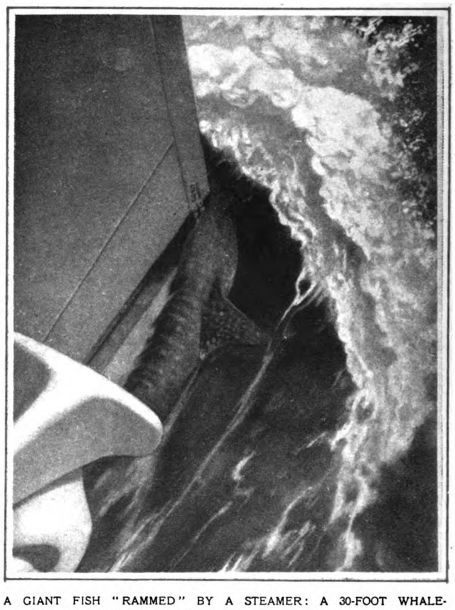
The principal seventeenth-century diaries laid under contribution are those of Sir Symonds d'Ewes, Sir Henry Slingsby, Pepys, Evelyn, and Henry Teonge, the last a lively clergyman of Charles the Second's time, who went to sea, saw queer adventures on the Barbary Coast, and set them down often in a way that called for the expurgator's wary hand.

. . . . . .

An odd point noticeable in these extracts is the diarists' liability to that painful disorder, the stone. Pepys's case is proverbial, but here we have Queen Elizabeth's mystical Dr. Dee also a sufferer. He gives a quaint account of his cure, in which he got off more lightly than Mr. Pepys, but did not, like worthy Samuel, keep the anniversary as a more or less solemn day of thanksgiving ever after. The Earl of Egmont, however, is devout-minded on this matter. He did not, indeed, suffer, but he was alive to the danger, and on his forty-eighth birthday writes—"I bless God that hitherto I have had neither gout nor stone, but enjoy a perfect state of health." The book contains excellent brief biographical and critical notes, and is a pie full of plums that will attract thousands of Jack Horners. They will not be disappointed.

. . . . . .

One of the strangest personal documents of the twentieth century (twentieth as regards date of publication, but nineteenth, save for three years, as regards subject-matter) has just been reissued. It is Mr. Morley Roberts' much-discussed book, "THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY MAITLAND" (Nash and Grayson; 7s. 6d.). Of it the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll said that no book of 1912 had interested him so profoundly and painfully. He called it "a book that at once attracts and estranges," and admitted that the wisdom of its publication might be doubted. "The veil is so thin that it does not obscure anything." So thin, indeed, as to be useless; and I think that, if the work was to be reissued at all, it might have been better to cast aside a disguise that is more than ever discounted by some new material. Henry Maitland is beyond doubt George Gissing.



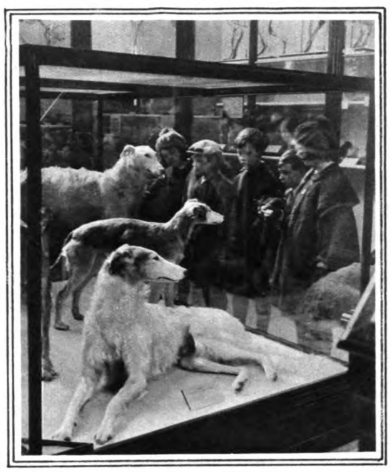
A GIANT FISH "RAMMED" BY A STEAMER: A 30-FOOT WHALE-SHARK (*RHINEODON*) CAUGHT ON THE BOWS OF THE LINER "AMERICAN LEGION," OFF RIO.

"A shark, in attempting to cross our bow," wrote the skipper, "was struck by our stem. An attempt was made to lift the body out of the water, but without success, and later the . . . shark was washed clear and immediately sank. It was struck immediately behind the last gill and hung with 8 feet of head and gills on our port side and about 22 ft. of body on our starboard side." From photographs it was identified by the American Museum of Natural History as a whale-shark (*Rhineodon*). It was covered with large yellow spots.

Illustrations by Courtesy of Dr. E. W. Gudger and the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: INTERESTING TOPICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., SPORT AND GENERAL, DE WITT WARD (NEW YORK), C.N., TOPICAL, AND STÖCKER (BERLIN).



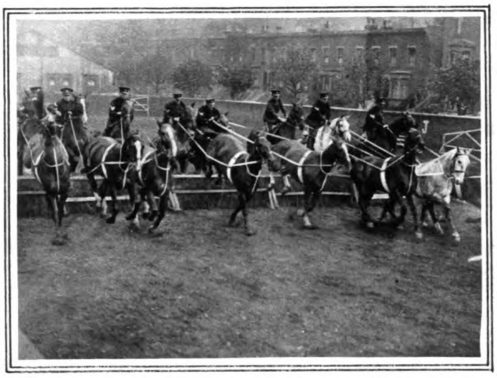
SCHOOLCHILDREN IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM: A PARTY INTERESTED IN CHAMPION BORZOIS.



RE-ARRESTED IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS RELEASE UNDER "HABEAS CORPUS": MR. ART O'BRIEN.



A SOUVENIR OF A FAMOUS AMERICAN COACHING ENTHUSIAST: A STATUETTE (16 IN. HIGH) OF THE LATE JUDGE MOORE.



REHEARSING AT WOOLWICH FOR THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA: R.A.S.C. RIDERS PRACTISING A JUMP WITH TANDEM-DRIVEN HORSES.



REHEARSING FOR THE SCOTTISH PAGEANT IN THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: A MASSED BAND OF A HUNDRED PIPERS CHOSEN FOR THE MARCH-PAST.



DIGGING FOR GOLD "SENSED", BY A WESLEYAN MINISTER WATER-DIVINER: ENCLOSED EXCAVATIONS AT SHAFTESBURY.



A GERMAN 1000-MARK NOTE AS A WINE LABEL.



MAYORAL LAMP-POSTS: A REMOVAL FROM THE GATEWAY OF AN EX-LORD MAYOR OF BELFAST.

The question of admitting children to museums has recently been under discussion. In the Natural History Museum there is a room that especially appeals to them, containing a collection of famous dogs and cats. Many schools send parties of children there for educational purposes.——Mr. Art O'Brien, whose successful appeal under "Habeas Corpus" won freedom for most of the other Irish deportees, was less fortunate himself. Immediately after his release on May 16 in the Court of Appeal, he was re-arrested on a charge of seditious conspiracy. He is President of the Irish Self-Determination League.——The late Judge William H. Moore was a prominent figure at horse shows, and usually entered for the Coaching Marathon. The statuette illustrated was designed by a woman sculptor of New York, Grace Horton Raynor. It is to be cast in bronze and presented to his widow by Mr. R. A. Fairbairn.——Rehearsals for the Royal Tournament at Olympia took place at Woolwich, Aldershot, Farnborough, Tidworth, Chatham, Devonport, and Portsmouth. The Zeppelin raid-episode is illustrated on a double-page in this number.——A Wesleyan Minister, the Rev. George Glandfield, who uses the divining-rod for locating water, recently "sensed" gold at Shaftesbury, Dorset, and obtained permission to dig for it.——The value of the German 1000-mark note has so depreciated that a wine firm uses these notes as bottle-labels.——The Lord Mayor of Belfast has two ornamental lamp-posts erected at his gate during his term of office. When it expires they are transferred to that of his successor.

THE TINIEST BIRD AS A MOTHER: A "HUMMER" AND HER CHILDREN.

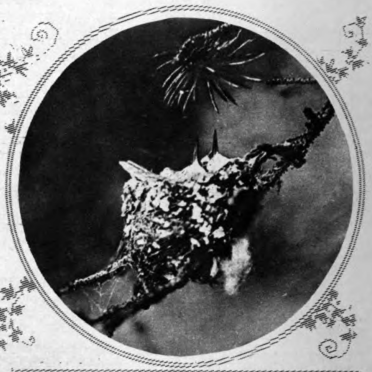
By Courtesy of "Country Life" of New York.



"ONE WEEK AFTER THE NEST WAS STARTED, TWO TINY WHITE EGGS WERE THERE": A HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST.



"FOR FOUR OR FIVE DAYS AFTER THE BIRDS HATCHED THE MOTHER HOVERED THEM MOST OF THE TIME."



"ANOTHER WEEK PASSED AND . . . THE ONLY POSITION OF COMFORT FOR THEM WAS WITH THE LONG BILLS STRAIGHT UP OUT OF THE NEST."



"AT THE THIRD WEEK-END . . . THE YOUNGSTERS BEGAN TO SIT WITH HEADS ERECT."



"TWENTY-TWO DAYS AFTER THE FIRST ONE HATCHED HE GOT OUT OF THE NEST AND PERCHED ON ITS EDGE."



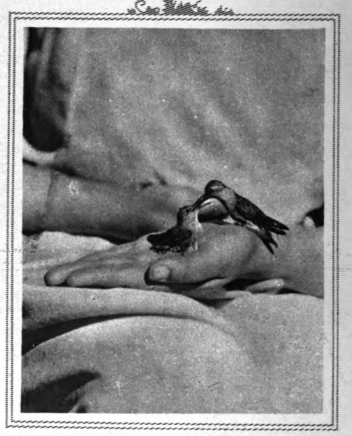
"HE NEARLY BROKE HIS NECK LEANING BACKWARD FOR A SHARE OF HIS SISTER'S FOOD."



"THEIR FIRST CAMERA ADVENTURE OUTSIDE THE HOME NEST": YOUNG HUMMING-BIRDS TRANSFERRED ON TWIGS TO A GIRL'S HAND.



"THE MOTHER CAME IMMEDIATELY TO THEM AND, POISING ON HER WONDERFUL WINGS, SHE FED EACH BIRD ONCE AND RETURNED TO A TREE."



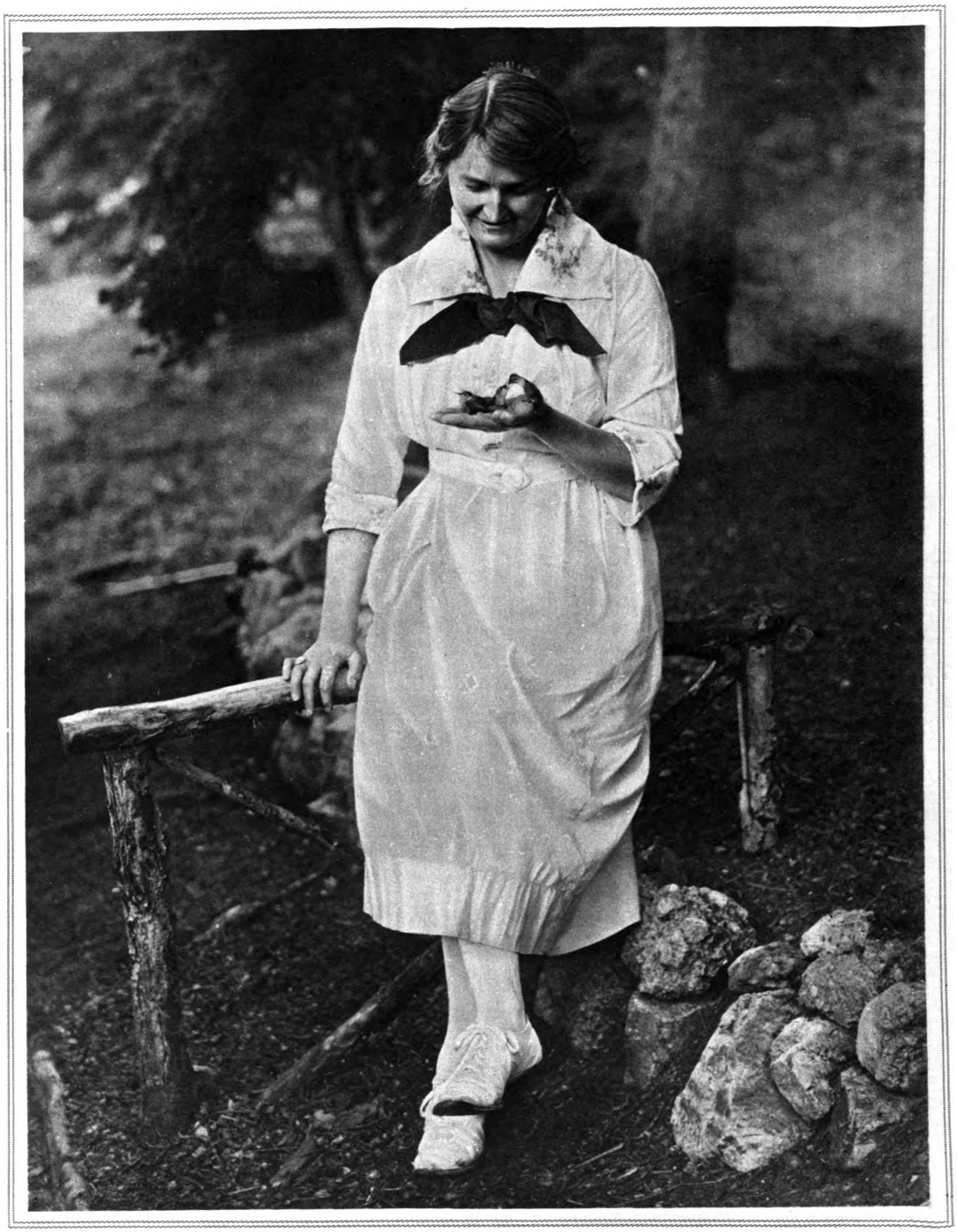
"THE MALE MADE ANOTHER EXHIBITION FLIGHT WITH HIS MOTHER; SHE FED HIM IN THE TREE AND RETURNED TO FEED THE FEMALE."

Humming-birds are so fascinating, from their tiny size, their beauty, and their fearless friendliness towards human beings, that we need offer no excuse for returning to a subject already illustrated and described in previous numbers (April 7, 1923, and February 18 and April 15, 1922). The photographs given here accompanied a recent article in the American magazine, "Country Life," by P. A. Smoll, who gives a delightful account of the proceedings of a humming-bird who built a nest and reared two little ones in the author's garden, on a branch of a fir-tree about four feet from the ground. "Just two weeks after the first egg was laid [to quote the article], we found a little short-billed, blind, and naked creature in the nest. The following day the second egg hatched. . . . As they grew older they were given insect food (by the mother) more frequently. Thus the diet is not nectar alone, as is popularly supposed from their habitual presence among flowers. It was very interesting to note the scrupulous impartiality practised by the mother bird in feeding her family, for she always fed each the

(Continued opposite.

A "HANDFUL"—FOR MOTHER AND OBSERVER: YOUNG "HUMMERS."

BY COURTESY OF "COUNTRY LIFE" OF NEW YORK.



"THE FACT THAT WE HELD HER LITTLE ONES CAPTIVE CAUSED HER NOT THE SLIGHTEST ANXIETY": A MOTHER HUMMING-BIRD'S CONFIDENCE IN HUMAN GOOD INTENTIONS.

Continued.]

same number of times. . . . The feeding of the nectar is by regurgitation. . . The parent thrusts her bill as far down the little one's throat as its anatomy will permit by a series of very rapid and forceful thrusts." When the two young ones, brother and sister, were picked out of the nest and placed on a girl's hand, the mother showed no fear. "She came immediately to them, and, poising on her wonderful wings, she fed each bird once and returned to a limb of the fir-tree four feet away. They were not satisfied with one feeding and in his excitement the male darted out of the hand, and flew to a branch about 15 ft. away. This was his first flight, and it was a pretty sight to see the mother following close by his side, as a mother teaching her babe to walk guards every uncertain step. . . . I picked him from his perch and replaced him on A.'s hand. Then the mother came and fed both twice alternately. Her confidence in our good intentions was supreme. . . . She poised in the air about us at times, but only in a friendly, inquiring way. . . . They did not leave the home tree till three days later, and the last we saw of them was in a feeding act high up among the branches of a fir-tree."

TO BE A CHANNEL SEAPLANE BASE FOR FRANCE? MON

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE FOR THE LIGH

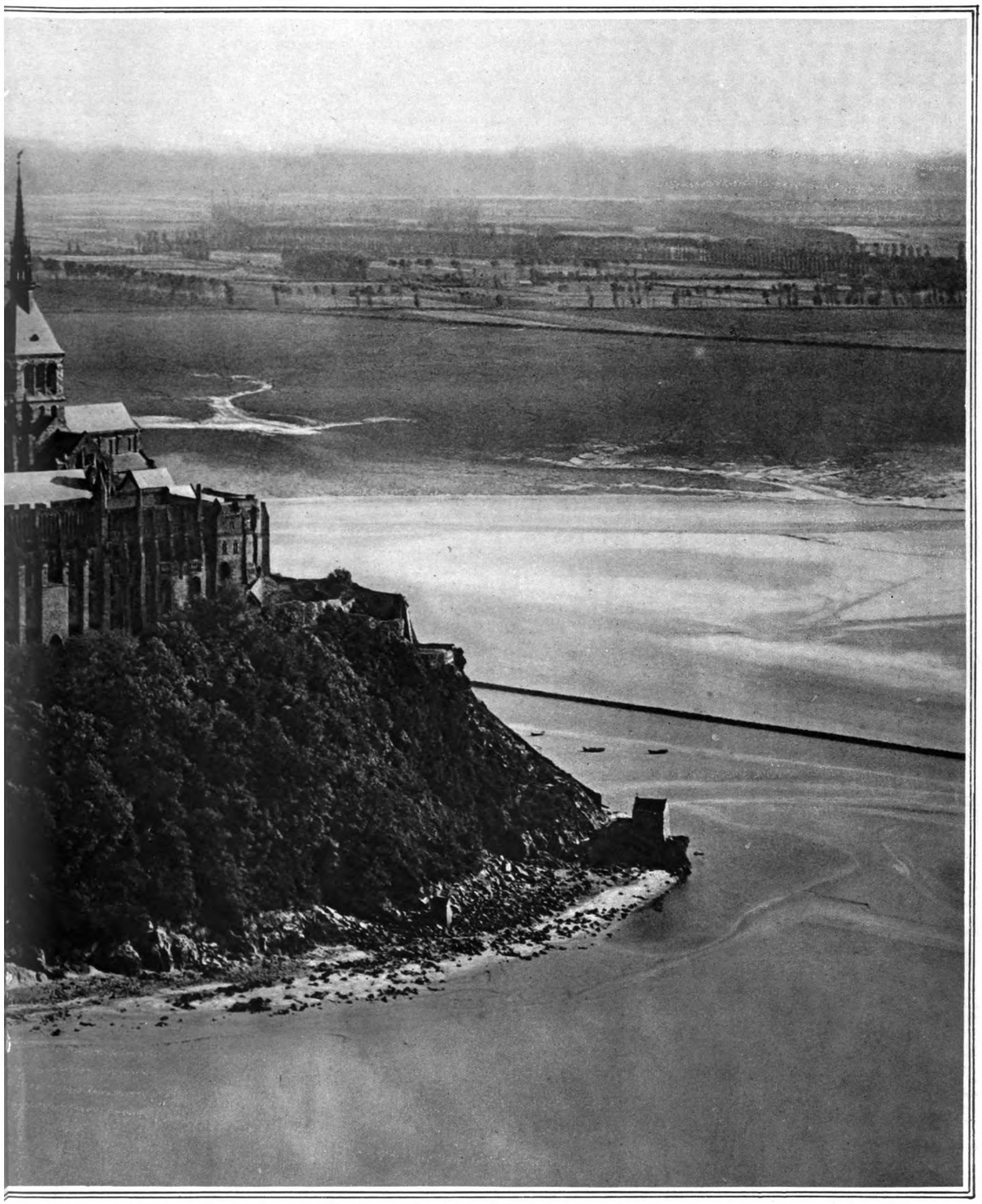


POSSIBLY TO BECOME AN ISLAND AGAIN, BY SEVERANCE OF THE DIGUE (SHOWN ON TH
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPL

A few weeks ago an important conference took place on Mont St. Michel, attended by representatives of the French Ministers for War, Fine Arts, and Commerce, and it was afterwards announced that a seaplane base was to be established in the bay and a strategic railway constructed along the coast to Granville. It was agreed that bombing exercises by aeroplanes and heavy gun-practice should take place only on a few days in the year. Should the decisions above-mentioned be adopted by the French Government, France will in time possess a powerful air base commanding the Channel, as well as a new practice station for long-range heavy artillery. Incidentally, it is suggested that the military authorities will help the Ministry of Fine Arts to realise its desire to make Mont

T ST. MICHEL AND ITS FAMOUS ABBEY, FROM THE AIR.

E Pour la Défense et le Relèvement de la Patrie.



E LEFT) CONNECTING IT BY RAIL WITH THE MAINLAND: MONT ST. MICHEL AT LOW TIDE, ANE APPROACHING FROM THE SEA.

St. Michel once more an island, by cutting the digue, or embankment, which connects it with the mainland and brings a light railway close up to the ramparts of the ancient fortress. This digue, both before and since its construction in 1877, has been a long-standing cause of controversy between the engineering interests and those that seek to preserve the natural beauties of the Mount. St. Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, who in 708 had a vision of the Archangel Michael, built an oratory on the Mount. The monastery was founded in 966 by Richard I., Duke of Normandy. The digue is seen on the left, and, beyond, the canalised river Couesnon with the bridge of Beauvoir. At the foot of the Mount, on the right, is the little chapel of St. Aubert.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A PROBLEM FOR HORSEMEN: THE "BLIND" NOSTRIL.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

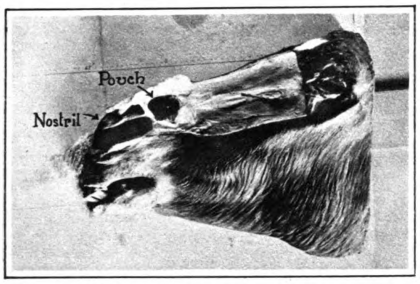
TENNYSON, in a few words, here presents us with a profound truth. Not even in the case of the commonest of living things by the wayside, be they plant or animal, can we say that we know all that is to be known about them, in spite of statements to the contrary made by those self-confident people who sometimes tell us that they know the particular type of plants or animals in which they happen to be interested "from A to Z." We generally leave off just where we should be ready to begin.

One might suppose, for example, that by now there was little about so common an animal as a horse which was not known, either by the veterinary surgeon or the "man of science." This, however, is very far from being true, and he who would essay the task of completing the gaps in our knowledge of this, one of the best-known even of our domesticated animals, without any reference either to living wild species of horses or to their extinct ancestors, near and remote, would have his labour for nothing.

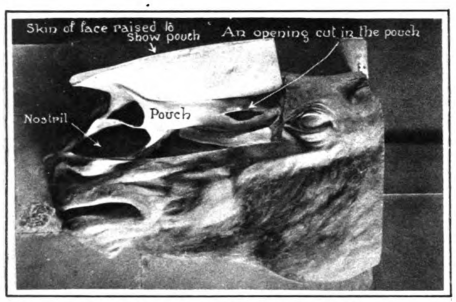
We cannot, if we are to arrive at any useful conclusions, regard a horse as though it were a homogeneous whole. For it is made up of a formidable complex of parts, each of which must be studied separately, and each of which has had to adjust itself to the whole. The history of the "evolution" of these parts—that is to say, of these parts "in the making"—is often clearly indicated. Such are very precious, for they afford us standards of comparison as to the soundness of our methods of research and interpretation, when we attempt to arrive at an understanding as to the significance of parts which cannot be satisfactorily explained. And there are many in this state of suspended judgment.

The key to these riddles we seek to solve, not merely to satisfy our curiosity, or that we may apply the information gained as a solvent to other riddles, but also for the sake of the light that will, or may, be thrown upon aspects of health and disease, which have often to be taken into consideration. This is particularly true of "vestigial" organs—that is to say, of organs which have long since ceased to be useful to their possessor, just because they are "vestiges," or remnants, of a once larger and important organ.

The "false nostril" of the horse affords a case in point. The average horse-owner is, apparently, quite unaware of the existence of this organ, which is a small pouch, running backward from the inner side of the roof of the external nostril, and lodged in the notch between the nasal bone and the "premaxilla," as that portion of the upper jaw is called which bears the teeth. In cavalry regiments its existence is well enough known, and the men are instructed to sponge it out occasionally, because it is liable to become choked up with small pieces of chaff and other food particles, giving rise, sooner or later, to trouble. But in books on veterinary medicine, so far as I have been able to discover, no function is assigned to it, nor is any serious attempt made to explain its presence. One writer of repute on horses tells us that: "In the ass, the false nostril extends higher up than in the horse," and that: "The apparently functionless false nostril . . . is of lesser depth than that of the ass, and may be expected to disappear in the course of the ages. I would therefore infer that the immediate ancestor of the horse, as we know him, was a more or less striped ass." This information does not carry us very far. It does not even summarise all that is known on the subject.



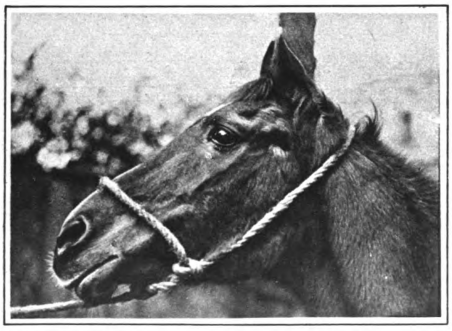
SHOWING THE "BLIND" NOSTRIL OR POUCH: THE HEAD OF DWARKA, A FAMOUS ARAB OWNED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES—A "PREPARATION" AFTER DEATH.



SHOWING THE GREAT SIZE AND PROBABLE APPEARANCE OF THE POUCH IN AN EXTINCT SPECIES OF HORSE: A RESTORATION OF ONOHIPPIDIUM.

Some time ago it fell to my good fortune to dissect out this mysterious pouch in a very famous Arab, which, having attained to an extreme old age, had to be destroyed. This was Dwarka, owned by the Prince of Wales, and presented by him to the British Museum of Natural History. A reference to the accompanying illustration of a cast of my dissection will more readily show the relative size and position of this pouch than a mere description. It was about three inches long, and behind marks the limit of the notch to which I have already referred. It may be readily explored by the finger in the living animal.

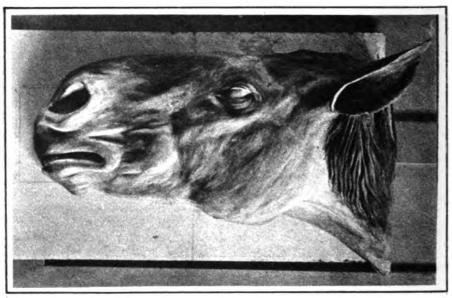
From the age of five, till he was twenty-five, Dwarka was owned and constantly ridden by Mrs. F. G. Atkinson, and during the greater part of this time in India. I wrote to his mistress, after my post-mortem, to ask her whether she had ever noticed any superficial evidence of the existence of this pouch, and whether, in her opinion, it played any useful part in the life of the animal. Her reply was to the effect that it seemed to her that, during a long and strenuous gallop, the pouch seemed to increase the volume of respiratory air within the nostril. Nevertheless, I am not convinced that this is, or ever was, its real function. And this because, if it were so, we should expect to find it larger in Arabs and thoroughbreds than in other horses. It ought, indeed, to be much larger, because it would have been increased by "selection," albeit unconsciously, since its presence does not in any way enter into the calculations of the breeder, when mating his stock. It is significant, indeed, that it is larger in the asses and zebras than in the horse. In the ass it displays a diverticulum in its floor—a sort of secondary pouch, globular in form.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ARAB HORSE DWARKA AS HE WAS IN EXTREME OLD AGE (IN 1921): THE HEAD OF WHICH A POST-MORTEM DISSECTION APPEARS ABOVE.—[*Photograph by F. W. Bond.*]

It is interesting to note that in at least two species of fossil horses—*Hippidium* and *Onohippidium*—which are not in the direct line of descent of the horses of to-day, this pouch was of enormous size, and in these animals the notch for its reception extended almost up to the level of the eye.

The late Mr. Lydekker, who was no mean authority, held that the great size of this notch, and of the pouch lodged therein, was to be interpreted as evidence that these animals, during life, differed from all other members of the horse-tribe, in having the muzzle produced into a short trunk. As there seemed to me no reason that this should be so, I made a restoration of the head of *Onohippidium*, modelling it upon the skull. The result will be seen in the illustration below. This shows the head as it almost certainly appeared in life—the head of a rather heavy cart-horse. I next proceeded to restore the false nostril; following a similar restoration made by an American naturalist, Dr. W. K. Gregory. A study of the skeleton of either *Hippidium* or *Onohippidium* affords no reason to believe that they had anything like the speed of the modern Arab or thoroughbred.



SUPPOSED BY SOME SCIENTISTS TO HAVE HAD A SHORT TRUNK DURING LIFE: A RESTORATION OF THE HEAD OF ONOHIPPIDIUM, AN EXTINCT TYPE.

What, then, could have been the function of the pouch? Mr. Lydekker compared the nostrils of these ancient horses with the nostrils of those remarkable antelopes, the chiru of Tibet and the saiga of Eastern Europe and Western Asia. These animals are characterised by a curiously inflated muzzle, produced into a short trunk, and he suggested the modification was due to the same cause—adaptation to a desert life.

But the comparison will not hold. For in these two antelopes the peculiarities of the muzzle are due to a very extensive *shortening* of the skeleton of the forepart of the face; whereas in the fossil horses in question the face has rather been lengthened. Further, we should, if his interpretation were true, expect to find a very considerable enlargement of the false nostril in desert-dwelling species, such as the Mongolian wild horse and the onagers, for example. And this is not the case. If it be suggested that these animals have but comparatively recently become desert-dwellers, then it is clear that enlarged nasal passages are not essential for desert life, and would not therefore have been developed in the fossil horses.

In the tapir, a remote relation of the horse, a similar blind pouch or "false nostril" is found; also in the rhinoceros.

It is to be hoped that horse-owners will give the subject their attention. They may be able to throw light on what is at present beyond our ken.

DOG SPRINTERS THAT DO 200 YARDS IN 13 SECONDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWIN LEVICK. BY COURTESY OF "COUNTRY LIFE" OF NEW YORK.



THE CRACK OF THE PISTOL: SLIPPERS THROWING THEIR DOGS INTO THEIR STRIDE AT THE START OF A RACE.

BRITISH devotees of whippet-racing will be interested to see from these photographs how the sport is conducted in America under conditions apparently very similar to those that prevail over here. "The whippet," writes Mr. L. C. R. Cameron, in the "Enclycopædia of Sport," "resembles a greyhound in miniature, and sometimes approaches him too closely in size and weight, varying from 10 lb. to 40 lb. The difference is corrected by handicapping. . . . The whippet is a 'manufactured' dog, produced from the greyhound and the terrier, with probably an infusion of Italian greyhound blood. The terrier trait is

[Continued below.



RUNNING BETWEEN STRINGS LIKE SPRINTERS AT AN ATHLETIC MEETING: WHIPPETS RACING IN AMERICA.



SPORT THAT HAS ALL THE THRILLS OF COURSING WITHOUT SHEDDING THE BLOOD OF "BUNNY": WHIPPET-RACING.



THE WORKING-MAN'S EQUIVALENT OF THE WATERLOO CUP: A WHIPPET RACE—THE HOME STRETCH.



LURED BY RAGS WAVED BY THEIR "RUNNERS-UP": WHIPPETS AT THE FINISH OF A RACE.

[Continued.]

exhibited in its fondness for hanging to and worrying the 'rag' to which it is trained to race. Whippet-races are run (in heats) on a cinder or brick-dust track 200 yards in length. The judge is placed in a sunk box on the winning-mark, so as to bring his eyes more nearly to the level of the competitors. . . . After weighing-in, the dog is taken to its handicap mark by the slipper. On the crack of the pistol the slippers simultaneously throw the dogs into their stride, and they race up the course to a 'rag' which is waved before them by their respective 'runners-up.' These runners have preceded the dogs up the course. . . . The handicapper's task is no light one, and elaborate tables are published in order to guide him. Notwithstanding every care, it is possible for the owner when slipping his dog to 'hold' him in order to obtain a better handicap on a future occasion, or stuff his dog with pudding just before he runs, with the same intent. . . . The cost of the pastime is not very great. . . . One or two dogs are the usual complement of the working-man fancier. . . . The dog meant to win a big stake is looked after as carefully and fed as daintily as ever the winner of a Waterloo Cup. . . . The whippet is a gentle-mannered and sensitive little dog, and should never require rating or the whip. Kindness and the companionship of his owner are essential to bringing out his best qualities on the track. That he is a model of speed, even more than the greyhound, may be learned from the fact that he can cover a distance of 200 yards in 13 seconds."

The World of the Theatre

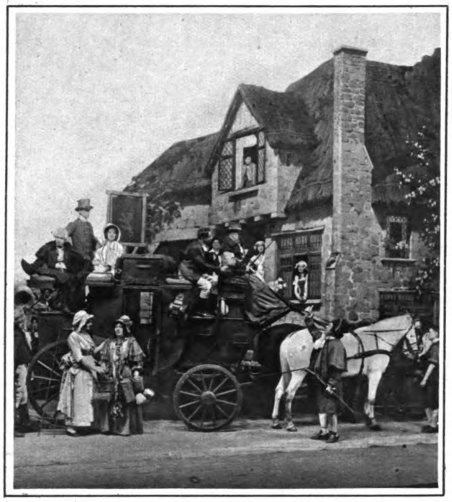
By J. T. GREIN.

VIRGIN SOIL.—THE LEEDS ART THEATRE.

OURS is the greatest Colonial Empire in the world, yet as far as dramatic literature is concerned it remains practically unexplored—a virgin soil. It is a tax on memory to recall plays dealing with life in India and the Dominions beyond the Seas. Many years ago Haddon Chambers, in his famous firstling, "Captain Swift," gave us glimpses of Australia, but it was mainly Australian sidelights seen in a London drawing-room; Somerset Maugham, in "The Land of Promise," depicted Canadian settlers with some fidelity; James Fagan, in "The Wheel," produced the first serious drama of India which acquainted us fairly realistically with the conditions under which our soldiers and Civil servants live, and the eerie influence of the native priests. There have been scores of cow-boy plays, but their quality was merely pictorial, their tendency melodramatic—generally a case of the clothes and the canvas-made play. This poor harvest is all the more remarkable since other nations possess a Colonial drama. Holland, for instance, had, as long as forty years ago, a playwright named Brooshooft who wrote a series of plays on life in Java, which, in spite of a kind of mechanical construction, shed much light on the relationship between the European and the Malay. Fabricius, in these days, has written both comedies and dramas dealing with subjects showing how, in the Tropics, the average Dutchman sheds his skin and becomes a different person under the influence of the sun and his daily contact with a race in every way the antithesis of the Dutch. Claude Farrère, one of the most interesting novelists of modern France, has told in "Fumée d'Opium," "Les Civilisées," and other works often dramatised, how the French act as colonisers—and the picture is often more candid than flattering. As for the Americans, their repertory abounds in plays with Cuba, Manila, and Mexico as setting; but it would be left to Eugene O'Neill to raise the subject to the environment. Such American-Colonial plays as we have seen (or read) generally produce the impression that the author writes from hearsay, from books he has read or pictures he has seen, and constructs his story from a Broadway angle. It is second-hand drama, not the genuine outcome of personal knowledge and observation.

There is thus an enormous field for the traveller endowed with dramatic instinct. For, letting India alone, what do we know of Jamaica and the rest of the West Indies, of Fiji, of East Africa, and, I might add, of the social life of Canada? Is there a single play extant dealing with the last-named beyond cow-boys, shack, and ranch? Yet all the lands under our rule have a history, a population, a folk-lore, a variety of customs of life which would offer wonderful opportunities for an alert mind to see and record something new, to break away from the rut of convention.

Of course, the end is not achieved by a mere trip, a hasty survey. The times are past when a French journalist who had been one hour in Dover on a rainy day and saw a red-haired girl wrote home: "In England it always rains and the girls mostly have red hair," which his editor printed without demur and the people took *au sérieux*. Travel has changed all that—and it is to the traveller and to the writers in our Colonial Press that we must look for the tilling of the virgin soil. But encouragement is needed. We at home care far too little for, and (unless we are professionally connected with our colonies) know next to nothing of, Greater Britain across the seas. That the interest can be created is proved by the efforts of our Indian Play Society in London—efforts which would gain by organisation and careful preparation. But that is only one step in the right direction. What we want is a manager who will lead, by promising his support to the young dramatist devoting his energies to Colonial life. In doing so, he would not only widen our horizon, but, from a material point of view, reap the benefit of his enterprise. For the field is vast and of infinite possibilities.



A REAL COACH AND HORSES ON THE DRURY LANE STAGE: A PICTURESQUE INCIDENT IN "NED KEAN OF OLD DRURY"—THE ARRIVAL OF DR. DRURY (MR. WILLIAM FARREN) AT TIVERTON. Dr. Drury is the old man on the back seat of the coach. He is a director of Drury Lane Theatre, and at Tiverton he "discovers" Edmund Kean, who is giving some villagers a taste of his acting, in order to secure an audience for his forthcoming performance in a barn.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo Co.*]



A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY IN THE EARLY CAREER OF EDMUND KEAN: WITH HIS DYING SON HOWARD (MISS GABRIELLE CASARTELLI) IN "NED KEAN OF OLD DRURY," AT DRURY LANE. While Edmund Kean was still a struggling actor in the provinces, his elder boy, Howard, died in poor lodgings at Dorchester, in spite of the efforts of a kindly doctor to save him. At the back in the photograph is Kean's wife, Mary (Miss Louise Regnis), and on the right his friend Bob Clifford (Mr. Thomas Pauncefort). Kean himself (Mr. H. A. Saintsbury) is kneeling at the boy's bedside. *Photograph by Stage Photo Co.*

I had a chat the other day with Mr. Charles Smith, the originator, with Mr. Ramsden, of the Leeds Art Theatre. From very modest beginnings—a performance of a modern play—they have built up an institution which is likely to last and make the North familiar with the modern drama of intelligence and progress—the drama from Tchekoff and Strindberg to Hoffmannsthal and the younger playwrights of England and Ireland. I asked Mr. Smith how he managed to carry on after his first performance; for, as usual when the pioneer sets sail in his argosy of good hope, there is an inexhaustible fund of enthusiasm and no cash. And this is how he did it: A few fellow-lovers of the non-commercial drama banded together and supplied the slender munition for the first start. They appealed to amateurs willing to work—and the amateurs flocked in. They appealed to Edith Craig, the gifted producer (on whose account London shall never be forgiven for letting her well-known Princess Society go under for a few hundred pounds—and that in spite of a growing list of patrons of "gentry and nobility"). She responded. Then invitations were sent out to possible subscribers — people who profess a certain interest in the progress of the theatre, and may be tempted after tasting. Success emboldened their efforts, and after the send-off the campaign began in earnest. One can do these things better and cheaper in a provincial centre than in London. A letter in the leading paper read by all sounds the clarion. Circulars go forth to members of the philosophical, literary, and kindred societies. The telephone-book — funny but practical thought — was fingered, and from it culled a list of names of promise. In London it would cost a good many pounds; in Leeds it was a matter of so many pennies and a circular. The result was more than gratifying. With a maximum subscription of one pound for a series of performances, and a few shillings as minimum, no less than £900 was gathered for the forthcoming season. And as the pound subscribers were the great minority, it may be safely calculated that the membership goes into thousands. What are we to think of it, when we recall that in its palmiest days our Independent Theatre, the "Grannie" of all these pioneering theatres, never had a greater revenue than £450 per season, and the Stage Society £1500? And this in London—not Leeds!

Again, there came support from an unexpected quarter. The directors wanted to do a miracle play by Hoffmannsthal in fitting surroundings. Their eye fell on a disused church under the sceptre of the Bishop of Ripon. They boldly applied to the Bishop, who made careful inquiries concerning the nature of the play, and finally granted his sanction. Thus in Leeds a great thing has been achieved by the *entente* between Church and Stage. Nor will the first step remain single. Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice" will no doubt follow; and, at Christmas, triplets from Laurence Housman's pen.

But the great and significant feature of the Leeds Art Theatre will be its practically entire equipment by amateurs. Only in cases of extraordinary histrionic demands will the professional be called in. This theatre, under its artistic guidance, will derive its life-force from people who devote their leisure to the cult of the theatre. They are bound to rehearse as conscientiously and regularly as any professional; they will seek no reward except the highest—recognition. They will attempt the highest form of the drama; and, under the safe stewardship of Edith Craig, who is as hopeful and enthusiastic as her staunch henchmen, Messrs. Smith and Ramsden, there is every prospect of performances worthy of the cause.

Wherefore, three cheers for Leeds! And wake up, London! For in the Great City there is nothing like the Art Theatre of Leeds except in Golders Green, and that is practically not London, but a Free State of Art far away from the barren centre!

THE OPERA SEASON: SINGERS AND CONDUCTORS AT COVENT GARDEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH NATIONAL OPERA CO.; AND BY DOVER STREET STUDIOS, VANDYK, SWAINE BERTRAM PARK, AND CLAUDE HARRIS.



MME. EDNA THORNTON.



MISS EDITH CLEGG.



THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN PRIMA DONNA TO BE HEARD AGAIN AT COVENT GARDEN: DAME NELLIE MELBA.



MISS BEATRICE MIRANDA.



MISS FLORENCE AUSTRAL.



ARTISTIC DIRECTOR AND ONE OF THE CHIEF CONDUCTORS OF THE BRITISH NATIONAL OPERA CO.: MR. PERCY PITT.



ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF MODERN CONDUCTORS AND COMPOSERS: MR. EUGENE GOOSSENS.



A FAMOUS SINGER HEARD IN "THE PERFECT FOOL" AND "MADAM BUTTERFLY": MISS MAGGIE TEYTE.



MR. ROBERT RADFORD.



MR. NORMAN ALLIN.



MR. TUDOR DAVIES.

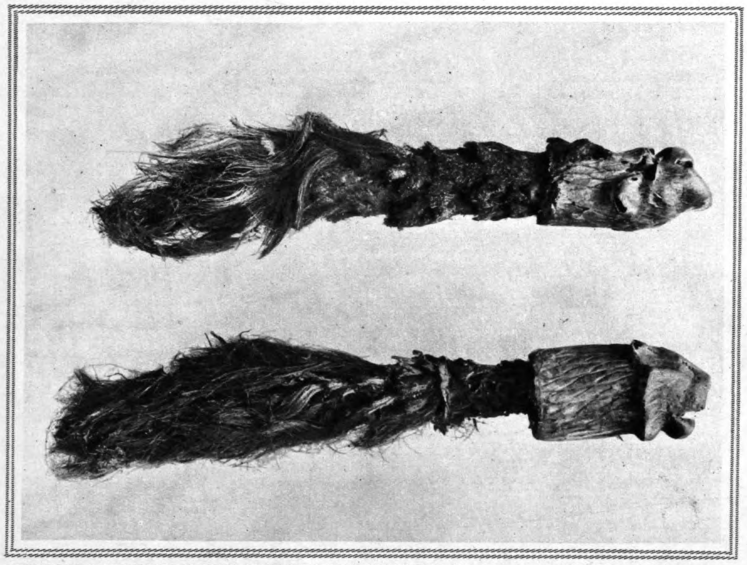


MR. WALTER HYDE.

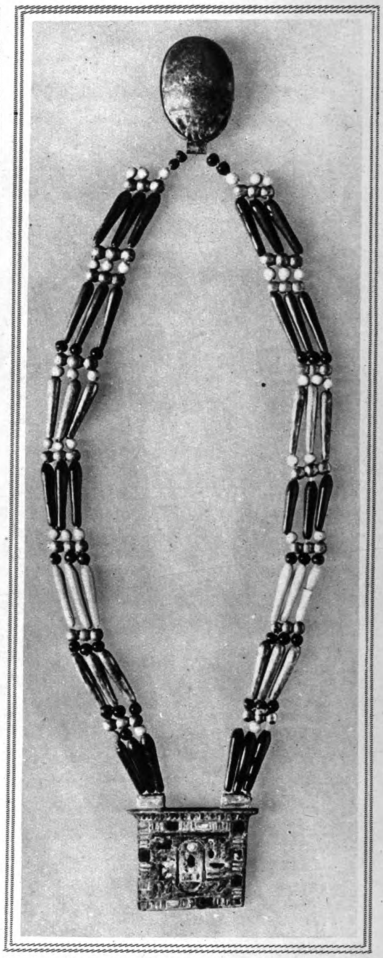
We give portraits above of some of the principal singers and conductors engaged by the British National Opera Company, which opened its season at Covent Garden on May 14 with the first production of Mr. Gustav Holst's new one-act opera, "The Perfect Fool." Miss Maggie Teyte was heard to great advantage as the Princess, and Mme. Edna Thornton as the Mother, while Mr. Eugene Goossens conducted the work with his accustomed skill. The next night was given "The Rhinegold," in which Mme. Thornton appeared as Fricka, Mr. Norman Allin as Fafnir, and Mr. Tudor Davies as Froh. In "Madam Butterfly," on the third night, Miss Maggie Teyte's singing in the name-part was the great feature of the performance. Miss Edith Clegg was excellent, as usual, as the maid, Suzuki, and Mr. Tudor Davies was the Pinkerton. Mr. Percy Pitt conducted. In "The Valkyrie" on May 17, Miss Florence Austral was heard as Brunnhilde, Mr. Robert Radford as Hunding, and Mr. Walter Hyde as Siegmund. As mentioned on our front page, Mr. Albert Coates is conducting the "Ring" cycle.

NOW AT CAIRO: TUTANKHAMEN TREASURES—NEW DETAIL PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, EXPEDITION; LENT BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES, THE DIRECTOR, AND MR. LYTHGOE, CURATOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.



HOW THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS KEPT OFF THE TOO OBTRUSIVE FLY: HORSE-HAIR FLY-WHISKS WITH LION-HEAD HANDLES OF GILT WOOD.

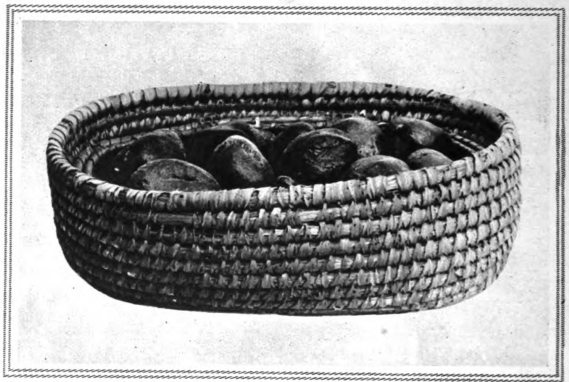


THE FINEST OF MANY FOUND IN THE TOMB: AN AMULETIC NECKLACE WITH AN INLAID PECTORAL AT ONE END AND SCARAB AT THE OTHER.

THE exquisite amuletic necklace here illustrated has, at one end, a pectoral of wood, gilt and inlaid with glass, and at the other end a serpentine scarab, with a gold funda for suspension. The body of it is in semi-translucent coloured glass, with wood and gilt beads between. It has been reconstructed practically in its original state.



AS FOUND: THE INSIDE OF AN INLAID BOX WITH OBJECTS CARELESSLY REPLACED BY ANCIENT OFFICIALS AFTER A ROBBERY AT THE TOMB.



SIMILAR IN MAKE TO THOSE OF MODERN EGYPT: A RUSH-WORK BASKET FULL OF DOM-NUTS AS ORIGINALLY FOUND IN TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.

The work of chemically treating for preservation and packing all the objects—about 500 in all—found in the ante-chamber of Tutankhamen's tomb in the Valley of Kings near Thebes by the late Earl of Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter, was recently completed by Mr. Carter and his assistants. These treasures of ancient Egyptian art filled 89 packing-cases, but the number of packages was reduced to 34 by enclosing several in a crate or fastening two or more cases together. On May 14 and 15 they were conveyed by a Decauville railway from the tomb to the Nile bank opposite Luxor, and there placed on board a barge, which was towed by a tug, under police guard, down to Cairo, where the packages were transferred to the Museum. The above photographs, hitherto unpublished, show detail of interesting objects in the new collection. The amuletic necklace is the most remarkable of numerous collarettes and necklaces in polychrome faïence. Never before have such articles been found complete, or with component parts making possible such complete reconstruction, and they form a great contribution to our knowledge of ancient Egyptian jewellery. Particulars of the one illustrated on this page are given in the note above. This necklace makes a very attractive ornament. The work of piecing it together, and others of its kind, has been carried out with great success by Mr. Callender.

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ROTHESAY CASTLE.—A typical example of the mediæval stronghold with round tower, square keep and moat, so characteristic of warfare in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Was taken and retaken in the desperate struggles between Robert Bruce and the English.

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN



Mauve and white rubber makes the attractive cap on the left; while the other is carried out in navy blue, with white petals. Gamage's, Holborn, are responsible for them.

THE Queen looked a little tired last week after the rather strenuous but wholly enjoyable time in Italy. Her Majesty has said, since her return, how thoroughly she enjoyed it, and what an extraordinary experience it was. Undoubtedly it has done much good, and the men and women of Italy are most enthusiastic about the stateliness, graciousness, and beauty of our Queen. As I ventured to predict, not in any of the lovely dresses taken for the visit did her Majesty look such a picture as in the dead black, the black lace mantilla, and Spanish comb for the reception by the Pope. The Queen knows Switzerland well, and, it is said, exchanged views about climbing and the Swiss scenery with his Holiness, who was quite a considerable Alpinist in his younger manhood. It is practically certain that a State visit will be paid by the King and Queen of Italy to our King and Queen, and, if all goes well, that it will be in the autumn.

The Marchioness of Titchfield secured a great success for her ball in aid of the Sick Children. She is personally so great a favourite that it went with a swing from the first idea of giving it. Londonderry House was placed at her disposal, but a week before the event, Viscount Chaplin, who has a suite of rooms there, became seriously worse, so Lady Titchfield decided to have it in her own house. Lord Chaplin has since become considerably better, and Lady Londonderry is again in Northern Ireland, where there is great claim for her social help, which is generously and cleverly given. Lady Titchfield's house, next door to the Princess Royal's in Portman Square, is a very spacious one which Lord Titchfield bought from Lord Ducie about three years ago. It was built after the Adam brothers' death, but has many of the best characteristics of their period, and the ball-room, overlooking the Square, is splendidly proportioned and excellent for the purpose. Lady Titchfield, who had sustained defeat at golf during the day in the Lords v. Commons ladies' match at Hanger Hill—this sounds a little mixed, but what is meant will be understood—looked dainty, and as fresh as a flower, in a lovely satin and tulle ball gown trimmed with flowers, and that she made a perfect hostess goes without saying, seeing that she is perfect hospitality very prettily personified.

From a social point of view, the opening night of the British National Opera Company's season was not like the opening nights of old. The Princess Royal, a great opera lover, was there, with Princess Maud, and Princess Victoria was in the Royal Box, attended by the Dowager Countess of Antrim. Some well-known people were in the stalls, and everyone was interested and excited by the music, if a little puzzled by the theme. However, the verdict seemed to be: if "The Perfect Fool" was so cleverly musical, he was one to be suffered gladly. On Friday night, when the opera was repeated, there was a good and brilliant house, and it was even more enjoyed, for the music wants more than one hearing.

Mrs. James Corrigan and Mrs. James Forbes combined to give a hundred of their friends a cabaret dinner at the former's house, 16, Grosvenor Street, taken from the Hon. George and Mrs. Keppel. Mrs. Corrigan was at first a little shy of the idea, for she believed it would be too American to suit our British taste. But it wasn't. So well was it done that it must have been a jaded taste not to enjoy it all. Miss Mevagh Forbes, beautifully dressed in pale yellow, distributed favours in the shape of comical animals. The name-cards made by a Russian lady were in the form of Russian ballet dancers. A marquee had been built on to the dining-room, the windows of which were taken out on that side. In this way its size was doubled and a promenade was secured round the ten tables (at each of which were ten guests) for the artists. The tables, which were round, were decorated with sweet peas, on each table a different colour, and over the flowers hovered butterflies. Loulou Hegoburn came specially over from Paris for the evening, arrangements having been made to release her from her Paris engagement and a special passport obtained. She was very dainty, and, singing her violet-selling song, distributed her odorous blooms to the guests as she passed the tables. The Silver Tone Quartette, from the Empire, and four saxophone and concertina players from Whiteman's band were the other entertainers. The guests were of our brightest and best, and they were just as jolly as grigs or sandboys, the jollity of whichever of these species is greatest.

"I could take my girls to three dances a night up to Fridays," said a well-known Viscountess the other day. "As a matter of fact," she continued, "I take them to none, for they do not require a chaperon, and, happily, neither does convention. They choose one dance a night, and if it does not meet with their approval they go to another. They are difficult, I know; but then, young people are a bit spoilt—and no wonder, after our terrible losses in them." There are heaps of private dances yet; the smartest of the fast prefer clubs, where they can be free from any obligations and can dance as they please. There are not hostesses' daughters past and present claiming the men, and girls can take the floor with the most charming ineligibles without the eagle eye of father or mother, uncle or aunt, to freeze them for their folly. Truly it is a go-as-you-please dancing world these nights. What the effect is on life and morals deponent knoweth not; meanwhile, the freedom makes for pleasure. That all the dancing makes a brilliant season need not be thought.

So far there has been no special brilliance about the season since the Duke and Duchess of York's wedding. It is almost certain that things will take a turn for the better now Whitsuntide is over.



A pretty panelled bathing suit of navy blue stockinette, which stands to the credit of Gamage's.



Sundour unfadable fabrics can brave the strongest rays with impunity. (See page 918.)

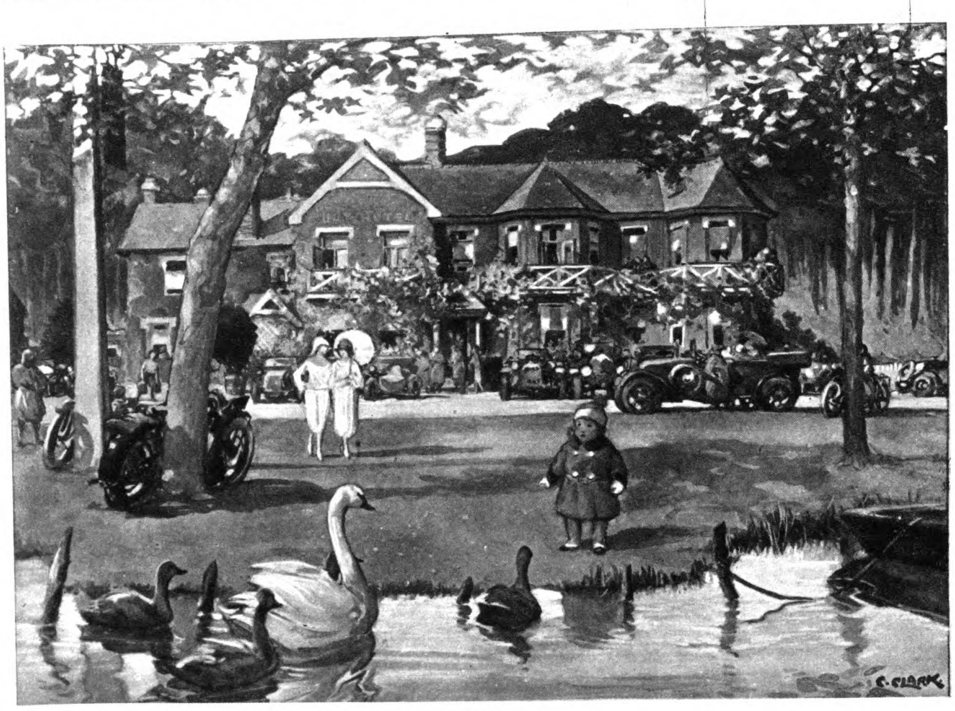


Serviceable and charming is this bathing-dress of soft knit wool. The wrap is of Turkish towelling. (See page 918.)

Bartholomew Fair, for the great old London hospital familiarly known as "Bart's," promises to be the outstanding charity fête of the season. The Prince of Wales being President of Bart's spells success for it in capital letters, for everyone will put their backs into it, and many will open their pockets because the Prince is in it; for the Prince, being in, will bear it that all the opposed will beware of it and most gladly help it—with many apologies to one William Shakespeare.

A. E. L.

The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series



The Wisley Hut, Ripley

When the Artist Paid a Call

IT is quite clear from the illustration that our artist did not visit the Wisley Hut on a bright Saturday or Sunday, for on such days it is practically impossible to get near the hotel, so large is the number of cars and motor cycles parked in front, on both sides of the road. It is said that no Londoner can stand there for ten minutes without catching sight of some well-known motoring friend.

To the London motorist, of the old school especially, the Wisley Hut is full of associations that date back to the earliest days of motoring and the vogue of the pedalled roadster. Here he meets his friends to talk over the varied adventures of the road that each has experienced.

And, as with all discussions of like character, one or another will surely raise the question of refreshment. What better can be got than a fine old whisky—a whisky of old associations, too, the *original* John Haig, whose reputation has been ceaselessly maintained for nearly three hundred years among travellers of particular taste.

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Fashions and Fancies.

Everything for the River Girl.

The call of the river is irresistible now that the evenings are lengthening; and certainly nothing forms a more effective background for a pretty summer frock than sparkling water, trees, and gaily coloured punt-cushions. The latter can be obtained at Harrods, Knightsbridge, in a wonderful variety of shades, ranging from 4s. 11d. each. These artists in dress are responsible for all the suggestions for boating accessories depicted on this page, and their striped crêpe-de-Chine washing dresses are ideal for the river, and can be had in almost any colouring. Moreover, there is an almost unlimited selection from which to choose. Sunshades are an important item, of course, and the fascinating green-and-petunia owl parasol costs 33s. 9d.; its companion in green and orange, 21s.



The side view of the pretty hat sketched opposite.

Inexpensive Bathing Accessories.

Quite surprising in their modesty are the prices prevailing at Gamages, Holborn, and is it there that the bathing accessories sketched on page 916 are to be found. There are plain rubber diving helmets to be had for 7½d., and bathing suits range from 2s. 6d. each, the one at the top in navy-blue stockinette costing 10s. 11d.



Fascinating are the designs which Harrods have chosen for their sunshades.



Harrods are renowned for their washing crêpe-de-Chine frocks.

15s. 11d. is the sum required for the accompanying sleeveless bathing-wrap of Turkish towelling, which may be had in various coloured stripes. 18s. 11d. secures the other bathing wrap, which boasts wide magyar sleeves. The knit wool suit at the foot of the page is expressed in black-and-yellow, saxe-blue and black, or emerald-green and white, and it costs 7s. 6d.

Sundour Unfadable Fabrics.

There is no need to shut out the sun if Sundour unfadable fabrics are chosen for the furnishing of the house, for Sundour fabrics will withstand the strongest sunlight without losing colour, and they wash equally well. They are to be had in any number of fascinating designs, and may be purchased from furnishers and decorators of prestige.



A pale yellow Leghorn straw hat, which Harrods, Knightsbridge, have decorated with a velvet ribbon of a deeper tone.

Ciro Pearls Beauty Contest Result.

The result of the Beauty Competition organised by Ciro Pearls, Ltd., for wearers of their pearls, will be announced in the windows of their establishments in the West End and City on June 1. The contest has created immense interest, and many hundreds of photographs have had to come under the scrutiny of the judges—Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Phyllis Dare, Mr. Nelson Keys, and Mr. Charles P. Sisley, whose task has been by no means easy.

E. A. R.



Gaily-coloured cushions for the river are to be found in abundance at Harrods.

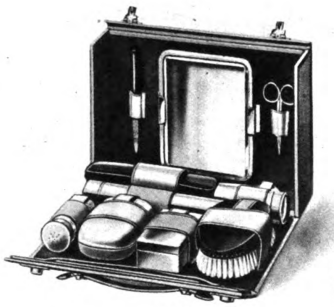
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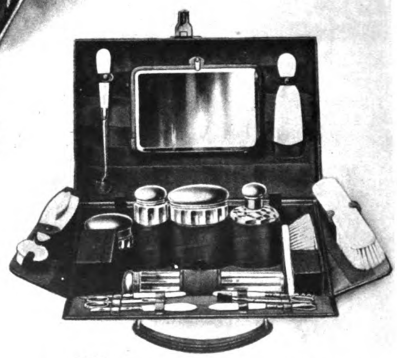
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C.F.H.

"ALEXANDRIA."—*(Continued from page 900.)*

the Ganem, one of the numerous reefs scattered in the harbour, and worn so flat by the action of the water that it forms a natural platform or landing-stage. In this respect I have followed the Turkish arrangements of Fort Kaid Bey, which seem quite rational, and may have been a tradition from the ancients.

The isolation of the lighthouse rock was compensated by the existence of a natural harbour (improved upon by the work of man) formed by some now submerged, or partly submerged, rocks, where vessels could land provisions and stores, and leaving a means of escape in case of attack. A long mole in the open on the north side contributed to the welfare and safety of the occupants.

After the taking of Pharos by Julius Cæsar, when he ordered the demolition of the houses of the Pharites, the place became a ruin, but some of the population managed to group themselves around the lighthouse at the foot of the walls, where no doubt at all times some of the pirates and wreckers who constituted the population of Pharos, mostly Greeks and Cilicians, occupied that point of vantage. Before this work of destruction, their dwellings were situated towards the west of the island, where an Egyptian population had settled in a village, with its Temple of Isis and flourishing gardens.

No actual representation of the famous lighthouse tower exists, but its dimensions were measured centuries after its foundation by an Arab, Masoudi (quoted by Makrizi, the Arab traveller), and are very likely correct, according to M. Jondet. The present attempt at reconstruction is based on the given figures. The tower occupied the site of the fort of Kaid Bey, by which name the islet is known at present.

The Pharos lighthouse was erected by Ptolemy II. (Philadelphus). His architect, Sostratus of Cnidos, designed it. The edifice (according to Strabo) was made of white marble and was of perfect proportions. It was one of the Seven Wonders of the World. The lower part is described as a cube approximately half the height of the whole. Thereon was an octagonal tower, surmounted by a round one, from the top of which a fire burnt all day and night, according to Josephus. He states that the flame and smoke could be seen thirty-three miles away. M. Jondet puts the distance at forty-four kilometres (twenty-seven and a half miles). The whole building was between 110 and 120 metres high, or more than 350 English feet.

The style and decoration adopted in the picture is imaginary, but based on the accepted type of Greek construction. It is not recorded whether the flame was protected by any sort of dome or lantern, and I have not figured any. A portico surrounded the building. Some thirty magnificent granite columns, seven or eight metres long (twenty-four feet), by thirty inches in diameter, were discovered by M. Jondet lying just below the water level at the north-east of the lighthouse rock. He suggests that these columns belonged to the portico. There is no doubt that the colossal tower served as a model for structures of the same kind, and was the prototype of all lighthouses. Flavius Josephus states the Phazael Tower at Jerusalem equalled that of Pharos in every respect.—A. FORESTIER.



AIR OPERATIONS IN WAZIRISTAN: MACHINES SENT TO BRING BACK TWO FLYING OFFICERS CAPTURED BY MAHSUDS AND RANSOMED, AT SARAROGHA AERODROME.

Flying Officers Foster and Ridley, whose machines crashed during bombing operations in Waziristan, were captured and held to ransom for eighteen days by Zalal Khal Mahsuds. Our photograph shows the machines sent to bring them back to Dardoni after their release. It was taken at Sararogha Aerodrome, the only landing ground in that part of Waziristan.

Photographs by I.P.M. Photographic Service, Allahabad; Supplied by Sport and General.



AFTER RECEIVING RANSOM FOR THE RELEASE OF TWO CAPTURED BRITISH FLYING OFFICERS: SOME OF THE MAHSUDS WHO BROUGHT THEM IN—A PICTURESQUE GROUP.

The Mahsuds who brought in the released airmen were very pleased at receiving the ransom, and interested to meet other British officers.

Few dishes are more readily welcomed by old and young alike than rhubarb. It is the most seasonable dish of all at this time of the year, and a very wholesome one into the bargain; but, in order to bring out to the full the really delicious flavour, it should be accompanied by Bird's Custard. It may be obtained from any grocer in 1½d. packets, or in 7d. or 1s. 2d. boxes.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE SCORE READERS.

THE publication of miniature full scores at cheap prices is an interesting sign of the spread of musical knowledge. All the important classics have been obtainable in this form for several years, and recently it has become customary for quite modern compositions to be brought out in miniature full score. Not all of them are of much practical use. A folio score of a symphony on a large scale can be photographed and reduced to small octavo size; but where there are a couple of dozen or more staves to a page the notes become so small as to be almost unreadable. Miniature scores, to be really satisfactory to read, ought to be engraved as miniature scores, with a style of note that can stand out clear in spite of its small size. The best that I have seen yet are the new series of classical symphonies and overtures brought out by the Philharmonischer Verlag at Vienna. They are no bigger in the page than the ordinary miniature scores, but the printing is astonishingly clear and easy to read. What may also be mentioned is that such words as *rallentando*, which are printed in full, are printed in a bold Roman type instead of the narrow Germanised italic which, in spite of its unpleasant appearance, has been for years the traditional style in music-printing.

There has always been a great sale for miniature scores in Vienna, where the standard of amateur musicianship has for hundreds of years been extremely high. Small scores are on sale at the Queen's Hall at most orchestral concerts, but they are not bought in such large quantities as they are in Vienna. It appears, however, that not all who buy them are able to read them, even in the city of Mozart and Beethoven. It is the correct thing to be seen with a small score when listening to a symphony concert, even if you hold it upside down. In London people do not, as a rule, waste their money on full scores unless they are likely to understand them. But in Germany and Austria the orchestra has become an object of worship. The star conductor is as much of a celebrity as the prima-donna was half a century ago. When I listen to the exaggerated nonsense that is talked about conductors and orchestras in Berlin or Vienna I am often thankful that England is still a comparatively unmusical country.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN WATCHING A LONDON LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT: (L. TO R.) LADY DENMAN; THE CROWN PRINCE; AND LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY, AT ST. DUNSTAN'S.

The Crown Prince of Sweden recently arrived in London on a visit to his father-in-law, the Duke of Connaught. He is here seen watching a lawn-tennis tournament, played at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, in aid of the Roehampton Club for Working Girls. Lady Patricia Ramsay, who is his sister-in-law, presented the prizes. Lady Denman was one of the competitors. The Crown Prince, who is a widower, is well known as an archæological explorer.

Photograph by Keystone View Co.

A curious sign of the times came into my hands a few days ago. It was a little book of not more than forty pages, by a Viennese musician, called an "Introduction to Score-Reading." There are plenty of works in various languages which teach the young composer how to write for an orchestra; and a young composer who goes through the conventional mill naturally learns to read from an orchestral score. But this little book was not intended for the young professional student; it was addressed to the average concert-going public. Naturally, the author could not in forty pages touch more than the surface of things. but, on the whole, it was a well-written little book, What interested me was his general outlook on orchestral music. Most English people, writing a book of that kind, would have begun near the beginning and talked about Bach, Mozart, and Haydn. Our German author hardly mentions them. He begins with Mahler, the favourite composer of the day. Mahler, who died a few years ago, was undoubtedly one of the finest conductors of modern times. He was, in fact, the creator of this new school of star conductors. He also wrote symphonies, all of them for the modern monster orchestra, and most of them of such a length that no other work can be put into the same programme with them. I do not wish to discuss their merits here. Evidently the average concert-goer in Vienna wants to hear Mahler more than anyone else; and evidently—if this little book is fair evidence, as I think it is—he regards the Mahler orchestra as the normal standard of to-day, the Wagner style as classical, and Beethoven as archaic. As for Haydn and Bach, their names have to be mentioned only in order to account for certain traditional methods of notation which the modern musician finds extremely inconvenient and unpractical, though he has not yet invented anything better to take their place.

The author concludes his book with "ten commandments for score-readers," some of which are very sound, some very disputable, and some rather ridiculous. His last commandment runs, "Listening to music is Divine Service; if you are not inclined for that, stay at home." When a musician says that

[*Continued overleaf.*

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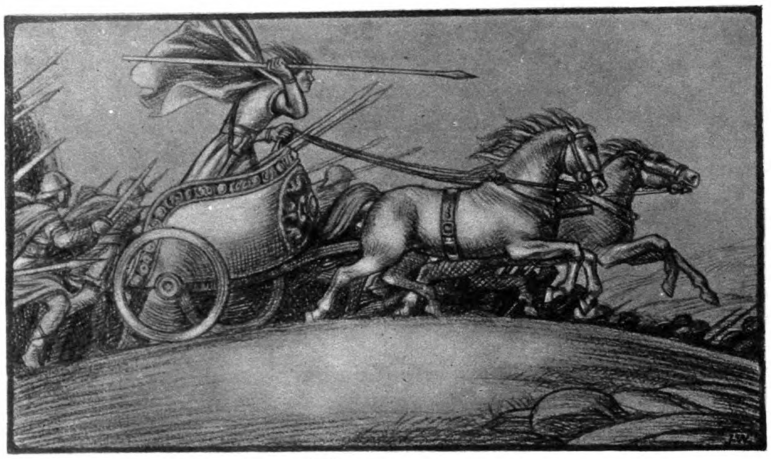
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Pictures from OSSIAN—4.



FINGAL.

"Within the car is seen the chief; the strong-armed son of the sword. His hair flies from his head like a flame, as bending forward he wields the spear. Fly, King of Ocean, fly! He comes like a storm along the streaming vale!"

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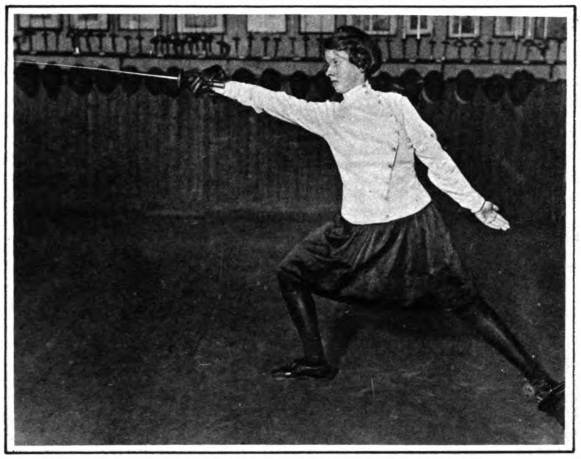
P 9

Continued.]

music is a form of religion we can take him seriously and respect his words; but to talk of concert-going as a substitute for church-going is to concern oneself only with mere externals. We do not want to encourage Pharisaism in music, however useful it may be elsewhere. Another commandment says, "Show reverence to the masters and the masterpieces; fault-finding is pedantry." It is possible that masters and masterpieces may deserve reverence, but we must make sure first that they really are masters and masterpieces. There is certainly a pedantic type of fault-finding which is contemptible because it implies blindness or want of interest towards qualities of greatness. But there is also a healthy scepticism and readiness to question all previous judgments—one's own as well as other people's. The author of this little book would probably be shocked if I told him what I thought of Mahler. I have often been startled—indeed, unpleasantly startled—by the views of the younger generation about Beethoven. But the younger generation has a right to its opinion. Sometimes I think that I can point out to them things in Beethoven or Haydn which they have missed owing to careless hearing or want of historical knowledge; but they have often made it perfectly clear to me that, as regards certain aspects of Beethoven, my "reverence" was based on nothing more than solid tradition. Vienna has been a great musical centre in the past, but this little book illustrates the weakness of much that was formerly considered solid. Vienna still lives too much in its traditions; it is less friendly towards contemporary music than any other great capital. Another unwise "commandment" for the score-reader says, "If you are going to hear a work for the first time, leave your score at home; it will only disturb you." I should have said that a first hearing was exactly the occasion on which one most needed a score to follow, for the eye can often help the ear to perceive the chief train of thought. But evidently the law-giver is writing for people who cannot make much of a score until they are already familiar with the sound of the music. If that is their case, why worry about a score at all?

I suspect here the professional and sacerdotal attitude towards music which is common in Germany. There they want to keep the amateur at a respectful distance. In England we know that the amateur can do as much for music generally as the professional, possibly more. But the amateur must use his brains and refuse to bow down in blindness. An orange may be a very beautiful thing in shape and colour; but I am not content to set it on a shelf and adore it. I want to dissect it and see how it is made, and I also want to eat it.

EDWARD J. DENT.



WINNER OF THE LADIES' BRASSARD D'HONNEUR; WITH NINE VICTORIES AND NO DEFEATS: MISS MARJORIE SMITH, A WELL-KNOWN FENCER.

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Photograph by Sport and General.

THE MACKIE ETHNOLOGICAL EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

STRANGE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS AND MORAL IDEAS.

THE Englishman who enters Central Africa to deal with natives must at once banish from his mind Western ideas of morality as being the only standard by which men are to be judged, and must rather seek to learn what are the rules and customs of the country in which he finds himself located. Should he be an official with administrative duties, or a missionary, these questions will affect him closely, and be of vital importance to his future success and usefulness.

At the outset, he needs to impress upon his own mind this fact, that strangeness and novelty do not necessarily mean immorality: he will find, in almost every instance, that a code of morals exists, and that, though there may seem to be laxity, it is only because he does not understand the code. Again, he must not think that, because he has discovered one rule which applies to one set of people, he is therefore in possession of all rules that apply to all Africa. He will find that what applies to one district may be quite inapplicable to another, so that no one rule can be applied to any large area.

The method of bringing up children differs in various tribes, and the way in which they are brought up has a bearing on the morals and marriage code of the society. In one tribe the children are not looked upon as the sole property of the parents, but of the clan. Hence, when a child is weaned, at the age of three, it is taken from the parents and placed with a member of the clan, who is responsible to the clan for its upbringing; and should it be a girl, that person, who is usually an uncle, will arrange for her marriage; or if it is a boy, he will see that he is provided with a wife, when old enough to marry. During the early years of a girl's life, among the members of this tribe, the girl is expected to be cared for and guarded by the wife of the man

[*Continued overleaf.*





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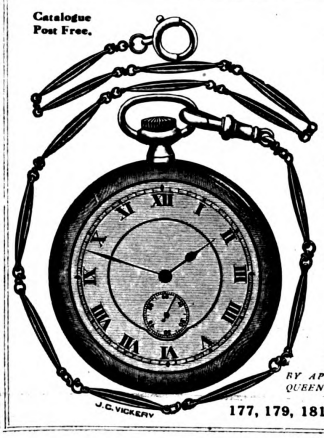
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HARPIC

(Continued.)

who is responsible for her upbringing. She will, as a matter of course, be betrothed when she is about thirteen or fourteen years of age. She has no voice in the choice of her husband; that is arranged for her by the uncle and her brother. Still, she can reject the youth who wishes to marry her, should she not like him, when he comes to see her and settle the marriage dowry. In the case of rejection, another youth may seek her; but, if she approves, the clan decides what amount of cattle and other goods the youth shall pay as a wedding sum for the girl. The amount is distributed among the members of the clan, and the father takes a share with them.

Should a girl become immoral before marriage, a heavy fine is imposed upon the youth who is guilty of the offence, and he is expected to marry the girl. If he refuses to marry, he will pay the fine and, when the child is weaned, he takes it to his home. If he refuses to pay the fine, the child becomes a slave to the members of the clan to which the girl belongs.

In another tribe of pastoral people, a girl is betrothed at birth to some boy who is also an infant. The boy's parents will pay a cow, or perhaps two cows, for the maintenance of the girl, and, when she is old enough to marry, she will be taken by the youth. At about ten years of age, the girl will be kept in the hut under her mother's care, and be fed with milk daily until she is too fat to walk. No man may see her; even her brothers are not permitted to hold conversation with her when alone. Should such a girl fall into disgrace, she is made to disclose her seducer, and both he and she are put to death. When a girl is old enough to marry, the bridegroom demands his bride and is told the number of cows he has to pay the parents for her.

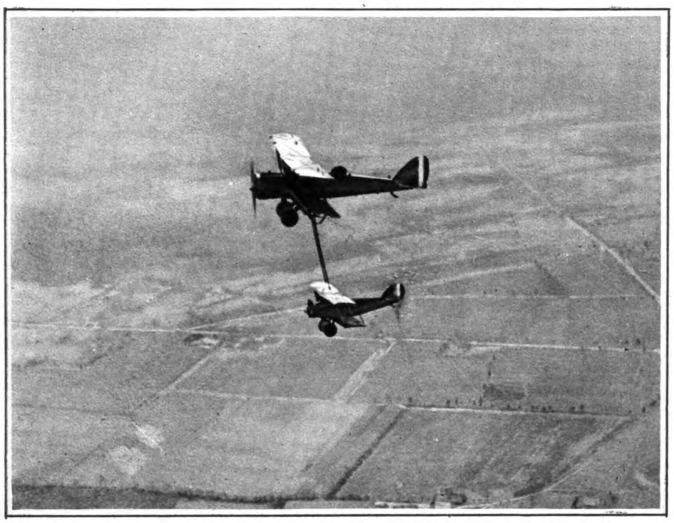
The number is about twelve, which the parents keep. On the marriage day, the father of the bride makes a feast, to which the young men who go for the bride are invited; and the friends of the bride partake of this as a parting feast. The father sees the representative of the bridegroom and from him obtains a promise, on behalf of the bridegroom, that he will be good to the bride. She is carried at sunset to her new home, where she is received by the bridegroom, who takes her through the kraal to her new parents; she sits first in her father-in-law's lap, and then in that of her mother-in-law, and is then conducted to a chamber in the hut, with her sponsors.

When the cows are milked, the bridegroom comes, and his mother gives him a pot of milk, from which he drinks and hands it to his bride, and she drinks. This constitutes the marriage-pledge. The bride remains in seclusion for a month and then, with her husband, visits her parents, by whom he is received as a son, and is made to sit in the laps of first one and then the other. He may see and hold converse with his mother-in-law at any time, this custom, however, being contrary to that of other tribes. After marriage, the wife is expected to admit to her couch any guest her husband may bring, whereas, in other tribes, the husband jealously shields his wife from other men.

Among the pastoral people, owing to the milk diet, it sometimes happens that a man cannot afford to marry and support a wife; he will then go into partnership with one or two clan brothers and, together, they will marry a wife, the wife agreeing to this plurality of husbands. The children are the property of the eldest brother.

In other tribes, a girl has freedom to behave as she pleases; and, until marriage, her use of this freedom is not considered immoral; when, however, she is married, she must avoid familiarity with men other than her husband.

In each tribe immorality is punishable by death, but the standard by which this is judged differs from tribe to tribe.



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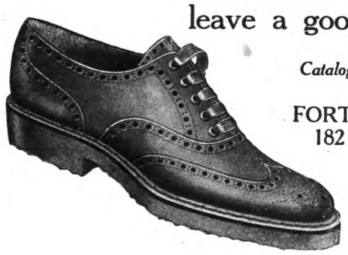
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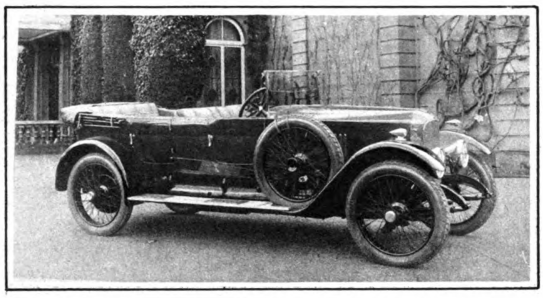
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The R.A.C. and the London-Edinburgh.

Everybody who has the interests of automobile sport at heart will be pleased to know that the deadlock between the R.A.C. and the Motor Cycling Club regarding the London-Edinburgh run has been removed. When the R.A.C. decided to assume active control of all competitions, the Motor Cycling Club refused to come into line and to apply for a permit to run the London - Edinburgh under the Closed Competition Rules. The R.A.C. thereupon announced that it regarded the event as "unauthorised," and that participation in it might carry all the disabilities that follow upon a breach of the rules. As the Club had the backing of the S.M.M.T., this was sufficiently serious to have deterred a great many from entering in what has become a really classic event. Much correspondence ensued without any good result, and it began to look as though the event, in so far as cars were concerned, would be a complete fiasco. A meeting, however, was arranged between representatives of the two clubs, at which the S.M.M.T. was also represented, and the different points of view were clearly laid down and discussed. The result of this meeting was that the Motor Cycling Club accepted the position and agreed to adopt the Closed Competition Rules, which carry, in event of dispute, an ultimate appeal to the stewards of the R.A.C.

Therein I think the M.C.C. was wise. Nobody, least of all the R.A.C., has ever questioned the ability of the M.C.C. to organise and conduct its own events. Even less have its bona-fides been doubted—in fact, the conduct and organisation of M.C.C. competitions have always been a model of thoroughness and attention to the last detail. That being so, I think it should have been perfectly obvious that the action of the R.A.C. was not aimed in any way at this club; and the charge, which was openly made, that the London-Edinburgh was being "attacked" showed a surprising want of tact and appreciation on the part of the M.C.C. executive. The action taken was clearly in the best interests of the sport in general, and I think it should have been so regarded by all those clubs which had nothing to fear. However, the incident is happily at an end, and it is to be hoped that no others will arise.



AT MR. J. B. JOEL'S COUNTRY SEAT: A 23-60-H.P. VAUXHALL WITH A HANDSOME KINGTON BODY.

This photograph was taken at Childwickbury House, near St. Albans, the home of Mr. J. B. Joel, the well-known racehorse-owner. The car is a fine specimen of British workmanship.

Differential or No Differential.

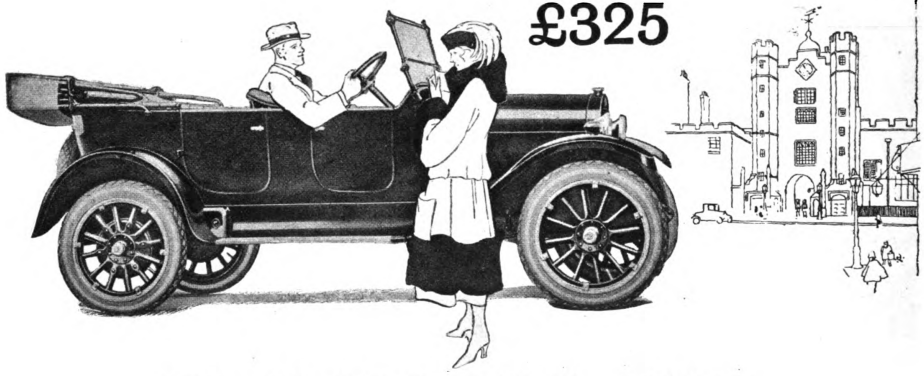
A great deal of discussion has taken place recently regarding the use of a differential or its absence in the case of small cars. There has been a distinct cleavage of opinion, each side claiming practical advantages for its own theories. On the one hand, it has been said that the differential is quite unnecessary as part of the design of the light car, that the differential-less car is less inclined to skid than one in which a differential is incorporated, and that the amount of extra wear of the rear tyres is negligible. On the other hand, it is contended that without the differential

(Continued overleaf.

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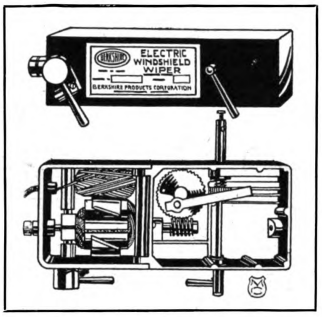
KNIGHTSBRIDGE LONDON SW1

Continued.]

there is a marked loss of manœuvring power in small spaces, that cornering is more difficult, and that tyre-wear becomes a serious factor.

A new test, under the observation of the R.A.C., is very illuminating. The test was carried out at Brooklands, the car making two runs of fourteen miles each at a uniform speed of just over eleven miles an hour within a circle of seventy feet diameter. In the first place there was no differential gear in action, and in the second the differential functioned normally. At the end of the two runs the amount of wear on the tyres was ascertained by weighing them, and it was found that the loss of weight was as follows: With differential—near front, 8 oz.; off front, 1½ oz.; near rear, 5½ oz.; off rear, 4 oz. Without differential—near front, 16 oz.; off front, 4 oz.; near rear, 6½ oz.; off rear, 17½ oz. This seems to settle the question in so far as tyre-wear is concerned.

The Clear Screen. Most of the really clever accessories seem to come from America. In this uncertain climate nothing is more desirable than some means of keeping the wind-screen clear in rain or snow. The best our own accessory manufacturers have been able to do for us is the hand-operated screen-wiper, which is, frankly, a nuisance—better than nothing at all, but not much. The American, on the other hand, seems to believe in automatic devices which eliminate the personal element. The suction-operated wiper is good in its way—it is American, of course—but where it fails is that it does not work when the throttle is opened. I have used one of this type for some considerable time, and have found it very much better than the hand-operated crudity. Recently I have become possessed of something even better, in the shape of a wiper called the Berkshire, which is electrically operated. It is exceedingly clever. A little electric motor drives a worm-gearing which in turn operates the squeegee through an eccentric crank and rack and pinion gear. It takes very little current, and is absolutely certain in operation. It is the best thing of its kind I have yet discovered, and seems to me to be quite essential as an accessory to, at any rate, the closed type of car. Having used it in rain, I would not be without it.

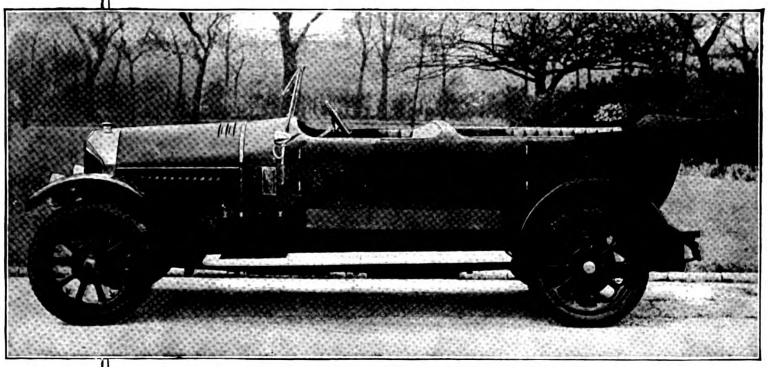


THE BERKSHIRE ELECTRICALLY OPERATED WIND-SCREEN CLEANER, SHOWING THE DETAILS OF THE MOTOR AND DRIVING GEAR.

Road Service for Motorists. It is obvious to the Automobile Association that all past records in regard to motoring will be surpassed during the coming summer. During the past

[Continued overleaf.

The car illustrated below is the standard 19·6 h.p. Crossley Touring Car, a duplicate of the Record Breaker—£795 complete



Crossley

12/14

A car which is giving tremendous satisfaction, and which has no equal in its class, either for specification or performance.

Built with the same care and precision as characterises the Crossley 19·6, it represents extraordinary value for money.

The engine is delightfully responsive; clutch exceptionally smooth and silky, steering light and easy. The car is well finished throughout and upholstered in leather.

An illustrated catalogue giving details of the various bodies fitted to the 12/14 h.p. Crossley chassis will be gladly sent on request.

Four or two-seater Touring car.

£475

The 20/70 h.p. Crossley Sports.

Mr. S. F. Edge, after trying this model, said "With the exception of a car of much higher horse-power and much more expensive than yours, you have the fastest genuine standard car in the world." You will be interested in full details of this unique car.

The 19·6 h.p. Crossley—The Record Breaker

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THE remarkable figures shown below are taken from the official Certificate issued by the R.A.C. in respect of the 19·6 h.p. Crossley which completed 20,000 miles under the observation of the R.A.C. and broke all R.A.C. Certified Trial Mileage Records. They prove, in the most practical manner, extraordinary reliability and economy. Note the figures, obtained over a road trial of 20,000 miles:—

FUEL CONSUMPTION - 26·12 m.p.g.
OIL - - - - - - 6,154 m.p.g.
TYRES The same four tyres were used throughout. There were no punctures and the tyres were in sound condition at the end of the 20,000 miles.

Rapson Tyres were fitted. Wakefield Carbonless C.W. Motor Oil was used.

AFTER the completion of the 20,000 miles, the 19·6 h.p. Crossley attained a speed of over 59 miles per hour on Brooklands Track, WITHOUT ANY ALTERATION OR ADJUSTMENT TO THE CAR WHATEVER.

IMPORTANT NOTE: The 19·6 h.p. Crossley which has undergone this trial is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be absolutely a standard car in every way.

In so far as this advertisement refers to R.A.C. Certified Trials it has been approved by the R.A.C.

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BEVERAGES

because the pure juices of the natural fruit are used in their making. Pure water from the famous IDRIS Artesian Wells, pure ingredients, and scrupulous care throughout every stage of their preparation ensure perfect purity and a wholesome, palatable drink.

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Each possesses a distinctive character, appealing to varying tastes but all are marked by

—the same high quality
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At the Back



the Hair always looks smart and tidy when ANZORA is used. It gives the Hair that glossy appearance so noticeable on men who take a pride in turning out perfect.

Being clean, easy to use, and delicately perfumed, it has become the recognised Hair controller for the man who cares.

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Anzora Cream for greasy scalps and Anzora Viola for dry scalps are sold by Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc., in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles.

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Photo by MARTIN SANDERS

Happy Babies all over the world.

In every country throughout the world the merits of the 'Allenburys' Foods have been proved by thousands. Beneath tropical skies and under the shadow of snow-capped mountains; on the parched plains and in crowded cities, strong and vigorous children are being reared 'through Healthy Infancy to Sturdy Childhood' by the

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Modelled on Nature it provides a food specially adapted to each phase of baby's developing digestive powers, and supplies at the appropriate times the nourishment best suited to promote the healthy growth and development. From birth to three months 'Allenburys' No. 1 Milk Food, which is practically identical with mother's milk, is employed. From three to six months this is replaced by the 'Allenburys' No. 2 Milk Food containing additional phosphates and albuminoids. At the end of the sixth month the developing digestive capacities of the child call for something more than milk, and this is provided for by the 'Allenburys' Malted Food No. 3.

The 'Allenburys' Foods are prepared at Ware, Hertfordshire from the pure milk of pedigree cows pastured in the Home Counties.

Write for a free copy of the 'Allenburys' book on 'Infant Feeding and Management,' and a sample of Food suited to the age of your baby. Please do not forget to state baby's age.

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Being A Challenge to Useless Expense In Closed Cars

You buy a motor-car for reliable transportation. You prefer a closed car for comfort. Body accessories and ornaments have little to do with either.

Do you want them?

Within the limits of a moderate-priced closed car you can get only so much. Ornate body fittings, smokers' companions, clock, vanity cases, etc., add nothing to car performance. They *do* add to cost.

Essex elects to put the value elsewhere—to build a comfortable, durable, closed car of smart appearance—to mount it on the superb Essex chassis with what experts have called the most wonderful motor of its size in the world. The rigid overstrength Essex frame, the smooth, positive clutch, the simple controls and strong rear axle are some features of that chassis.

Open car cost shows the mechanical value you get in any closed car. The difference shows what the closed body costs. So, consider well the types of closed cars that sell for £460 upwards. You will also find that the price of the Essex Coach shows the lowest ratio in open and closed car prices ever attained.

In no car can you get more than you pay for. It is for you to decide whether your money shall go for a costly body or for real automobile performance and lasting quality.

Essex Coach brochure and specifications free on request.

Essex Coach — £460 — Essex Coach

4-5-Seater Touring £395.	2-Seater Cabriolet, £440.	5-6 English Roadster, £445.	18.2 h.p. Essex Chassis, £350.

These prices are for cars equipped with Artillery Wheels, Detachable Rims, and include 5 non-skid Cord Tyres. Fitted Wire Wheels, £15 15s. extra.

HUDSON & ESSEX MOTORS OF GREAT BRITAIN LTD.

Dordrecht Road, Acton Vale, London, W. 3

ESSEX MOTOR CARS

Continued.]

month over 5000 new members joined the Automobile Association. Each week shows a considerable increase. In order that the growing needs of A.A. members in regard to roadside services, etc., may be adequately met, an extra seventy-five A.A. road-service outfits have been ordered for immediate delivery, and a hundred ex-Service men are being added to the already extensive road-patrol organisation. The road-service outfits are motor-cycle combinations, driven by patrols able to assist members in regard to minor roadside troubles ; the carrier boxes on these outfits, in addition to having small supplies of petrol and oil, have a pump for inflating tyres, a fire-extinguisher, and a useful kit of tools.

An American Visitor.

One of the leaders in the American motor industry is Mr. Frederick J. Haynes, President of the Dodge Brothers Corporation, who is now on his first visit to this country. Mr. Haynes has had a remarkable production experience, for it was very largely due to his efforts, first as works manager and afterwards as general manager, that the phenomenal increase in Dodge Brothers' output took place. In 1914 their plant occupied 20 acres only and employed 4000 hands. To-day it extends over more than 120,000 acres and employs 17,000. Under his superintendence, more than 850,000 Dodge Brothers cars have been delivered to the public. Not the least tribute to his supervision is the fact that Dodge Brothers car has, in the United States, the reputation for maintaining an unusually high second-hand value. As motorists are aware, this is the acid test of quality ; and that Dodge Brothers motor-cars sustain it so successfully is largely attributable to Mr. Haynes's unswerving policy of concentrating exclusively on one chassis type, and of building into it all the refinements and improvements that experience suggest.

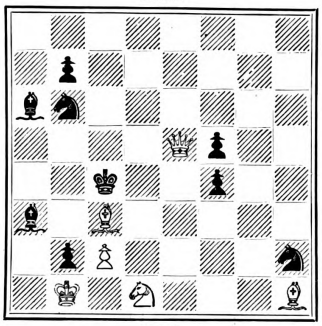
W. W.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand W.C.2.*

PROBLEM No. 3906.—BY E. E MAYBEE (FERGUS, ONTARIO).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3904.—BY THE LATE J. PAUL TAYLOR.

WHITE	BLACK
1. K to Q 2nd	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3901 received from R D Kerawala (Bombay) ; of No. 3903 from W J Salusbury-White (Leicester) ; of No. 3904 from P W Hunt (Bridgwater), E M Vicars (Norfolk), Senex, A W Hamilton - Gell (Exeter), W J Salusbury - White, R P Nicholson (Crayke), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), A B Duthie (Greenock), C. A. P., E J Gibbs (East Ham), L W Cafferata (Newark), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), and Albert Taylor (Sheffield).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3905 received from H W Satow (Bangor), A W Hamilton - Gell (Exeter), S Homer (Kensington), Senex, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), C H Watson (Masham), H F Glonton (Wandsworth Common), A Edmiston (Worsley), G M Harrison and M Westwood (Tettenhall College), E J Gibbs (East Ham), R P Nicholson (Crayke), A B Duthie (Greenock), W C D Smith (Northampton), and L W Cafferata (Newark).

PROBLEMS received with thanks from G STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON W R KINSEY, S HOMER, and A PEREIRA DA SILVA.

CHESS IN CARLSBAD.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament between Messrs. ALECHINE and RUBINSTEIN.

(*Queen's Gambit Declined.*)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
4. B to Kt 5th	Q Kt to Q 2nd
5. P to K 3rd	B to K 2nd
6. Kt to B 3rd	Castles
7. R to B sq	P to B 3rd
8. Q to B 2nd	P to Q R 3rd
9. P to Q R 4th	R to K sq
10. B to Q 3rd	P takes P
11. B takes B P	Kt to Q 4th
12. B to B 4th	Kt takes B
13. P takes Kt	P to Q B 4th
14. P takes P	Q to B 2nd
15 Castles	

So far the game has gone on familiar lines, and no one at this point would regard either position as much better than the other. If any preference existed, it would probably be in favour of Black.

15.	Q takes K B P
16. Kt to K 4th	

But now, by the lure of a Pawn, White secures the opportunity for one of the finest attacking combinations modern chess has produced.

16.	Kt takes P
17. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
18. B to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd

Black naturally wished to maintain his B at B 4th, but it would have been much better to play B to Q 3rd.

19. B takes P (ch)	K to R sq
20. B to K 4th	R to R 2nd
21. P to Q Kt 4th	

The beauty underlying this is not immediately seen, but it now :

21. —— B takes P, 22. Q takes B wins. In fact, there is only one square for the Bishop to go to.

21.	B to B sq
22. Q to B 6th	R to Q 2nd
23. P to Kt 3rd	Q to Kt sq
24. Kt to Kt 5th	R R to Q sq
25. B to Kt 6th	

In the finest style of chess. If now : 25. —— P takes B, White's winning reply is 26. Q to Kt 2nd.

25.	Q to K 4th
26. Kt takes P (ch)	R takes Kt
27. B takes R	Q to K B 4th
28. K R to Q sq	R takes R (ch)
29. R takes R	Q takes B
30. Q takes B	R to R 2nd
31. Q takes R P	Q to B 6th
32. Q to Q 3rd (ch)	Resigns.

White worthily wears the mantle of Tchigorin.

THE SUPREME
SUNBEAM



14 H.P. 4 CYL.
2/3 & 4/5 Seaters
£685

Other Models :
16/40 - - £895
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Manchester Showrooms .. .. 106, Deansgate.



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UPON the critical judgment of the entire motoring world the Ruston "Fifteen" Family Car has earned a name for beauty and dependability.

It pays a rebate on its price in lower running costs—for the rest, it gives all the comfort and reliability that a really good car can give to create pride of ownership.

Would you care to know more of this remarkable 5-seater ? Let us send you its detailed specification and arrange a trial run.

RUSTON & HORNSBY Limited,
MOTOR WORKS :: :: :: LINCOLN.
LONDON : C. B. WARDMAN & CO., Limited. 122, Great Portland Street, W. 1
BIRMINGHAM : THE MIDLAND GARAGE, 303, Broad Street.
LIVERPOOL & DISTRICT : BIRKENHEAD MOTOR WORKS, Limited, Duke Street, BIRKENHEAD.

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The standard remedy for over 50 years
Gives instant relief from *Catarrh, Asthma,* etc.
AT ALL CHEMISTS
4s. 6d. a tin

LONDON : Published Weekly at the Office, 172, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 172, Strand, aforesaid ; and Printed by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, W.C.2.—SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1923. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903

A successful car is soon known. In less than a year a remarkable demand has sprung up for the new 23-60 h.p.

VAUXHALL

WITH THE LANCHESTER HARMONIC BALANCER

£895

23-60 H.P. KINGTON
TOURING CAR

ARUNDEL ALL-WEATHER £1145
WARWICK LIM-LANDAULETTE £1195
CARLTON PULLMAN £1270

A trial drive is our best argument

£595

14 H.P. PRINCETON
TOURING CAR

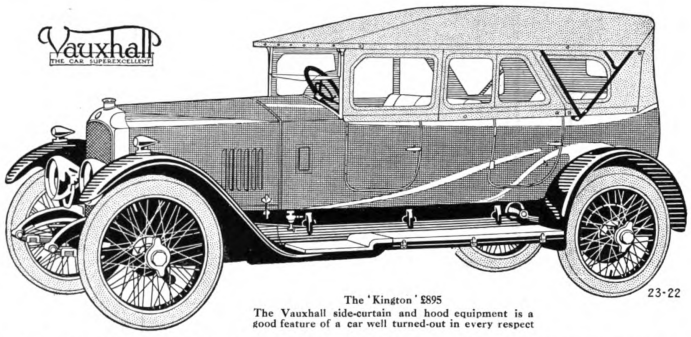
WELBECK ALL-WEATHER £745
GRAFTON COUPE-CABRIOLET £720
WYNDHAM SALOON £745

USERS of large best-class cars have in the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall something which gives them all they require at a wonderfully moderate price, and the extent of the demand for it shows that its advantages are well understood.

Car users of this class have high ideals, which are wholly satisfied by the faultless performance of the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall, one of the features of which is the vibrationless running due to the action of the Lanchester harmonic balancer.

The large number of buyers of the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall, as experienced judges of best-class cars, can only have been led to choose it after ascertaining that the power development, driving qualities, body-space and standard of finish were in accordance with their ideas, quite apart from consideration of the price. Their satisfaction on these points made the price the clinching argument.

Is it not worth your while to make the same investigation?



The 'Kington' £895
The Vauxhall side-curtain and hood equipment is a good feature of a car well turned-out in every respect

23-22

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Do blemishes like this make you afraid of your own reflection in the mirror? Then make up your mind to get rid of the trouble at once. Get a tin of Germolene, and to-night, before you retire to rest, take a little on the tips of the fingers, warm it slightly, and gently rub it in. Allow it to remain on the skin all night. It will wash off in the morning, and it is not unsightly, for its delicate tint renders it invisible when applied.

You will positively feel its healing influence as it enters the pores. It soothes at once, and after a week of this simple treatment you will be delighted with the improvement in your appearance. There is no reason why you should not have a charming complexion if you keep Germolene on the dressing-table.

FREE
SAMPLE TIN
will be sent postage paid on receipt of a postcard, addressed to The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester. (Mention this Paper.)

AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH.

Prices: 1/3 and 3/- of all Chemists and Stores.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

BURBERRYS
will not allow the weather to spoil the look of the

ASCOT MEETING
this year, even if it is unkind; dull, rainy, bright, warm, or cold, the

SOLGARDINE BURBERRY
will maintain the cheerful aspect so much desired — protect the daintiest frock — and its dainty owner — sustain warmth without generating heat.

The Weight of a Feather to Carry
There are many Burberry Models worthy of a full dress Ascot, every one of which will add a touch of brilliant sun-bright colour even on a dour, sunless day.

A SOLGARDINE BURBERRY
with a "Brollisol" to match, to protect the hat from rain, will add colour to the scene.

Illustrated Catalogue and patterns sent on request.
For full list of Burberry Agents see this week's "Sketch."



BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET SW1
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The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series



The Royal Oak, Bettws-y-Coed

A Decision of the House of Lords.

IN 1847 no less celebrated an artist than David Cox painted a signboard for The Royal Oak, a painting that to-day occupies a place of honour above the mantel in the entrance hall. It is a representation of Charles I concealed in the famous Boscabel Oak while soldiers and dogs scour the country for him.

Should you be so impressed by the beauty of this painting as to wish it for your own, you will be told that it cannot be purchased unless you buy the freehold of the hotel. This is no passing whim of a proprietor but the considered dictum of the House of Lords, who, in a notable case often quoted as a precedent in property law, decided that the sign was a fixture, not a fitting, and thus became an inseparable part of the freehold.

Bettws-y-Coed has long been famed as a resort for artists and lovers of the beautiful. Here were executed most of the masterpieces of the late B. W. Leader, R.A., while other famous names in art, politics and literature appearing on the hotel register are those of Turner, Poynter, John Bright, Gladstone, Theodore Roosevelt and, far from least, Charles Kingsley who, in "Two Years Ago," refers to "that jolly week at The Royal Oak."

A constant succession of such famous guests speaks well for the reputation of this old hotel. Men who appreciate the good things of this world share them with one another. So has it been with that fine old whisky, the *original* John Haig, first made in 1627, whose good name has been handed down both by the spoken and the written word for nigh three hundred years.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

THE ORIGINAL

The Clubman's Whisky since 1627

By Appointment

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1923.

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IN LONDON AGAIN AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS: SIGNORA ELEONORA DUSE, THE GREAT ITALIAN ACTRESS.

London (where she arrived on May 27) is preparing a great welcome for Signora Duse, the famous Italian actress, when she appears at the New Oxford Theatre, on Thursday, June 7, in the first of a series of six matinées, the others to be given on the following Tuesdays and Thursdays. The season, arranged by Mr. C. B. Cochran, includes Ibsen's "Ghosts" and "The Lady of the Sea" (the piece chosen for June 7) and a new Italian play in which Signora Duse made a success in Florence. She last appeared in London in June 1906, at Drury Lane, on the occasion of Miss Ellen Terry's Jubilee, and she afterwards retired for fifteen years. Her first appearance in London was in 1893, in "La Dame aux Camélias." In 1894 she gave a command performance before Queen Victoria at Windsor. She had then long established her reputation as one of the greatest actresses of her time.

DRAWING BY C. BIRKENRUTH. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.—C.R.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SAID something last week about the controversial fallacy which exaggerates a view in order to diminish it. I took the example of the controversy about Christendom in the Middle Ages, in which the modernists first protest against an ideal mediævalism which the mediævalists never suggested, to cover their own conversion to a real mediævalism which they themselves have formerly denied. We say the Guilds were good without in the least suggesting that they were perfect; they accuse us of saying they were perfect when we have managed to prove that they were good. But there is another little logical or illogical trick that is applied to this and to other matters, which is amusing or annoying (according to temperament), and, anyhow, should be cleared out of the way of fair controversy.



THE BRITISH COMMISSIONER AT PESHAWAR WHO SENT MRS. STARR TO THE RESCUE OF MISS ELLIS: SIR JOHN MAFFEY, K.C.V.O.

It was Sir John Maffey, the able Chief Commissioner of the North-West Frontier Province, who asked Mrs. Starr to go to the rescue of Miss Ellis, and planned the expedition. He has since taken vigorous steps to exact retribution for the Kohat crime. Sir John entered the I.C.S. in 1899, and has spent many years on the frontier. In 1921 he was Chief Secretary to the Duke of Connaught.

It is the suggestion not of exaggerations but of exceptions. It is still more often the suggestion of reactions. Anything that does not support a certain state of things is represented as a reaction against that state of things. If everything is called black and something turns out to be white, it is explained that the extreme blackness drove it in desperation into whiteness. This also is applied to the Middle Ages; and I have seen lately several cases in which purely mediæval figures like St. Francis and the Franciscans are represented as rebels against the mediæval spirit, simply because they do not fit in with the hostile version of the mediæval world. Now, it is not specially about the mediæval case, but about the mere logic and justice of the abstract argument, that I am here concerned. The fallacy can be used in many other arguments; but it ought not to be used in any.

Suppose somebody says that the Victorian Age was an age of black and blighted pessimism and despair. The whole progress of it is like a funeral procession with black coats and black chimney-pot hats. Even the Queen who gave her name to the period was known by the sombre title of The Widow. All contemporary evidence testifies to her sullen seclusion, to her refusal to show herself in festive fashion to her people, to her monomania of mourning over the solemn urn of an almost equally solemn husband. Everything else was of the same depressing character. The arts of the age were memorial and elegiac; the science of the age was but the dissection of the dead. Of its poems, the most famous and the favourite of the Queen was simply an extended epitaph. It bore the significant name of "In Memoriam." The one science really perfected in England came to be called the Dismal Science. Only one man still lingers to testify with a sort of tenderness for that dark period, and he is called the Gloomy Dean.

That is the sort of picture which historians often give of a historical period, and which some people still give of the mediæval period. It is strictly correct in the sense that it contains nothing but facts. It is also stuff and nonsense from beginning to end. Anybody born in the Victorian Age, anybody with parents born in it, anybody who has read a three-volume novel belonging to it, knows that the Victorian Age, though it had its limitations, was certainly much livelier and more cheerful than the above description implies. But what interests me here is the curious way in which those who have taken up such an impossible position in the mediæval case proceed to manœuvre themselves out of it. Being ruthless modern realists, they naturally try to deceive themselves or to deceive others. They try to put themselves right without owning themselves wrong. Or, worse still, they wish to abandon what they have found to be wrong, without abandoning their claim to put everybody else right. While being forced to reverse all their own views of mediæval things, they still want to lecture their neighbours for their mediævalism. This they achieve by this curious little turn of logic—or rather, of illogicality—which I find rather amusing. I can explain it best by again substituting the Victorian for the mediæval example.

The rather curious method is this. The scribe recording the Victorian Vanitas Vanitatum, after describing the widow's weeds and the "In Memoriam" tablet and the general atmosphere of a Dismal Science admired by a Gloomy Dean, then proceeds somewhat as follows: "This oppressive melancholy was indeed so unnatural that it soon became apparent that human nature could not permanently bear so prolonged a torture of repression. Half-smothered mockery, crazy jests, and bursts of mere irresponsible buffoonery already indicated that the wild hour of liberation was at hand. One of the principal writers of the age, Charles Dickens, though he generally confined himself to the conventional tragedies of the sad ends of sickly children, of Oliver Twist, Little Nell, and Paul Dombey, was yet moved sometimes to a sort of impatient irony, and introduced passages which must surely have been secretly satirical. He devoted himself, indeed, doubtless by order of Queen Victoria, to the description of funerals; but it is hard to believe that his descriptions of undertakers are not often intentionally comic. This failure of Victorian pessimism permanently to change human nature is betrayed in many other ways. Many Victorians repaired secretly to certain disreputable haunts called music-halls. The old principle of the Saturnalia, or reversal of all conventions during the winter feast, permitted them to have Christmas pantomimes at Christmas, though at no other time. They even escaped from their grinding misery by invoking the puppet-plays of children; and it is said that a paper called *Punch* contained more than one joke. These inconsistencies were in themselves signs that the Victorian religion of despair and suicide was not destined permanently, etc., etc., etc."

Now, that is exactly how the critics in the last phase talk about the Middle Ages. They started by saying that mediæval life was utterly miserable; they find out that it was frequently cheerful; so they make an attempt to represent its cheerfulness as a wild revolt that demonstrates its misery. They say it was quite black; they discover it was partly white; so they say desperately that it was driven to extremes of whiteness by the reaction from its universal blackness. The one thing, apparently, that these critics cannot bring themselves to believe is that the human history of that period is in ordinary black and white. Of course, the chessboard that is our mortal battlefield can always be called black with white squares or white with black squares. But what concerns me here is to point out the really indefensible intellectual trick by which these critics turn the plain facts which destroy their theory into exceptions that prove their rule.

They start by saying that mediævalism was nothing but an agony of asceticism; and then they suddenly remember Chaucer, the asceticism and agony of Chaucer. They proceed to treat Chaucer precisely as I have pictured them treating Dickens. He must have been a Lollard, a Puritan, a Morning Star of the Reformation. He foreshadowed all that frivolity and free enjoyment that we associate with the Puritans of the seventeenth century. He anticipated the gaiety of Calvin. He partook prematurely of the songs and dances of Praise-God Barebones. Though admittedly in his character the very reverse of a rebel, he must have been really a revolutionist. The very critics who blame him for being a courtier credit him with being an insurgent. Books that were universally and uproariously popular in their own age must somehow have been in advance of their age. Passages that might have been copied almost word for word out of St. Thomas Aquinas must have been psychic communications from Baxter or Wesley. Every impossibility is possible, except the possibility that the whole assumption about the Middle Ages is wrong. Everything must give way to one simple yet singular argument. All mediæval things were gloomy and half the mediæval things were lively; therefore half the mediæval things cannot have been really mediæval.

All this, as I have explained before, has nothing to do with any nonsense about the illusion of a Golden Age or the recurrent romance of the good old days. Mediævalists do not maintain that mediævalism was morally perfect, but only that it was moral. What they complain of is that their opponents find out that it was moral, and then deny that it was mediæval. But we are on perfectly solid ground when we say that in one sense the mediæval world really was moral where the modern world is unmoral, even when it is not immoral. It is not a question of fancies about a forgotten past, but of facts in recorded history. We do not say a hundredth part of what we are supposed to say in praise of Merry England. But what we do say we can support; and what we do praise we also prove. It is not a vague vista of the good old days, which would presumably include the good old days of Pagan slavery or Puritan severity. It is a definite record of particular rules and principles recognised by particular men in a particular period. It is not a fancy but a fact that the mediæval world tried to establish a Just Price, where the modern world is at the mercy of a merciless anarchy in prices. It is not a fancy but a fact that the old Guilds, unlike the modern Trade Unions, could prevent the inequality of Capitalism without being tempted to the fad of Communism. And these facts will need some better answer than the suggestion that the old Christendom was a negation, and nearly everything in it was a reaction against itself.



IN THE AFRIDI DRESS SHE WORE ON THE EXPEDITION TO RESCUE MOLLIE ELLIS: MRS. STARR, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH NURSE OF PESHAWAR.

On a double-page in this number we illustrate the tensest moments of Mrs. Starr's perilous journey over the Indian border to rescue Miss Ellis from her Afridi abductors. She started in a khaki riding-costume with white puggaree, but, as this was likely to draw fire, she changed into the complete dress of an Afridi woman. Miss Ellis, when rescued, wore a similar costume on the return journey.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, "DAILY MAIL," LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, C.N., WARSCHAWSKI STUDIOS, AND HOPPÉ.



A GREAT ENGLISH SCHOLAR: THE LATE DR. HENRY BRADLEY.



A NEW KNIGHT: SIR C. GOULD MAY, M.D.



A NEW BARONET: SIR T. HORDER, M.D., F.R.C.P.



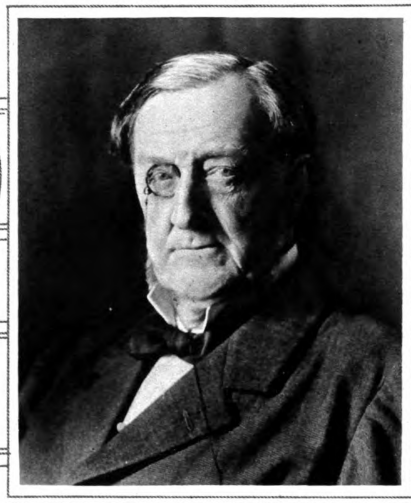
NEW SUBMARINE CHIEF: ADMIRAL NICHOLSON.



FROM MINER TO M.P.: THE LATE MR. JOHN CAIRNS, M.B.E.

A NEW MINISTER: THE EARL OF ONSLOW.







A NEW MINISTER: LORD EUSTACE PERCY.



NEW PAY-MASTER-GENERAL: MAJOR BOYD-CARPENTER.

NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL: SIR LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS.



A VETERAN UNIONIST DEAD: THE LATE VISCOUNT CHAPLIN, WELL KNOWN AS SPORTSMAN AND AGRICULTURIST.



NOW IN THE CABINET: SIR SAMUEL HOARE, SECRETARY FOR AIR.



NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER: MR. J. C. C. DAVIDSON.



THE NEW LORD PRIVY SEAL: LORD ROBERT CECIL.

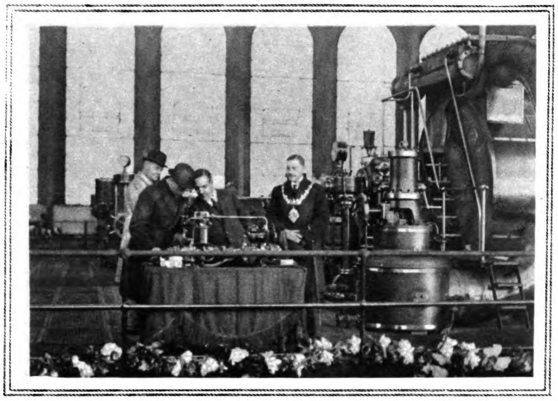


NOW IN THE CABINET: SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS, FIN. SEC. TO THE TREASURY.

Dr. Henry Bradley succeeded the late Sir James Murray as senior editor of the Oxford English Dictionary. He also wrote a number of books, and was twice President of the Philological Society.——Dr. Gould May and Sir Thomas Horder are two of Mr. Bonar Law's medical advisers who signed the bulletins during his illness. Sir Thomas is assistant physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.——Rear-Admiral Nicholson commanded the Second Light Cruiser Squadron from 1921 till recently. In February he led the squadron into Smyrna harbour. He was formerly Captain of Aircraft in the Atlantic Fleet, on board the "Furious."——Mr. John Cairns, who was once a working miner, entered Parliament in 1918. He was a magistrate for Newcastle-on-Tyne.——Lord Robert Cecil enters the Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal, while Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary for Air, and Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, now Financial Secretary to the Treasury, have also been raised to Cabinet rank. The latter is succeeded as Postmaster-General by Sir Laming Worthington-Evans. Mr. J. C. C. Davidson was Mr. Bonar Law's Parliamentary private secretary. Major Boyd-Carpenter was previously Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Lord Eustace Percy and Lord Onslow have exchanged places, the former becoming Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, and the latter Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education.——Lord Chaplin's death was announced on May 29. He was born in 1840, and was made a Viscount in 1916. He had been President of the Board of Agriculture and of the Local Government Board.

THE PRINCE AT ROTHERHAM: A RIGHT GOOD YORKSHIRE WELCOME.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND PHOTOPRESS.



EXAMINING THE HUGE GENERATOR WHICH HE INAUGURATED: THE PRINCE OF WALES (ON THE LEFT, IN FRONT) IN THE ELECTRIC POWER STATION.



STARTING UP THE LARGEST ELECTRIC GENERATING PLANT EVER INSTALLED IN THIS COUNTRY: THE PRINCE PRESSING THE SWITCH.



LOST IN A HUGE CROWD OF CHEERING ADMIRERS, WHO GAVE HIM A TREMENDOUS WELCOME: THE PRINCE OF WALES IN HIS CAR DRIVING TO CLIFTON PARK, WHERE HE WAS GREETED BY 8000 SCHOOL-CHILDREN.



THE PRINCE INSPECTING NURSES IN CLIFTON PARK, ROTHERHAM: AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRST DAY OF HIS YORKSHIRE TOUR.



AMONG THE DISABLED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS: THE PRINCE TALKING TO PRIVATE GEORGE ANSELL, WHO HAS BEEN ON HIS BACK SINCE 1916.

At Rotherham, on May 28, the Prince of Wales began a busy week of visits to five great industrial centres in the West Riding of Yorkshire, the others being Sheffield, Bradford, York and Leeds. He motored to Rotherham from Goldsborough Hall, the home of his sister, Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, and was received at the Town Hall by Lord Fitzwilliam, his host at Wentworth Woodhouse for the Sheffield visit. Replying to the Mayor of Rotherham, the Prince congratulated the town on its foresight in installing the first "super-station" for electric power. After luncheon, the Prince went to the power-station and inaugurated the new generator, which is the largest individual plant of its kind in the country. It is a 40,000-h.p. turbo-alternator. Cheering crowds thronged the Prince's car as he drove to Clifton Park, where he spent a long time talking to ex-Service men, and spoke to all the wounded and disabled. One was Private George Ansell, who has lain on his back, a helpless cripple, ever since he "went over the top" on July 1, 1916. The Prince also inspected Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, nurses, and other groups.

FROM A FAMOUS PORTRAIT-PAINTER'S NEW EXHIBITION.



PRESENTED TO THE NATION BY THE ARTIST: MR. P. A. DE LASZLO'S "MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY."



SIGNED "IN MEMORY OF JULY 18, 1922" (HER WEDDING DAY): "LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN," BY P. A. DE LASZLO.



"LADY CROSSFIELD": A PORTRAIT BY P. A. DE LASZLO, ON VIEW IN HIS EXHIBITION AT THE FRENCH GALLERY.



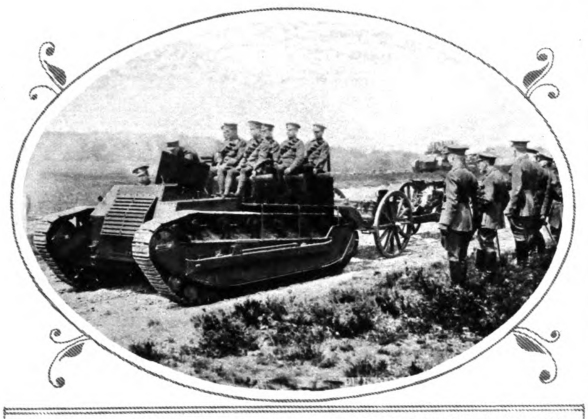
THE WIFE OF A PEER PROMINENT IN CONSERVATIVE POLITICS: "THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND."

Mr. Philip de Laszlo, the well-known portrait-painter, arranged to open a new exhibition of his work at the French Gallery in Pall Mall, on May 31. It will remain open for four weeks. In our issue of May 19 we reproduced his portrait of the Italian Premier, Signor Mussolini. That of Lady Londonderry has been presented by Mr. de Laszlo to the Imperial War Museum. Lord Louis Mountbatten married Miss Edwina Ashley last year.

By Courtesy of the Artist, P. A. de Laszlo, M.V.O. (Artist's Copyright Strictly Reserved.)

ROYALTY AT ALDERSHOT; THE QUEEN IN A TRACTOR; A PET GANDER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND GALE AND POLDEN (ALDERSHOT).



"CATERPILLAR" TRACTORS REPLACE ARTILLERY HORSES: A NEW TYPE OF GUN-TEAM AT ALDERSHOT PASSING BEFORE THE KING (SECOND FROM LEFT IN RIGHT FOREGROUND).



PRINCESS MARY AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRESENTING MEDALS TO MEN OF THE 2ND BATTALION ROYAL SCOTS.



A GANDER MAY LOOK AT A KING: "JOCK" OF THE 1ST (KING'S ROYAL DRAGOONS MEETS THEIR MAJESTIES AT ALDERSHOT.



THE KING AND QUEEN WITH THE OFFICERS OF THE 2ND BATT. QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS AT ALDERSHOT: THEIR MAJESTIES IN A REGIMENTAL GROUP.



WITH THEIR COLONEL-IN-CHIEF, PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES: A GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE 2ND BATT. ROYAL SCOTS, AT ALDERSHOT.

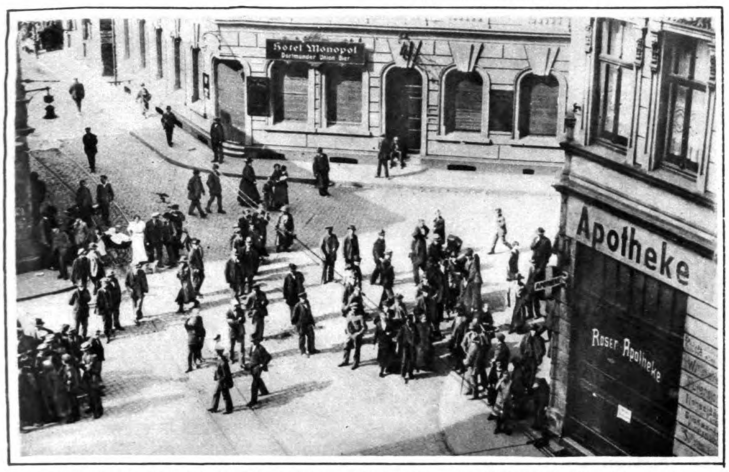


IN A "CATERPILLAR" CITRÖEN CAR LIKE THOSE THAT CROSSED THE SAHARA: THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY ENJOY A NEW EXPERIENCE.

While the King was away from Aldershot on May 22, for the appointment of the new Premier, the Queen visited military hospitals and homes at Aldershot, and Princess Mary inspected the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots, the regiment of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, and also visited the married quarters under the guidance of Lieut.-Colonel H. E. P. Nash. On May 24, after the King's return to Aldershot, their Majesties witnessed a demonstration of collective training, showing combination in the field between infantry and tanks. While the King was on foot, the Queen and Princess Mary reached the scene of action by novel means, riding in a "caterpillar"-driven Citröen car, similar to those which recently crossed the Sahara. The car was driven by Major A. Block, D.S.O. (commanding the 20th Battery R.F.A.). The demonstration included the capture of the village of Fleet by the 2nd Cameron Highlanders, working in conjunction with tanks assisted by smoke-screens. Later, the King inspected mechanical artillery tractors with "caterpillar" wheels, which not only haul the gun, but carry the gun's crew. In the afternoon the royal party visited several regiments, the Dragoon Guards, the 10th Royal Hussars, the 13/18th Hussars, and the 2nd Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. On leaving Aldershot, the King congratulated General Chetwode, commanding there, on the efficient and progressive character of the training.

RUHR "REDS"; THE PREMIER'S VISITOR; THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N., THE "TIMES," AND G.P.U.



COMMUNIST VIOLENCE IN THE RUHR: STREET PICKETS AT GELSENKIRCHEN, AT THE POINT FROM WHICH THE POLICE STATION WAS ATTACKED.



IN PERSONAL, IF NOT POLITICAL, ACCORD: THE PREMIER (RIGHT) VISITED BY MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

At Gelsenkirchen, a mining and iron-working town in the Ruhr, Communists stormed the German police headquarters on May 24, and beat the defenders with clubs and lead pipes. One man was killed and many wounded. On the 28th the Communists forced the miners into a general strike, which spread to several neighbouring towns.—— The Prime Minister (Mr. Stanley Baldwin) did not invite Mr. Austen Chamberlain to enter the new Ministry, but they have remained on friendly terms. Mr. Chamberlain said in a letter to his constituents that he believed the Premier wished to include him, but that "other forces intervened." Later, in the House of Commons he congratulated Mr. Baldwin on his appointment to the Premiership. On May 28 Mr. Baldwin was unanimously elected leader of the Conservative and Unionist Party.



WITH LILY POOL AND HERBACEOUS BORDER: A CHARMING GARDEN AT THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW.



WITH A WATERFALL AND PATH OF "CRAZY PAVEMENT": A CORNER OF THE GARDENS IN THE SHOW.



A PICTURESQUE ROCK-GARDEN: ONE OF THE EXHIBITS IN THE GROUNDS OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL AT CHELSEA.



A TERRACE WITH A ROCK-GARDEN IN THE BACKGROUND: AN EXHIBIT IN THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT CHELSEA.

The Spring Show of the Royal Horticultural Society was opened in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital on May 29. The number of exhibitors was greater than ever, including no fewer than 130 firms and private individuals. Some of the gardens, of which we illustrate examples, were laid out in a most picturesque and attractive style.

DERBY CANDIDATES: THE FAVOURITE AND OTHERS.



WINNER OF THE THOUSAND GUINEAS: LORD DERBY'S TRANQUIL.



WINNER OF THE HASTINGS PLATE: LORD DERBY'S PHAROS.



WITH G. HULME UP: LORD FURNESS'S LEGALITY.



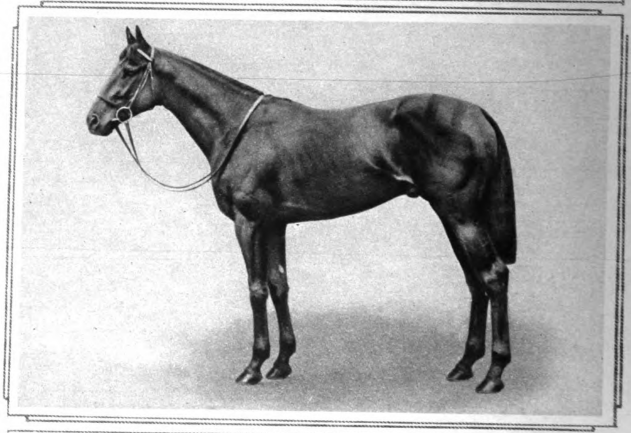
SECOND IN THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS: LORD WOOLAVINGTON'S KNOCKANDO.



THE FAVOURITE FOR THE DERBY: LORD WOOLAVINGTON'S TOWN GUARD (B. CARSLAKE UP).



WITH S. DONOGHUE UP: MR. B. IRISH'S PAPYRUS.



WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS: LORD ROSEBERY'S ELLANGOWAN.

The Derby of this year is to be run at Epsom on Wednesday, June 6. We give above photographs of some of the horses that are principally fancied at the moment of writing, including the present favourite, Town Guard. It does not follow, however, that they will all run, as changes are always possible, even at the last moment, both as regards horses and their riders. Last year, it may be recalled, the Derby was won by Lord Woolavington's Captain Cuttle (S. Donoghue up). Donoghue has also ridden three other Derby winners—Mr. J. B. Joel's Humorist in 1921, Mr. Fairie's Gay Crusader in 1917, and Mr. S. Joel's Pommern in 1915. During the war the race was run over the Suffolk Stakes course (1½ miles) at Newmarket. The Epsom course is 1 mile 4 furlongs, 29 yards.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUCH AND SPORT AND GENERAL.

"MARGATE" UNDER THE VICTORIA TOWER: WESTMINSTER'S NEW "SANDS."

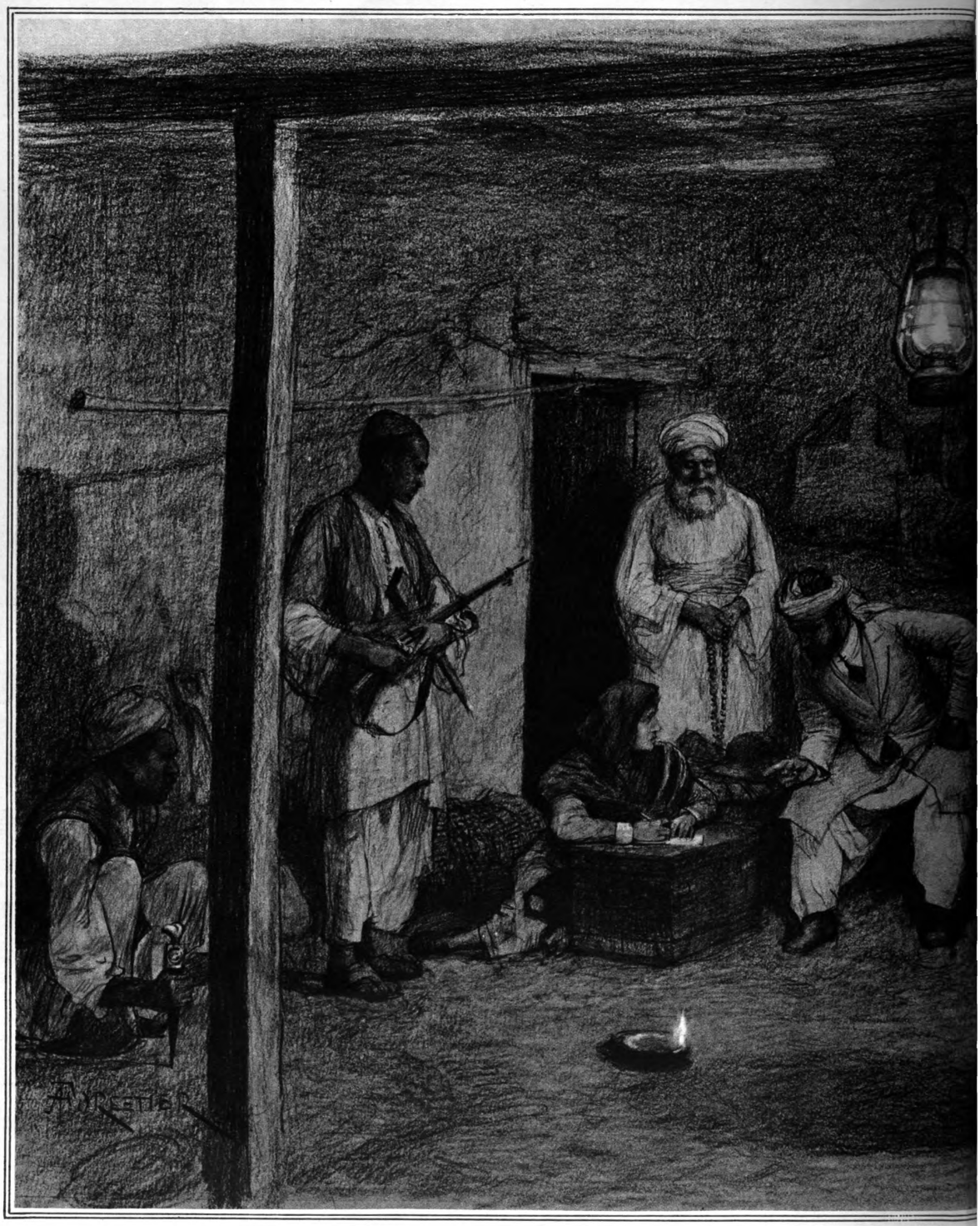


"A SEA-COAST IN BOHEMIA" FOR LITTLE LONDONERS: CHILDREN DIGGING AND BUILDING CASTLES IN THE NEW SAND-PIT UNDER THE SHADOW OF WESTMINSTER IN THE EMBANKMENT GARDENS.

Thousands of London children, who have not the luck to visit the real seaside, can enjoy the delights of digging and building sand-castles in the special sand-pits provided by a benevolent London County Council in various parks and recreation grounds. The latest playground of this type has been laid out in the Embankment Gardens close to the Houses of Parliament at Westminster, where boys and girls dig to their hearts' content almost under the shadow of the Victoria Tower. The air of the river does duty for the ozone of the sea, and, though bathing and wading cannot form part of the programme, the little diggers evidently appreciate the pleasures of the shore, and imagine themselves at Margate or Southend as easily as readers of Shakespeare accept the "sea-coast in Bohemia."

MRS. STARR TAKES HER LIFE IN HER HANDS—TO SAVE MOLLIE

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER

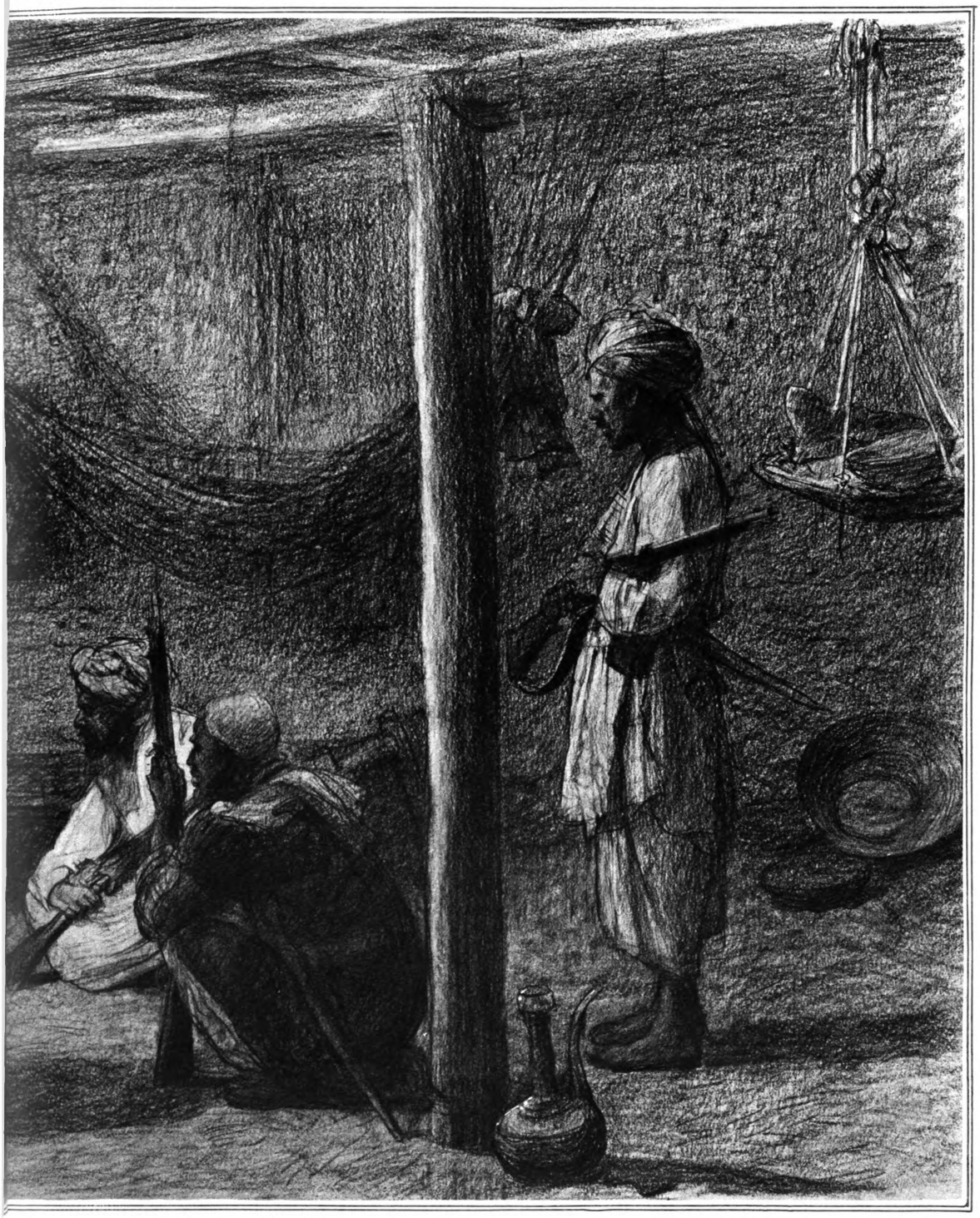


CRITICAL MOMENTS AT THE HOUSE OF THE MULLAH MAHMUD IN THE TIRAH HILLS: BY HER INDIAN ESCORT, THE RISSALDAR, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE GANG

Intensely dramatic was the midnight scene in the house of the Mullah Mahmud, at the village of Khanki Bazar in the Tirah hills, when Mrs. Starr, the heroic Peshawar nurse, and Rissaldar Mogul Baz Khan, the daring and able leader of her Indian escort, confronted the Afridi assassins who had murdered Mrs. Ellis at Kohat and carried off her daughter Mollie, in the negotiations for the latter's release. When Mrs. Starr's party first arrived at the village on their adventurous quest, the Mullah Mahmud, who wields undisputed political and religious power in the district, ordered them to return; but Mrs. Starr was befriended by two Pathans, and, while the Rissaldar and the Mullah Abdullah (also a member of her escort) were arguing the matter, she was fortunately able to cure an ailment of the Mullah Mahmud's brother, who then used his influence in her favour. Eventually the Mullah allowed them to stay, and sent a force to the chief

LLIS: A MIDNIGHT PARLEY WITH THE KOHAT MURDERERS.

M PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIAL.

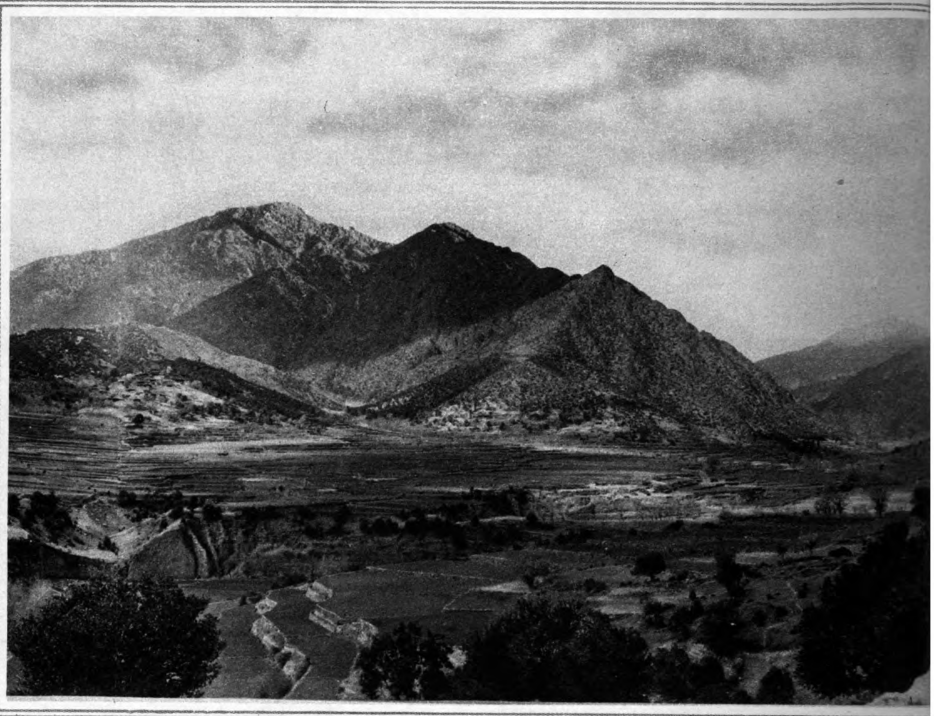


MRS. STARR TAKING DOWN A REPORT FOR DESPATCH TO SIR JOHN MAFFEY DICTATED WHO MURDERED MRS. ELLIS AND ABDUCTED HER DAUGHTER.

assassin's home, eight miles away, to fetch Miss Ellis, who was held captive there. The assassins returned with her to the Mullah's house, to make the best terms they could for her ransom. They dared not disobey the Mullah, and his house was regarded as sanctuary for both sides. It was there that the scene took place which our artist has represented. The Mullah is the old man by the door. The Rissaldar is seated under the lamp dictating to Mrs. Starr a message to the British Commissioner. The parley dragged on far into the night, and perilous moments occurred, especially when the chief assassin received news that his house was being attacked by tribesmen. Finally the Mullah surrendered Miss Ellis to the rescue party, and next day they set out and reached Peshawar in safety. Photographs showing Mrs. Starr and Miss Ellis leaving Khanki Bazar appeared exclusively in our issue of May 26.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.—C.R.*]

A NEW FORM OF INDIAN FRONTIER WARFARE: FIGHTI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MELA RA



"THOSE HILLS BREED MORE MEN THAN THEY CAN FEED—AND THEY BREED THEM FIERCE": MAHSUD COUNTRY ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER SHOWING (CENTRE BACKGROUND) WATCH-TOWERS AND (TO THE LEFT) THE VILLAGE OF MAKIN, SEEN CLOSER IN THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW.

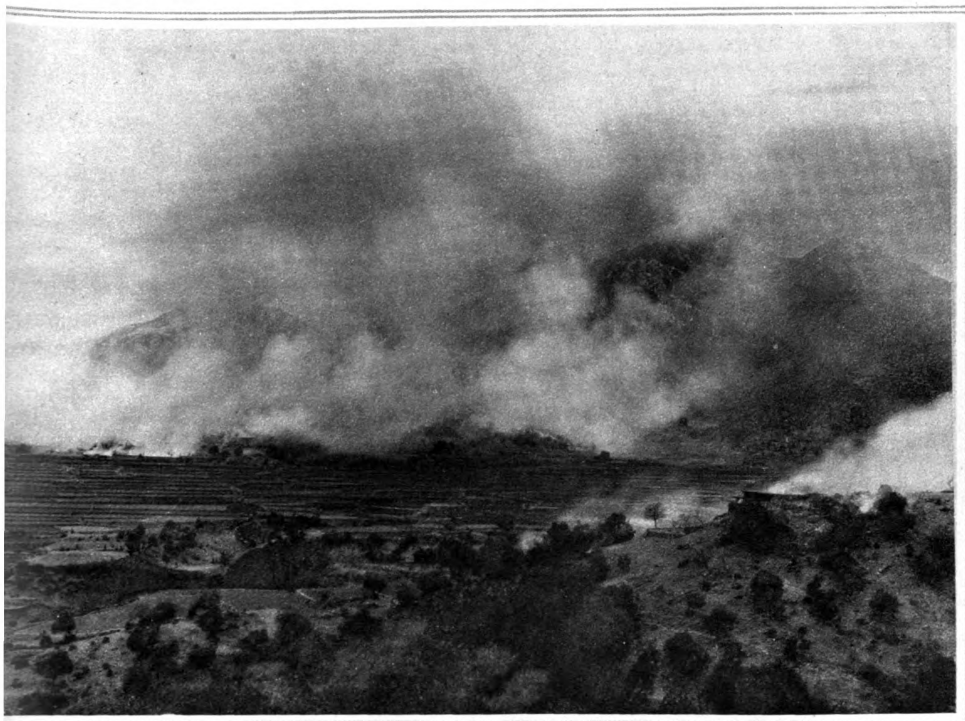


DISTINGUISHED IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE BY THE GROUP OF WATCH-TOWERS SEEN IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND: THE VILLAGE OF MAKIN—A CLOSER VIEW FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE.

That "terrible welter of hills" (as Lord Chelmsford, an ex-Viceroy, has described it) which forms the North-West Frontier of India has always been a turbulent region and the scene of constant punitive expeditions against rebellious tribes and raiders. The character of these campaigns has, however, changed of late years since the development of aerial warfare, and aeroplanes have been increasingly used as a means of quelling disturbances and exacting retribution for border raids, crimes, and outrages. The Air Force, it may be recalled, took part in the operations against the Mahsuds, who, as the Secretary for India (Viscount Peel) recently mentioned in the House of Lords, accepted the British terms last March. The remarkably fine photographs here reproduced show part of the mountainous district where fighting occurred, with aeroplane operations in progress. They may also be regarded as typical of the country through which Mrs. Starr adventured on her perilous journey to rescue Miss Mollie Ellis from the Afridis who abducted her after murdering her mother. An episode

HE MAHSUDS BY AEROPLANE AMONG THE HILLS.

I. PESHAWAR AND CHERAT.



SHOWING (IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND) TWO OF THE WATCH-TOWERS SEEN IN THE CENTRE BACK-GROUND OF THE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE LEFT: PART OF THE VALVEY FILLED WITH DRIFTING SMOKE.



WHILE AEROPLANE OPERATIONS AGAINST THE MAHSUDS WERE IN PROGRESS: A LURID SCENE IN "THE WELTER OF HILLS" ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

of that expedition is illustrated elsewhere in this number. After Miss Ellis had been brought back to safety, a force of fifteen aeroplanes in war formation demonstrated on May 8 over the Tirah hills, to which she had been carried off. The moral effect was such that a great deputation of tribesmen came to the British Chief Commissioner and undertook to deliver up the offenders, if they ever returned to their land, and to destroy the houses where they had last lived. Describing an aeroplane flight from Peshawar, a writer in the Empire Number of the "Times" the other day said: "As you circle upwards from the aerodrome a wonderful panorama reveals itself. A ring of hills 150 miles in circumference surrounds a plain of surpassing richness. . . . The gaunt black foothills that ring the plain are the home of the raider. . . . Those hills breed more men than they can feed—and they breed them fierce. For more than a thousand years the hillmen have descended on the plains and seized portions of them for their habitation."



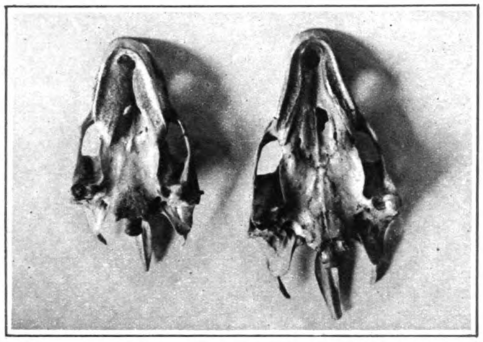
THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SOME BONES OF CONTENTION.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

ONE of the most interesting exhibits at the Conversazione of the Royal Society, held on May 16, bore what must have seemed to many a rather forbidding title—"Modifications of the dentition in some African vertebrates." Under this heading were arrayed skulls of "clawless" otters and turtles, and some "Cichlid" fishes, specimens of which were also shown in bottles. But these dry bones and pickled fish furnished material bearing directly on two diverse yet intimately related problems which are matters of contention among biologists to-day.



INDICATING A RELATION BETWEEN THE FORM OF THE JAW AND THE NATURE OF THE FOOD: TWO TURTLE SKULLS WITH DIFFERING DENTURES.

"These are skulls of the Nilotic fresh-water turtle, *Trionyx trianguis*, one of the largest species of its kind. The left-hand figure shows the broad, flat, horny plates for crushing shells: that on the right shows the sharp, cutting-edged jaw used for the capture of frogs and fish."

Some, like Dr. J. T. Cunningham, hold that what we call "specific characters"—the particular marks and tokens by which we distinguish one group of like individuals from closely similar and apparently related groups of individuals—as between the common sparrow and the tree sparrow, for example—are not "adaptive." That is to say, they have not come into being as the result of the action of "natural selection" in the struggle for existence. On the contrary, they are to be regarded merely as idiosyncrasies of growth, of no real importance save to those concerned with the problem of the classification of animals. By "adaptive characters" they mean such as are evidently of vital importance for the survival of the individual, which have apparently arisen to fulfil some special function.

The skulls of these clawless otters, which are represented by several species, afford valuable material in this controversy. Two of these, belonging to different genera, are hardly distinguishable superficially. Indeed, apart from their teeth and certain associated modifications of the skull, the two genera are identical. Here in these teeth, then, we may say are "specific" characters which are "adaptive," for their differences are held to be directly related to the creatures' feeding-habits.

This conclusion is supported by what is known of the life-history of these animals. The "struggle for existence" of the African genus *Aonyx* has driven it to feed mainly upon river-crabs. In consequence, apparently, its teeth have become greatly enlarged, to serve as crushing-engines; while in the small-toothed clawless otter of Ruanda the teeth are surprisingly small and light. This animal lives in the volcanic lakes of Ruanda, whose waters are so highly charged with hydrochloric acid as to be sterile—they harbour neither crab nor fish. So, then, the Ruanda otter has to come ashore to hunt for frogs and birds' eggs. Hence, apparently, the small size of the teeth.

But the case is not so simple as it looks. How and when did these changes in the form and size of the teeth begin? Does the common clawless otter feed upon crabs from choice or necessity? Did the enlargement of the teeth take place suddenly, as a "mutation," to be immediately followed by a "mutation" in the mutant's choice of food, resulting in a sudden preference for river-crabs in place of fish? Or did some ancestral otter find river-crabs more pleasing to the palate than fish, and so induce a change in the form of the teeth, making them more adapted for crushing shells? One cannot accept this last suggestion, because the "use" of the teeth cannot be directly responsive to the character of the food, since their form, and size, and the number of their cusps are determined before the tooth cuts the gum.

The matter is further complicated by the fact that the largest living otter, a Brazilian species of the genus *Pteronura*, has fish-eating, sharp-cusped teeth, but subsists on a diet of crabs; while the Indian *Amblonyx* has "crab-eating" teeth, but lives upon fish! Probably we shall be nearer the truth in our search for an interpretation of these contradictory facts if we regard the large teeth of the "crab-eating" type as the primitive type of tooth in all otters, which originally lived upon crabs; and the "fish-eating" tooth as a later specialised "adaptation."

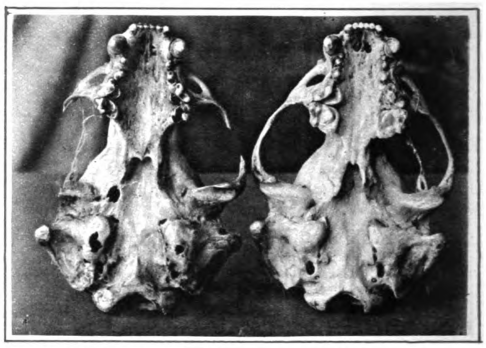
But, even so, the mystery is not cleared up, inasmuch as it is evident that the "crab-eating" tooth serves equally well for the mastication of fish; and, "contrariwise," the "fish-eating" tooth will evidently serve as an efficient shell-crusher!

There is one other point about the Ruanda otter which is worth noting. This concerns the vibrassæ, or "whiskers." These, in the fish-eating otters, are very large and stiff; but in the Ruanda otter, which has to come ashore to feed, they are comparatively feebly developed, while those of the upper part of the face are wanting. These facts seem to suggest that vibrassæ are less needful where the food has to be sought on the land instead of in the water.

And now as to the skulls of the turtles. These were of the genus *Trionyx*, which live in muddy water, and feed on frogs, fish and molluscs. Apparently, on account of their habitat, the horny plates which cover the shell of other turtles and tortoises have been replaced by a thin, leather-like skin; while the bony, underlying "shell" has undergone considerable degeneration. The best-known species is the American "leathery-turtle," which affords such delicate food in the estimation of *gourmets*, who tell us that it surpasses even the famous "green turtle." It is a ferocious beast, and bites severely. But this by the way.

In all these turtles, when young, the jaws are armed with horny, sharp-edged sheaths. But some species, towards adolescence, take to eating shell-fish. And in these the armature of jaws undergoes a transformation, so that, ultimately, it takes the form of broad, flat plates, to serve as crushing-pads. Here, again, we seem to have a direct relation between the form of the jaw and the nature of the food. But this relation appears as a gradual "becoming," a slow, or relatively slow, transition from a knife-edged jaw to one armed with a crushing-pad.

Did the change of diet induce the broadening of the horny jaw-armature; or was the creature impelled to change its diet, from frogs and fish to shell-fish, because of the broadening of its denture? Not only, however, has the horny sheath of the jaw changed its form, but the supporting skeleton thereof has also changed, while a special tubercle has been developed for the attachment of the masticatory muscle. This last feature is certainly in response to the extra muscular strain induced by the effort to crush hard shells.



SHOWING THE REDUCTION IN THE SIZE OF THE TEETH OF THE FROG-EATING SPECIES: THE PALATES OF THE SMALL-TOOTHED RUANDA OTTER (LEFT), WHICH EATS FROGS; AND (RIGHT) THE COMMON CLAWLESS OTTER (*AONYX*).



ALMOST INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE CRAB-EATING *AONYX*: THE SMOOTH-CLAWED OTTER (*AMBLONYX LEPTONYX*) OF THE MALAY COUNTRIES.

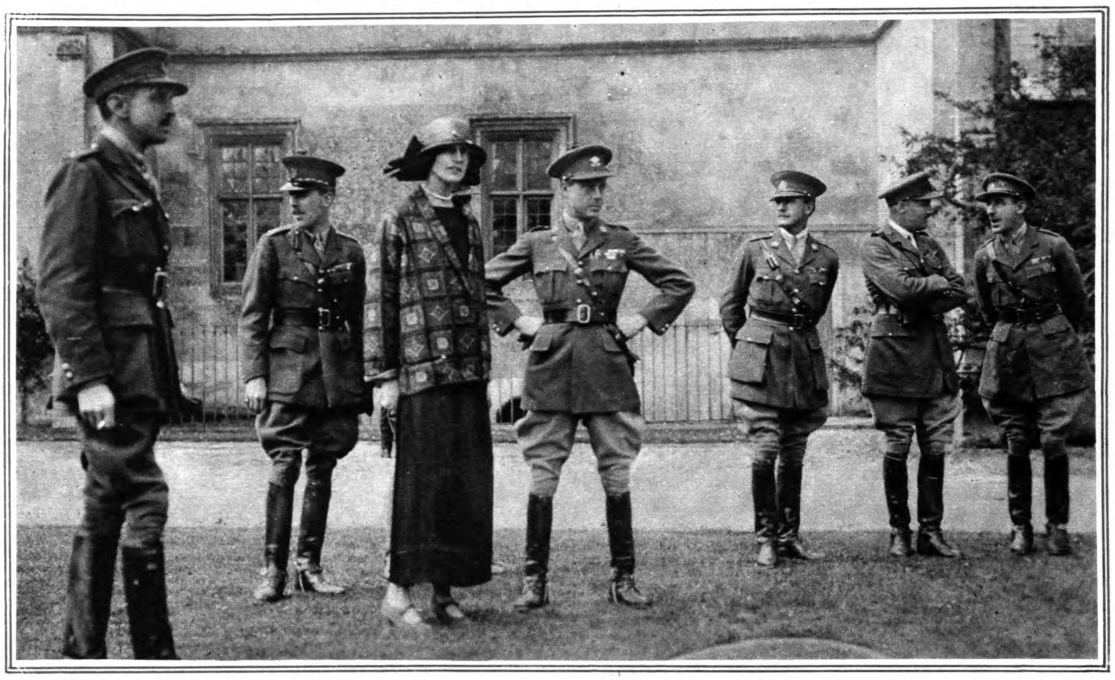
"The smooth-clawed otter (*Amblonyx leptonyx*) of the Malay countries, is a fish-eater, and has teeth of the type characteristic of fish-eating otters. The crab-eating *Aonyx* is almost indistinguishable, superficially, from this animal."

Photograph by F. W. Bond.

Finally, we come to the "Cichlid" fishes. These are rather perch-like fishes, remarkable for the fact that they carry their young, for a time, in their mouths. They are represented by numerous species, found both in the Old and New Worlds. For the moment we are concerned with the fact that individuals which appear, superficially, to be of one species, prove, on examination of the curious teeth which lie far back in the throat, to represent two different species: a conclusion justified by the fact that a re-examination of the external characters, after the disclosure of the difference in the form of the throat-teeth, reveals distinctive points which would otherwise have escaped notice. Until more knowledge becomes available as to the precise nature of the food and the habitat of these similar, yet dissimilar, species, speculation as to the interpretation to be placed upon these anatomical differences must be suspended.

Parallel cases of this kind could be infinitely multiplied. They have an important bearing upon the vexed problem of the "origin of species." But this theme must be left for another occasion.

The Prince as Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry: At an Inspection.



BEFORE MAKING HIS FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT TO SALISBURY TO ATTEND THE WILTSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SHOW: THE PRINCE OF WALES (CENTRE) AS GUEST OF LORD AND LADY PEMBROKE AT WILTON HOUSE, INSPECTING YEOMANRY.

The Prince of Wales stayed the night of May 24 at Wilton House, near Salisbury, as the guest of the Earl and Countess of Pembroke. On the following morning, before motoring into Salisbury on his first official visit to that city, to attend the Wiltshire Agricultural Show, he rode round the camp of the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, the senior Yeomanry regiment, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief. The troops were encamped in Wilton Park for a fortnight's training. The Prince saw three squadrons at work, engaged respectively in advanced-guard and patrolling, riding and leaping, and drill. At noon there was a parade and inspection of the regiment in the deer park, in the presence of the Prince and the house-party, and a large assemblage of spectators from the country round.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROYAL CENTRAL STUDIOS, SALISBURY.

A 1660 Form of Trooping the Colour? The Old Horse Guards Before the Great Fire.



SHOWING SOLDIERS WITH COLOURS BESIDE THE FOOT GUARD HOUSE IN FRONT OF HOLBEIN'S GATE (CENTRE BACKGROUND): "THE OLD HORSE GUARDS PARADE FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK"—A PAINTING BY T. VAN WYCK, ABOUT 1660.

The ceremony of Trooping the Colour in honour of the King's Birthday, which takes place to-day (June 2), renders topical this interesting old picture of the Horse Guards Parade as it was about 1660, painted six years or so before the Great Fire. A group of soldiers with Colours may be seen in the centre background outside the Foot Guard House in front of the Holbein Gate, which was designed by Holbein in 1546 and removed in 1749-50 to widen the street approach to Westminster. To the left is the Banqueting House of the Palace of Whitehall. The building with four small domed turrets, known as Westminster Gate, was pulled down in 1723. The original picture is on view at the galleries of Messrs. Leggatt Brothers, 30, St. James's Street, by whose courtesy we reproduce it.

The Cambodian Nation Turned to Stone: History by Chisel.

"ANGKOR." By P. JEANNERAT DE BEERSKI.*

IN somnolent, sun-ridden Phnompenh, "the emblem of royalty, or 'Prah-Khan,' is preserved: it is a sword, the only object left of all the Angkorean treasures."

In the tangle of the jungle, strangled by clinging creepers, clutched by the tentacles of the writhing roots of the ficus, despoiled by time, polluted by the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, mutilated by man, are the heroic ruins of Angkor-Thom, the ancient capital of the Khmers, which was founded in the ninth century after Christ, and had an area of some five square miles. "You can compare it to no city of Europe at that time: the Kingdom of Wessex had just become the Kingdom of England under half-legendary kings, Ecgberht, Aethelwulf, Alfred; the Franks were governed by Charlemagne; and Angkor-Thom was already a town of more than a million souls. In antiquity the Athens of Pericles, the Rome of Cæsar were not as big!"



"A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE": A SPORT SUGGESTING POLO, IN ANGKOR.

"Horsemen, divided into two camps, spurred their mounts and galloped towards a central spot; they were provided with long, curved sticks, and when they met the horses plunged and reared; the players struggled to hit with their clubs something (now invisible) on the ground. All this bears a striking resemblance to polo, and as the latter is an Indian game it would not be surprising to find it in Further India."

Yaçovarman built it; "an impregnable, terrifying citadel," designed to frustrate the rebellious, to stem "the return of those criminal hopes which look for the feeble joints of a kingdom and kill the sovereign." Physically a giant, valorous in war and wise in peace, he ruled an empire which stretched "from the sea to India, China and Champa, reached all its natural boundaries, and comprised most of what we now call Siam, Cambodia, Cochin-China and Laos." Yet he died, still young, in the year 908.

His creation outlived him many a decade; but it, too, fell and rotted in its turn. In the twelfth century it was at its zenith, "renowned everywhere for unimaginable treasures, for its gold and its gems, for its temples and palaces"; in the last years of the fourteenth the mighty buildings were definitely abandoned to the forest. The Siamese had increased and multiplied!

And to what a place it was, its relics bear silent but eloquent witness.

Past the broad moat, first defence of the city and over a hundred yards wide, is the Northern Gate, one of five, the Gate of the Spirit Nok, a four-headed titan surmounting it. "On either side extends the wall built with laterite, enclosing the city in a vast square. Its whole length is seven and a half miles, and inside, leaning against it, a quantity of earth is heaped up, which made this defence wide enough for three two-horsed chariots to pass abreast on top. When the town was attacked, a numerous army could be placed there to defend it." Within is chaos, humanised by two little villages, paltry enough, but suggestive. "They give us a glimpse of what Angkor-Thom looked like, for, if the genius of the race is no more, its ancient habits have been left almost free from time's defacement. The temples were magnificent . . . the nobles' palaces were no doubt rich and gorgeous; but the humble dwellings were certainly built at hazard, and in the lanes and alleys of poor quarters the scene was *en grand* what is found now *en petit* in the aforesaid hamlets."

For the rest, the past is written by the chisel, in structure, in statue, in carvings, and, especially, in the reliefs of the Bayon, Siva's shrine, the "Tower of Gold" which marked the centre of the kingdom; mystery and majesty, gloom and glory, "the whole Cambodian nation turned to stone." As the guide has it, with more reason than many of his fellows: "The genii built this temple, the Bayon, and over it erected many towers with many heads fashioned to their image. . . . at night, when men, animals, insects and trees are asleep, when water is as black as ink, when the sky is not speckled with stars, they wake, and the monstrous mouths speak."

And they tell of things mythical and of things real; of how the four-faced towers symbolised Brahma, who assumed the personality of Chaturmukha, that he might finish his prayers without moving and yet watch the "dream in flesh," Tilottama, where'er her sinuous body, an idol of burnished gold, twined and twirled upon the snow; of the doings of king and warrior, peasant and priest; of the coming of glorious victory and honourable defeat; of pleasure and pain; of life as it was and was to be.

Loquacious walls. "An army is marching. . . . They advance in order . . . . An ambush was prepared by the enemy, but, undismayed, the Cambodians defend their lines by a dashing charge; elephants canter, chiefs shoot arrows and come in contact with their opponents, Cham troops, who are identifiable by the strange helmet they wear, in the shape of a flower, with its petals covering brow and ears. . . . The Cham standards fall, the parasols of their generals are broken . . . the victors return. . . . The emperor is often met in different acts of his life, and he always has been given a true aristocratic demeanour. . . . When they drew peasants, they rendered their gestures awkward, as if impeded by the practice of handling heavy tools, and stooped by the habit of bending low down in front of their lords, whereas the latter are lofty and grand in every movement. . . . Stout nets fastened to long staffs were carried before important nobles to stop arrows, stones, and such light missiles.

"This was not all. . . . Some of the massive elephants carried a pair of baskets, in which two archers were posted—sharpshooters, no doubt, who from their elevated position could mark and slay commanders and nobles. Other elephants were loaded with heavy catapults, also worked by two men; similar instruments, exactly like enormous cross-bows, were rolled on wheeled barrows, and probably used in sieges or for the defence of fortified camps. Perhaps the most ingenious device was thus composed: a platform provided with a step was raised on strong wheels and concealed behind an enormous shield, big enough to cover two warriors from head to foot; these men stood on the platform, one foot on the step, ready to spring up suddenly, throw their javelins and drop once more behind the protective shield; their left hands were probably holding on to a bar of metal, which steadied their balance on rough ground. A few of their brothers-in-arms pushed the machine forward." This is shown in one of our illustrations. As with the soldiers, so with the civilians—the reliefs illustrate them in many moods and at various occupations. There are jugglers and acrobats, cooks and tradesmen, builders who fell trees and work in stone, fishermen and hunters—even the happy father with his children. The priests, it would seem, were little reverenced—the artists ridicule them.



IN ANGKOR-THOM, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF THE KHMERS: GIANTS OF THE BALUSTRADE TO THE CAUSEWAY.

Drawings by P. Jeannerat de Beerski. Reproduced from "Angkor," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Grant Richards, Ltd.

So to the Baphuon, disfigured by usurping priests, vandal troops, and vegetation; a skeleton of grandeur, simpler in line than the Bayon, with the crude beginnings of a sleeping Buddha intended to cover the whole western face of the third storey; a temple whose craftsmen devoted their talents largely to the fauna of the region.

Then the square of Angkor-Thom and the great Elephants' Terrace, part of it given to depicting an Imperial hunt. "The princely hunters, at ease in the slight howdahs, look on more than they act. Sometimes a noble aims an arrow or brandishes a spear, but the pachyderms themselves do most of the killing." And on a column of the Palace is inscribed the oath taken by all the chiefs of Suryavarman I.—an oath apparently not too effective at times, for does not Tcheou-Ta-Kouan write of the ruler of his day: "The new prince is covered with iron, so that knives and arrows, striking his body, can do him no harm. It is thanks to this precaution that he dares to go out . . ."



LIFE IN STONE: A WAR-ENGINE AND STANDARDS—ON THE WALLS OF THE BAYON.

and day and night lighted candles were borne before him.

Next the so-called "Towers of the Rope-dancers," and the "Ambassadors' Palaces"; the "Leprous King"; Siva the ascetic and Buddha the thinker; and the temple Prah Palilay, half-Buddhist, half-Hindu; with monuments other and curious.

Outside: Ta Prohm, with ornaments equalling those of the Bayon and often excelling them in purity, if not in originality. And the new way to Prah Khan and Angkor-Thom. "This road, like most in the region, is raised on embankments above the low grounds of the plains, so that when the floods come towards the end of June they are all like endless jetties, advancing in an ocean of water and tree-tops, for the growth at one's feet is plunged in the deluge and only the highest growth appears like bunches of verdure, thrown everywhere in the current. Fish swim among the bushes. . . ."

Finally, Pré Rup, the "Turn-the Corpse" Temple; Prah Khan, which had in its day 18 chief officiants and 2740 ordinary officiants, 2232 assistants, including 615 women dancers, 66,625 men and women who served the gods, and was then grievously, mortally scarred by iconoclasts and drunken soldiery; and, greatest of all, the grandly conceived Angkor Vat, a structure at once magnificent and austere, famous for its decoration, and notably for the volutes and curves in which the Khmer remains unrivalled, the child of a civilisation marked by mild Vishnuism and benevolent Buddhism. Wonders wrought by man and rent by Nature!

As readers will recall from illustrations in this paper, the French are busy seeking out and preserving the ruins of Angkor, the finest treasure of their Colonial Empire. M. Jeannerat de Beerski is fortunate enough to have headed a mission to them in 1919. This book is one of the results, and it may be taken that it is not one of the least, for it will introduce to the general an ancient and engrossing civilisation scarcely known to them; and in itself it is excellent; even its little exuberances, the little touches that seem "foreign" to the English, will be forgiven because they will be understood. Only the least imaginative could refrain from rhapsody in old Cambodia.—E. H. G.

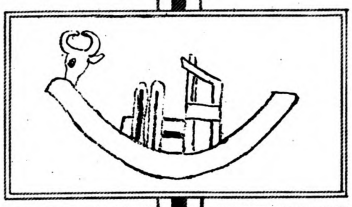
* "Angkor: Ruins in Cambodia." By P. Jeannerat de Beerski. With Sixty-five Illustrations. (Grant Richards; 18s.)

THE MOST IMPORTANT HISTORICAL RELIC EVER FOUND IN EGYPT.

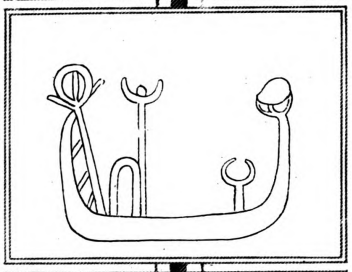
ILLUSTRATIONS REPRODUCED FROM "LE COUTEAU DE GEBEL EL-'ARAK," BY GEORGES BÉNÉDITE, CURATOR OF THE LOUVRE (PARIS; ERNEST LEROUX); FIRST PUBLISHED IN "MONUMENTS ET MÉMOIRES" OF THE ACADÉMIE DES INSCRIPTIONS ET BELLES-LETTRES. BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.



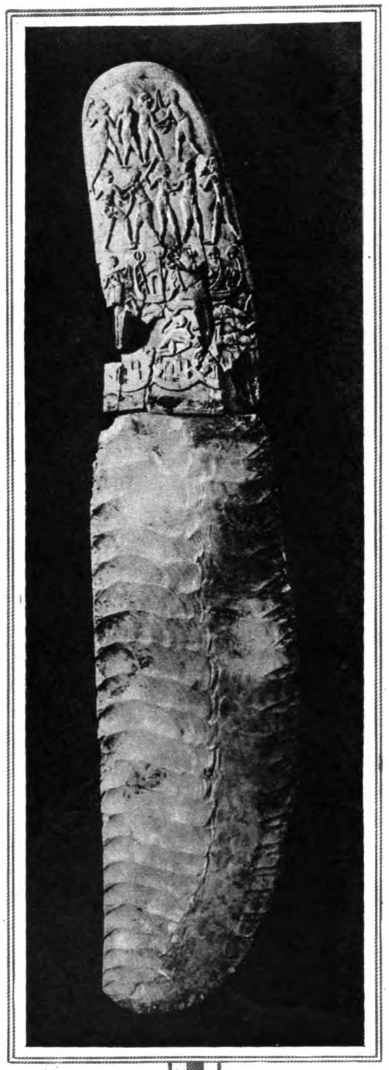
EVIDENCE OF AN EARLY INVASION OF EGYPT BY SHORT-HAIRED MOUNTAIN FOLK FROM ASIA MINOR, USING HIGH-PROWED BOATS. This side of the ivory knife-handle shows five well-armed, close-cropped men subduing four unarmed long-haired men, and (below) two high-prowed ships and three typical Nile boats.



WITH AN ANTELOPE HEAD AT THE PROW: ONE OF THE THREE NILOTIC BOATS ON THE KNIFE-HANDLE.



WITH ROUND-TOPPED CABIN: ONE OF THE HIGH-PROWED SHIPS ON THE KNIFE-HANDLE.



A DISCOVERY THAT REOPENED THE WHOLE QUESTION OF THE ORIGINS OF CIVILISATION IN EGYPT: A FLINT KNIFE WITH CARVED IVORY HANDLE.

DESCRIBING the two types of ships carved on the knife-handle, Professor Flinders Petrie says: "Those of the lowest line on the handle have the curved body so marked in the papyrus boats, both in small Egyptian paintings and in the scenes of boat-building. This is also the usual type of boats in the painted tomb of Hierakonpolis, which is coeval with the handle. . . . About the other line of boats, with raised prow and stern, there is much more question. The Hierakonpolis tomb shows the fighting of two peoples, red and black, and two types of boats coloured red and black. . . . The black boat of the painting is of the same type as the upper boats of the knife-handle."



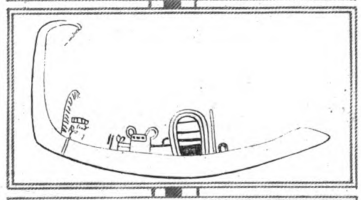
INDICATING ORIGIN IN A COLD CLIMATE: A LONG-COATED, CAPPED, AND BEARDED FIGURE. This side of the knife-handle shows a man at the top holding two lions not of early Egyptian type; (below) two collared hounds, an ibex (to right of boss), an ibex lassoed, a lioness devouring an ox, and a lynx attacking a smaller ox.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE NILOTIC BOATS ON THE KNIFE-HANDLE: AN EGYPTIAN SAILING BOAT OF THE NAGADIAN PERIOD.



AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BOAT DISTORTED BY DECORATIVE INTERPRETATION: A DRAWING FROM A TOMB AT HIERAKONPOLIS.

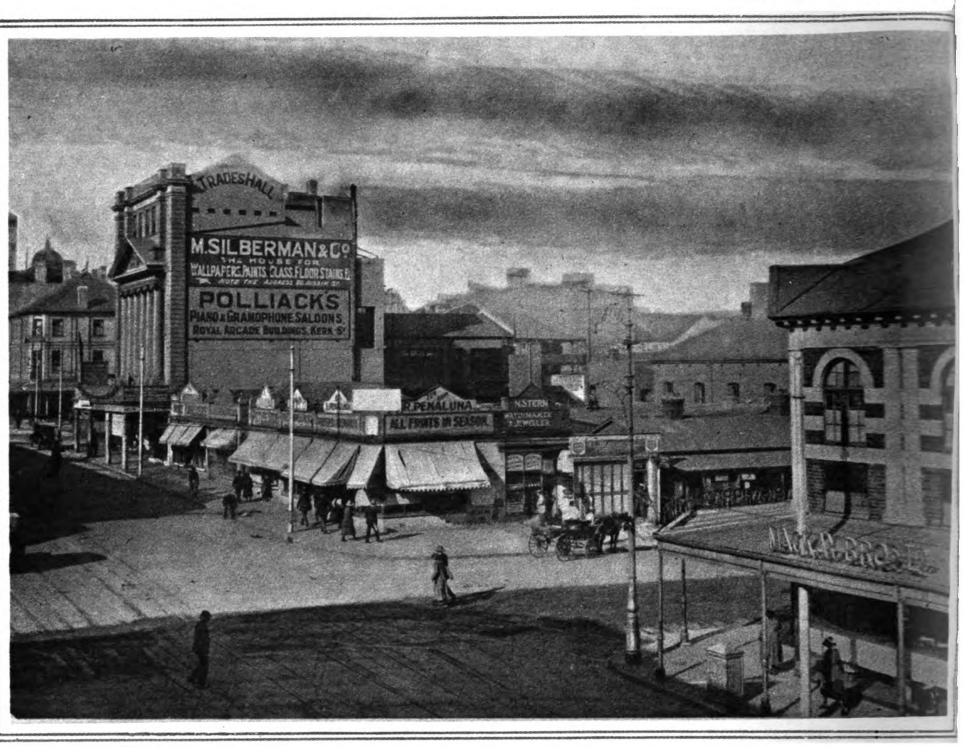


TO COMPARE WITH THE HIGH-PROWED SHIPS: A BOAT FROM A TOMB AT HIERAKONPOLIS.

Lecturing at the Royal Institution the other day on recent discoveries in Egypt, Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie, the eminent Egyptologist, referred to the finding of an ivory knife-handle (here illustrated) of S.D. 60 which he described as "the most important single historical monument ever found in Egypt." It came from Gebel el-'Arak, opposite Nag Hamadi, and was purchased for the Louvre Museum by the Curator, M. Georges Bénédite, from whose learned treatise on the subject our illustrations are reproduced. Professor Flinders Petrie has also discussed it in an article (quoted above) entitled "Egypt and Mesopotamia," in the periodical, "Ancient Egypt." By this discovery, he says, "the whole question of the relations of early civilisation in Egypt has been reopened." Briefly, it is deduced that a close-cropped race, like the Sumerians, from somewhere between Susa and Egypt, and using high-prowed boats, fought with long-haired Syrians, invaded Egypt early in the second prehistoric civilisation, and were the founders of dynastic art. In his lecture the Professor said that the two foreign ships show that people came to Egypt by water and fought on the water; while the long coat of the man with the lions indicates that he came from a cold climate, and the type of the lions points to a colder country than Egypt. The dynastic race must have come to Egypt by sea from a land where they were accustomed to snow and lions.

"AND THE LOCUSTS WENT UP OVER ALL THE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. GRE



"SO THAT THE LAND WAS DARKENED": SWARMS OF LOCUSTS FLYING IN LONG CLOUDS OVER JOHANNESBURG ON APRIL 30, BEFORE SETTLING IN THE SUBURBS.

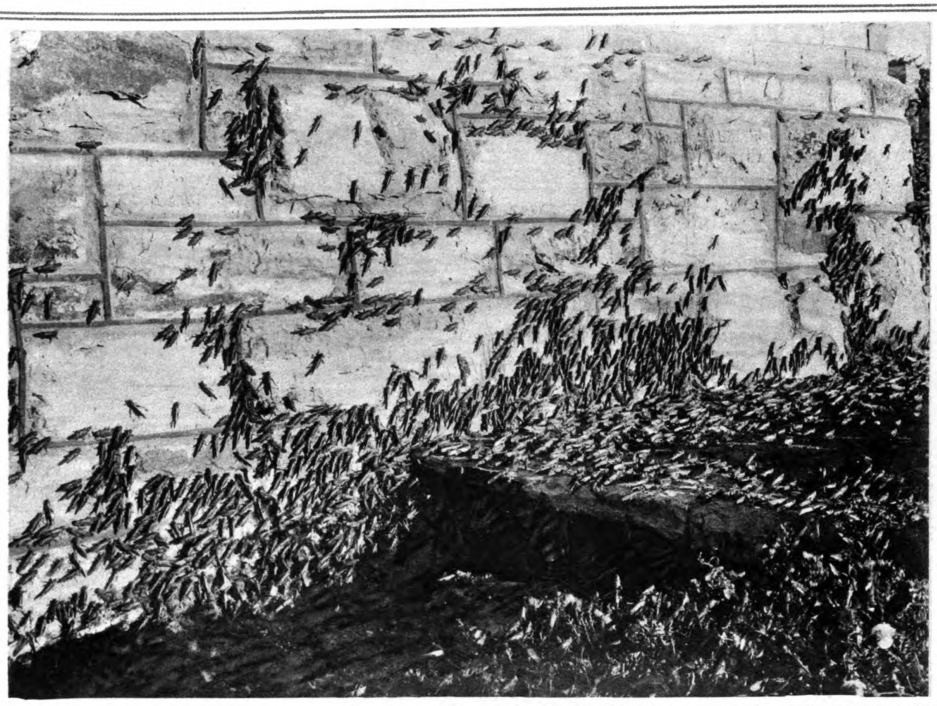


"AND THEY DID EAT EVERY HERB IN THE LAND": A FARMER IN HIS GARDEN AT JOHANNESBURG RAKING UP HEAPS OF LOCUSTS, WHICH DESTROYED THE CROPS.

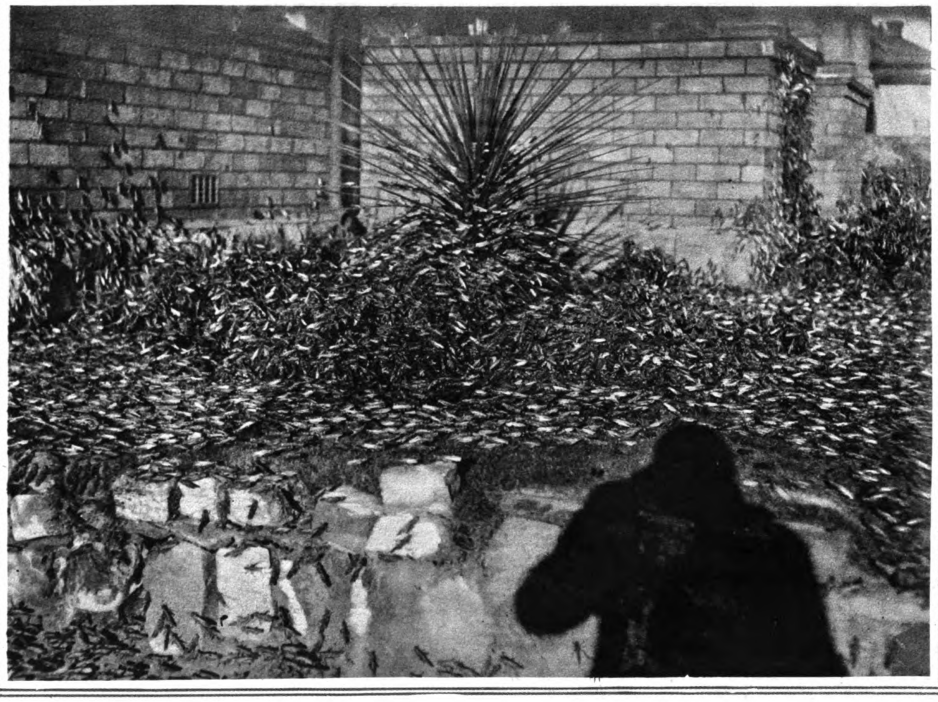
Johannesburg and the Western Transvaal were recently invaded by great swarms of locusts flying from the wastes of the Kalahari Desert and the South-West Protectorate. The scenes of devastation which followed recalled the plague of locusts in the land of Egypt as described in Exodus. They settled in fields and gardens, and on the walls of houses, and devoured the crops on many farms in the surrounding district. At Lichtenburg farmers and officials were working night and day to destroy the pests. Our readers may recall that a similar plague of locusts, which had occurred at Jerusalem and in Palestine generally during the war, was illustrated in our issue of February 7, 1920, together with photographs showing the stages of a locust's birth, and a vivid account of the visitation written by the American Consul at Jerusalem, Mr. John D. Whiting. Describing their arrival, he says: "Before they were seen, a

LAND": A "PLAGUE OF EGYPT" IN SOUTH AFRICA.

(JOHANNESBURG); SUPPLIED BY C.N.



"AND THEY SHALL FILL THY HOUSES": PART OF A GREAT SWARM OF LOCUSTS CLINGING TO THE WALLS OF A HOUSE AT JOHANNESBURG—A FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH AT NIGHT.

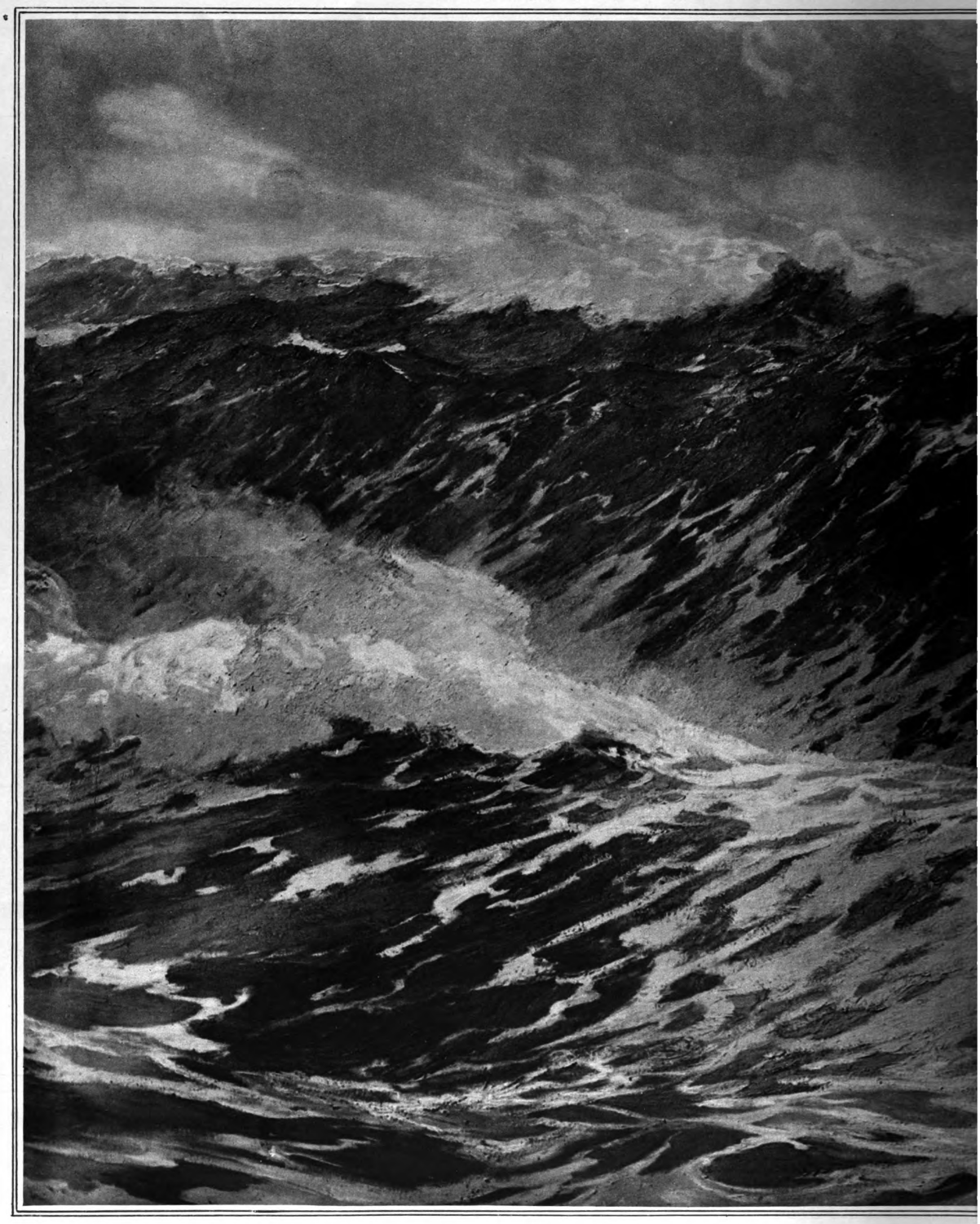


"AND THERE REMAINED NOT ANY GREEN THING . . . THROUGH ALL THE LAND": LOCUSTS OF THE GREAT SWARM SETTLING FOR THE NIGHT IN A GARDEN AT JOHANNESBURG.

loud noise produced by the flapping of myriads of wings was heard. . . . Attention was drawn to them by the sudden darkening of the bright sunshine. At times their elevation was in hundreds of feet; at other times they came down quite low. The clouds of them were so dense as to appear quite black. . . . None but those who have seen them can imagine their countless multitudes and the destruction they wrought. . . . It is estimated that as many as 65,000 to 70,000 locust eggs are concentrated in a square metre of soil. Allowing for a loss of 30 per cent. in hatching, some 60,000 destroyers can emerge from a space 39 in. square. . . . The devastation was complete. All vegetables and fruits disappeared as by magic." In Palestine the locusts were caught in traps sunk in the soil, into which they were driven by the waving of flags, whose shadows caused them to move towards the traps.

SEEKING TO CROSS THE NORTH POLE TO "ISLANDS OF

FROM THE PAINTING BY NORMAN WILKINSON, R.O.I., R.I., IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

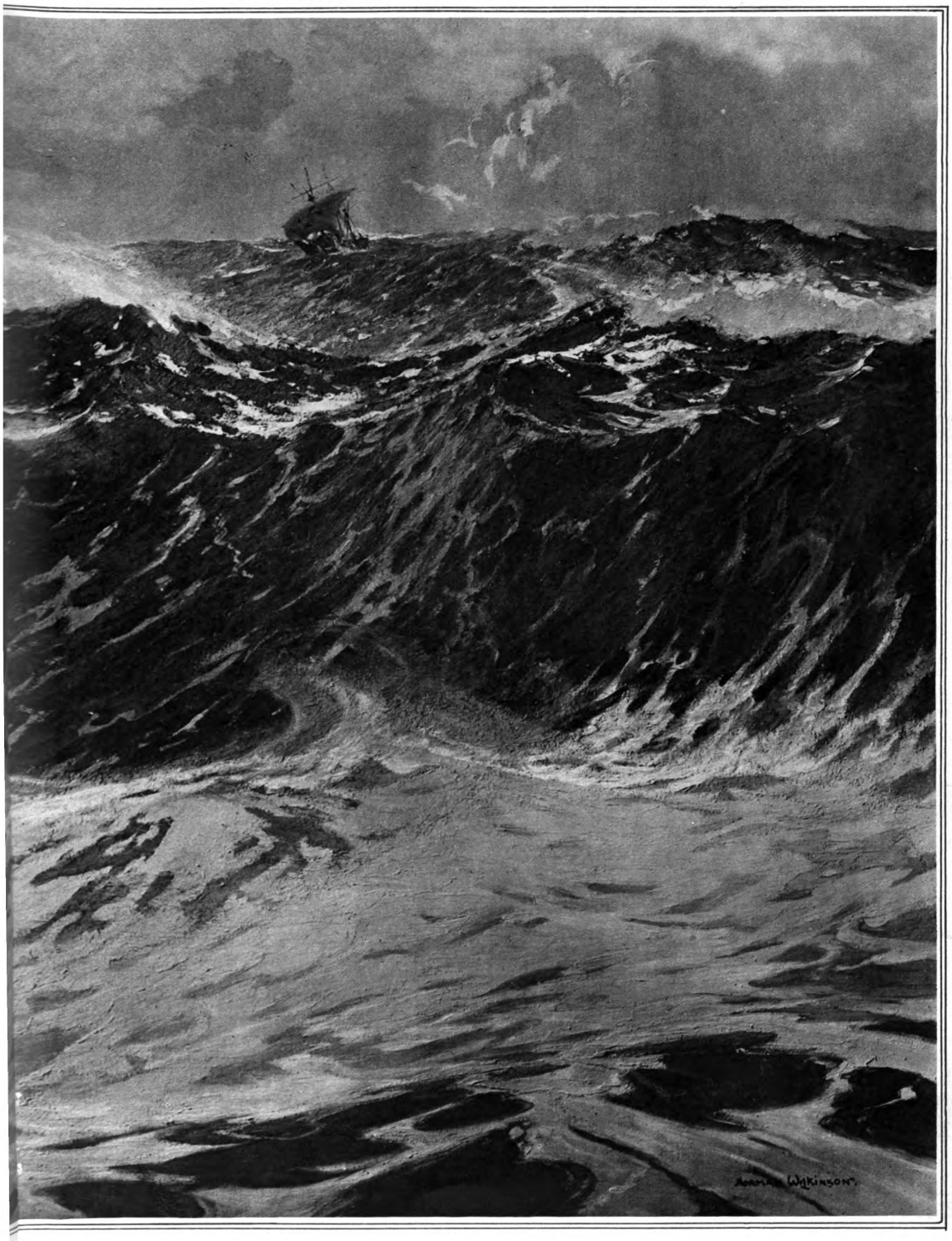


THE FIRST VOYAGE OF THE ILL-FATED NAVIGATOR WHO GAVE HIS NAME TO HUDSON

Mr. Norman Wilkinson, the well-known marine artist, whose invention of "dazzle-painting" camouflage for ships was of such great value during the war, represents in his Academy picture the first known voyage of the great seventeenth-century navigator, Henry Hudson, who sought to cross the North Pole by sea. The subject is of particular interest now that an attempt to cross the same Pole by aeroplane is about to be made by Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian discoverer of the South Pole. Hudson came to a tragic end in 1611, being sent adrift in a small boat by mutineers, and never heard of again. Describing the voyage here illustrated, Professor J. K. Laughton writes (in the "Dictionary of National Biography"): "Hudson, the navigator, is first mentioned as appointed in 1607 to command the 'Hopeful' in a voyage set forth by the Muscovy Company 'to discover the Pole.' On 19 April he and the crew of the 'Hopeful,' twelve men all told, communicated together in the church of St. Ethelburge in Bishopsgate, 'purposing to go to sea four days after.'

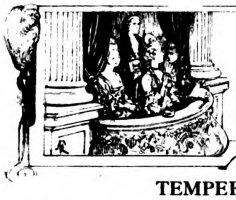
SPICERY": A 17TH CENTURY PRECURSOR OF AMUNDSEN.

IST'S COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.) PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY DIXON AND SONS.



BAY: "HENRY HUDSON, 1607"—AN ACADEMY PICTURE BY NORMAN WILKINSON, R.O.I.

he of the little party was Hudson's son, John. . . . The chief aim of the voyage was . . . to sail across the Pole to the 'islands of spicery.'. Hudson iled from Gravesend on 1 May, and struck the east coast of Greenland in lat. 69-70 deg. on 13 June; then, continuing a northerly course, he again sighted e coast in lat. 73 deg., and named the land Cape Hold with Hope. Forced eastwards by the continuous icy barrier between Greenland and Spitzbergen, he llowed the line of this barrier, and came on the 28th to Prince Charles Island; thence he groped his way to the northward, and along the coast of Spitz- rgen, naming Hakluyt's Headland as he passed. After struggling towards the north for three days longer he . . . satisfied himself that there was in that uarter no passage to the Pole; so, after again trying the ice barrier, he turned southwards, and discovering on his way an island then named 'Hudson's ouches,' but since identified with Jan Mayen, he arrived in the Thames on 15 September (1607)." Mr. Norman Wilkinson's picture measures 11 ft. by 7 ft.



The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.



TEMPERAMENT AND TECHNIQUE.—"THE MERRY WIDOW" ONCE MORE.

I HAVE seen a few comedies lately, and, as the plays were of no importance, my attention was more than ever rivetted on the acting. And this was the paramount impression: Our men are, on the whole, excellent, and often in the smaller parts there is such neatness of characterisation, such clever elaboration of detail, such a keen interest in the play shown by gentle gestures, by expression of feature, by smile and glance, that one asks, "Why are these true artists relegated to the second plane? Why does no one follow them up and give them the chance of a lifetime?" Sometimes these players, usually herded together in criticism as "the rest of the cast" with a couple of laudatory adjectives, are the most arresting figures on the canvas. They are not merely *obbligato* violinists to the star; they enliven the background to such an extent that they become of material importance. Indeed, more than once have we carried away the thought that, but for the interpretation of the secondary parts, there was really very little worth mentioning. This is not necessarily the fault of the principals, but may be due to the author, who applies *cliché* to hero and heroine, and, being by nature a miniature-painter, devotes his chief attention to the types he has seen in life and snapped up in his mental camera.

Now, curiously enough, this quality of minor characterisation is as frequent among our actors as it is rare among our actresses. Time after time women flit through a piece who attract by their gowns, deliver their bits of dialogue, commingle with the other players, and remain uninterested lay-figures. It may not be so on the first night, when the excitement of the moment stirs one and all, but it is certainly the case during the run and at matinées. Then there is a strange contrast. The men of small parts are as alert, keen, busy as ever; but some of the women simply walk through their parts, and, when they have nothing to say, might just as well be away from the stage, so dead are they, so aloof, so outside the action. With some it is a question of inexperience; with some the jog-trot of doing one's little bit, that being all that is required; with the majority, I fear, it is absence of temperament.

They do not see a play steadily and whole. They leave the motion of the machine to the big cog-wheels; they are not alive to the fact that every part is a unit, something vital that should be alive. Nor do they realise that the stage's main force is magnetism, and that every personality, every eye, every attitude passive or active, contributes to the galvanising effect. To be out of the picture, to show no interest, to occupy oneself with the audience instead of living, feeling, harmonising with the other players, is to "cut the current," to mar the action, to depress the atmosphere. These little actresses, so charming to behold and so empty in their doings, would burst with laughter if one told them the story of the old mummer who said that he had laid all his heart and soul into his one line, "My Lord, the carriage is waiting" (which in some plays in a moment of crisis would be an announcement of ominous portent). They would laugh at the idea that a French actress made her reputation by the utterance of one word. It was in the days of Legouvé, and to him came a young actress of some experience, with tears in her eyes, praying for a chance. "Test me in any way you like," she said, "and I will show you what I am capable of." "Very well," said Legouvé; "I will give you two words, and I will let you express these words in four circumstances of life. If you sense it rightly, you shall have a part." He chose the words "Come here." Then he described to her four dramatic situations—joy, sorrow, suspense, relief. At the end of every description she had merely to say, "Come here." The sound, the inflection, the vibration of her voice would reveal whether she understood, whether she felt rightly. She came through the ordeal triumphantly, and Legouvé gave her, a little later, a leading part in one of the plays he wrote with Scribe. Her name was, if I remember well, Denoyer, and she was for many years not only a well-known actress, but a much-sought-after teacher of elocution. When she was asked how it was that she stood the great trial, she answered, "Because in my days of struggle I understudied all the parts of my leaders; so during the play I went with them through all their emotions: thus I learnt to be not only of the play, but always in it. I learned the meaning of the eloquence of silence, and often my leaders told me that my eager interest, the expression of my eyes and features, inspired them."

There is a great deal in these simple words. We are all influenced by surroundings — which notion may commend itself to the little actresses on our stage.



INCLUDING THE FAMOUS AMERICAN OPERATIC TENOR, MR. CHARLES HACKETT (NOT HEARD BEFORE IN LONDON): PRINCIPALS AND CONDUCTOR REHEARSING "LA BOHÈME" AT COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Charles Hackett, the well-known tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and of the Paris Grand Opera, made his London début as Rudolfo in "La Bohème" at Covent Garden on May 24. From left to right above (omitting the pianist) are Miss Doris Lemon (Musetta), Mr. Percy Pitt (conductor), Miss Maggie Teyte (Mimi), Mr. Charles Hackett, Mr. Frederick Collier (Schaunard), and Mr. William Anderson (Colline).

Photograph by C.N.



CONDUCTING WAGNER'S "RING" OPERAS AT COVENT GARDEN: MR. ALBERT COATES.

Mr. Albert Coates, formerly principal conductor of the Imperial Opera at Petrograd, has been specially engaged by the British National Opera Company to conduct the "Ring" operas at Covent Garden this season. Those already given are "The Rhinegold," "The Valkyrie," and "Siegfried."

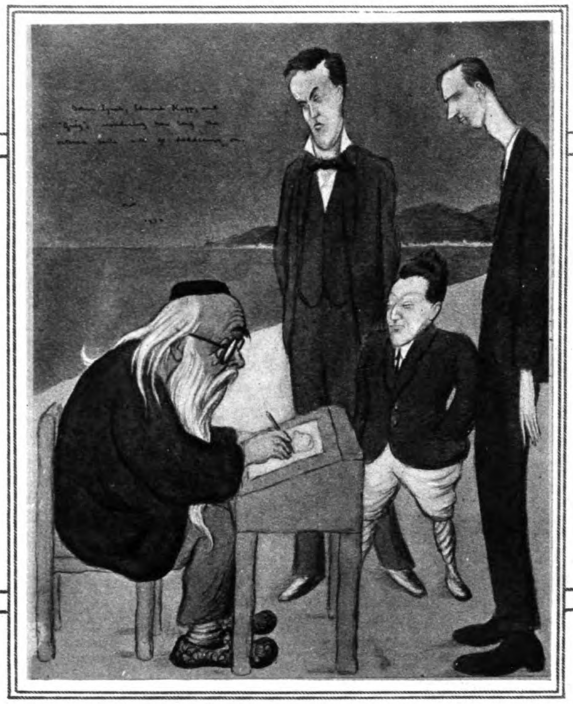
Photograph by Claude Harris.

"The Merry Widow" is with us again, and she is certain to be wooed by tens of thousands of admirers. On the first night of the revival there were such happy scenes in the theatre as are rare even in musical-comedy land. Shakespeare himself, were he alive, would have been proud of such a reception. A fair share of the ovation is undoubtedly the chief interpreters' due. George Graves gave a new reading of infinite drollery; Evelyn Laye, without eclipsing her predecessor, was in every way her equal—she sings, acts, moves charmingly, and she has a pair of eyes so lustrous, so full of light and tenderness that they cast a spell on the house; the young Dane who played Danilo has all the *savoir-faire* of a Continental hero of operetta; and Miss Ivy Tresmand has but to be her engaging self to add to the laurels of her surprisingly swift success.

But, when all is said, the music is the chief factor of the triumph. It never tires, it never sounds hackneyed, it remains entrancing, and its joy of living is irresistible. In a way the Maxim-song will ever remain a little classic of modern Bohemia, and the Waltz will ever gladden young hearts and old, because it is the perfect blend of melody and romance. I have heard "The Merry Widow" in many countries in many languages, but, however different the audiences were in temperament, the Waltz bewitched them all. And one effect it had everywhere. No sooner was the play over than the refrain was sung aloud in the street by the enthusiasts of the gallery and pit. It has the magic quality of fixing itself in memory even though the ear be unmusical. Lehar must have learned this facile way of writing music which lingers when he was a band-master, as so many of his fellow operette-kings were in Austria — Milloecker, Czibulka, and Keler-Bela. The last, whose "Ouverture Comique" is in the repertory of nearly every orchestra of the world, explained his vogue by saying that as a military conductor it was his business to attune the steps of soldiers to the melody chosen, and when he conducted marches or any light music in front of his regiment the fall of feet would at once tell him whether the soldiers were humming the tune or merely marching according to measure. I wonder whether our own bandmasters have ever thought of this "psychological" aspect? But whenever I hear Lehar's operette, I see him in my mind's eye intent on the regimental attitude. You can march to Lehar's tunes as well as dance to them or sing them. Try it, and try it again with Offenbach or Johann Strauss (II.), and you will find a marked difference of rhythm. There is a quaint drill in Lehar's score.

ACCORDING TO MAX: HIMSELF WHEN OLD; AND OTHER CARICATURES.

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"BOHUN LYNCH, EDMOND KAPP, AND 'QUIZ,' WONDERING HOW LONG THE VETERAN EXILE WILL GO DODDERING ON": A "SELF-CARICATURE" BY MAX BEERBOHM.



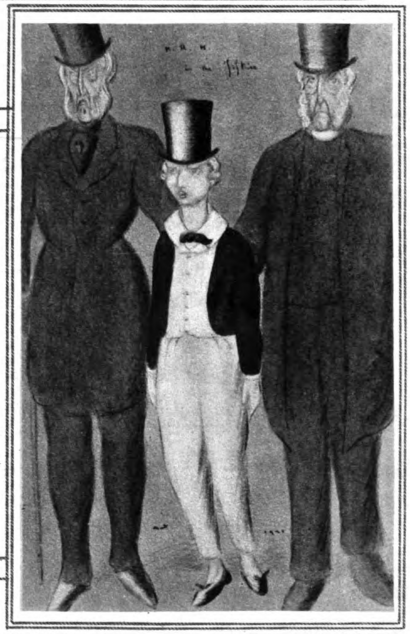
"LORD BERNERS MAKING MORE SWEETNESS THAN VIOLENCE": ONE OF MR. MAX BEERBOHM'S NEW CARICATURES.



"COUNT ZARIOCINSKI": A CARICATURE BY MAX BEERBOHM, AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.



"ALDOUS HUXLEY": THE AUTHOR OF "LIMBO" AND "MORTAL COILS" CARICATURED BY MAX BEERBOHM.



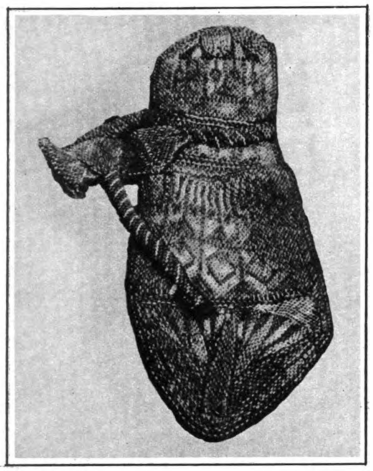
"H.R.H. IN THE 'FIFTIES": A PROPOSED ILLUSTRATION FOR SIR SIDNEY LEE'S LIFE OF KING EDWARD.

Mr. Max Beerbohm, that ever-delightful humourist both by pen and pencil, has another Exhibition of Caricatures at the Leicester Galleries, of which we are enabled to reproduce some of the most amusing examples. Mr. Beerbohm, by the way, was born in 1872, and is not yet, therefore, quite so "doddering" as he represents himself in the first illustration above. Lord Berners succeeded to the title, as ninth Baron, in 1918. To the caricature of Count Zariocinski the author adds a note: "His Excellency has everywhere owed much, though not more than he readily acknowledges, to feminine interest and influence." Mr. Aldous Huxley, a grandson of the great scientist, is one of the most brilliant of the younger writers of to-day. Among his books, besides those mentioned above, are "Crome Yellow" and "The Defeat of Youth." The caricature of King Edward, as Prince of Wales, in the 'fifties, is one of eight "proposed illustrations for Sir Sidney Lee's forthcoming biography." The book has been undertaken at King George's request. Sir Sidney Lee's memoir of King Edward in the Dictionary of National Biography, it will be remembered, was much discussed when it appeared. He has written also a Life of Queen Victoria.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

RECENT detective fiction (that ever-growing body) has produced two investigators who rejoice in the Gallic nickname "Papa." It is unnecessary to say that one of them is Mrs. Agatha Christie's "Papa Poirot"; but the other, who has as yet made only a single appearance, may require a word of introduction. He is a creation of Mr. Stacy Aumonier's, and his full designation is Chief Inspector Tolozan, familiarly known as "Papa" Tolozan, of the Bordeaux Police.



WORN BY A YOUNG EGYPTIAN ABOUT 1350 B.C.: A CHILD'S SANDAL OF POLYCHROME GLASS BEADWORK FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.

. . . . . .

Papa Tolozan crosses the stage only once in Mr. Aumonier's new book of excellent short stories, "MISS BRACEGIRDLE AND OTHERS" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), but he is sufficiently interesting to make one desire his further acquaintance. It is by his personality rather than by any astounding professional feat that he appeals to the reader. However much Monsieur Tolozan may have hated the sin, he certainly loved the sinner, and he cherished a most tender and humane regard for his jail-birds. For Papa Tolozan was a theorist, a man with a hobby. He was convinced of the fundamental goodness of human nature, and in every case he undertook he tried to discover, not only the criminal, but the strange anterior accident that had turned a good man into a bad man.

. . . . . .

Just as Poirot's hobby is "method" and the use of "the little grey cells," so Tolozan's is what he calls "the accident of crime"; and "The Accident of Crime" is Mr. Aumonier's title for the admirable story in which this most attractive Police Inspector appears. The crime and the criminal are never for a moment in doubt; in fact, the reader watches the rogue at work. The mystery Tolozan sets himself to unravel is the reason why the ingrained old scoundrel Laissac had fallen from virtue. "No man," Tolozan held, "is entirely criminal. Somewhere at some time it all had been just touch and go." The detective's non-professional sport was to put his finger on that place and that time. Mr. Aumonier has given a refreshing new turn to the art of the sleuth in fiction, and has brought it one stage nearer pure philosophy.

. . . . . .

Papa Tolozan's colleagues "treated his passion for philosophic speculation as merely the harmless eccentricity of an urbane and charming character." His old friend, "the forceful Muguet of the Council of Jurisprudence at Bayonne, held that crime was an ineradicable trait, an inheritance, a fate," and "many and long were the arguments they enjoyed over a glass of vermouth and seltzer at a quiet café." Muguet thought that in the *intransigeant* Laissac he had found unanswerable support of his own theory. This villain could never at any time have been anything but a ruffian. In his case there could have been "no accident of crime." It was certainly a hard nut for Papa Tolozan; but he was not discouraged, and at length, most ingeniously, he cracked it, to the criminal's credit, and his own. How, you will see when you read one of the best, I do not say the very best, of Mr. Aumonier's goodly wallet, which in only one instance touches detective fiction. The readings—

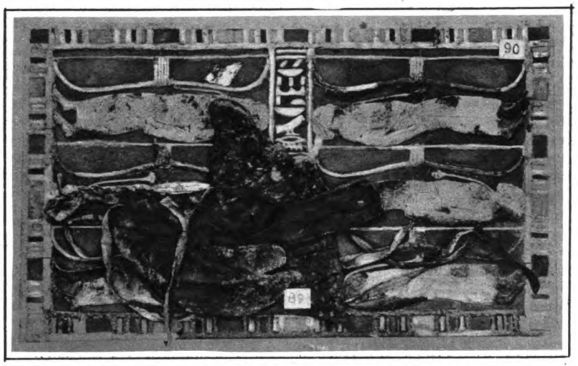
Are various, but none of them are dull.

. . . . . .

A very remarkable feature of recent detective fiction is the skill displayed by women in this branch of story-telling. Isabel Ostrander, Carolyn Wells, Annie Haynes, and last, but very far from least, Agatha Christie, are contesting the laurels of Sherlock Holmes's creator with great spirit, ingenuity, and success. It is doubtful whether any other avenue of fiction is being more explored or is more popular at the present moment than this of the *roman policier*. The Bodley Head list alone contains nearly a dozen new, recent or comparatively recent works of this kind. And when "comparatively recent" novels continue to be advertised, it means that they are still selling. When one considers the short life that even good novels enjoy in these days, the mention of these detective tales in publishers' lists and on the "jackets" of newer books is sufficient proof of a steady demand.

. . . . . .

It is to Mr. John Lane that readers owe the publication of Agatha Christie's ever-welcome detective stories. Her latest book, "THE MURDER ON THE LINKS" (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.), forms a fresh chapter in the life of Monsieu Poirot, who, together with his creator, first found fame in "The Mysterious affair at Styles." Papa Poirot had a rest in Mrs. Christie's second novel, "The Secret Adversary," but for the last twelve weeks he has been very active in the *Sketch*, and, later, will be very active there again, on a great variety of knotty cases. Here in the links affair is another solution, in full-dress novel form, of a most perplexing and exciting problem.



AMONG THE EARLIEST GLOVES EVER DISCOVERED: A FAIR OF KING TUTANKHAMEN'S CLOTH GAUNTLETS, LYING ON A FOOTSTOOL DECORATED WITH FIGURES OF CAPTIVES.

The objects from the ante-chamber of Tutankhamen's tomb, which left Luxor on May 17, in a barge towed by a tug on the Nile, arrived at Cairo on the 22nd. Some of them were at once unpacked and placed on view in show-cases in the Museum. After the first glove (considered the earliest relic of its kind) was found in the tomb, many other specimens were discovered there, as well as a complete finger-stall.

The "Times" World Copyright Photographs, by Mr. Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art (New York) Expedition; lent by Courtesy of the Trustees, the Director, and Mr. Lythgoe, Curator of the Egyptian Department.

. . . . . .

If one were asked to name the chief characteristic of Mrs. Christie's method, it would be her power of suspense and concealment. She is very cunning at putting the reader off the scent. It may be possible sometimes to spot Mrs. Christie's criminal, before the final revelation (I can without boasting claim to have done so, never mind in what book or short story), but in "The Murder on the Links" I was completely thrown off the track. One ought not to have been, but there it was.

. . . . . .

At first there seemed to be no doubt: no sooner had the guilty person appeared on the scene than a very significant remark of M. Poirot's seemed to give an unmistakable pointer, but then Mrs. Christie got to work at covering the trail. So cleverly did she contrive her blinds, presenting one plausible theory after another in bewildering succession, that I ceased altogether to worry about the real culprit—ceased, M. Poirot would say, to be methodical and to use "the little grey cells." All which may be deplorably scatter-brained, un-Poirotesque, Hastingsish, and reprehensible, but this lack of acumen has its uses, for the *dénouement* came with an unblanketed shock of surprise. A story that can keep its secret to the very end is rather rare, and when such a tale comes along it is a godsend to hardened readers of fiction.

. . . . . .

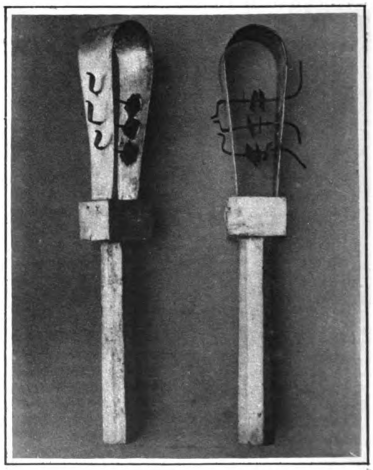
That curious first novel, "LAST WEEK," by Nora D. Vines (Collins; 7s. 6d.), may be classed among mystery stories, although it does not deal with the work of the detective, amateur or professional. The book is attracting a great deal of attention; and, what is even more fortunate for the author, it is arousing a sharp contest of opinion, which alone is an indication of power. Those who like it like it exceedingly. I found myself in the opposite camp. Probably I am obtuse, or unlucky, or both. The workmanship was so admirable that I wished heartily the story itself had appealed to me in an equal degree. A writer whose first effort makes so deep an impression is sure to be heard of again.

. . . . . .

Possibly the most dangerous thing a novelist can do is to take a poet for hero and introduce into the story specimens of the hero's verse. The experiment was tried by one of the foremost of our women novelists in her first book, and the result, although the poems were well enough to pass, did little to prove that the hero was abundantly gifted with the divine fire. He would have seemed far more of a poet had his alleged works been suppressed, for the way in which his creator presented him (apart from his effusions) left the reader in no doubt as to his talents and temperament. On rare occasions the risky experiment has succeeded: Kingsley did not traduce Frank Leigh when he fathered on him—

Ah cruel Love, Megæra's serpents bearing,

but it is difficult to recall many more instances where the device has been followed with impunity. Thackeray did it once, when he presented Pendennis with a set of verses that are in a small way immortal. To bring this off the novelist has to be a poet himself. In a first novel, "LIFE," announced by Messrs. Collins, Mr. Wingfield Stratford, author of "Reconstruction of the Mind," has made his hero a poet and has dared to attribute to that gentleman many of his own poems. Fortunately, Mr. Wingfield Stratford has some reputation as a poet, otherwise the hero might have reason to tremble for his place on Parnassus.

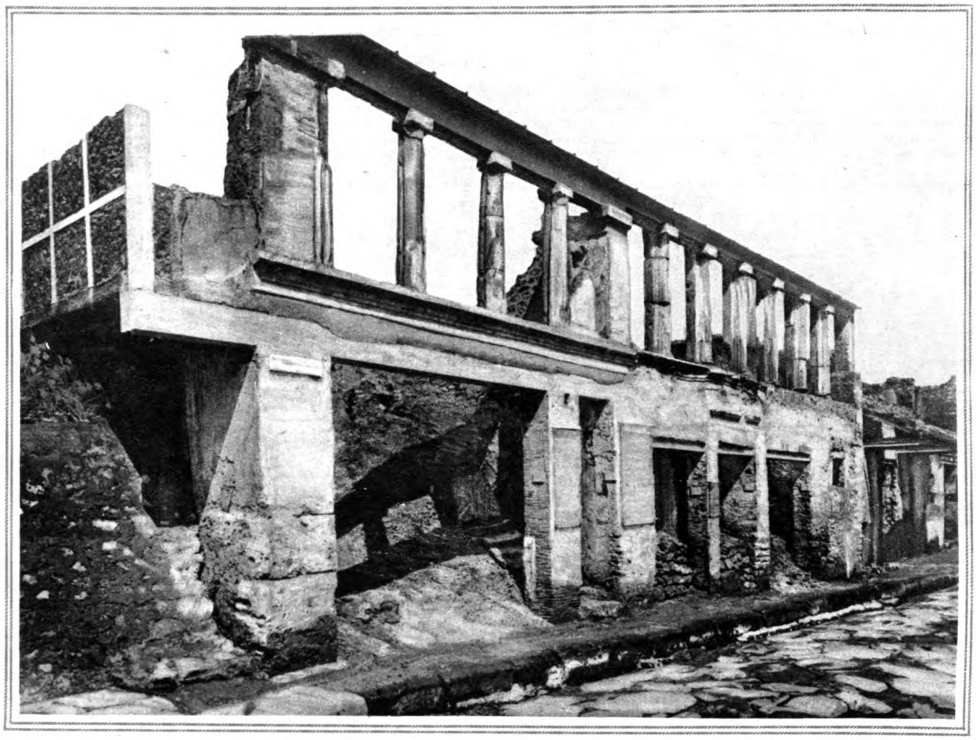


RINGING AS TRUE TO-DAY AS WHEN MADE OVER 3300 YEARS AGO: TWO SISTRA FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.

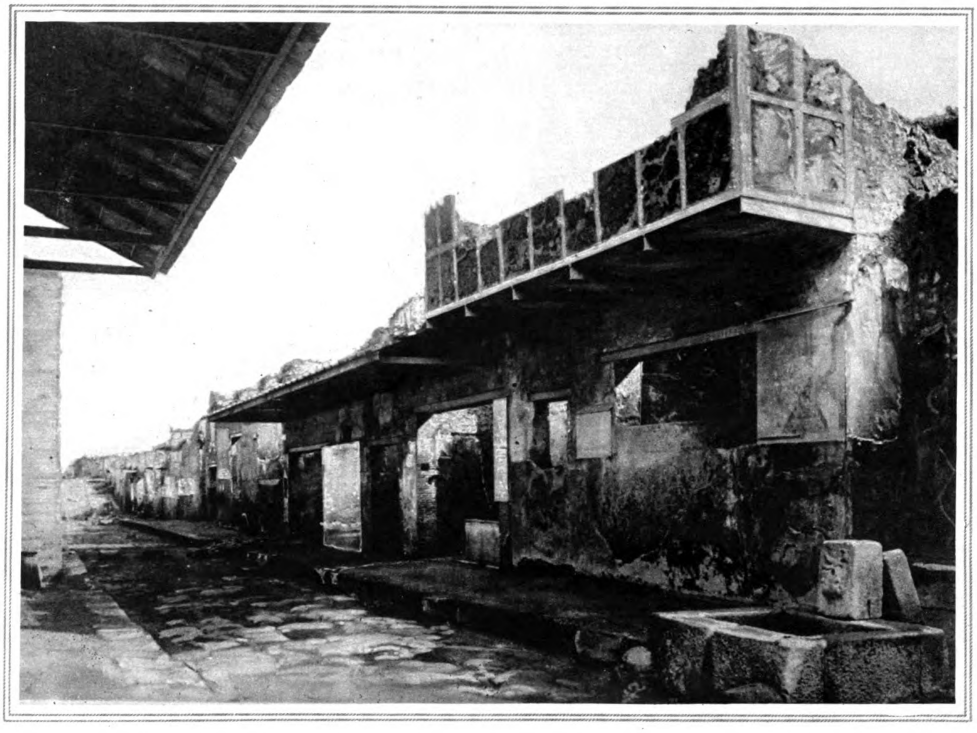
A sistrum is a kind of musical rattle used in ancient Egyptian religious ceremonies. These two are made of wood and bronze gilt.

DUG FROM 20 FT. OF VOLCANIC ASH: NEW EXCAVATIONS AT POMPEII.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE "TIMES."



ONE OF THE FEW HOUSES WITH UPPER FLOORS FOUND AT POMPEII: A NEWLY EXCAVATED BUILDING IN THE STREET OF ABUNDANCE, WITH PILLARED COLONNADE ALONG THE FRONT OF THE UPPER STOREY.



"WITH PROJECTING BALCONIES, BALUSTRADES AND GALLERIES, PERMITTING ITS INHABITANTS TO ENJOY WATCHING THE MOVEMENT OF PEOPLE OUTSIDE": A TYPICAL POMPEIAN HOUSE RECENTLY EXCAVATED IN THE STREET OF ABUNDANCE.

Since we last illustrated the subject, in our issue of July 1, 1922, the excavations at Pompeii conducted by Professor Spinazzola, Director of the National Museum at Naples, have been largely extended, especially in the Street of Abundance leading towards the amphitheatre. Its locality may be traced on the general air view of the town as it now appears, given on the succeeding double-page. A number of fresh buildings have been uncovered, as well as works of art in painting and sculpture, some of the most interesting of which are shown on the page following the aerial panorama. The new excavations are still going on, and visitors can see the 20 ft. thick layer of volcanic cinders and pumice-stones which overwhelmed Pompeii in the great eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D., and from which the houses have to be disinterred. Only a few of them, like that shown in the upper photograph, possessed a second storey, but many (to quote Professor Halbherr's article in our issue above-mentioned) had "projecting balconies, balustrades and galleries, permitting their inhabitants to enjoy watching the movements of people outside." In working downwards, the excavators prop and strengthen upper parts of a building with supports, so that eventually it appears almost as it originally stood.

UNDOING THE WORK OF VESUVIUS EIGHTEEN CENTURIES

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE BY THE ITALIAN ESTABLISHMENT OF AERONAUTIC



KEY TO NUMBERS ON THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH.

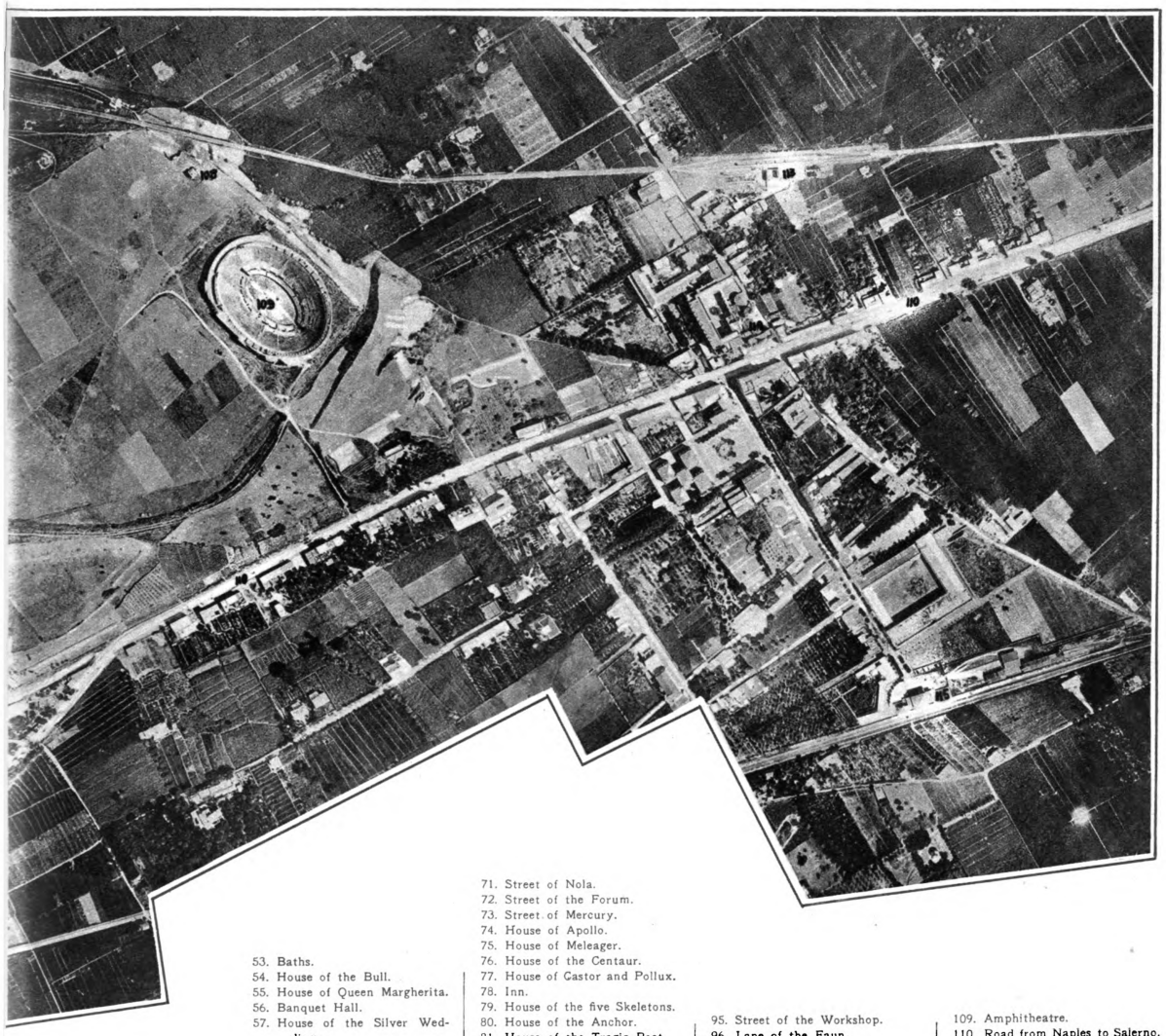
1. Villa of Diomede.
2. Tombs.
3. A country inn.
4. Villa of Cicero.
5. House of mosaic pillars.
6. Herculaneum Gate.
7. Street of Tombs.
8. Shop of Albinus.
9. House of the Vestals.
10. House of the Surgeon.
11. Custom House.
12. House of Sallust.
13. Bakery and flour-mill.
14. House of Pansa.
15. Baths of the Forum.
16. Temple of Jupiter.
17. Forum.
18. Temple of Apollo.
19. House of Trillolemus.
20. House of Romulus and Remus.
21. Marine Gate.
22. Museum.
23. Temple.
24. Basilica (Town Hall).
25. Law Courts.
26. School of Verna.
27. Palace of Eumachia.
28. House of the Wild Boar.
29. Via Marina (Way to the Sea).
30. Street of Abundance.
31. House of the Skeleton.
32. House of Olconius.
33. House of Cornelius Rufus.
34. House of the Scribe.
35. Hall of Isis.
36. Temple of Isis.
37. Temple of Aesculapius.
38. Open-air Theatre.
39. Triangular Forum.
40. House of Joseph II.
41. Temple of Hercules.
42. Quarters of the Gladiators.
43. Gate of Stabia.
44. Covered Theatre.

SHOWING THE STREET OF ABUNDANCE (No. 30, ON THE LEFT)—THE SCENE OF THE OF THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

The great extent of the ruins of Pompeii is well shown in this remarkable air-view, and the position of the most interesting sites can be traced by comparing the numbers on the photograph with the corresponding numbers in the key list. Apparently houses are named, not after their former owners (who are unknown), but from works of art found in them, or other associations. Some were evidently named after distinguished modern visitors. Extensive as are the excavations already made, they are by no means complete, for Pompeii was a big town, and half of it still lies buried under twenty feet of volcanic ash that descended from Vesuvius in the great eruption of August 24, 79 A.D. The excavations still proceeding have been going on now for five years. "Their extraordinary results," wrote Professor Halbherr in our issue of July 1 last, "are chiefly due to the new, more careful, and more scientific method inaugurated

AGO: POMPEII AS IT IS TO-DAY—FROM THE AIR.

CONSTRUCTIONS—PHOTOGRAPHIC LABORATORY. SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



45. House of the Diadumeni.
46. House of Balbus.
47. Stabian Baths.
48. House of Siricus.
49. House of Mars and Venus.
50. Bakery and flour-mill.
51. House of Paquius Proculus.
52. House of Lucretius.
53. Baths.
54. House of the Bull.
55. House of Queen Margherita.
56. Banquet Hall.
57. House of the Silver Wedding.
58. Capua Gate.
59. House of Laocoon.
60. Workshop of Balbinus.
61. House of Orpheus.
62. House of the Vettii.
63. House of the Labyrinth.
64. House of the Faun.
65. House of Hunting.
66. House of Ariadne.
67. House of Carved Capitals.
68. Temple of Fortune.
69. Street of the Baths.
70. Street of Fortune.
71. Street of Nola.
72. Street of the Forum.
73. Street of Mercury.
74. House of Apollo.
75. House of Meleager.
76. House of the Centaur.
77. House of Castor and Pollux.
78. Inn.
79. House of the five Skeletons.
80. House of the Anchor.
81. House of the Tragic Poet.
82. Workshop.
83. House of the Great Fountain.
84. House of the Small Fountain.
85. House of Adonis.
86. City walls and towers.
87. Gate of Vesuvius.
88. House of Jucundus.
89. House of the Centurion.
90. Stabian Street.
91. Street of Consuls.
92. Street of Sallust.
93. Lane of Narcissus.
94. Lane of Modestus.
95. Street of the Workshop.
96. Lane of the Faun.
97. Lane of the Labyrinth.
98. Lane of the Learnèd Men.
99. Street of the School.
100. Lane of the Theatres.
101. Street of the Theatres.
102. Lane of the Overseers.
103. Street of the Augustans.
104. Lane of Lucretius.
105. Street of the Diadumeni (Scene of new excavations).
106. Street of the Amphitheatre.
107. Gate of Nola.
108. Gate of the Sarnus.
109. Amphitheatre.
110. Road from Naples to Salerno.
111. Pompeii Railway Station.
112. Pompeii Vesuvian Tram Statn.
113. Valley of Pompeii Vesuvian Tramway Station
114. Sanctuary of the Valley of Pompeii.
115. Valley of Pompeii Railway Station.
116. Slaughter-house and House [of Augustus.
117. Senate House.
118. Temple of Mercury.
119. House of Marble.
120. House of Gaius Rufus.

LATEST EXCAVATIONS—LEADING TO THE AMPHITHEATRE: A REMARKABLE PANORAMA PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE.

by the Director of the National Museum of Naples, Professor Spinazzola. . . . The ground is now dug, not by means of pits and abrupt trenches, as formerly, but—as archæologists are accustomed to do in prehistoric mounds—by horizontal strata, descending only by degrees towards the ancient level, so that it becomes possible to catch and fix all the remains in their relative depth and position, and to preserve or restore all those parts of buildings, upper and lower, which have escaped total destruction. . . . The latest excavations following the extension of the Via Dell'Abbondanza (Street of Abundance) beyond the large cross-road, in the direction of the Amphitheatre, have laid bare a further part of the street, a quarter of a mile long, with almost all the houses both of its right and left sides." The work has since been still further extended, with results of great interest, as illustrated on the foregoing page and the one that follows.

ROMAN ART DUG FROM POMPEII'S ASHES.

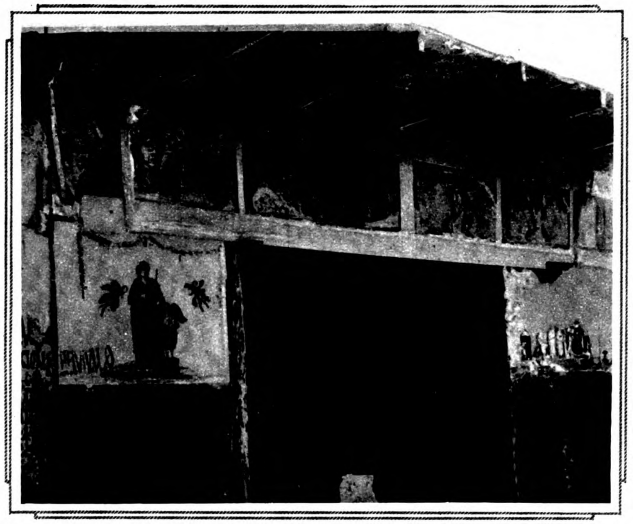
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE "TIMES."



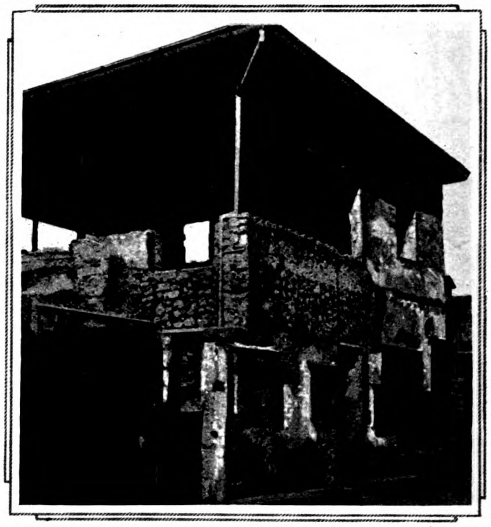
ARIADNE IN A CHARIOT DRAWN BY BACCHANTES: A WALL-PAINTING FOUND IN A *TRICLINIUM* (DINING-ROOM) AT POMPEII.



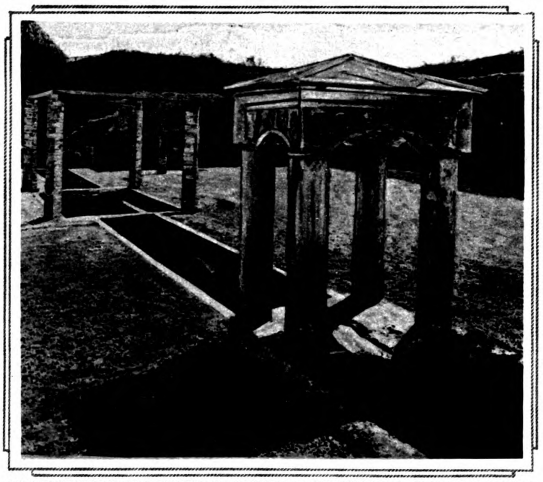
PRIAM BEGGING ACHILLES FOR THE BODY OF HECTOR: A BAS-RELIEF IN WHITE STUCCO ON AZURE GROUND ON A WALL OF THE SO-CALLED HOUSE OF ACHILLES.



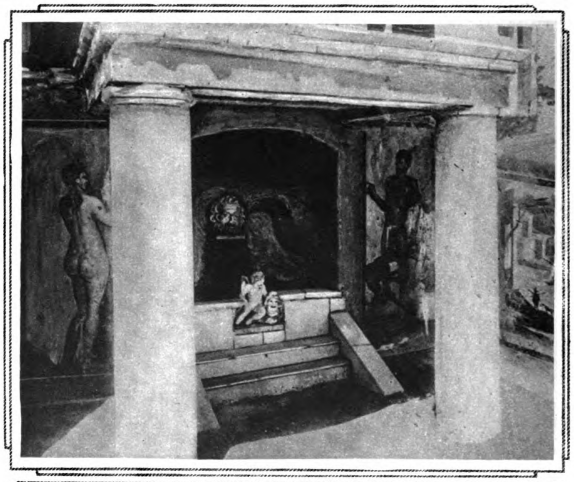
PAINTED WITH THE HEADS OF JUPITER, APOLLO, AND OTHER GODS: A DECORATED SHOP FRONT IN THE STREET OF ABUNDANCE, SHOWING ALSO A ROMAN INSCRIPTION.



SHOWING THE METHOD OF PROPPING ROOFS AND UPPER FLOORS WITH IRON SUPPORTS WHILE DIGGING DOWNWARDS: A SHOP.



IN THE GARDEN OF A LARGE VILLA NEAR POMPEII: A WATER CONDUIT LEADING FROM A FISH-POND AND ADORNED WITH SHRINES AND PAVILIONS.



DECORATED WITH STATUARY AND WALL-PAINTINGS: A GROTTO IN THE SAME GARDEN, THROUGH WHICH WATER FROM THE FISHPOND PASSED INTO THE CONDUIT.

As mentioned on a previous page, the latest results of the excavations at Pompeii, which have been proceeding for some years under the direction of Professor Spinazzola, have brought to light many fresh and interesting examples of Roman decorative art, as it was practised 1844 years ago, when the eruption of Vesuvius buried the town under volcanic ash. These art treasures are left as far as possible in their original positions, instead of being transferred to the Naples Museum. All the paintings, some of which are exceptionally good, are carefully preserved with coverings of glass and linen. Their subjects are drawn largely from Homer, and show scenes from Greek and Roman mythology. In a big sunk garden of a villa, fountains have been re-connected, and visitors can see the water playing to-day as it did in the owner's time. Many of the shops are full of their original stock. The front walls of some are decorated with paintings, and also bear various inscriptions, including advertisements and the election promises of candidates for political and municipal offices. These election appeals, which have been found in great numbers, were written in fine high red letters. Among the advertisements are announcements of theatrical performances and gladiatorial combats.

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN



Lingerie that hails from Swan and Edgar, Regent Street, is always beautiful. This attractive set in white crêpe-de-Chine is piped with yellow.

PRINCESS MARY once again was at Aldershot with the King and Queen for the Whitsuntide visit, which has become an annual fixture. Viscount Lascelles was in camp with the Yorkshire Hussars, so this devoted couple suffered a short separation—the first since their marriage. The Duke and Duchess of York joined the royal party, and, save that the King had to come to town for one hectic day, all went merry as a marriage bell. The Duke and Duchess of York will not be in residence at White Lodge for a little while. Electric light had to be installed, and more bath-rooms made. Otherwise, there are no structural alterations. The Duke gave up five of the ten acres of gardens, and these have been taken over by the Board of Works to grow the plants, etc., necessary for the royal parks.

So far no engagement has been declared between the Crown Prince of Belgium and Princess Mafalda of Italy. Nevertheless, a strong belief is maintained that it will be announced. The Belgian Prince bids fair to be as fine a man as his father; and Princess Mafalda is said to be in every way delightful, and to be the one of the Italian royal family who most resembles her grandmother, Queen Margherita, "Pearl of Savoy," and idol of the Italian people. The Count of Flanders, the younger Belgian Prince, was at Eton, and is now in our Navy. Last week he was among the officers on the ships in Belfast Lough and was entertained with them in the Northern Irish capital. Everyone likes him, and all say what a really nice young man he is. He will be twenty in October.

It is a curious thing to look in at a big bridge tournament. There was one the other day for a good cause at which at a hundred tables sat the players, with intensest expressions on their faces and a cloud of cigarette-smoke hovering round their persons. Bridge is very successfully called into the good cause of charity. The Lady Mayoress has lent the Mansion House to Lady (Milsom) Rees for a bridge tournament on the 12th inst. for the Charing Cross Hospital, and Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll has given her patronage to it. Tickets can be had (10s. 6d. each) from Lady Rees, 18, Upper Wimpole Street, or from the Secretary at the hospital, which is one of London's greatest stand-bys. It has done as much for cases of emergency and more for those of accident than any other institution of its kind.

The engagement of the Earl of Westmorland to the Hon. Mrs. Capel has been expected by their friends for a little time. They will make a handsome couple. It is difficult to believe from appearances that this is to be her third matrimonial alliance. She is barely thirty. Her first husband, the handsome, wealthy young Guardsman, Percy Wyndham, was an early victim of the war. Four years after his death she married Captain E. A. Capel, C.B.E., who in 1919 was killed in a motor accident in France. She has two little girls, three and two respectively, both of her second marriage. Her sisters are Lady Lovat and the Hon. Lady Wilson. Her brothers, both unusually handsome men, were killed in action—the elder in Somaliland, the other in the Great War. Lord Ribblesdale, a great sportsman and a very picturesquely handsome man, is known for that reason as "The Ancestor." He has long been in indifferent health, and has recently been seriously ill. The bride-elect is a niece of Mrs. Asquith, the first Lady Ribblesdale having been that very well-known lady's sister.

The Earl of Westmorland, who has become an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, is about the same age as his future wife. He was in the Navy, but has retired. His mother, a sister of Lady Millicent Hawes and of Lady Angela Forbes, was one of the most beautiful women of her day. The Countess of Londesborough and Lady Margaret Spicer are aunts of Lord Westmorland, and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke and Lord Londesborough his cousins, in which same relationship he stands to the Duke of Sutherland.

Mrs. Stanley Baldwin will not have a far flitting, but will doubtless have a few womanly regrets for 11, Downing Street, now that she is leaving it for 10—historic but unlovely 10. I think that our new Prime Minister's wife is a home-lover and a home-maker. She had made No. 11 charming, and seemed very happy there, and had a delightful pride in her pretty things. Now she has to set to work to make the fine, spacious rooms of No. 10 homelike and pretty. The stairway is the worst part of the house. Mrs. Asquith saw it supplied with a fair number of bath-rooms. It has far more the official aspect than No. 11. The garden-party which Mrs. Stanley Baldwin arranged for June 14 will, I believe, hold good; the gardens of the two houses have been used before for such occasions, and doubtless will again.



These fascinating pyjamas of pink crêpe-de-Chine brocade stand to the credit of Swan and Edgar.



Coral-pink georgette and lace are present in the pretty princess petticoat with the petalled skirt. Swan and Edgar are responsible for it. The delightful lingerie set on the right is carried out in the same shade, but the material chosen is crêpe-de-Chine. It can be obtained from Swan and Edgar. (See page 968.)

An hour of really good music is a charming way to spend that portion of time before lunch. When Dame Clara Butt arranges the music and lunch is at the Savoy, there is little to be desired either in the flow of soul or feast of reason. Yet another enjoyable feature is that Dreary Dockland is being helped to brighter times, for that is where the money goes—we will not end up with the usual "Pop goes the weasel." Princess Victoria was present last week, and apparently intensely enjoyed the singing of Dame Clara Butt, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Mme. Edvina, and the American Quartette; while Mme. Irene Scharrer played, and Miss Lilian Braithwaite recited to music. It was just the right musical pre-lunch pick-me-up. There will be a last luncheon concert on the 5th inst. for the same good cause under the same experienced organisation.

At a reception given by the Roumanian Minister and Mme. Titulesco it was apparent that Roumania is a country of good-looking women. There was the hostess, a charming one, by no means contented with the conventional shake hands with her guests, as pretty as a picture in softly draped white, with a pink rose at her side just below the waistline catching folds of her gown, and with a row of pearls her only ornament. There were other Roumanian ladies delightful to look at, but the spelling of whose names is a task beyond the common chronicler. The wife of our own Prime Minister was a nice specimen of a bonnie British matron with a girl's look of interest in life and living that makes her charming. Congratulations, had they been solid, would have overwhelmed her. The party was a very pleasant one, and beautifully done.

A. E. L.

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TALKING MACHINE NOTES.

A ROYAL RECORD.

IT is a great honour for the gramophone to have been chosen as the medium for conveying Empire Day messages from their Majesties the King and Queen to school-children throughout the British Empire. The record bearing the speeches was made at Buckingham Palace, where a room was converted into a recording studio for the occasion; and, as far as one can tell, this is the first time that records have been taken of the voices of the King and Queen of any country.

By a happy arrangement, it was ensured that the school-children should be the first to hear the record, which was not issued for sale to the public until the day following Empire Day. The speeches are rather brief, as both are contained on one side of a ten-inch disc, the reverse side giving an Empire Day selection played by the band of the Coldstream Guards, introducing "Home, Sweet Home" and "God Save the King." Such is the demand anticipated for this unique and historic record that an enormous number have been manufactured in readiness by the gramophone company ("His Master's Voice") to whom the task of recording was entrusted. To give the text of the speeches would rob the record of the pleasure of its first hearing, and I will only note, therefore, that the message from his Majesty is to boys, and that from her Majesty to girls; that they are simple and direct, and have a personal appeal to every citizen of our great Empire.

The number of the royal record is R.E.284, and we are informed that all profits from the sale thereof will be handed over to his Majesty for distribution to children's hospitals or otherwise as he may direct.

MUSIC IN THE OPEN.

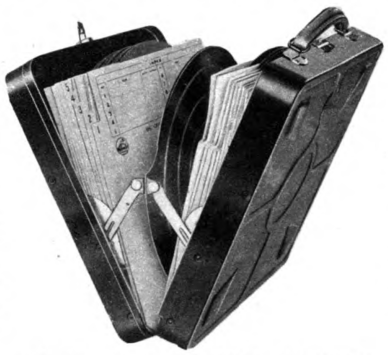
From all accounts, it is now quite the usual thing to include a portable gramophone and some records when going on holidays, picnics, or any out-of-door jollification. Unfortunately, in past seasons, a "portable" gramophone seemed very often to mean the cheapest and smallest kind, with a beflowered tin trumpet; and the records also of the cheapest variety, so that if they were broken it would not matter much.

Nowadays there is no excuse for inflicting such atrocities on other holiday-makers. The modern portable gramophones are real musical instruments, several types following the lines of the larger cabinet models in design, and having an internal horn and a correctly tapered tone-arm. A first-class sound-box is essential, and so one cannot expect to get an ideal instrument of the portable type for a few shillings. Indeed, good models run to as much as ten guineas, which sum will purchase a really beautiful little instrument—not so small as some, certainly, but possessing reproducing qualities that do justice to the finest records.

THE MAY RECORDS.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE."

Beethoven's "Coriolan" overture, played by the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon



MADE BY "HIS MASTER'S VOICE": AN ALL-METAL CASE FOR CARRYING GRAMOPHONE RECORDS.

The carrying capacity of the case is twenty ten or twelve inch records. A dividing plate holds the records firmly when the case is closed. Indexed envelopes are provided.

Ronald, is the only orchestral record on this list, and is a fine piece of playing and reproduction. Paderewski gives a fine rendering of Chopin's Valse in A flat, Op. 42. It is a most satisfying record, and the deliberate *tempo* taken by Paderewski is to be preferred to the "break-neck" speed at which this work is so often played. Dame Clara Butt is heard in "Il segreto per esser felici," from Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia." It is a fine record, in one sense "pre-war," as it was made in Germany before 1914, and the "Master" record has only recently reached this country. A very full list includes records by Titta Ruffo, Edna Thornton, the Flonzaley String Quartet, and other favourite artists. There are also some excellent dance records, one of which deserves special mention. The title is "Aunt Hagar's Blues," played by the Virginians, and it contains the quaintest "wailing" effect I have heard yet. How it is done I leave my readers to discover. It might be a borrowed baby, or a comb and tissue paper, or even a saxophone played the wrong end up. Whichever it is, it is most humorous and unexpected.

"COLUMBIA."

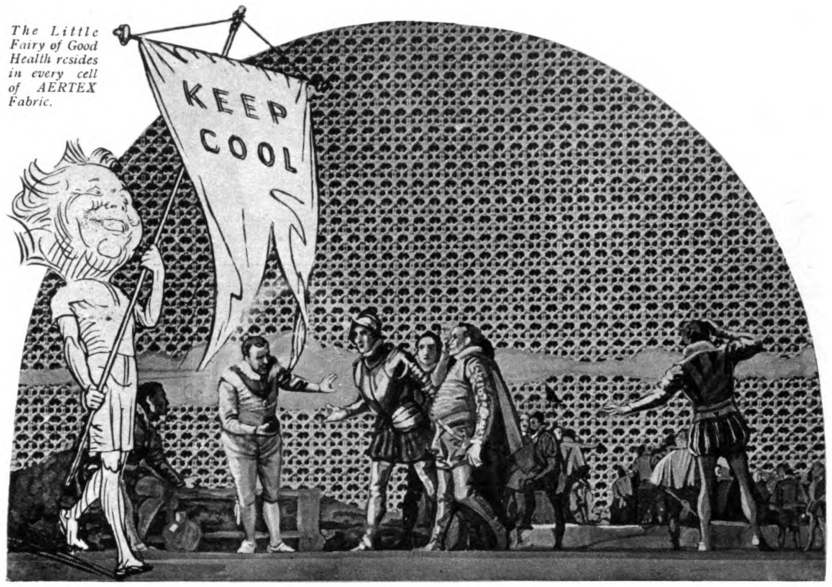
Following their recent recordings of two movements of Holtz's suite, "The Planets," the Columbia Company deserves the thanks of all musicians for giving us the same composer's short Suite in E flat, played by the Grenadier Guards' band. The London Symphony Orchestra, under Eugene Goossens, gives the tuneful overture, "Le Roi l'a dit" (Delibes), very brilliantly; and the New Queen's Hall Light Orchestra (Alick Maclean conducting) play two of Roger Quilter's overtures—the "Children's" and "Where the Rainbow Ends." It is a pity that the former delightful work is compressed into one side only of the disc. Norman Allin is impressive in "The Midnight Review" (Glinka). A feature of this list is the recording of some of the Harrow School songs, including "Forty Years On," sung by a chorus under the direction of Dr. Buck, of Harrow School. There are also some good dance numbers by the Savoy Havana Band.

"VOCALION."

The most important items vocally on this list are two records by Elena Gerhardt—"Der Nussbaum" (Schumann) and "Standchen" (Strauss). They are perfectly sung, and should be invaluable to students of *Lieder*. The London String Quartet play Nos. 2 and 3 from Frank Bridge's "Three Idylls for String Quartet." Other "Vocalion" artists this month include Evelyn Scotney ("Caro nome," from "Rigoletto"), Celys Beralta (the "Polonaise," from "Mignon"), Lenghi Cellini, Kathleen Destournel and Frank Titterton in duets, Lionel Tertis (viola solos), and the band of the 1st Life Guards (selection from "Utopia, Limited"). The latest dances also figure on this list.

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Fashions and Fancies.

For the Traveller. Summer time is travelling time for many people, and consequently the artist has devoted this page to the needs of the traveller. The splendidly fitted suit-case comes from Mappin and Webb, 158, Oxford Street, 172, Regent Street, and 2, Queen Victoria Street. They range in price from 10 guineas, and may be had in crocodile skin, hide, or saddle leather. Roll-up toilet-cases and travelling manicure sets are among their specialities; and all who are contemplating a long journey should certainly visit Mappin and Webb's, for they have devised any number of ingenious things for the traveller's comfort.



The beautiful little Morny Vanity Books, which can be obtained from Morny Frères, 201, Regent Street, contain powder, lip-salve, and a mirror in the minimum space.

Travelling Powder-Cases. Morny Frères, the famous perfumers, of 201, Regent Street, have contributed their beautiful little Morny Vanity Book of finely tooled leather. It costs 21s., and is fitted with two kinds of powder, lip-salve, and a mirror. It would be hard to speak too highly of their travelling powder-cases. The bath dusting powder—price 13s. 6d. for a large size, accompanied by a puff—has a white kid lining which can be drawn up so that the powder does not escape while travelling. Eau-de-Cologne Morny, in tiny flat half-crown bottles, is ideally refreshing on a journey.



An admirably fitted travelling-case for which Mappin and Webb, 158, Oxford Street, are responsible.

The Bon Voyage Box. Everyone should include Maison Lyons' Bon Voyage box in their travelling equipment. It may be had from any Lyons Corner House for 15s., though the price varies with the contents, and it is packed with delicacies chosen by the purchaser.



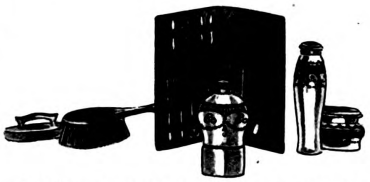
Everything for the traveller has been the inspiration of the artist this week.

"Ovaltine" Rusks. Rusks are of great value to invalids and children—especially when the latter are at the teething age. The manufacturers of that excellent food beverage, "Ovaltine," have now introduced "Ovaltine" Rusks, which incorporate "Ovaltine" with the finest wheaten flour in the form of delightfully crisp rusks. These are very highly nutritious, delicious in flavour, and easy of digestion. They are to be preferred to ordinary rusks, biscuits, or toast for general use, as well as being specially recommended for children and invalids. Both "Ovaltine" and "Ovaltine" rusks are obtainable from all chemists and stores.



No travelling equipment is complete without the aluminium-fitted Maison Lyons Bon Voyage box.

A Note on Lingerie. Emphatically, the lingerie from Swan and Edgar's, Regent Street, deserves all the nice things that its admirers say about it, for it is both charming and inexpensive. The white crêpe-de-Chine chemise and knickers sketched on the left at the top of page 964 are embroidered with lemon-yellow and cost 27s. 11d. each. Pink crêpe-de-Chine brocade is chosen for the really lovely pyjamas shown opposite; and deep-coral georgette and lace make the princess petticoat at the foot of the page, which costs 57s. 6d. The same colour prevails in the other lovely crêpe-de-Chine set, which is decorated with *motifs* of fine French lace; 39s. 6d. is the price of the knickers, the chemise costs 35s. 9d., while the nightdress may be had for 75s. 9d. E. A. R.



A travelling manicure-case and accessories from Mappin and Webb's.



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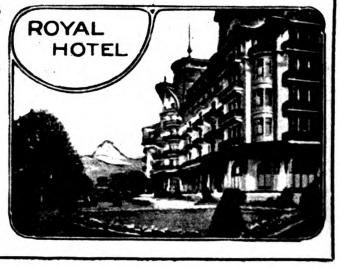
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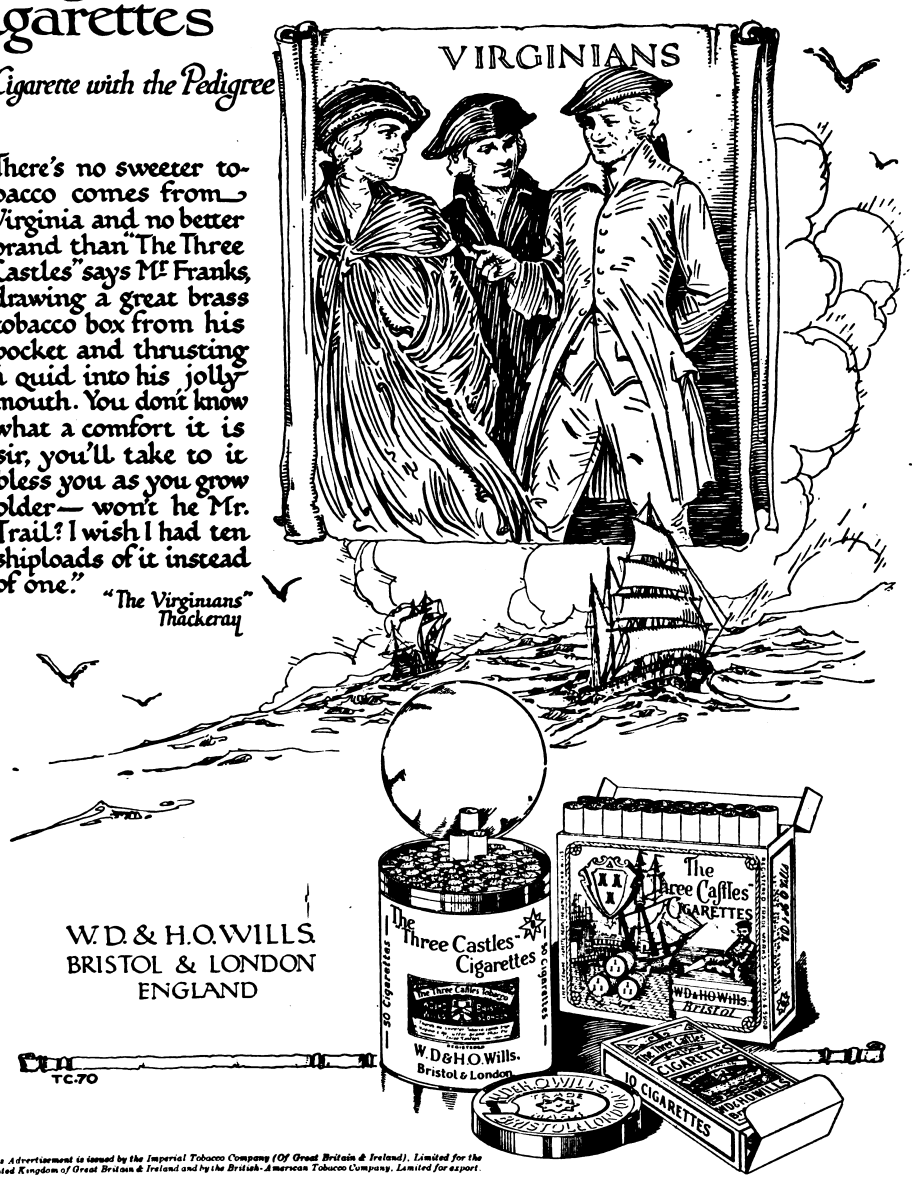
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RADIO NOTES

MUCH interest is being taken by radio enthusiasts in a novel and simple method by which very loud reception is obtained from distant and near-by stations, with only one valve, and often without the aid of an aerial or an earth connection. With the ordinary single-valve receiving-set, reception is limited usually to a range of thirty or forty miles; and if greater range is desired, so as to include other broadcasting stations, then additional valves are necessary for the purpose of magnifying the weaker radiations received from the more distant stations. A valve receiving-set functions by reason of its various parts being connected together properly by wires, and any particular scheme of wiring up is known as a "circuit." For example, so far as the valve itself is concerned, its "grid" must be in connection with the incoming radiations, and also with a grid-leak and condenser; from the "plate" a wire is led to one side of the telephones; the "filament" is wired to the accumulator and other points which complete a circuit. The new circuit, for which many unique advantages are claimed, is the invention of Mr. E. T. Flewelling, an electrical engineer living at Wakefield, Massachusetts. Since last October, when details of the new circuit were first published, the name Flewelling has become famous all over the United States, and it is curious that so many months elapsed before the subject was considered to be of sufficient importance to warrant investigation and experiment on this side of the Atlantic.

A one-valve receiving-set, wired on the Flewelling principle, and without aerial or earth wires, will tune in local broadcasting stations at a strength equal to the volume obtained usually from a valve receiver employing two or three valves. Long-distance reception is possible with a frame aerial, or merely by connecting the apparatus to earth. Included in the circuit are two small coils wound with fifty and seventy-five turns of wire respectively, and so arranged that they may be brought close together, or separated as necessary when tuning in. The smaller coil is connected to the "grid" of the valve, and the large coil to the "plate." All valve receiving-sets employ a grid-leak with a condenser—two small items much simpler than their names would suggest. Actually, a grid-leak may consist of a line drawn on paper by a black-lead pencil, and a condenser of a few pieces of tin-foil interleaved with mica. However, both are very essential in a valve receiving-set; but in the Flewelling circuit, the condenser is constructed to have a greater electrical value than is usual in other circuits, and the grid-leak — which acts as a resistance, greater or less, according to the length or thickness of the black-lead marking—has to be variable at the will of the operator. Successful reception with this circuit depends upon the correct adjustment of the variable grid-leak, which forms the chief controlling medium for tuning the set.



THE NEW PRIME MINISTER AND HIS WIFE: MR. AND MRS. STANLEY BALDWIN AT CHEQUERS.

Mr. Baldwin married, in 1892, Miss Lucy Ridsdale, daughter of the late Mr. E. L. J. Ridsdale, of Rottingdean. Mrs. Baldwin was formerly a keen cricketer, and captained an eleven of girls. During the war she managed a hospital for soldiers near Stourport.

Photograph by I.B.

A MYSTERIOUS NOISE AND ITS CURE.

Recently a receiving-set, with detector and two amplifying valves, which hitherto had given no trouble, developed a curious noise which interfered with reception. Receiving with the detector valve alone, there was no noise, but directly either or both of the extra valves were turned on, the unwanted sound seemed to grow from *pianissimo* to *forte*, as though two pieces of rough glass-paper were in grinding contact. The two amplifying transformers are of different makes, the second having been added recently; but tests showed that the trouble was elsewhere. All of the internal and external wiring and connections were checked. The plate-"B"-battery was in new and good condition, and the accumulator appeared to be doing its duty. Eventually, however, the trouble was traced to bad contact of the pair of wires attached to the terminals of the accumulator, although the terminals were in tight contact with the wires. Upon releasing the terminals it was found that the lugs, together with the ends of the wires, were badly corroded. After scraping the lugs and terminals clean, and new ends made for the wires, reception became as pure and free from extraneous noise as before.

ROYAL INTEREST IN RADIO.

As a novel contrast to the many pieces of valuable antique furniture presented to H.R.H. the Duke of York on the occasion of his marriage may be mentioned another gift, consisting of an up-to-date radio receiving-set installed on a tea-wagon, for easy transport from one room to another. The upper tray of the wagon contains the tuning instrument with its valves and controls, a frame aerial and loud-speaking trumpet. Storage and dry batteries are placed on a shelf below. Two main wheels, with ornamental spokes and rubber tyres, and two caster wheels enable the wagon to be moved as desired, with the least possible inconvenience. The King of Italy has recently taken delivery of a complete receiving-set, made by Burndept, Ltd. As Patron of the Radio Society of Great Britain, the Prince of Wales has also shown his interest in the subject; whilst, in addition, it has been rumoured that Balmoral Castle will shortly be equipped for the reception of radio-telephony.

W. H. S.







Patent 18734

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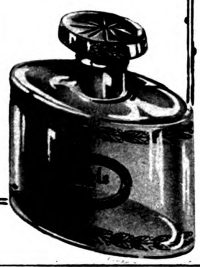
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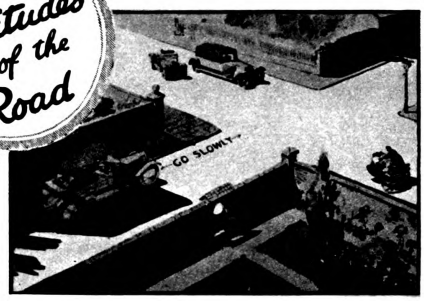
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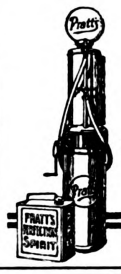
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Correspondence on these interesting subjects is invited.



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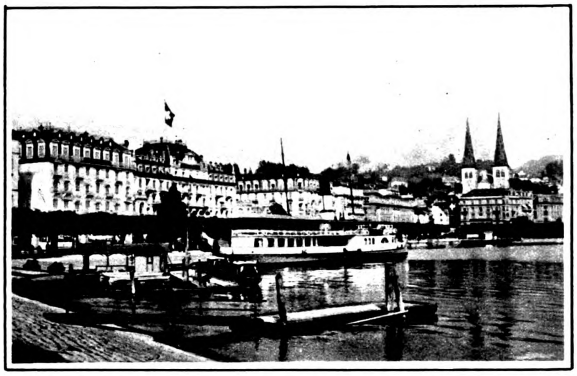
THE PLAYHOUSES.

"WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS," AT THE APOLLO.

IF we must have revivals instead of new plays, then by all means let us have Barrie revivals. In the case, however, of "What Every Woman Knows," perhaps it might have been as well if there had been a little longer interval between its two revivals, because, with each fresh study of this story of Scots pertinacity, a story at once so piquant and so fantastic, we scrutinise it a little more critically. Here is a play in which the author triumphs in the main and fails in a few details, and we are apt on seeing it again to dwell on those few details. If our Barrie had taken a little more trouble with his society siren, Lady Sybil, to whose artificial charms the humourless John Shand succumbs; if he had only believed in her himself, and given his indomitable little heroine, Maggie, something real to fight, some rival who was not a mere marionette or caricature of her supposed type—how much more of a climax he would have secured, how much more nearly a masterpiece the whole play would have been, instead of being a work in which the first act is the masterpiece, the finish is of as good a quality, and the rest drops below his best level! These are the thoughts a new revival, so soon after the last, forces us reluctantly to entertain. Not that they spoil our pleasure in either the play or its acting. That first act is a gem of romantic-realistic comedy, a marvel of confident and faultless stage-craft; and Maggie herself, maker and inspirer as well as wife of her dull John Shand, is one of the most delightful of all Sir James Barrie's portraits of unselfish womanhood. So associated is she with the art and even the personality of that modest and natural actress, Miss Hilda Trevelyan, that it is difficult to imagine any other Maggie. The actress seems made for the part and the part for the actress. Hers is a perfect performance. Mr. Godfrey Tearle, perhaps, suggests better than did Sir Gerald du Maurier—a born comedian—Shand's total lack of humour, but is more uncertain in the scenes with his siren, whom Miss Marie Hemingway makes consistently artificial. Lady Tree is inclined to burlesque the French Countess.

THE "MUSIC BOX REVUE," AT THE PALACE.

The best things in the "Music Box Revue"—which, with music and lyrics by Mr. Irving Berlin, has been brought over from America by Mr. Cochran—are its pace, its dancing, and its comedians. The music is of the right quality, bright, tuneful, and dashing, if a little drowned now and again by overmuch use of brass in the orchestra, and if a little too reminiscent at times in its airs. The score, however, does not get quite fair treatment because of the poorness of the singing. But, if good voices are lacking, there is an abundance of fine dancers in the cast—Miss Dickinson and Mr. Culver, Mr. Joseph Santley and Miss Ivy Sawyer, the three Brox Sisters, Mr. Chester Hale and Miss Vitack, as well as both the women "stars," Miss Renie Riano and Miss Ethelind Terry. The last-mentioned is responsible for the most acceptable singing turns. Miss Riano is something of a genius in the way of grotesque comedy. She and Mr. Solly Ward, a Jewish comedian with a most taking trick of getting tied up with his words, make the hits of the "revue" so far as its humour goes, and both are going to become great London favourites. We have had from Mr. Cochran himself better spectacular effects than those now given at the Palace, but there is real charm and beauty in the "Fan" and the "Fountain of Youth" pictures; and what one likes about the "Music Box" is the smoothness and rapidity with which its changes of scene are effected. There is hardly time to notice any dull episodes, even if there are any.

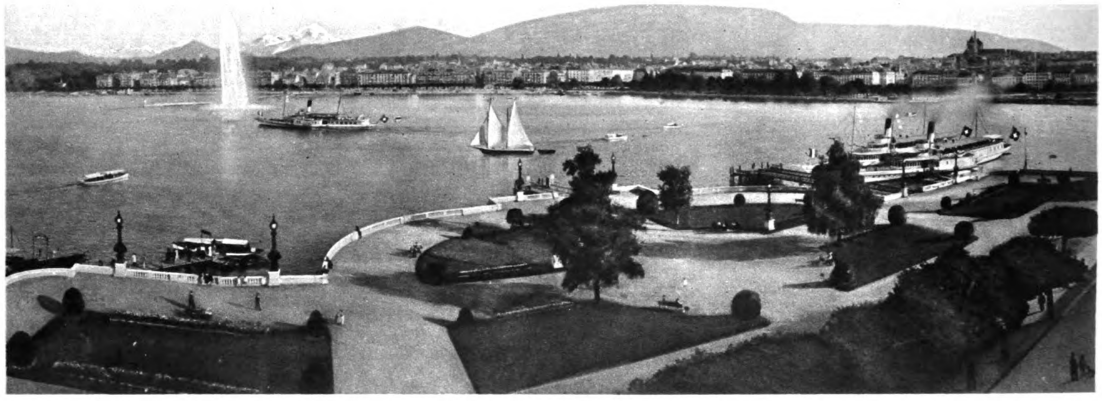


A POPULAR HOLIDAY CENTRE IN "THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE": LUCERNE AND ITS LAKE, SHOWING THE TWIN-SPIRED CATHEDRAL AND THE HOTEL SCHWEIZERHOF (ON THE LEFT).

Many holiday-makers are now turning their thoughts to Switzerland, "the playground of Europe," in which Lucerne, with its lovely lake, is one of the most favoured resorts. Not only is it a delightful place in itself, but it lies amid a beautiful region, and is an excellent centre both for land and water expeditions. Near Lucerne are the famous Rigi and Mount Pilatus.

"THE MERRY WIDOW" REVIVED AT DALY'S.

So many revivals nowadays prove disappointments that it is a pleasure to find that sixteen-year-old Viennese operetta, "The Merry Widow," justifying on re-acquaintance the praises we all gave it when Miss Lily Elsie and Mr. Joseph Coyne played heroine and hero. They are no longer in the cast, but a new Sonia has been found no less fascinating and beautiful than the English original in Miss Evelyn Laye; while the new Danilo, a young Dane with temperament and real acting power, Mr. Brisson by name, is a "find" any management might be proud to have struck. As for Mr. George Graves—able, fortunately, to repeat his laughable performance as Baron Popoff—what new thing can be said in praise of his daring comicality? It is likely enough by this time that three-fourths of the jokes with which he convulses his audiences are his own gags, and that before very long less and less of the original script will be left in his part. But what matters it when his impromptus, of which there are sure to be one or two each evening, are so much more amusing than the lines they replace? The music wears well; it has lost none of its gaiety and sparkle, as a vocalist of Mr. Derek Oldham's distinction shows when the chance comes his way.



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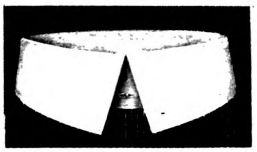
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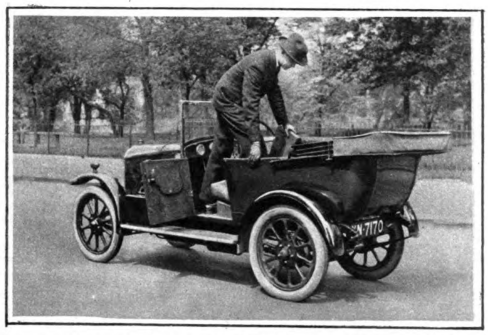


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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The London Traffic Problem.

Answering a question in the House recently, Colonel Ashley, speaking for the Ministry of Transport, said that he knew of no powers under which slow traffic could be compelled to keep close to the kerb, or under which such traffic could be prohibited from using specified thoroughfares. I believe it is a fact that neither under the Metropolitan Police Act nor under the Town Police Clauses Act—the latter of which defines the powers of the police in provincial towns and cities—are there any powers enabling the police to restrict or regulate the traffic in the manner indicated. It is an undoubted fact that we are rapidly arriving at a condition of affairs which, in London at least, will prove impossible. The delay and inconvenience caused to traffic by the slower-moving elements has already become a problem which requires to be very seriously dealt with; and if, as seems to be the case, no authority possesses power to improve matters, it is surely time that such powers were sought for and obtained from Parliament. We have had all sorts of inquiries, including more than one Royal Commission, to the end of effecting some improvement in Metropolitan traffic conditions. Their recommendations have been duly pigeon-holed and ignored—principally, I believe, because of the difficulty of reconciling the jealousy and prejudices of the many local authorities between whom the local government of Greater London is divided. It is agreed on all hands that unless something is done, and that very soon, the traffic of London will virtually come to a stop, owing to the utter impossibility of handling it in its increasing volume. It does seem to me that the Ministry of Transport would be better employed in the evolution of a workable scheme of town traffic control than in the preparation of artistic maps which could have been equally well done by private enterprise.



SHOWING HOW THE FRONT SEAT OPENS, BOOKWISE, TO PERMIT EASY ACCESS TO THE BACK SEATS: A GWYNNE "ERGAT" FOUR-SEATER MODEL DE LUXE.

The price of the car is 250 guineas. The equipment includes leather upholstery, hood, double windscreen, all-weather side-curtains opening with the door, C.A.V. dynamo lighting, five lamps, C.A.V. electric starter, polished radiator, five Dunlop detachable wheels and tyres, clock, speedometer, and kit of tools. The photograph shows how the front seat opens into the back.

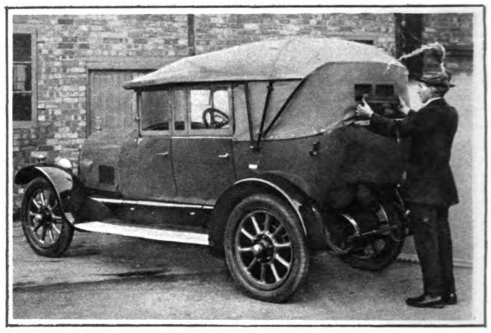
The 20-h.p. Ruston-Hornsby.

My most recent road trial was that of the 20-h.p. Ruston-Hornsby, a car which as a vehicle of the family type impresses me most favourably. It is quite fast, with good acceleration, climbs well, and is wonderfully controllable and docile in traffic. A real feature of the car is the accessibility of everything. In too many cars this would appear to be about the last thing thought of by the designer, but the Ruston-Hornsby has evidently been designed by a really practical motorist. Not only are all mechanical details readily got at, but the provision made for carrying tools and the hundred-and-one accessories which make for comfort and convenience is admirable. Furthermore, the all-weather equipment of this particular model is everything that can be desired. Indeed, with the hood erected and the side windows in place, it comes as near to the saloon type of carriage as anything I have come across. As this model is priced at £575, complete and ready for the road with all tools and accessories, it strikes me as being very fine value indeed.

Four-Wheel Brakes.

It is early yet to talk about the possible developments of a year hence. Still, there is nothing like intelligent anticipation, and though, as a general rule, I dislike prophecy, I am going to venture the prediction that one of the principal features of 1924 car-construction will be a general move towards braking on all four wheels. In this respect we are two years behind our Continental competitors, but I am not going to lay any charge against our own constructors on this account. There is much more than a basic principle involved in the adoption of this system, and I am very much of opinion that our designers have done well not to commit themselves until they have learnt more about it than meets the casual eye. I had considerable experience of four-wheel brakes ten or more years ago. As a matter of fact, I believe I am

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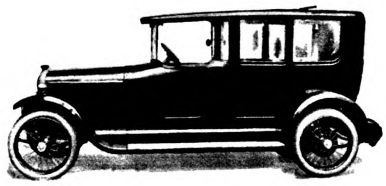


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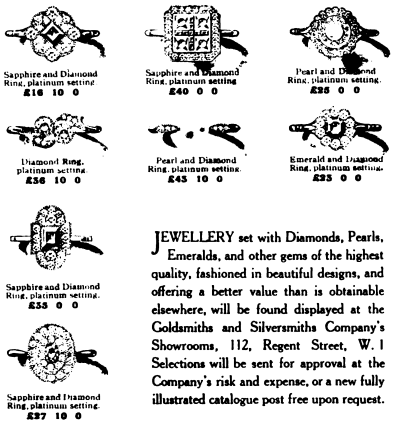
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Continued.]

right in saying that the first cars to be so equipped were of British production; but it is significant that those who had the courage to pioneer it abandoned it after a more or less prolonged trial. To my mind, the only satisfactory system of the kind was that embodied in the design of the Argyll of 1912. This car was designed by M. Perrot, whose name is very largely associated with French four-wheel braking systems of to-day, notably that of the Delage. As far back as eleven years ago I do not think M. Perrot had much to learn about the principle. I own one of his first cars with the single-sleeve-valve engine which was a feature of the Argyll of the time, and still is now, I believe. There were other systems, but it is not too much to say that they were none of them any good at all. Looking at some of the latest ideas in four-wheel braking, I really do not think that the many new problems which such systems create are any better understood than they were a decade or so ago. I have seen some in which the one thing certain is the brakage of front axles outside the springs. Others are a positive danger by reason of poor compensation.—W. W.

In King's Road, Chelsea, near Sloane Square, will shortly be found the headquarters of the New Prince's Ice Rink Company. The arena will possess a perfect skating surface, 180 ft. long and 100 ft. wide, where from time to time international speed championships, ice hockey matches, and fancy and figure skating competitions will be held. There will be space, too, for half-a-dozen curling rinks. Adjoining the skating hall, a charming winter garden and café are planned. Ascending the main staircase, one will reach the first, or balcony, floor, where a magnificent spring oak-wood dancing floor is to be built. Two exclusive orchestras will in turn play almost continuously for the dancers upon both floors; and they will be situated so that the music will be heard by those upon the ice and upon the wood. On the balcony floor there will be opportunities for bals masqués, carnivals, and fancy-dress dances; while upon the rink



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THE "SPORTING AND DRAMATIC."

THE special Derby Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, on sale this week, contains many interesting pages of photographs, along with some excellent articles by the leading writers on sporting subjects. It is particularly apparent in this issue that the old-established *Sporting and Dramatic* moves abreast of the times in the matter of production, and, designed as it is for the sportsman and playgoer, it is without a rival in that field on the shilling weekly market. Apart from the Epsom pages, the paper constitutes a complete pictorial survey of the world of amateur sport and of the West-End drama. Cricket, tennis, golf, polo, racing, athletics, boxing, and all branches of women's sporting activities are covered in its photographs and articles; while a liberal share of the pages is devoted to the drama. A special supplement in photogravure is given of Lord Rosebery's Ellangowan and Lord Derby's Tranquil; while there are four coloured reproductions of pictures—"The Career of a Derby Winner," specially drawn by Lionel Edwards, A.R.C.A.; and a reproduction of Humorist and Donoghue at the Derby of 1921, the picture by A. J. Munnings, A.R.A., now on exhibition at the Royal Academy.

The hatchet of the demolishers has not respected the house that Nash—the designer of Regent Street—built for himself, the southern wing of which has already gone down. For many years the building has been occupied by the well-known international advertising contractors—the Dorland Agency, Ltd., who are now rebuilding on the southern wing of an old-time Regency mansion a nine-floor modern building, where will be housed the Dorland Agency, Ltd.

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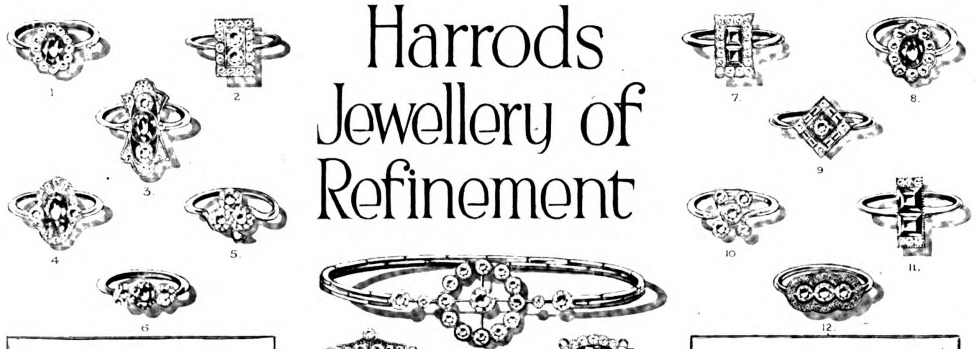
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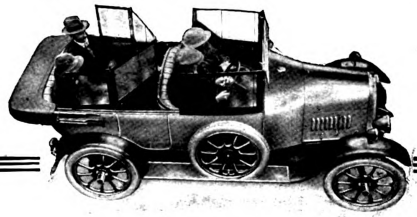
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REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1923.

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THE FIRST ACTRESS ELECTED TO PARLIAMENT AND THE THIRD WOMAN TO SIT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: MRS. HILTON PHILIPSON, M.P. (FORMERLY FAMOUS ON THE STAGE AS MISS MABEL RUSSELL), WITH HER CHILDREN.

Mrs. Hilton Philipson, whose Conservative majority over the Liberal as well as the Labour candidate in the by-election at Berwick-on-Tweed was beyond all expectation, joins Viscountess Astor and Mrs. Wintringham as the third woman to take her seat in the House of Commons. She is also the first actress ever elected as a Member of Parliament in this country. As Miss Mabel Russell, she began her stage career at Daly's Theatre, and shortly afterwards (in 1904) toured in "Gentleman Joe." In 1907 she was one of the original cast of "The Merry Widow." In 1911 she left the stage on her first marriage, to Mr. Stanley Rhodes, who died from the effects of a motor accident in which she also was seriously injured. Later she returned to the stage, and for a time turned from musical comedy to serious drama. While acting in "London Pride" in 1916, she married Lieutenant (now Captain) Hilton Philipson.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE distinguished cleric called for some reason the Gloomy Dean recently wrote one of his very bright and interesting journalistic articles, with the highly journalistic title of "Labels and Libels." He was inclined, in a general sense, to condemn all labels as being generally libels. And he illustrated this by reviving one of the oldest of libels, the tale of our Christian fathers as cruel persecutors without reason or provocation, and tying on to it one of the oldest and shabbiest and most faded of labels, the name of the Spanish Inquisition. But I am not going to debate with him about these matters in this place. As a matter of fact, the Spanish Inquisition was a very Spanish Inquisition. Its story is meaningless without the military aspect of the long and frightful war with the Moors, and their allies, the Jews. To make it merely theological is like saying that because Mr. Lloyd George is a Nonconformist, therefore the Black-and-Tan terror in Ireland was only the tale of a Puritan persecuting Popery. But, as I say, I am not concerned with that here. What I am concerned with is a curious gap in Dean Inge's interesting argument, which corresponds to a common gap in the modern mind. It is simply this: that while the Dean talks a great deal about religious intolerance and tyranny, it never occurs to him to state his own primary principle of religious toleration and religious liberty. What is the basis of that liberty; and by what test are things tolerable and intolerable? All my instincts are for this liberal ideal; but, unless I am much mistaken, it will soon need to be defined and defended.

In truth, there is a very real problem of religious liberty ahead of us, though most people seem to be strangely blind to it. It arises from the fact that differences are indeed fewer, but are much more fundamental. A Scotch sect might break up into ten sects, and the ten into a hundred sects, but all the sectarians were Scots of the same sort. They all wanted a Scottish Sabbath, with people wearing their blacks, or Sunday clothes. It would have been different if some of them had wanted a Witches' Sabbath, with witches wearing no clothes. Yet there are many modern poets who would prefer and praise the latter festival, as a thing of wild beauty and spiritual emancipation. It would have been different if only one of the hundred Puritan sects had been a Pagan sect. Yet in the speculative schools of our time there are certainly more Pagans than Puritans. If a Scottish village had been only divided into two parties, of the black Puritans and the brazen Pagans, it would have been very difficult to prevent that religious difference from becoming a civil war. Now, what nobody seems to notice is that the new philosophical differences really are of this absolute and abysmal sort. They are disguised from the present merely because a habit of morals remains after a change of faith; sometimes only because a shell of manners remains after a loss of morals. But nobody knows how long this shell of habit will remain. Nobody can really suggest any philosophical reason why it should remain.

In the nineteenth century, five men of different faiths could meet for some charitable object, say to organise a fund for the Red Cross. The group could consist of a Baptist, a Quaker, a Roman Catholic, an Agnostic, and a Jew. Even in that case, and even at that time, the example itself will show that secular impartiality is not so easy as it looks. For, after all, the Red Cross is itself a religious symbol. It is one regarded by many Moslems and (strangely enough) by some Christians as an idolatrous and dangerous symbol. The Moslems have already, I believe, substituted the symbol of the Red Crescent. On the same principle there ought to be a Red Swastika, or Wheel of Buddha, for all Buddhists, and presumably for all Theosophists. The Jews ought to have a Red Shield of David; indeed, a red shield seems eminently appropriate to the race of Rothschild. What symbol the agnostics could have I do not know, unless it were a red note of interrogation. The fancy opens a pleasing vista of varied emblems, in which the poet could display a red rose and the politician a red herring. But this is merely a parenthetical difficulty; it was not at the time a practical one. The old sects could combine in the service of the Red Cross because they thought alike about the service, whatever they thought about the symbol. They were doing a material act of mercy to the wounded, and that was a thing upon which all the old religions could agree. But the new religions do not agree. The Christian Scientist does not agree with the Christian about material acts of mercy. Some Nietzschean nature-worshippers do not agree with any acts of mercy. Even those extremists who are at the opposite extreme would not agree with those acts under those circumstances. That was, for example, the vital distinction between the old Quaker and the new Conscientious Objector. The old Quaker would not have objected to repairing the ravages of war; on the contrary, he would have shown, and indeed has shown, a most generous activity in doing so. But in the new school of Pacifists, which sprang up during the Great War, a quite different and quite definite doctrine appeared. Many of the leaders of that strange sect absolutely refused the alternative of ambulance work, on the ground that the cure of the wounded was a renewal and an encouragement of the war. It seems an extraordinary doctrine, that it is wicked of me to mend a man's broken leg because it was wicked of somebody else to break it.

But we are not talking here about whether these are extraordinary doctrines, but about whether they are existing doctrines. Like all other doctrines, right or wrong, they only seem extraordinary to the people who do not agree with them; to the people who do agree with them they seem perfectly simple and quite sensible. Anyhow, the conscientious objector of this school would presumably refuse to work for the Red Cross. There might well be another fanatic who had a flatly contrary reason for refusing to work for the Red Cross. He might be an apologist of Prussian War, one who thought it senseless sentimentalism to modify the miseries of warfare at all; one who wished to leave the wounded to die in agonies on the battlefield; one who possibly took a refined and exalted philosophical pleasure in the thought of the tragedy. All these intellectual theses have been advanced in our time. The consequence is that the whole relation of creeds to social activity is altered. The five men summoned to the Red Cross Committee are no longer a Baptist, a Quaker, a Catholic, an Agnostic, and a Jew. They consist of a Christian Scientist, a Nietzschean, a Conscientious Objector, a Devil-Worshipper, and a fundamental sceptic who doubts everything, even his own existence. There is a lack of closeness and grip in their relation to each other and to the practical problem before them. Their differences begin too far back to be dealt with during the committee meeting, in any rapid and business-like manner. Above all, their differences are no longer of the sort that silly people sneer at by calling them theoretical. They are of the sort that even the silliest people must see to be highly practical. Every man has some reason for supporting the Red Cross; and the reason must exist before the action. Therefore it exists in the air and is an abstraction. But the point about the old sects is that, even if their reasons were all different, they were all reasons for supporting the Red Cross. The point about the new philosophies is that they are reasons for not supporting it.

Perhaps in any case there was something transitional and terribly insecure about five different people having five different reasons for doing the same thing. Perhaps in any case it was a compromise that could not last; but anyhow it has not lasted. An entirely new problem arises with differences that affect practice as well as principle. The views of a pessimist about life, the views of a communist about property, the views of a restorer of primeval innocence and simplicity about wearing clothes, were things that were not envisaged by the Victorian liberals who talked about tolerating the expression of all sects and social theories. Nor is it sound to make the distinction between speech and action. A man disbelieving in decency of speech would not be allowed to speak accordingly, any more than a man disbelieving in decency of dress would be allowed to act accordingly. If he started roaring out his realism to a crowd in a tube station, he would (to all appearance) be persecuted for expressing his opinions.

So far from intolerance being a dying thing of the past, it seems to be a very threatening thing of the future. So far from being doomed to disappear, it seems to me very likely to increase. The matter interests me rather, for I detest the idea of mere dragooning in such matters; indeed, I should detest it even in the extreme cases where I should defend it. But I cannot see that Dean Inge or anybody else has any real philosophy or policy to avert it. In fact, the only well thought-out theory of toleration I ever saw came from a man of the kind the Dean was denouncing; from "Ideal" Ward of the Oxford Movement. It was in the form of a parable about the Mormons; and his theory was this: It is lawful to defend the moral unity of a monogamous state against polygamy, so long as there really is a moral unity to be defended. When the society has once become partly polygamous and partly monogamous, it is only a matter of opinion; and we must not persecute opinion. This, at least, is a theory and hangs together; but those who merely denounce intolerance seem to have no theory at all with which to defend toleration.

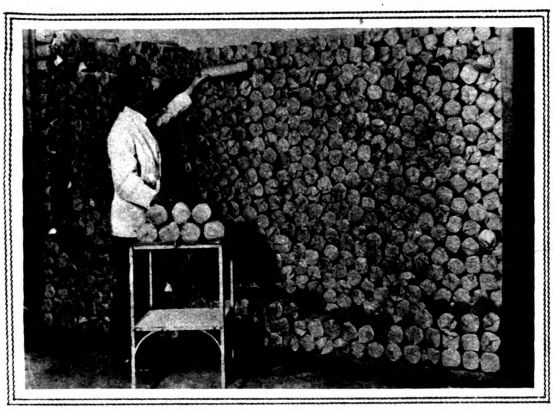


THE KING'S AUNT, WHOSE ILLNESS CAUSED THEIR MAJESTIES TO CANCEL THEIR VISIT TO THE DERBY: H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

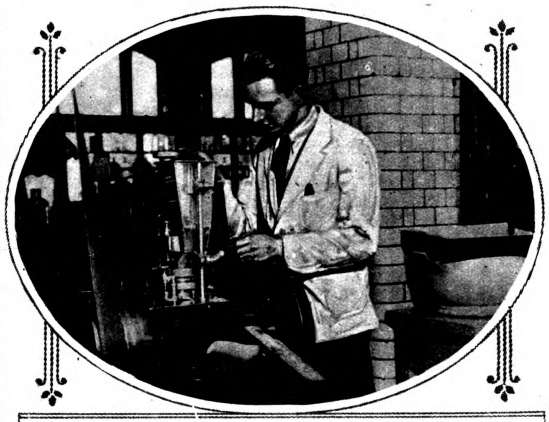
It was announced on June 5 that, owing to the very grave condition of Princess Christian, his Majesty's aunt, the King and Queen would not attend the Derby, and that the King's dinner to the Jockey Club was also cancelled. The first bulletin regarding Princess Christian's illness, issued on May 30, stated that she had had a heart attack following influenza. Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, third daughter and fifth child of Queen Victoria, was born at Buckingham Palace in 1846, and in 1866 married Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Her elder son, Prince Christian Victor, died in South Africa in the Boer War. During the Great War she worked devotedly for the alleviation of suffering. In her younger days she was known, from her charities, as "Princess of the East End." For many years she was President of St. George's Hospital.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

"BART'S" WEEK: THE 800-YEAR-OLD HOSPITAL AT WORK TO-DAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS.



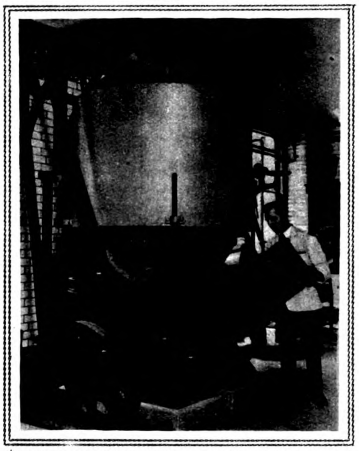
WHERE TWO TONS OF COTTON WOOL ARE KEPT: A CORNER OF THE GREAT STORE OF DRESSINGS IN ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.



A MECHANICAL "DISPENSER" AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL: A MACHINE THAT TURNS OUT MEDICINAL TABLETS BY THE THOUSAND.



OVER 300 YEARS OLD: A FINE PESTLE AND MORTAR OF GUN-METAL STILL USED AT THE HOSPITAL.



DISPENSING ON A BIG SCALE: ONE OF THE HOSPITAL'S HUGE MILLS FOR GRINDING DRUGS.



DIGGING OUT EPSOM SALTS WITH A PICK-AXE: ONE OF THE LARGE BINS AT THE HOSPITAL.



AS BUSY AS A RAILWAY BOOKING OFFICE: THE INTERIOR OF THE DISPENSARY, WITH RACKS OF PILL-BOXES BESIDE THE WINDOWS.



WHERE EACH OUT-PATIENT IS PROVIDED WITH A BOTTLE SUITABLE FOR THE MEDICINE REQUIRED: CHILDREN APPLYING AT THE BOTTLE OFFICE.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital—familiarly known in the medical profession as "Bart's"—began the week of celebrations of its 800th anniversary on Tuesday, June 5, with a service in the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, a "solemnity" in the hospital quadrangle, and a reception at the Guildhall, at which the Prince of Wales arranged to be present. The revival of Bartholomew Fair, which the Lord Mayor arranged to open, in Smithfield, was fixed for June 6, 7 and 8, and for the 9th a cricket match, "Past v. Present," on the hospital ground at Winchmore Hill. We illustrate here some of the inner workings of the great dispensary at the hospital, which can boast that its doors have never been closed for a single day during the whole eight centuries of its beneficent career. Drugs and dressings are dealt with on a colossal scale. The machine for making medicinal tablets turns them out by the thousand after being filled by a dispenser with the requisite compound. The old pestle and mortar illustrated above, a much-prized possession, was made by Dr. Dover 300 years ago.

NEPTUNE'S "FLOWER" SHOW: PLANT-LIKE CREATURES O

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. SCHENSKY, HELIGOLAND; SUPPLIE



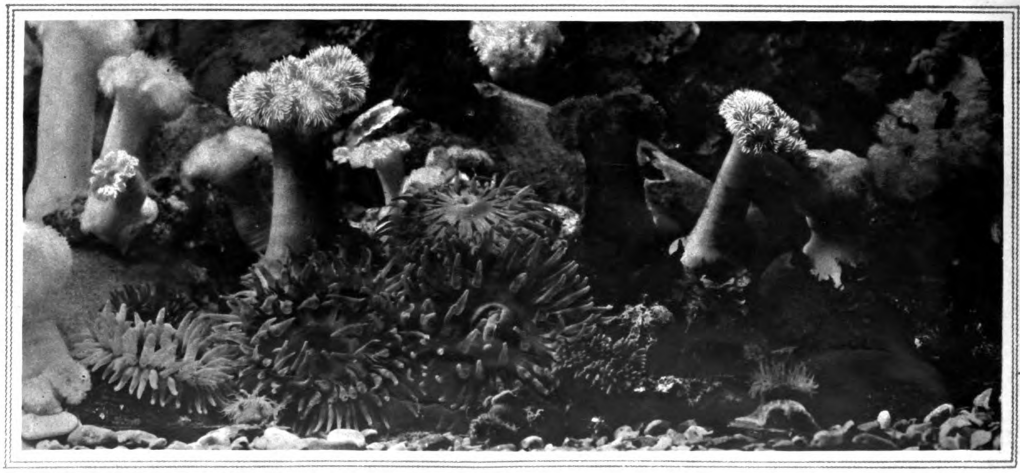
NAMED AFTER THE PATTERN ON ITS "UMBRELLA": THE COMPASS MEDUSA (*CHRYSAORA*), A JELLY-FISH WITH FLOATING VEIL.



A JELLY-FISH LIKE A DAHLIA, AND A VIVIDLY COLOURED THE THICK-HORNED SEA-ANEMONE (*CRASSICORNIS*).



LANDLORD AND LODGER: A SEA-PINK ON A LOBSTER'S BACK—AN INTERESTING CASE OF SYMBIOSIS.

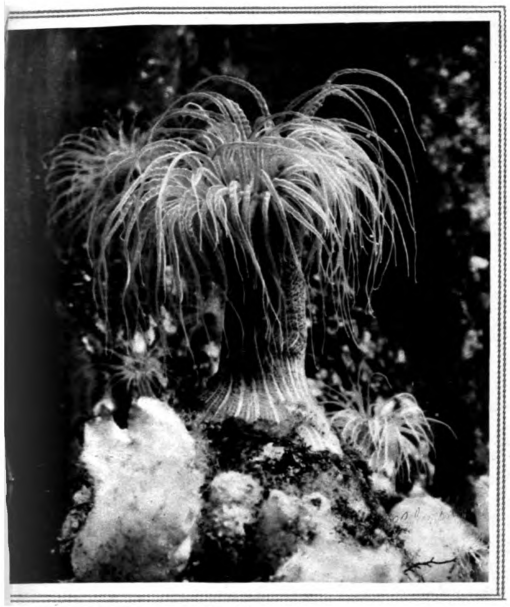


LIKE A BUNCH OF PINKS AND DAHLIAS: A BEAUTIFUL GROUP OF VIVIDLY COLOURED JELLY-FISHES OF THE NORTH SEA—PLUMOSE AND THICK-HORNED SEA-ANEMONES.

"Just below the tidal zone," writes Dr. H. Weigold, of the Biological Station at Heligoland, where the above photographs were taken, "we find things of an undreamed-of splendour of colouring which anyone would call flowers. But touch one with a finger! All the beauty is gone, and only a lump of flesh remains. Now wait some minutes. The 'flower' grows again and spreads out its 'leaves,' showing that it is no flower at all, but an animal. Everyone admires the floating veils of the Compass Medusa, or the Widowed Sea-Anemone (*Sagartia*), for example. But it is not lovely for the smaller creatures that chance to swim within its grip. Woe to the small plancton-shrimp or worm coming too close to one of those greedy little snakes! With a sudden dart forward, it seizes its victim and paralyses it with the poison in its stinging tentacles. Should the victim be larger, other tentacles assist and bend back

THE SEA-FLOOR THAT RIVAL THE GLORIES OF CHELSEA.

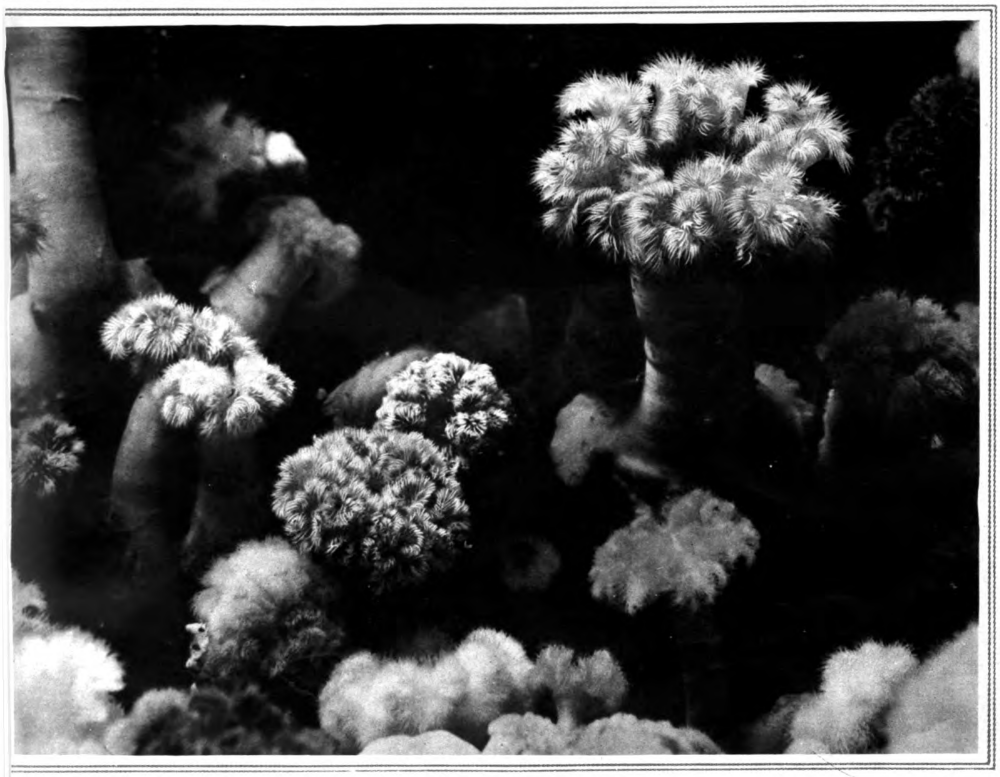
H. WEIGOLD, OF THE BIOLOGICAL STATION AT HELIGOLAND.



"WIDOW'S WEEDS" WHICH ARE POISONOUS TENTACLES THAT SEIZE SHRIMPS AND SEA-WORMS: THE "WIDOWED" SEA-ANEMONE (*SAGARTIA*).



EQUALLY FATAL TO UNWARY SEA-WORMS AND LITTLE SHRIMPS: THE PLUMOSE SEA-ANEMONE OR SEA-PINK (*ACTINOLOBA DIANTHUS*), A LARGE AND BRIGHTLY COLOURED JELLY-FISH.



ANIMAL ORGANISMS OF THE SEA-FLOOR THAT RESEMBLE FLOWERS: A GROUP OF SEA-PINKS, OR PLUMOSE SEA-ANEMONES (*ACTINOLOBA DIANTHUS*), TYPICAL JELLY-FISHES OF THE NORTH SEA.

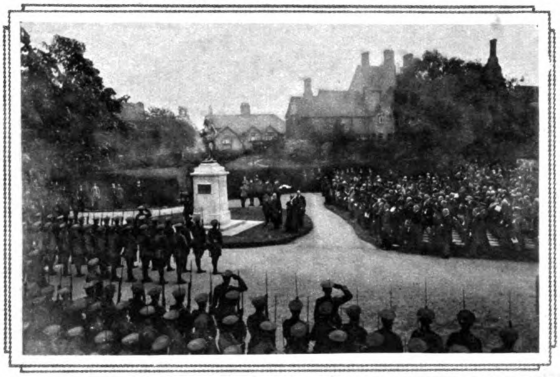
owards the Sea-Anemone's mouth with the prey in their grip, forcing it into the intestine. Then the tentacles re-expand. Such is also the habit of the Thick-horned Sea-Anemone (*Crassicornis*) and the Plumose Sea-Anemone (*Actinoloba dianthus*), or Sea-Pink. The former looks really like a Dahlia. It is reported hat once at low tide a bee mistook one for a flower, and perished miserably. Most interesting is the symbiotic way in which these stinging sea-anemones live vith lobsters and other crustaceans, such as hermit-crabs. They themselves can move only very slowly, more slowly than a snail, so they must sit and wait or a good opportunity, and if they can attach themselves to a lobster they are carried far around and fare much better. In return, their poison may protect heir 'landlord,' who is not always such a strong and devil-may-care fellow as the one shown in the photograph."

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, TOPICAL, E



THE LAME AUTHOR OF A "CRIPPLE" PLAY: MISS DOROTHY BRANDON.



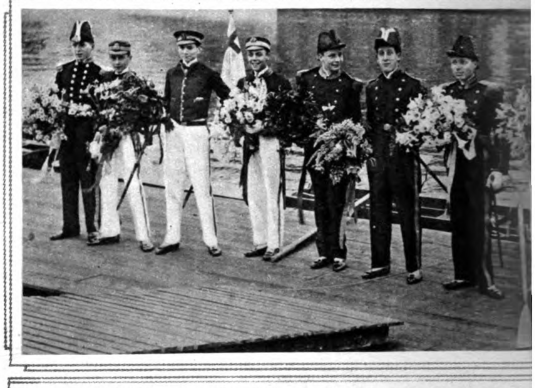
A GREAT SALOPIAN AS THE TYPE OF THE IDEAL SOLDIER: A STATUE OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY UNVEILED AT SHREWSBURY SCHOOL AS A WAR MEMORIAL.



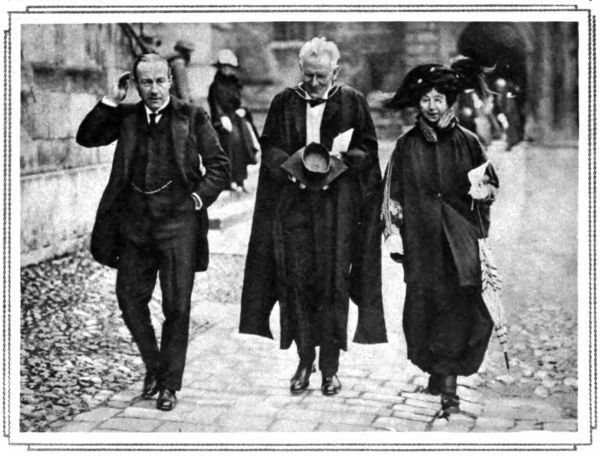
AFTER BEING RAMMED BY A CARGO B
AWASH ON A SANDBANK



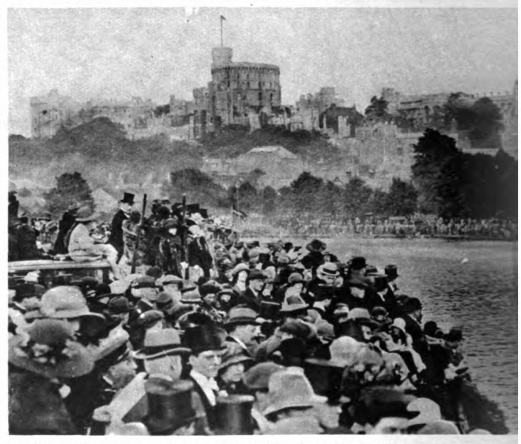
THE KING AND QUEEN UNDER A CANOPY: THEIR MAJESTIES AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL, TO LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONES OF THE NEW ROCKEFELLER BUILDINGS.



THE "FOURTH" AT ETON: THE COXSWAINS OF THE THREE UPPER
D. Y. HEXT, J. ABEL SMITH, AND HON. W. W. ASTOR), AND THE



THE PREMIER AT ETON FOR THE "FOURTH": (L. TO R.) MR. BALDWIN, DR. ALINGTON (THE HEADMASTER), AND MRS. BALDWIN.

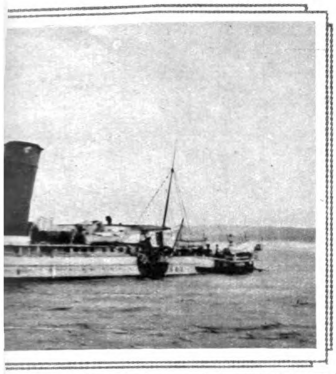


THE CHIEF EVENT OF THE "FOURTH OF JUNE" CELEBRATIONS AT
SPECTATORS, AND WINDSOR C

At the first night of "The Outsider," at the St. James's Theatre, a play with a cripple girl as heroine, there was a poignant moment when the author, Mi Dorothy Brandon, on being called before the curtain, was seen to be similarly lame.——The War Memorial of Shrewsbury School, unveiled by General S H. B. Walker, takes the form of a statue of Sir Philip Sidney, himself a Salopian, as the type of the ideal soldier. The statue is the work of Mr. Walke the pedestal being designed by Mr. Brook Kitchin. Among those present were the Burgmeester of Zutphen, where Sidney fell, and the Headmaster of Eto Dr. Alington.——The Liverpool-Belfast mail steamer "Graphic" was rammed by the American cargo boat "Balsam," in rough weather, on entering Belfa Lough on the morning of June 3. The "Graphic's" captain ran her on to a sandbank, on to which she sank, and all the 120 passengers and crew we safely taken off.——The late Mr. Henry John Boyd-Carpenter, Chief Inspector under the Egyptian Ministry of Education, was the eldest son of the famo Bishop of Ripon, and brother of the present Paymaster-General.——On May 31 their Majesties visited University College and its Hospital, where the Ki

HOTOGRAPHIC RECORDS OF TOPICAL EVENTS.

RY, SPORT AND GENERAL, TOM AITKEN, AND C.N.



ST LOUGH: THE MAIL STEAMER "GRAFHIC" E IN HER PORT SIDE.



WITH LITTLE BOYS DRESSED IN A STYLE RECALLING A FAMILIAR POSTER: A CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION AT CARDIFF IN WHICH 6000 CHILDREN TOOK PART.



A WELL-KNOWN EDUCATIONIST: THE LATE MR. H. J. BOYD-CARPENTER.



T TO RIGHT, ER BOATS.



WINNER OF LADIES' SINGLES AT CHISWICK: MISS McKANE (LEFT), WITH MRS. MALLORY (RUNNER-UP).



PRINCESS MARY AT THE LONDON (ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL) SCHOOL OF MEDICINE FOR WOMEN: H.R.H. FOLLOWED BY MISS ALDRICH-BLAKE (THE DEAN).



E PROCESSION OF BOATS ON THE RIVER—EACH BANK LINED WITH AN IMPOSING BACKGROUND.



THE HOME SECRETARY AND HIS WIFE AT ETON FOR THE "FOURTH": (L. TO R.) MRS. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, MR. BRIDGEMAN, AND DR. M. R. JAMES (PROVOST).

laid the foundation-stone of the new Obstetric Hospital, and the Queen that of a new Nurses' Home. The buildings have been made possible by the magnificent gift of £1,205,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation, which the King described as "yet another tie of sympathy and friendship which links us with the United States." For the ceremony a great marquee had been erected across Huntley Street, and on the way to it a canopy was carried by students over their Majesties as a protection from the weather.——The Prime Minister and the Home Secretary were among the visitors to Eton for the annual celebrations on the Fourth of June. The group of Eton coxswains shows, from left to right, D. Y. Hext, J. Abel Smith, the Hon. W. W. Astor, C. W. Garnett, R. P. Brown, J. N. E. Vaughan, J. V. C. Clarke, C. A. S. Cleaver, B. E. O'Brien, and S. C. Hawtrey.——Miss McKane beat Mrs. Mallory by 6—3, 6—2, in the final of the Ladies' Singles in the Middlesex Lawn-Tennis Championship at Chiswick Park.——Princess Mary (Viscountess Lascelles) recently visited the London (Royal Free Hospital) School of Medicine for Women, where she distributed prizes and was entertained to tea.

Savages and Sitters: A Portrait-Painter's Memories.

"RECOLLECTIONS OF A SAVAGE." By EDWIN A. WARD.*

AN authority of the past defined "Bohemia" as "any locality frequented by journalists, artists, actors, opera-singers, spouters, and other similar characters"; and "Bohemian" as "a slang term applied to literary men and artists of loose and irregular habits, living by what they can pick up by their brains." As he suggests it, that maligned centre of many imaginings consisted of land by no means entirely surrounded by water, bounded on the north by a bar, on the south by a buffet, on the east by a beer-house, on the west by a wine-shop, and peopled by witty, thriftless, unkempt, brotherly, brilliant men who would have appreciated to the full the late Dan Leno's attitude when, as a bibulous Beefeater, he located every sight according to its position in relation to the refreshment-room! He was right and he was wrong. His was a case even then of classification by the unit rather than the mass; now his definition is with the dodos. The old bravo Bohemian, always an exaggeration of his kin, flaunts his contempt of convention no more; the journalist of the new Bohemia no longer practises his profession because he has failed in everything else; the artist has ceased to luxuriate in untrimmed hair and a Chelsea slum; the actor "rests" in "Burke" and "Debrett" and "Who's Who?"; the opera-singer is what Bart Kennedy would call a Noble Person; the spouters are not "mouthing talkers"; the "other similar characters" have reformed and are not amongst the eccentrics.



WHISTLER—BY JOSEPH SIMPSON.

Reproduced from "Recollections of a Savage," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

The Old Brigade would have said "Pity 'tis 'tis true"; their successors will wonder as to their wisdom—will look askance at certain of the "goings on," and ask themselves whether the milestones are askew or whether their own vision is at fault. Less robust than their forerunners, they may forget great virtues and magnify little vices. Let us hope not.

At any rate, they cannot read "Recollections of a Savage" without being absorbed in it, its queer characters, its quizzical comments, its story of Sally, and especially its notes on sitters and sittings. In the course of his distinguished career as a portrait-painter, Mr. Ward, himself a charming personality of old-world manner, has met, inside the Savage Club and out of it, most of the all sorts it takes to make a world, and from his store of reminiscences he has drawn many a memory that was worth the keeping, either as reflection or as revelation.

Witness some instances.

Phil May at work: "The dining-room was crowded with noisy revellers helping themselves freely to a hospitality which was always boundless, when Phil, taking me away by the arm, led me upstairs into his working-room. What a contrast to the rowdy scene below! Every detail necessary for the practice of his masterly draughtsmanship was in perfect order, and with simple pride he described to me his method of work. Nothing appeared to be left to chance. He proceeded to illustrate the process by which he had arrived at his ultimate simplicity of line. Over an elaborate drawing he stretched a sheet of tracing paper, and preserving only the main line of construction, he found that by eliminating all superfluous detail he could present his picture with greater force and directness. The sloping desk at which he worked was for all the world like a lectern. . . ."

And other artists: Holman Hunt scattering his chop-bones on Ward's skylight in Manresa Road; W. G. Wills, better known as the author of "Charles I." whom Irving immortalised, in a studio of hopeless untidiness, and providing for a Princess-sitter a chair littered either with dirty crockery or the grid-iron on which the breakfast bloater had been fried; Sargent, sincere, of tireless industry, and modestly indifferent to praise and blame. Then Watts after he had been induced to paint a "Presentation Portrait": "It was completely unsuccessful, and Watts received a communication from the committee venturing to express their disappointment with the picture—but enclosing his fee of a thousand guineas. Watts promptly returned the cheque, with an intimation to the committee that 'they might go to Holl,' and eventually Frank Holl, R.A., did furnish them with what they required."

Next, Whistler, who "was ruthless in the pursuit of friend or foe who fell under the ban of his displeasure, and the rasping sting of his biting tongue made him a formidable adversary." Also he had the highest opinion of himself. "'Captain' Hill, the Bond Street tailor, who had a large house in Brighton, was a collector of modern pictures and took a great interest in the artists themselves. He had commissioned Whistler to paint a picture for him, and it was arranged that he should take the picture down to Brighton and choose the place where it should hang. When Whistler arrived his host and party were out for the day. When they returned in the evening they found Whistler fast asleep on the sofa, the collection of pictures entirely re-hung, and his own contribution hanging in the place of honour." Another story: The late Sir Thomas Sutherland, then Chairman of the P. and O., invited Whistler to join him in a trial trip from Southampton. "Some days after their return to town a message reached Sir Thomas that Whistler would like to see him. Upon calling at Whistler's studio, he was shown a charming sketch reminiscent of the scene that night upon which they had embarked upon the trial trip in the new P. and O.



IN 1901: THE RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, C.H.—BY EDWIN A. WARD.

Reproduced from "Recollections of a Savage," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

"Sir Thomas, much struck by the beauty of the study, asked Whistler what sort of sum he would receive for it, if it were for sale. Whistler, never timorous about such matters, replied that he was prepared to sacrifice it for seven hundred guineas. 'Seven hundred fiddle-sticks,' said Sir Thomas, and laughingly left the studio.

"This was the 'study' called by Whistler, 'Valparaiso—Evening,' which was later sold for 12,000 guineas."

A contrast indeed: Cecil Rhodes, insulting Edwin Ward while he was painting him, yet claiming that he was the only artist who had never bored him; behaving like a petulant child and a strong man; nettling Sir Luke Fildes, whom he would call "Fildees," and saying, "I have just sent my secretary with a cheque to pay for the portrait and bring it here, and as soon as it arrives I will burn it in front of you"; being thoroughly rude to Alfred Gilbert. And Alfred Harmsworth—later Viscount Northcliffe—the young man in a hurry, overflowing with vitality, simple yet complex. When he was at Broadstairs, he worked as hard as when he was anywhere else, although he was less visible. Mr. Ward records: "Alfred Harmsworth, though rarely out of his bed after 10.30 p.m., was seldom on view much before midday; his theory being that the restless spirits who could not enjoy their beds in the morning usually figure sooner or later in the bankruptcy court. As a matter of fact, he got through more work while lying in bed between five and ten in the morning than any other man I have ever known, during the whole day." His summing up of himself is characteristic: "I am the man you *must* have in every great business; the man who can say 'Yes' and 'No.'"



"MR. PUNCH'S" MOST FAMOUS CARTOONIST: SIR JOHN TENNIEL—BY EDWIN A. WARD.

From the Picture in the Reform Club.

Equally sure was the young Winston Churchill. Mr. Ward says of him: "I remember him as a red-haired boy of thirteen at the time I was painting his father's portrait. The picture had rather an elaborate background, and Winston, watching me working away at the accessories, remarked:

"'If I were you, Mr. Ward, I would paint in the head myself, and then pay some other fellow to finish off the chair and other details. I learned drawing at Harrow. My master draws 'em, and I colour them.'"

Another type: Gladstone visiting Irving at the Lyceum. Invited to the actor's dressing-room, he "expressed a strong desire to obtain a glimpse of the 'house' from the stage. The curtain was down; he was conducted to one of the wings, from whence, by slightly pulling the curtain aside, a view of the 'house' could be obtained. But Mr. Gladstone, in his impulsive eagerness to see all that was to be seen, gripped the curtain with such energy, that not only did he get a clear look of the 'house,' but also presented the audience with a most excellent view of the familiar features of the Prime Minister, upon which they rose as one man, bursting into loud, prolonged, delighted calls of 'Bravo Gladstone.'"

A point about Mark Twain: "A portrait of Cecil Rhodes was on view in the studio when Mark Twain commenced his sittings; but his vocabulary became so violent and varied, leaving no room for doubt as to his views regarding the policy of the British in South Africa and the part played in it by Cecil Rhodes, that I was compelled to move the picture out of the range of his vision. I was a little surprised to find that he had no good word to say for the works of Charles Dickens. He seemed to be quite blind to his qualities, and for the life of him failed to see where the humour came in."

So much by way of introduction: let the "samples" tempt to the whole. "Recollections of a Savage" should have a great success.

E. H. G.

* "Recollections of a Savage." By Edwin A. Ward. Illustrated. (Herbert Jenkins; 16s. net.)

A "PLAGUE OF EGYPT" IN KENT: FLIES AND CATERPILLARS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.V.R. CAVELL.



FRUIT-TREES "BRIDGED" FOR CATERPILLARS BY A NETWORK OF OAK-FLY WEBS: PICKING CATERPILLARS OFF THE WEBS.



A TREE THAT YIELDED TEN BUSHELS OF FRUIT LAST SEASON, NOW STRIPPED BY CATERPILLARS: CLEARING THE PESTS.



DEVASTATION IN KENTISH ORCHARDS FROM THE PLAGUE OF CATERPILLARS THAT FOLLOWED THE OAK-FLIES: AN ENTIRE ROW OF RAVAGED PLUM AND APPLE TREES ON A PLANTATION AT ASH.



"BIRD DESTRUCTION MUST BE STOPPED . . . MORE BIRDS MEAN FEWER INSECTS": INSPECTING A PLUM-TREE STRIPPED BY CATERPILLARS AT WOODNESBOROUGH.



"WE MUST HAVE MORE BIRDS": KENTISH FRUIT-GROWERS CLIMBING UP CHERRY AND APPLE TREES IN SEARCH OF THE DEVASTATING CATERPILLARS.

This year's crop of fruit in many Kentish orchards has been ruined by a plague of caterpillars, which have stripped the trees bare. In our last issue (for June 2), we illustrated a plague of locusts at Johannesburg, in South Africa, comparing it to one of the plagues of Egypt. If the analogy is not quite so close in regard to the caterpillars themselves, it holds good of a visitation that preceded them and helped their depredations, for a few weeks before, about the end of April, "there came (in the language of Exodus) a grievous swarm of flies" from over the sea into Eastern Kent. They settled everywhere, and nearly drove the cattle mad. In orchards they wove a network of webs from tree to tree, thus forming "bridges" which were later used by the caterpillars. The flies were black, with long tails, and locally known as oak-flies. The caterpillar plague has caused a revulsion of feeling among fruit-growers in favour of birds. One orchard-owner at Woodnesborough said: "Our orchards are a wilderness. Bird destruction must be stopped. We must have more birds, as more birds mean fewer insects."

THE CHARM OF THE FORMAL GARDEN: LILY PONDS, ROCI

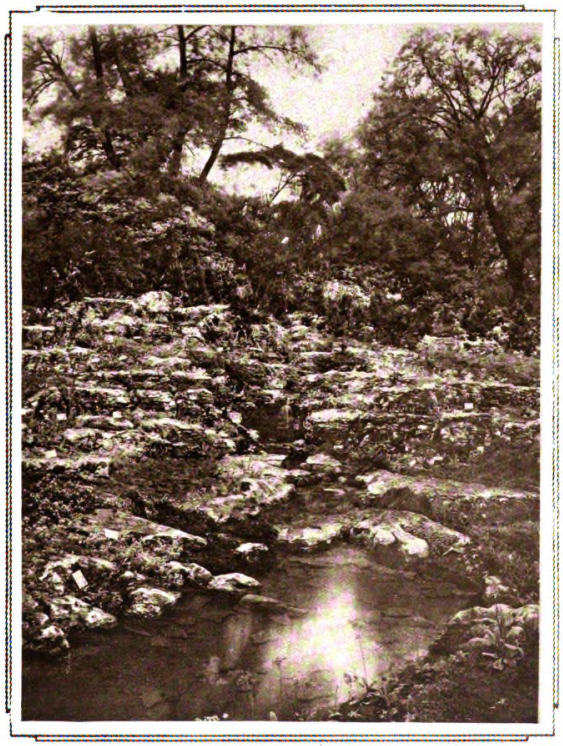
PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKE



1. IN THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SHOW AT CHELSEA: A FORMAL GARDEN, WITH FOUNTAIN AND TOPIARY, AWARDED A SILVER CUP.



2. A WINDING STREAM WITH "CRAZY" PAVE AWARDE



4. LIKE A NATURAL MOORLAND STREAM: A ROCK GARDEN AWARDED A LARGE SILVER CUP.



5. A GRASS AND OLD WALL EFFECT: A SUNK GARDEN AND LILY POOL, AWARDED THE SILVER-GILT BANKSIAN MEDAL.

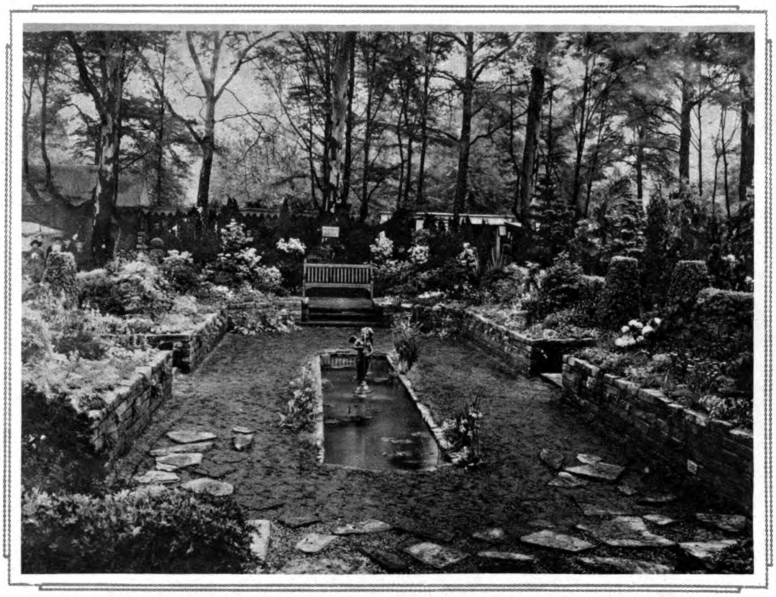
Many delightful examples of formal gardens, and of rock and water gardens laid out on the "careless-ordered" lines of natural scenery, have proved a great attraction to visitors at the Royal Horticultural Society's Flower Show at Chelsea. The King and Queen were especially interested in them when they visited the Show on May 29, and insisted on visiting this part of the grounds in spite of the bad weather on that day. We illustrate here some of the gardens which their Majesties saw. No. 1 is a formal garden by Messrs. J. Cheal and Sons, Ltd., of Crawley, awarded a small silver cup. No. 2 is a water garden shown

ANTS, CASCADES, AND "CRAZY" PAVEMENT, AT CHELSEA.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



H AND A SMALL CASCADE: A WATER GARDEN
D MEDAL.



3. OF THE SUNK GARDEN TYPE: A FORMAL ROCK AND WATER GARDEN, WITH CENTRAL POND AND STONE FIGURE, AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL.



6. "CRAZY" PAVEMENT, FLAGS, AND "RED-HOT POKERS": AN IRIS GARDEN AWARDED A SILVER-GILT MEDAL.



7. BOULDERS AND A LILY POOL: A ROCK AND WATER GARDEN AWARDED A LARGE SILVER CUP.

by Messrs. James Carter and Co., of Raynes Park, awarded a gold medal. No. 3 is a formal rock and water garden by Messrs. Kent and Brydon, of Darlington, also awarded a gold medal. No. 4 is a rock garden by Messrs. R. Tucker and Sons, of Oxford, awarded a large silver cup. No. 5 is a sunk garden and lily pool by the En Tout Cas Co., Ltd., of Syston, near Leicester, awarded the silver-gilt Banksian medal. No. 6 is an iris garden by Messrs. Bunyard, of Maidstone, awarded a silver-gilt medal. No. 7 is a rock-water garden by Messrs. W. H. Gaze and Sons, Ltd., of Kingston-on-Thames, awarded a large silver cup.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THE great expectations aroused by the announcement that Mr. Rudyard Kipling was to contribute a regimental history to the vast record of the war have not been disappointed. The word "disappointed" is unhappy, for disappointment was not to be thought of in this connection: one should rather say that the great expectations have been fulfilled beyond the most sanguine hopes.

. . . . . .

It was a foregone conclusion that the history of "THE IRISH GUARDS IN THE GREAT WAR" (Macmillan; 2 vols., 40s.) was safe in the hands of Private Mulvaney's creator, but only an inspired prophet could have foretold that this fragment of the great Four Years' drama would have a Chorus, punctuating the narrative with appropriate comment in the very vernacular of Mulvaney himself. But that is just what has happened, and it gives this war history its separate and characteristically Kiplingesque note. Were it anonymous, the authorship would never be in doubt for a moment, after the first entrance of that unmistakable Irish voice: the voice of the private and the non-com. Often the speaker in inverted commas is referred to as a Sergeant, but it is still Mulvaney, and he, you remember, "was a Corpril wanst."

. . .

Lord Rosebery, in the Introduction which he wrote, while the war was still in its infancy, to Mr. John Buchan's history, remarked that "the writer who can disentangle this vast labyrinth of armaments, and assist his contemporaries to comprehend the theatre of conflict, undertakes an heroic task, and will be entitled to the gratitude of his country; though the definite history of these simultaneous and colossal wars must still be remote." That complete survey will not be given in our time, and, when it is attempted, who shall say that it conveys the final truth? "Doubtless," says Mr. Kipling, "all will be reconstructed to the satisfaction of future years, when, if there be a memory beyond the grave, the ghosts may laugh at the neatly groomed histories."

. . . . . .

At "neatly groomed history" Mr. Kipling has not aimed. It seemed to him best "to abandon all idea of such broad and balanced narratives as will be put forward by experts, and to limit himself to matters which directly touched the men's lives and fortunes." He has told the soldier's story from the soldier's point of view. Always he is with the fighting man, always he keeps the reader close to the fighting man's elbow. No other story of the campaign, except Captain Nichols's "The 18th Division," has conveyed so vivid a personal realisation of the soldier's works and days—"in journeyings often . . . in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness," yet all endured with the British Tommy's unbeatable pluck and humour that could see a joke when things were blackest.

. . . . . .

But although Mr. Kipling has not attempted the "broad and balanced narrative" of field operations, he has studied his material so closely, and has arranged it with such skill, that out of the mass of bewildering detail there arises one of the clearest pictures of the struggle on the Western Front that has been given in any history of the war. The book, it is true, deals principally with the fortunes of a single unit, and the author (who modestly refers to himself as "the compiler") makes a great point of the limited horizon of the fighters on any given sector, but, for all that, the general view is not narrow. Mr. Kipling has a knowledge of the war that enables him to look beyond the actual area of operations traversed by the Irish Guards. In terms of their experiences, he makes the Retreat from Mons understandable as few accounts of that grim ordeal of endurance and strange confusion have been understandable to the mere reader, and he sees the *terrain* always in the light of future events. Closing his account of Villers-Cotterêts (September 1, 1914) he writes: "So they passed out of the darkness and greenery of the forest, which, four years later, was to hide a great French Army, and launch it forth to turn the tide of 1918." Thus linking present with future he arrives at comprehensive and comprehensible history.

. . .

Volume I. is devoted to the 1st Battalion; Volume II. to the 2nd. The main sources are the Regimental Diaries, extracts from which, together with passages from officers' letters, contribute also to that running commentary, which is sustained, with less reticence, by the Chorus out of the mouth of some unnamed N.C.O. or "other ranks." The soldierly reticence of the Diaries and letters has its own back-handed humour. Nothing can be more perfectly British in its instinctive avoidance of heroics. For instance, when the 2nd Battalion had its earliest experience at Ypres and a platoon under inspection was caught by shrapnel—

> The men stood rigidly to attention without moving a muscle, till the officer gave them orders to take cover. Then they disappeared into the nearest cellar. Later on, it occurred to the officer that the incident, "though commonplace, was not without its interesting aspect."

. . . . . .

The aspect is not less "interesting" that the Battalion was newly raised and still untried in war. It is only another of the endless examples given in this book of the Guards' constant insistence on drill and discipline. At every moment of rest there was drill and a return to the smartness of a peace-time parade. And even in the trenches being dirty was still a crime. No matter how thick the stuff was coming over, the Guards endeavoured always to shave. And this discipline told in tight places. "They took it all as part of the inexplicable wonder of war, which orders that the soldier shall do what he is told and shall stay where he is put."

. . . . . .

On that "Chorus" has his best word to say when he comments upon the exploit of Sergeant Moyney, who had been cut off at Ney Copse with half a platoon, but at length brought in his men, tired, very hungry, but otherwise in perfect order. They had been out, hard-pressed in a shell-hole, about four days, during which the Sergeant, according to orders, would not let them break into their iron ration. Here Chorus gets a cue for exhibiting the very kernel of discipline—

> 'Twas a bad mix-up first to last. We ought never to have been that side the dam' river (Broembeek) at that time at all. 'Twas not fit for it yet. And there 's a lot to it that can't be told. . . . And *why* did Moyney not let the men break into their ration? Because, in a tight place, if you do *one* thing against orders ye 'll do *anything*. An' 'twas a dam tight place that that Moyney man walked them out of.

. . . . . .

Excellent this book is as a regimental history, with every man's little bit of service or glory, or both, "in a war that made mere glory ridiculous," fitted economically yet most adequately into its proper place; but it is these human asides in the brogue that make the cream of the correspondence. Hear this of the Sergeant to the most genially incorrigible regimental inebriate. The story is long and fruity, but here it grows to a point—

> So I loosed myself upon him, an' I described him to himself the way he 'd have shame at it, but shame was not in him. "Yes, Sergeant," he says to me, "full I am, an' this is full too," he says, pattin' the rum jar (and it was !), "an' I know where there 's plenty more," he says, "and it 's all for you an' your great thrustfulness to me about them five francs." What could I do? He 'd made me a laughing stock to the Battalion. An awful man! He 'd done it all on those five unlucky francs! Yes, he 'd lead a bombin' party or a drinkin' party—his own or any other battalion's; an' he was worth a platoon an' a half when there was anything doing, an' I thrust in God he 's alive yet—him an' his five francs! But an awful man!

An actual, though nameless, Mulvaney speaks from these pages above the din of whizz-bangs and trench mortars, and grins amid the abominations of No Man's Land: as thus, on the 2nd Battalion's first taste of the Ypres salient—

> "When you know you may be for it every minute, you can *not* be more frightened than frightened. The same as getting drunk, *I* think. After a while—dead-drunk ye get, and dead-drunk ye stay. Ah, but they was genteel trenches and pleasant-spoken Jerries down at Laventie where we 'd come from, in front of Red House and all."

A further glimpse of "pleasant-spoken Jerries" occurs when the Irish Guards had taken post with the Army of Occupation in Germany, and thought the bottom had fallen out, not only of the war, but of reality—

> "There was Jerry takin' stock of us, under his hat-brim at the street-corners in the wet. . . . An' there was the Jerry Frowlines so polite and anxious for to please, playin' the 'Marseillaise' and 'God Save the King' to the officers in the evenin', an' every Jerry willin' to sell us everything he thought we 'd like to buy. And there was us Micks mountin' guard on the dumps, an' patrollin' the streets . . . an' 'twas all like play-actin' . . . for us, the old birds, that had come through great doin's for so long. 'twas not in nature, ye 'll understand. All false-like, except the dam' ceremonials."

The story comes down to that day on which the returned Guards moved through London in a procession that recalled things soon to be a memory only. In that company were "young men with eyes which did not match their age, shaken beyond speech or tears by the splendour and the grief of that memory."

Among the "missing" after the 2nd Battalion's début at Loos occurs the name of 2nd Lieut. J. Kipling.



BEGINNING A NEW SERIES OF BRILLIANT SHORT STORIES IN THE "SKETCH": "G. B. STERN" (MRS. GEOFFREY HOLDSWORTH).

Mrs. Geoffrey Holdsworth, better known by her maiden (and pen) name of G. B. Stern, has just begun in the "Sketch" a new set of tales with the general title of "Little Slam." A previous series in the same paper was entitled "Six Fools." She is one of our cleverest young authors, and has written several notable novels, including "The Room," and—her latest—"The Back Seat."

Photograph by Maull and Fox.

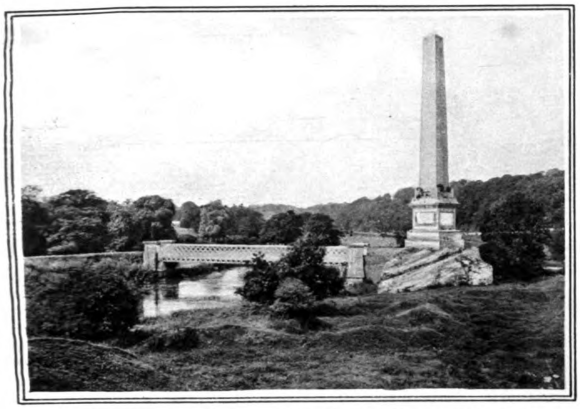


AUTHOR OF "LADY SUSAN AND LIFE," A NEW SERIES OF AMUSING STUDIES OF MODERN MANNERS, JUST BEGUN IN THE "SKETCH": MISS M. STORM JAMESON.

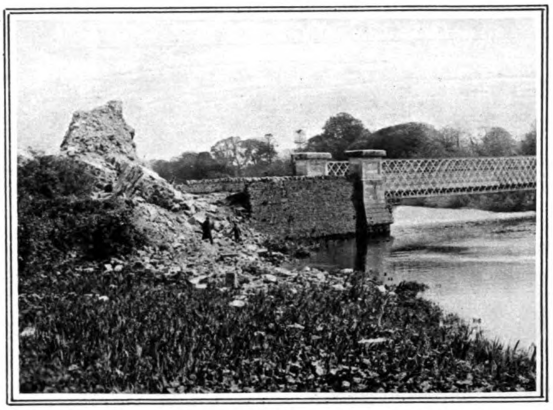
Miss Storm Jameson has published three novels, "The Pot Boils," "The Happy Highways," and "The Clash" (a study of an American in England), as well as "Modern Drama in Europe," a critical history of the modern stage. She has just finished another novel and a play. At one time she was sub-editor of the "New Commonwealth." She is the wife of an officer in the American Air Service, and has a little son.—[*Photograph by Basil.*]

EVENTS OF THE WEEK: AN OUTRAGE; A PAGEANT; AN ELECTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. WELCH, PHOTOPRESS, AND TOPICAL.



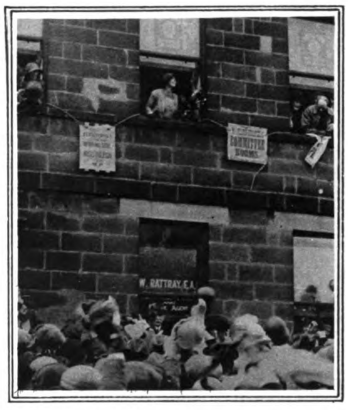
BEFORE IT WAS BLOWN UP: THE HISTORIC OBELISK ON THE SITE OF THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE, NEAR DROGHEDA.



AFTER IT WAS BLOWN UP: THE COMPLETE WRECKAGE OF THE BOYNE OBELISK, AND THE BRIDGE THAT ESCAPED.



THE KING AT THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR ON HIS BIRTHDAY: HIS MAJESTY (MOUNTED, THIRD FROM RIGHT IN FRONT LINE IN RIGHT FOREGROUND) WITH THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN ON HIS LEFT, WATCHING THE MARCH-PAST.



THE NEW WOMAN M.P. ACCLAIMED BY HER SUPPORTERS: MRS. HILTON PHILIPSON (AT THE CENTRE WINDOW) AFTER HER ELECTION.



BEFORE SHE ACCIDENTALLY RECEIVED A BLACK EYE FROM THE ELBOW OF A POLICEMAN MAKING WAY FOR HER: MRS. PHILIPSON ESCORTED TO HER COMMITTEE ROOMS.

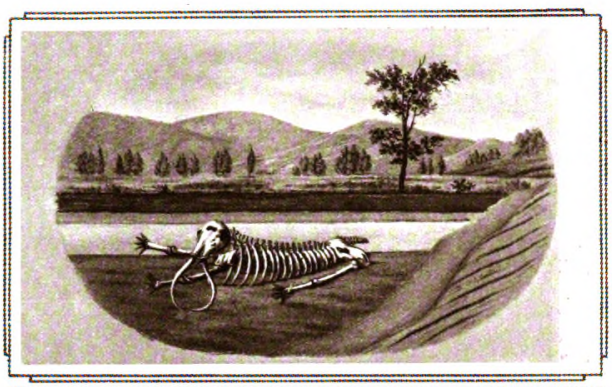


WITH HER HUSBAND, TO WHOSE SEAT SHE SUCCEEDS: MRS. HILTON PHILIPSON WELCOMED AT AMBLE AFTER HER ELECTION.

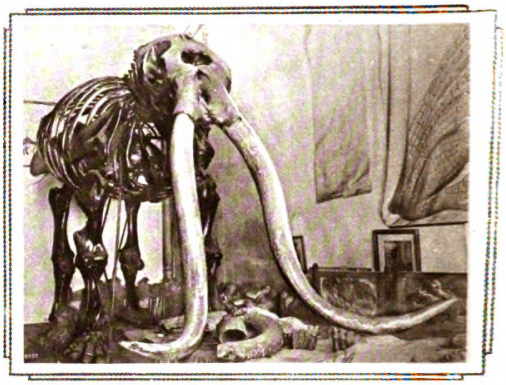
The famous obelisk which has stood for nearly 200 years on the site of the Battle of the Boyne, near Drogheda, was blown up during the night of May 30-31, apparently by land-mines put in holes of the rock that formed the base. Luckily the bridge escaped. The Boyne at Drogheda forms the border between the counties of Louth and Meath in the north-east part of the Irish Free State. The obelisk was dedicated to "the glorious memory of King William III.," and marked the spot where he led his troops across the river against the forces of James II. The first stone of the monument was laid by the Duke of Dorset, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1736.——The historic ceremony of Trooping the Colour in honour of the King's birthday took place on the Horse Guards Parade on Saturday, June 2. The King was in the uniform of the Scots Guards.——The election of Mrs. Hilton Philipson (formerly Miss Mabel Russell) as M.P. for Berwick-on-Tweed, on June 1, caused a scene of great enthusiasm. The result was declared at Alnwick. On her return to Berwick the crowd was so great that she could scarcely reach her hotel, and a policeman making way for her accidentally gave her a black eye with his elbow. A portrait of her appears on our front page.

DIGGING FOR MASTODONS: PREHISTORIC MONSTERS OF NEW YORK.

BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. FIG. 1—FROM DR. J. C. WARREN'S "MASTODON GIGANTEUS OF NORTH AMERICA." FIG. 3—PHOTOGRAPH, LENT BY MR. H. E. THOMPSON, OF PAINTING BY REMBRANDT PEALE, BELONGING TO MRS. BERTHA WHITE, AND NOW IN THE BOSTON MUSEUM. FIGS. 4 AND 5—PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. S. H. CHUBB.



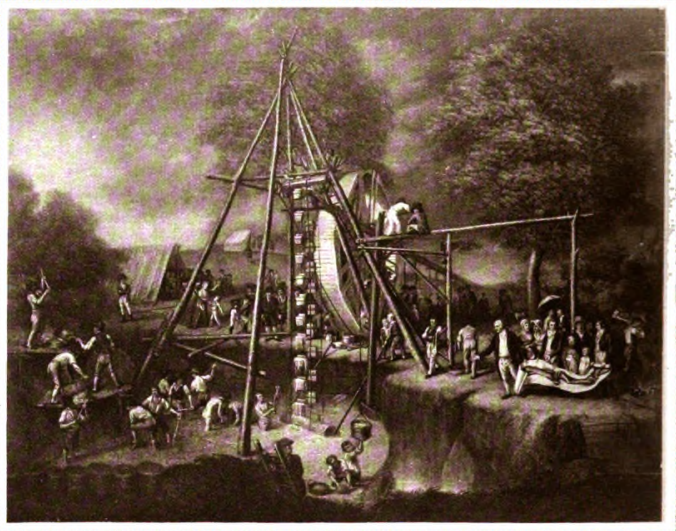
1. SHOWING ITS FRANTIC EFFORTS TO EXTRICATE ITSELF FROM THE MORASS: THE WARREN MASTODON SKELETON AS FOUND: WITH INDICATIONS OF STRATA.



2. TOO HIGH AND WITH ARTIFICIAL TUSKS TOO LONG: THE MASTODON AS REMOUNTED IN 1849 AND VARNISHED BLACK.

MANY new facts about the Warren Mastodon, whose skeleton is one of the greatest treasures of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, are given in an article on "Mastodons of the Hudson Highlands," by Professor H. F. Osborn, President of the Museum, in a recent number of its journal, "Natural History." "The Warren Mastodon, found in 1845," he writes, "was the fifth in a series of discoveries of mastodon skeletons, beginning with Peale's first skeleton of 1799, also found in Orange County, New York. . . . The vignette (Fig. 1) is designed to show the succession of strata under which were found the skeletal remains (of the Warren Mastodon). The position of the extremities shows that the animal was making strong efforts to extricate itself from the abyss into which it had plunged. . . . For 57 years (1849-1906) the Warren Mastodon, remounted as shown in Fig. 2, was exhibited in the Warren Museum in Boston. In 1906 it was acquired, thanks to the late J. Pierpont Morgan, by the American Museum. The skeleton is here shown covered with heavy black varnish. The natural height was increased from 9 ft. to 12 ft." . . . Fig. 3 shows the excavation of the Peale Mastodon in 1801 on a farm near Newburg, New York. "The principal figure in the foreground is Dr. Charles Willson Peale. Some of the workmen wear tall beaver hats as part of the quaint dress of the period."——Figs. 4 and 5 show the locality where

[*Continued below.*



3. WITH AN IMPROVISED CONTINUOUS BUCKET CHAIN: THE EXCAVATION OF THE PEALE MASTODON IN 1801.



4. WHERE THE WARREN MASTODON WAS DISCOVERED IN 1845, UNDER THE PRESENT POND: A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH ON THE BREWSTER FARM, ORANGE COUNTY, NEW YORK.



5. POINTING TO THE SPOT IN THE POND WHERE THE MASTODON WAS FOUND: MR. NATHANIEL BREWSTER (GRANDSON OF THE DISCOVERER).

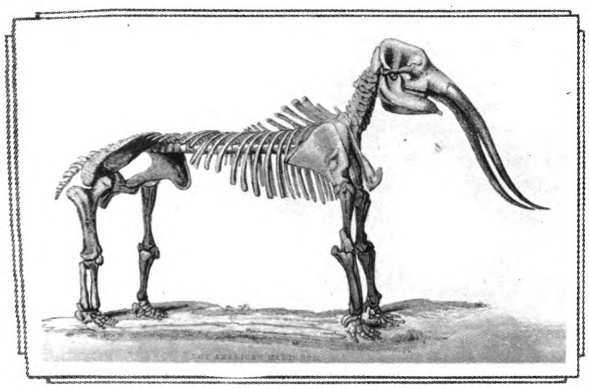
(*Continued.*)

the Warren Mastodon was discovered, and in Fig. 5 is seen Mr. Nathaniel Brewster, grandson of the original owner and excavator of the skeleton. Although only three at the time (1845), he recalls placing his little fist in the eye-socket of the mastodon. . . . "Owing to the fact that the bones were buried in a pure shell-marl layer, they were when found in a perfect state of preservation . . . The skeleton was wired together and set up in such form that it could be exhibited for three or four months during the years 1845 and 1846, in the city of New York, and in several New York and New England towns. Fortunate was its purchase in 1846 by Dr. John Collins Warren, Professor of Anatomy at Harvard, who paid 5000 dollars for it. It was mounted under his direction (at Boston) by Dr. N. B. Shurtleff; this was its second mounting. . . . In 1849 the mastodon was remounted by Mr. Ogden. It was at this time that the skeleton received its coat of black varnish, was raised 2 ft. above its natural height, and was provided with the enormous pair of papier-maché tusks (over 11 ft. long)," seen in Fig. 2.

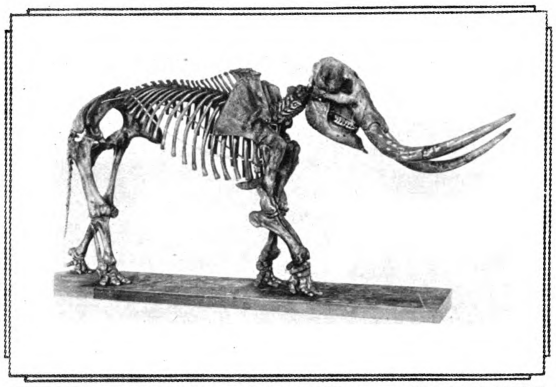
[*Continued in Box on opposite page.*

ROAMING NEW YORK STATE SOME 30,000 YEARS AGO: MASTODONS.

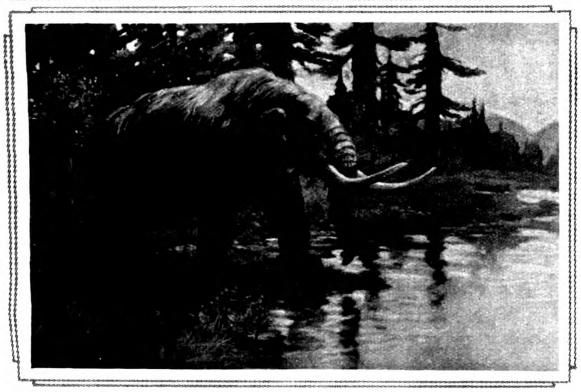
BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. FIG. 1—FROM THE "AMERICAN JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE AND SCIENCE" (MESSRS. E. EMMONS AND A. J. PRIME). FIGS. 3 AND 4 FROM PAINTINGS BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT. FIG. 5—A MODEL BY NOAH T. CLARKE AND CHARLES P. HEIDENRICH, DIRECTED BY DR. JOHN M. CLARKE. FIG. 6—A MODEL BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.



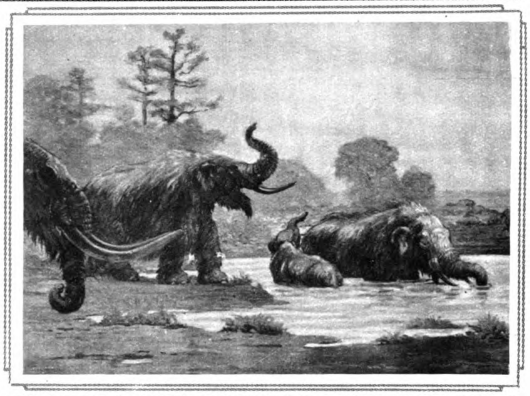
6. AS IT WAS MOUNTED SHORTLY AFTER ITS DISCOVERY IN 1845: THE SKELETON OF THE WARREN MASTODON, SINCE REMOUNTED THREE TIMES.



7. AS REMOUNTED (FOR THE FOURTH TIME) IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, IN 1908: THE WARREN MASTODON.



8. AMID FLORA INDICATED BY THE CONTENTS OF HIS STOMACH: THE WARREN MASTODON JUST BEFORE HE WAS DROWNED SOME 30,000 YEARS AGO.



9. AS THEY LIVED SOME 300 CENTURIES AGO: MASTODONS, INCLUDING TWO BULLS, A COW, AND A CALF, ON THE MISSOURI RIVER IN KANSAS.

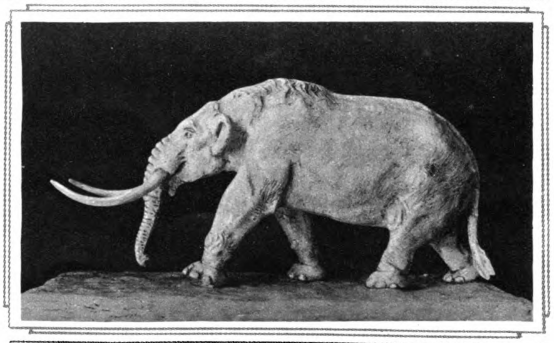
Continued.]

In 1906 the skeleton was bought for the American Museum by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan for 30,000 dollars, and was remounted. The black varnish was removed, and the fragments of the original tusks were pieced together and found to be 8 ft. 7 in. long. The animal's height was also determined as 9 ft. 2 in. and its length as 15 ft. "Its proportions (writes Mr. Osborn) are thus totally different from those of any species of elephant. The long, low body is correspondingly broad, with an immense spread of 6 ft. across the hips or pelvis."——Fig. 6 shows the Warren Mastodon as it was first mounted, shortly after its discovery. Fig. 7 shows the fourth mounting at the American Museum in 1908. The skeleton was almost complete, and only a few restorations were necessary. Fig. 8 shows "the final restoration portrait of the Warren Mastodon just before he sank into the shell-marl basin, six miles N.W. of Newburg, between 20,000 and 30,000 years ago. . . . The flora of the forest corresponds with the contents of the mastodon's stomach." Fig. 9 is also a painting by Mr. Charles Knight made under the direction of Professor Osborn. Fig. 10 shows "the Cohoes Mastodon as he appeared in life. . . . the only life-size scientific restoration of the

(*Continued below.*



10. THE ONLY LIFE-SIZE SCIENTIFIC RESTORATION OF AN AMERICAN MASTODON OF THE ICE AGE: A MODEL OF THE COHOES MASTODON AT ALBANY.



11. MADE ON A 1-8TH SCALE (1½ INCHES TO THE FOOT): A "RECONSTRUCTION" MODEL OF THE WARREN MASTODON.

Continued.]

American Mastodon." Fig. 11 is a model of the Warren Mastodon, one of a series of extinct and living elephants made to a uniform scale of 1½ in. to the foot, or a 1-8 scale. The Cohoes Mastodon was illustrated in our issue of July 15 last, where we wrote: "It is a remarkable specimen of those prehistoric proboscideans of which the remains of 101 distinct individuals have been found in New York State. This one, a nearly full-grown male, was excavated at Cohoes in 1866. Dental trouble in the right jaw had arrested its development—hence it became known as 'the mastodon with the toothache.' For fifty years the skeleton has stood in the State Museum at Albany, and from it a life-like scientific restoration, the first of its kind, has just been completed by Mr. Noah T. Clarke, son of the Director of the Museum, assisted by Mr. Charles P. Heidenrich. The work has taken more than a year, and is based on careful and accurate studies and measurements."



The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.



THE MOTH AND THE CANDLE.—AN ARTISTIC ERROR.

HAS the outside world, I wonder, any conception of the terrible fight for life going on day by day in the World of the Theatre? We hear of bad business, of bad plays, of the plaint of the Great Unacted, and the closed door. Incidentally, we hear of inflated rents, of the presumptions of labour, of the wicked theatre-tax, about which the manager weeps while the public pays—is it not plainly printed on the tickets?

But what we hear all too rarely is of the suffering in silence of the army of unemployed in an overstocked profession. Whenever the papers announce a new play and a new venture, every post brings a sheaf of letters asking, praying, imploring for work. And alas! since there are more women in the land (and on or about the stage) than men, they form the majority of the pleaders. A well-known manager, who let me into the secrets of his cupboard, one morning showed me a pile of letters with an index attached. I rapidly counted fifty and more. "This is one day's sad harvest." He is a kind-hearted man, who looks upon his less fortunate colleagues in the spirit of *esprit de corps*, and believes that, even when there is no chance to offer immediate employment, it is part and parcel of his duty to see all the applicants—to visualise their possibilities with a view to later plans; to proffer a word of encouragement, maybe of solace. He himself has gone through the mill, and tasted the bitter cup of "resting"—willy-nilly—with no work and no money. He remembers closed doors, abrupt interviews while kept standing like a menial, the rebuffs—all those disappointments which depress a heavy heart. Besides, he is not only kind, he is far-seeing; he knows the value of personal acquaintance and observation; he considers that in declining to see an artist he may let a genius pass his door, and regret it ever after. It happens all too often that an artist leaps suddenly into fame, and that then, too late, a manager remembers how the first claim on his or her services was offered to him and declined on the stereotyped circular containing a polite "Nothing doing."

But, on the whole, it may be said that the manager referred to is rather the exception than the rule. Generally only the fewest unemployed actors get near the holy shrine. Nor can one blame the leaders of theatres that they politely turn a deaf ear; for to see, say, fifty people but for five minutes every day means a little matter of over four hours, or precisely one-half of normal working-time. The whole sad question is not one of individual shortcomings, but the obvious result of three causes. The first is our system of engagements for a run. It is unique in Europe. Elsewhere, all the artists are engaged for a definite period at a certain time of the year. The artists go to agents; the agents are, as it were, the permanent brokers of a manager; supply is equalled by a pretty regular demand. Artists out of engagement are rare on the Continent; such are either the more or less notoriously incapable ones, or those who feel confident that they can dispense with long engagements and do better as "guests" spasmodically. The next cause is that resting players rarely hear of new enterprises and requirements until after the event, when the play and the cast are settled. They apply on rumour, hearsay, or possibly little sidelights in the Press. There is no labour exchange for artists, nor yet any information bureau. Even the Actors' Association and the accredited agents know nothing of what is going on in the managerial office. The latter are sent for when they are wanted, but generally engagements are made by the manager himself, with the aid of the author, who both know exactly whom they want and where to find them. And lucky indeed are the *protégés* who get in by recommendation. The rest wander outside in darkness, and chance is the only "bull" point in their speculation of something looming up.

Yet, when all is said, the third cause is the most cogent of all. The stage is the candle that attracts the moth, particularly the female moth—the girl who is idle and bored at home; the girl who is tired of "five-o'clocks" and society; the girl who reads about the glories and the luxurious lives of stars; the girl who has failed at several trades and thinks that the stage is as good a gamble as any other; the girl who is indolent and good-looking, and thinks that stage-life is all outings, excitement, and *dolce far niente*; the girl who has acted as an amateur and been praised as a genius by sisters, cousins, aunts—not forgetting swains; the girl who thinks that the stage is a good matrimonial bureau—have not Topsy and Dolly hooked a millionaire or a title?—the girl who has had elocution lessons and thinks that she is "it," and could—if she had but a chance—become a Gladys Cooper or a Madge Titheradge; the girl who thinks that she has it in her, that the stage is her vocation, whereas in reality she would be better employed as a wife and mother. Now, if you were to tell the truth to all these more or less useless hangers-on, they would be horrified and full of protestation. But the fact remains, and, if it applies in a lesser degree to men, it is because our men are fewer in number and generally more adequate than the would-be actresses swarming round stage-doors and theatre offices. It is one of those problems that defy solution, and will grow in fatal importance as the theatre, financially far from sound and less and less lucrative, becomes more and more the focus of the attention of public and Press.



GIVING HER ONLY RECITAL IN LONDON THIS SEASON AT THE QUEEN'S HALL ON JUNE 9: MME. MARGUERITE D'ALVAREZ, THE WELL-KNOWN SINGER.

Mme. D'Alvarez has just returned from a two-years' concert tour of the world.

Photograph by George Maillard Kesslere, B.P.

Would that there were more managers like one, now dead, who had a hard-and-fast rule with applicants whom he considered as ballast! His first question to the aspirants who came to him in shoals was: "Why do you want to go on the stage? Is it of necessity, or because you believe you can act and would like to employ your time?" By the answer he could at once gauge what manner of person was facing him. And nine times out of ten he dismissed his visitor with the polite salute: "Yours is a case of 'may,' not 'must.' I'm sorry. I am a man of business and cannot afford to attend to other people's recreations. Forgive me, and—good morning." His was the cruelty of kindness, and he thus rendered great service to the real workers in his profession.

. . . . . .

With all my love for the little people of the Marionettes, I think their incursion into Shakespeare is an error. There is a general consensus of opinion that the best part of the entertainment was not the play of "The Tempest," but the scenery and the music, and that moments of mirth were followed by periods of gentle *ennui*. The fault lay not so much with the wirepullers as with the henchmen. When the Marionettes opened in opera and met with the enthusiasm kindled by a quaint novelty, there was a feeling of unevenness. Italian operators and English operatic artists, engaged for the purpose, formed a strange combination indeed, and one that could never be complete on account of temperament and lack of real cohesion. The fascination of the old Punch and Judy show is that the pipers call the tune—in other words, manipulator and actor are one. Nor can perfect harmony of time and *milieu* ever be obtained when these two are sundered. There is a fundamental difference between the beat of mechanism and the human voice, and the make-believe can only be achieved by such practice as reaches very nearly amalgamation. In "The Tempest" there was very little of that: the Marionettes were Latin in the wide sense of the word; the accompanists, vocal and reciting, were, I will not say Anglo-Saxon, but—otherwise, and hardly ever did the poetry of Shakespeare penetrate.



LUMINOUS LIVING JEWELLERY IN THE "MUSIC BOX REVUE," AT THE PALACE THEATRE: PEARL AND DIAMOND EFFECTS IN "THE LEGEND OF THE PEARLS," WITH MISS ETHELIND TERRY (CENTRE) AS THE PEARL.

The pearl-bordered costumes and head-dresses, and the large "pearl and diamond" pendant above, produce very decorative effects, especially when the lights are extinguished and the luminous jewels shine in the dark. Miss Ethelind Terry sings the "Legend of the Pearls," with a "String of Pearls" chorus. Miss Peggy Marsh and Miss Margaret Roberts appear as The Dancers.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

Again, if our public had been familiar with the art and possibilities of Marionettes, if they had seen the Munich puppets at work in Goethe's "Faust," in Shakespeare, and other classical work, moved and voiced simultaneously by actors—and actors only—they would not have been quite so rapturous over Italian young visitors, or there would have been programmes less ambitious and more apt. For it is in "variety" that they excel; their acrobats, their *prime donne* in mockery and miniature, their wire-walkers—above all, their skeleton juggling with its own head and bony limbs—show the perfection and the humour of their art. If they want to do opera and classics, let it be in Italian. We don't ask Duse to play in English for us; so why should we not be allowed to enjoy the Marionettes as they really are, instead of practising futile naturalisation on their artistic nature?

THE COSTUME BALL AS PARIS KNOWS IT: A GAVARNI AFFAIR.

FROM A COLOUR DRAWING BY WILLIAM ABLETT.



WITH DRESSES AND DECORATION OF THE LOUIS PHILIPPE AND SECOND EMPIRE PERIODS: THE BAL GAVARNI AT THE PARIS OPERA, NAMED AFTER A FAMOUS FRENCH 19TH-CENTURY CARICATURIST.

The Gavarni Ball, in Paris, organised in aid of the home for aged workmen of the cinemas, was a great success. The balls at the Opera have quite a history, and it has always been said of them that they were "not so good as they used to be." The first ball at the Opera (then the Palais Royal) took place on January 2, 1716, and the French Royal Family was present. Louis XV. came to them twice in a domino, and once as a bat. Louis XVI. was once seen there, and Marie Antoinette intrigued a Swedish officer for some time, and then unmasked herself. During the Revolution the balls stopped; they restarted during the Consulate, and became magnificent festivals during the Empire, though their best period was under Louis Philippe. They were given up in 1900, resumed in 1914, and are now in vogue for charities. The one depicted was in costumes of the Gavarni period (Louis Philippe and Napoleon III.). Gavarni was the pseudonym of Hippolyte Guillaume Sulpice Chevalier (1804-1866), a famous French caricaturist of social life. He is said to have chosen the name from the place where he made his first drawings. He edited "Les Gens du Monde" and "Charivari," and later came to England after the French Revolution of 1848.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]

ADDING A NEW PROVINCE TO HIS "SPHERE OF INFLUENCE":

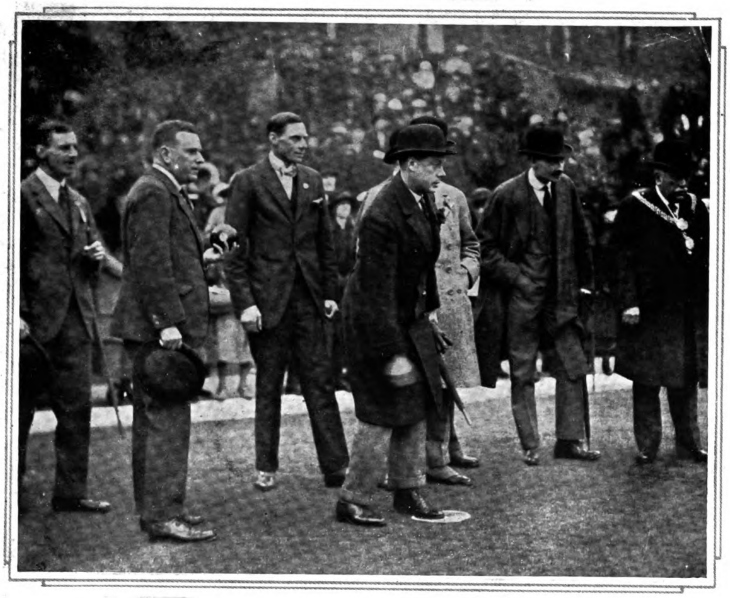
PHOTOGRAPHS BY



WATCHED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES FROM THE BALCONY OF THE TOWN HALL: LITTLE GIRLS OF SHEFFIELD PERFORMING COUNTRY DANCES IN THE CITY SQUARE.



AMID A CHEERING CROWD AT YORK: THE PRINCE (TO THE RIGHT OF THE MOUNTED POLICEMAN) ON



"THROWING THE JACK," WHICH HE FOLLOWED UP BY A GOOD SHOT: THE PRINCE AT THE BOWLING GREEN OF THE BLIGHTY CLUB AT BRADFORD.



AT LEEDS: THE PRINCE OF WALES WALKING TO THE MINISTRY OF PENSIONS HOSPITAL AT BECKETTS PARK.

By his recent tour to five great industrial centres in Yorkshire—Rotherham, Sheffield, Bradford, York, and Leeds (to name them in the order of his arrival)—the Prince of Wales extended still further his personal "sphere of influence," already world-wide, which is so powerful a factor in social and international goodwill. His day at Rotherham was illustrated in our last issue. Thence he proceeded to Sheffield, where over 60,000 children were among the cheering crowds lining the route as he drove in an open car through the streets. After luncheon at the Town Hall he watched from the balcony a number of them performing country dances and folk songs. During the day he visited the Town Hall, the University, the Comrades' Club of the British Legion, and the works of Messrs. Vickers and of Messrs. Hadfield. He entered Bradford on the following day with the Earl and Countess of Harewood and drove through Lister Park

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN FOUR GREAT YORKSHIRE CITIES.

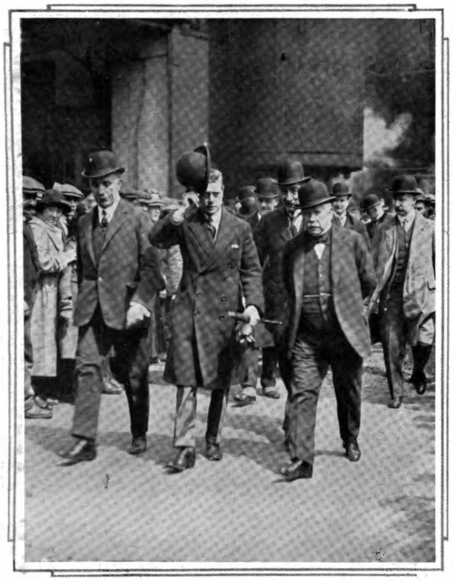
G.P.U. AND C.N.



(IN PEAKED CAP IN THE CENTRE, A LITTLE TO HIS WAY TO ROWNTREE'S WAR MEMORIAL.



ON ARRIVAL AT LEEDS: THE PRINCE INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE 7TH AND 8TH (LEEDS RIFLES) BATTALIONS OF THE WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT IN VICTORIA SQUARE.



AT SHEFFIELD: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE RIVER DON WORKS OF MESSRS. VICKERS.

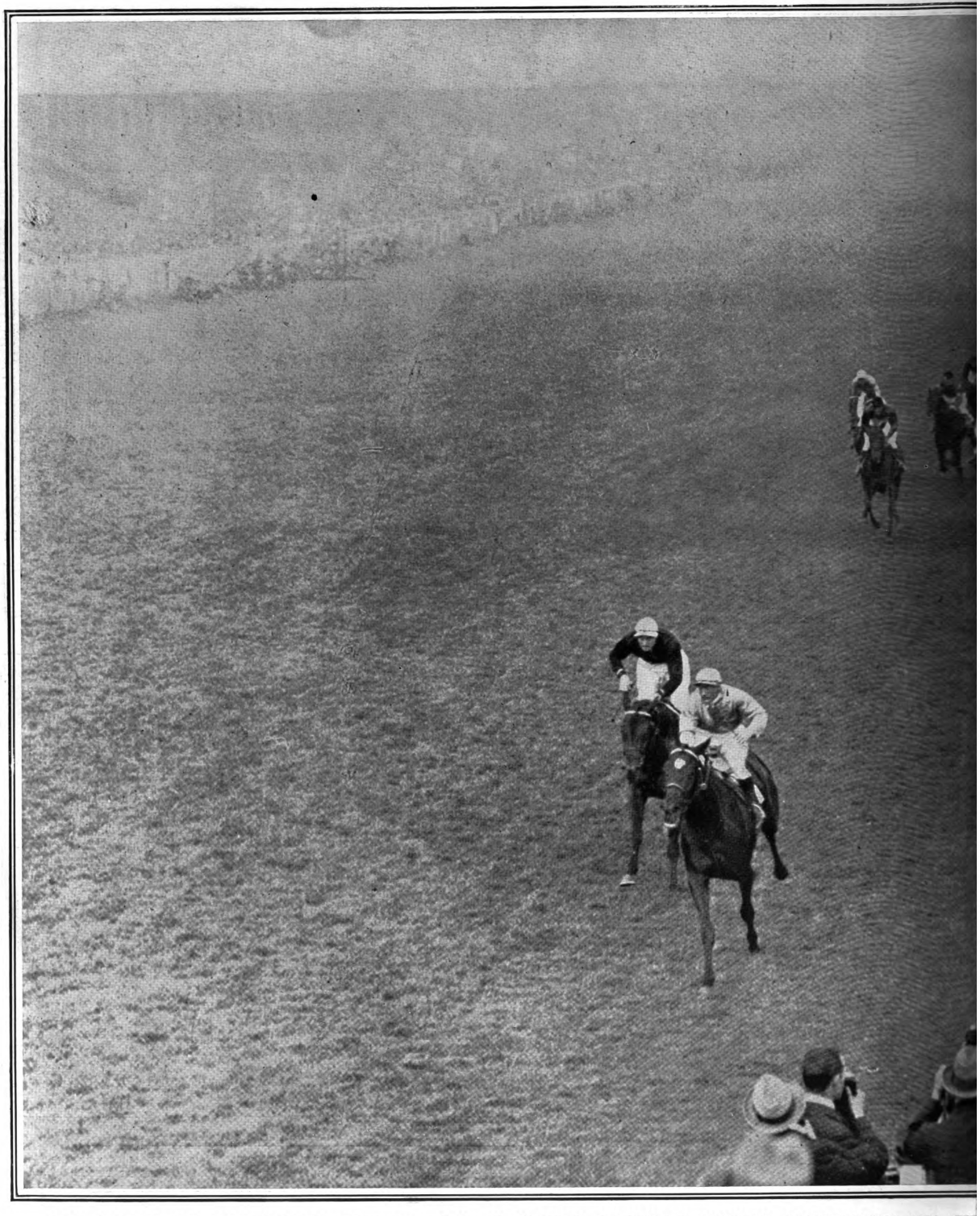


SHOWING THE CASKET OF CHOCOLATES WHICH HE RECEIVED, AND THE GIRLS WHO MADE THE PRESENTATION: THE PRINCE IN ROWNTREE'S COCOA-FACTORY AT YORK.

to the City Hall. Later he went over the works of Messrs. Isaac Holden and the mills of Messrs. John Foster and Son. Finally, he visited the Blighty Club and its bowling green, where he "threw the jack" and followed it up with a good shot. The next day the Prince spent at York, where he was conducted over the Minster by the Dean, and at the Guildhall was presented with the freedom of the city. At Messrs. Rowntree's cocoa-factory a casket of chocolates and sweetmeats was presented to the Prince by the packer of the contents, Miss Kitty Smith, and Miss Florence Shaw. The tour concluded on June 1 at Leeds. Here the Prince replied to an Address in the Town Hall, and visited the Infirmary, the University, and the Ministry of Pensions Hospital at Becketts Park, where he shook hands with some two hundred ex-Service patients. Wherever he went throughout the five days the Prince was received with the heartiest enthusiasm.

DONOGHUE'S DERBY "HAT TRICK": WINNING THE "BLUE R

PHOTOGRAPH BY S

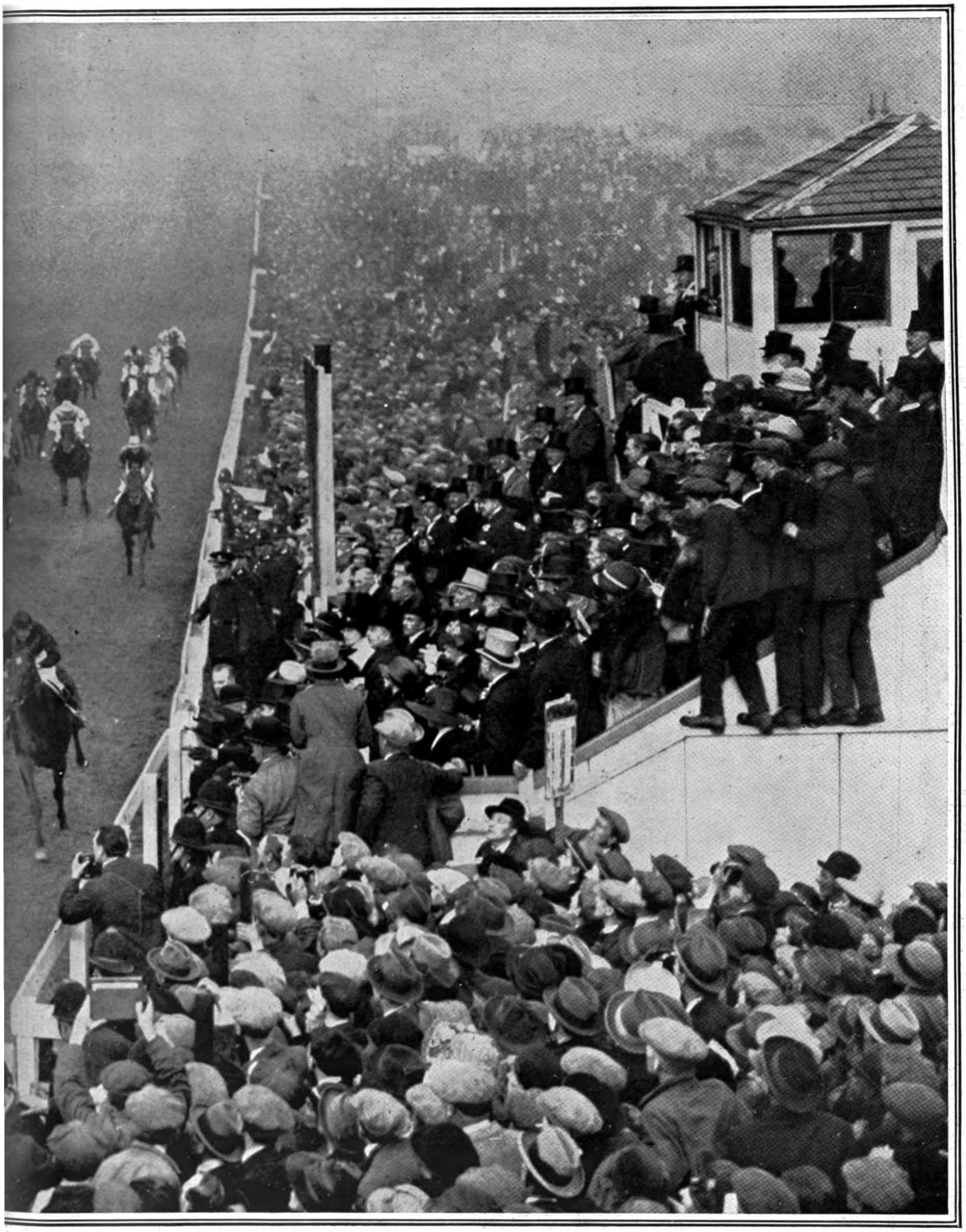


THE FINISH OF THE DERBY OF 1923: MR. B. IRISH'S PAPYRUS (STEVE DONOGHUE UP) FI
AND MR. GOCULDAS'S PART

The Derby of this year, run in dull weather at Epsom on Wednesday, June 6, was won by Mr. B. Irish's Papyrus, whose jockey, Steve Donoghue, has thus ridden three Derby winners in succession. Last year he won the race on Lord Woolavington's Captain Cuttle, and in 1921 on Mr. J. B. Joel's Humorist. Donoghue also rode the Derby winner in two of the war years (when the race was run at Newmarket over the Suffolk Stakes course)—in 1915 on Mr. S. Joel's Pommern, and in 1917 on Mr. "Fairie's" Gay Crusader. The sensation of this year's event was the defeat of the favourite, Lord Woolavington's Town Guard, the most-discussed of all the horses entered. Owing to reports of some mishap or physical unfitness, he had been temporarily displaced from favour by the eventual winner, Papyrus,

ɜBON OF THE TURF" FOR THE THIRD SUCCESSIVE YEAR.

AND GENERAL.

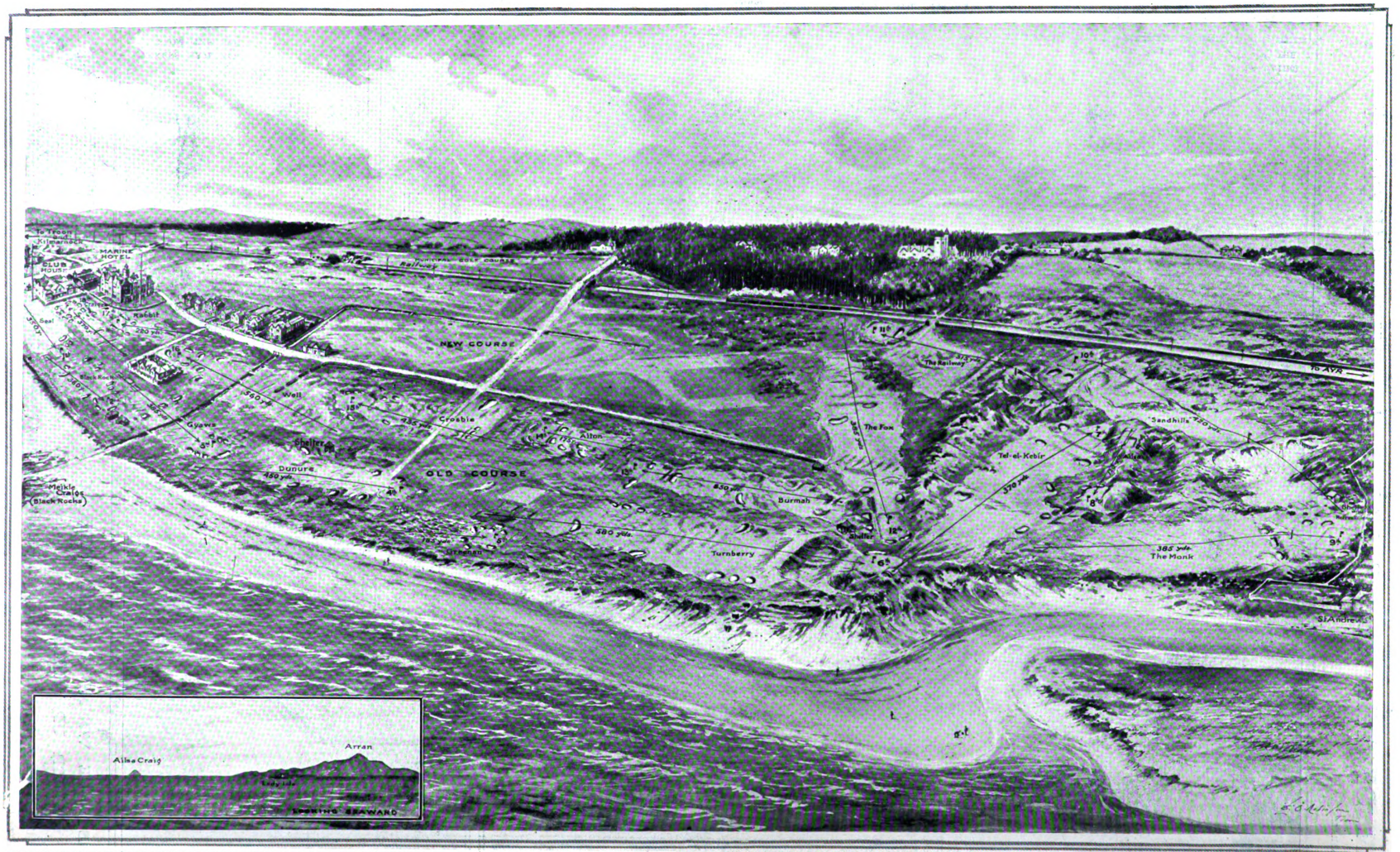


T PAST THE WINNING POST, WITH LORD DERBY'S PHAROS (E. GARDNER UP) SECOND, I (A. WALKER UP) THIRD.

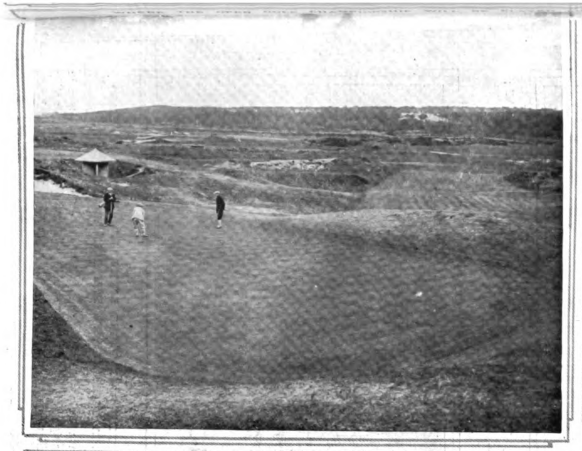
and was then restored to his position on the eve of the race and finally started favourite. The owner of Papyrus, Mr. B. Irish, is an East Anglian tenant farmer who, although he has not many horses, has been remarkably successful. His first Derby victory was immensely popular. Papyrus was strongly backed, especially by those who put faith in Donoghue's riding. So also was Pharos, whose owner descends from the twelfth Earl of Derby, after whom the race is named. It was first run in 1780. The owner of Parth, Mr. M. Goculdas, is an Indian, who has never been in England. The spectators included the Prince of Wales, Princess Mary, and Viscount Lascelles; but, as mentioned elsewhere, the King and Queen were not present owing to the illness of Princess Christian.

A NEW *VENUE* FOR THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: THE OLD TROON COURSE.

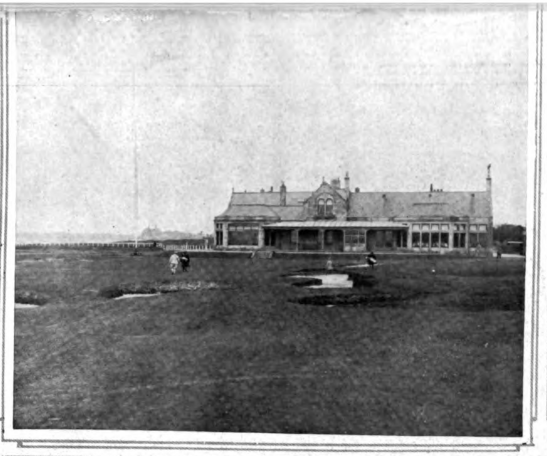
DRAWING SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY W. B. ROBINSON. PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



WHERE THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP WILL BE PLAYED FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE OLD COURSE AT TROON—A PICTORIAL PERSPECTIVE PLAN, SHOWING THE POSITION AND MEASUREMENT OF EACH HOLE; WITH (INSET) THE FIRTH OF CLYDE AS SEEN FROM THE SHORE.



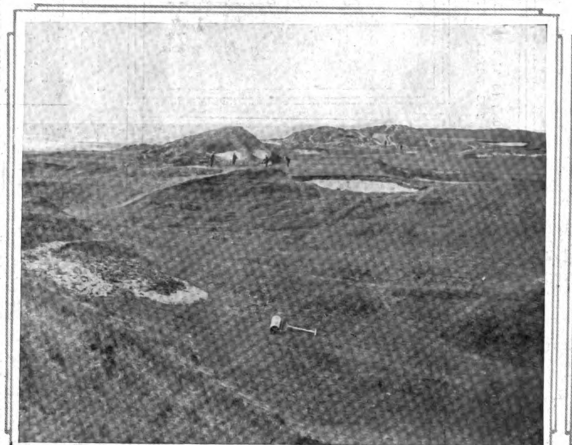
ALTERED FOR CHAMPIONSHIP PLAY UNDER THE ADVICE OF JAMES BRAID: THE OLD COURSE AT TROON—THE 6TH (LEFT) AND 12TH GREENS, WHICH ADJOIN.



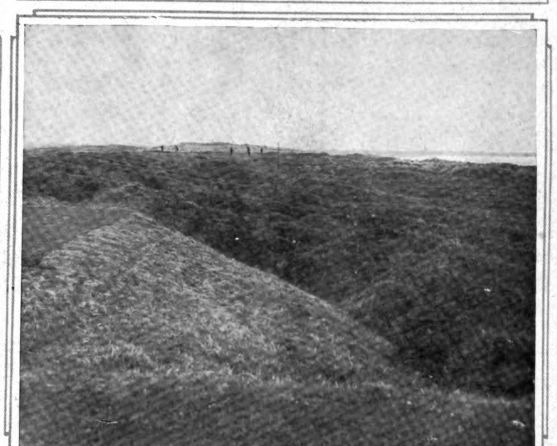
FOUNDED IN 1878: THE TROON GOLF CLUB ON THE AYRSHIRE COAST—THE CLUBHOUSE, THE 18TH GREEN, AND BUNKERS.



WITH BUNKERS CUT IN A STEEP MOUND (NOT VISIBLE IN THE DRAWING ABOVE, FROM THE POINT OF VIEW SELECTED): THE 8TH GREEN.



WHERE 67 NEW BUNKERS HAVE BEEN MADE: THE OLD COURSE AT TROON—A VIEW FROM THE 8TH TEE TO THE 8TH GREEN.



NEARING "GREENAN," THE NEW 5TH HOLE: A VIEW FROM THE 5TH TEE, SHOWING THE ROUGHNESS OF THE FAIRWAY.

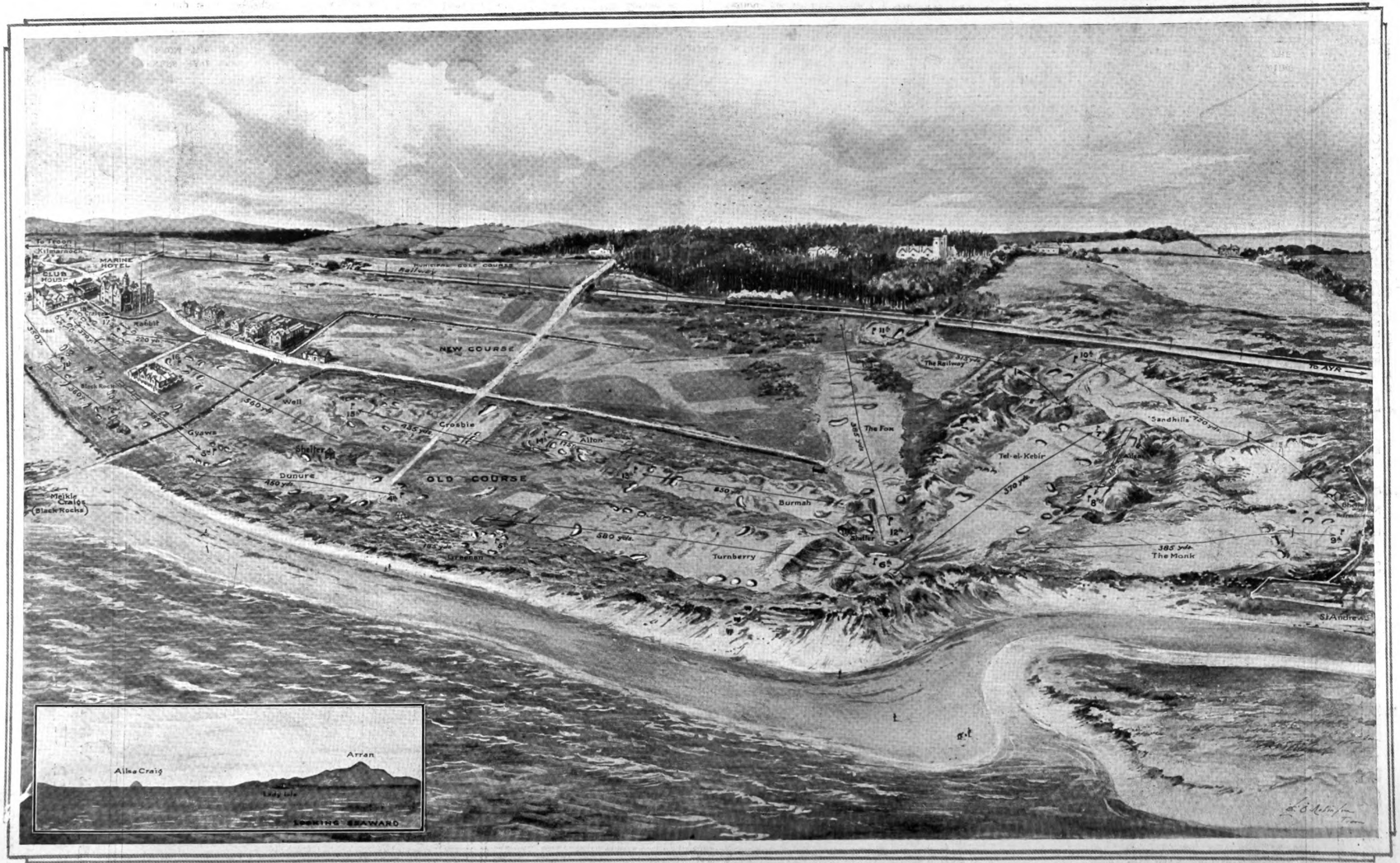


STRONGLY PROTECTED BY NATURAL HAZARDS, NECESSITATING A CAREFUL DRIVE: TEL-EL-KEBIR (THE 7TH HOLE) SEEN FROM THE 7TH TEE.

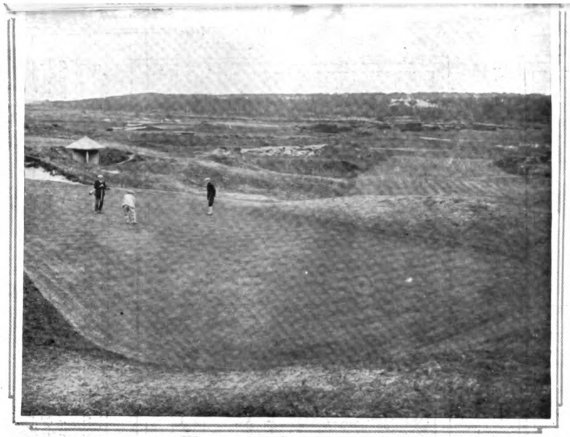
The Open Golf Championship is to be played on Thursday and Friday, June 14 and 15, over the Old Course at Troon, on the coast of Ayrshire. It was arranged that, if there were more than 80 entrants, two qualifying rounds of 18 holes should be played, on June 11 and 12, over the New Course and the Municipal Course, No. 2 (seen in the background of the above drawing). Troon has never hitherto been chosen for the Open Championship itself, though qualifying rounds have been played there before, and the Championship has been played on the adjoining Prestwick course, one end of which is close to the house shown on the extreme right in our drawing. The Scottish Amateur Championship will also be decided on the Old Course at Troon, in July. The course is famous for its fine putting greens, and water is laid on to each, ensuring a good surface even in times of drought. James Braid recently visited it, to advise on alterations for Championship purposes, and 67 new bunkers were constructed, with a number of new tees. The course has thus been made more difficult. It needs great accuracy, and in driving the consideration of the second shot is more important than long hitting. Thus at the seventh hole (Tel-el-Kebir), though the bunkers to the right seem more severe, it is better to drive to the right, as the way to the left involves a more difficult approach shot, owing to a bunker cut out of the hill to the left of the green. The total length of the course is over 6400 yards.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]

A NEW *VENUE* FOR THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: THE OLD TROON COURSE.

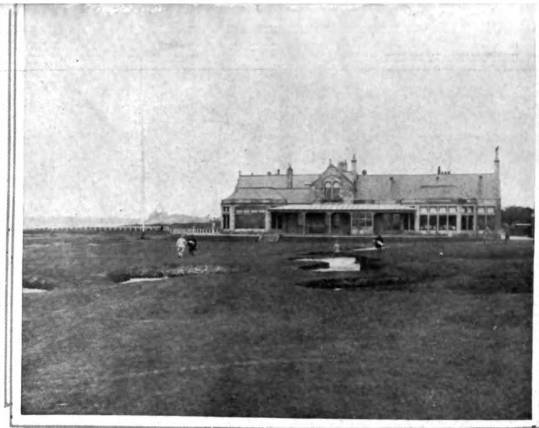
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WHERE THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP WILL BE PLAYED FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE OLD COURSE AT TROON—A PICTORIAL PERSPECTIVE PLAN, SHOWING THE POSITION AND MEASUREMENT OF EACH HOLE; WITH (INSET) THE FIRTH OF CLYDE AS SEEN FROM THE SHORE.



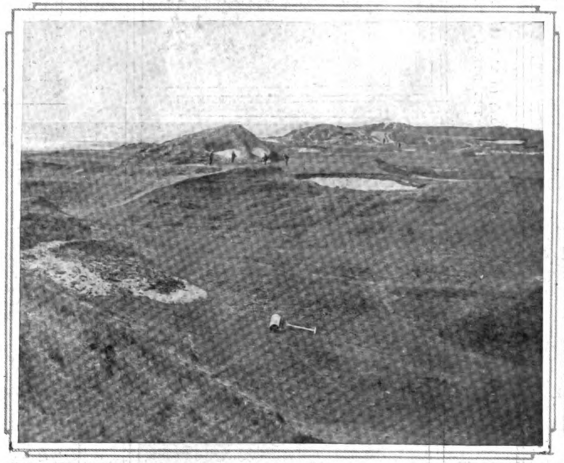
ALTERED FOR CHAMPIONSHIP PLAY UNDER THE ADVICE OF JAMES BRAID: THE OLD COURSE AT TROON—THE 6TH (LEFT) AND 12TH GREENS, WHICH ADJOIN.



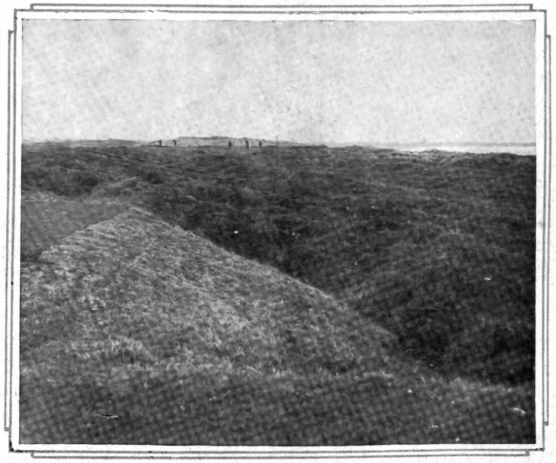
FOUNDED IN 1878: THE TROON GOLF CLUB ON THE AYRSHIRE COAST—THE CLUBHOUSE, THE 18TH GREEN, AND BUNKERS.



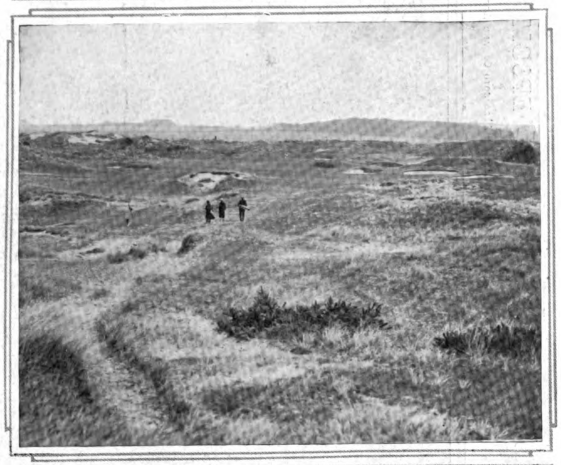
WITH BUNKERS CUT IN A STEEP MOUND (NOT VISIBLE IN THE DRAWING ABOVE, FROM THE POINT OF VIEW SELECTED): THE 8TH GREEN.



WHERE 67 NEW BUNKERS HAVE BEEN MADE: THE OLD COURSE AT TROON—A VIEW FROM THE 8TH TEE TO THE 8TH GREEN.



NEARING "GREENAN," THE NEW 5TH HOLE: A VIEW FROM THE 5TH TEE, SHOWING THE ROUGHNESS OF THE FAIRWAY.



STRONGLY PROTECTED BY NATURAL HAZARDS, NECESSITATING A CAREFUL DRIVE: TEL-EL-KEBIR (THE 7TH HOLE) SEEN FROM THE 7TH TEE.

The Open Golf Championship is to be played on Thursday and Friday, June 14 and 15, over the Old Course at Troon, on the coast of Ayrshire. It was arranged that, if there were more than 80 entrants, two qualifying rounds of 18 holes should be played, on June 11 and 12, over the New Course and the Municipal Course, No. 2 (seen in the background of the above drawing). Troon has never hitherto been chosen for the Open Championship itself, though qualifying rounds have been played there before, and the Championship has been played on the adjoining Prestwick course, one end of which is close to the house shown on the extreme right in our drawing. The Scottish Amateur Championship will also be decided on the Old Course at Troon, in July. The course is famous for its fine putting greens, and water is laid on to each, ensuring a good surface even in times of drought. James Braid recently visited it, to advise on alterations for Championship purposes, and 67 new bunkers were constructed, with a number of new tees. The course has thus been made more difficult. It needs great accuracy, and in driving the consideration of the second shot is more important than long hitting. Thus at the seventh hole (Tel-el-Kebir), though the bunkers to the right seem more severe, it is better to drive to the right, as the way to the left involves a more difficult approach shot, owing to a bunker cut out of the hill to the left of the green. The total length of the course is over 6400 yards.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]

A DERBY DAY FROM THE AIR: EPSOM DOWNS LIKE AN ANT-HILL.

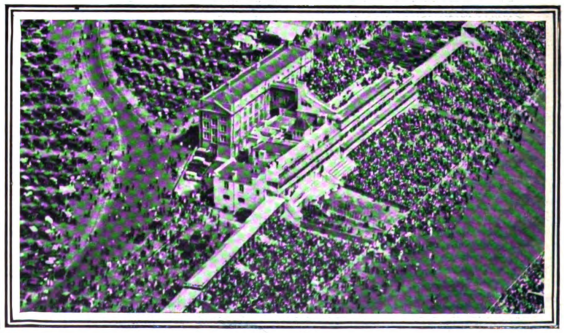
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL AEROPHOTO CO. AND AEROFILMS, LTD.



AN AIRMAN'S VIEW OF EPSOM ON A DERBY DAY: (1) TATTENHAM CORNER STATION; (2) THE GRAND STAND; (3) THE JUDGE'S BOX; (4) THE ROAD FROM EPSOM TOWN; (5) THE DERBY ARMS HOTEL; (6) THE DOWNS HOTEL; (7) THE PADDOCK.



A DERBY DAY SIDE-SHOW AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: A TYPICAL SECTION OF THE CROWD FORMING A RING ROUND SOME ATTRACTION.



SHOWING THE JUDGE'S BOX IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND: THE GRAND STAND AND ENCLOSURE ON A DERBY DAY, AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.

The Downs at Epsom on Derby Day present a wonderful sight from any point of view, but perhaps most wonderful of all as seen from an aeroplane, whose occupants look down on the vast crowd swarming over the ground like ants. This year the verdure of the turf was in perfect condition on the day before the great race, and it was decided, in order to prevent it from being spoilt, not to allow the people to walk on the course. The arrangements made by the police for controlling the road traffic to Epsom on Derby Day included an observation aeroplane fitted with wireless, acting in communication with a fixed wireless post on the ground, and a mobile motor-tender similarly equipped. It was arranged that the aeroplane should notify any points where congestion of traffic was observed to the wireless station, whence a warning would be passed on either to the motor-tender or to police at any point where diversion of traffic was necessary. It was expected that 5000 motor-coaches would leave London for Epsom, besides private motors and other vehicles. Our photographs are typical of the views obtained from an aeroplane.



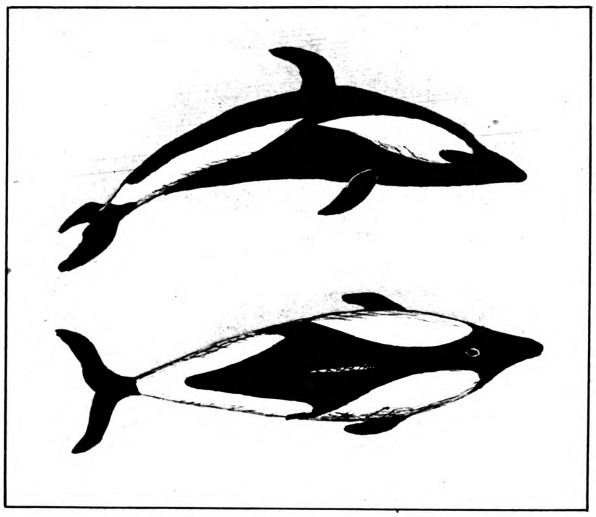
THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



WHALES AND THEIR COLORATION.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

TO-DAY I want to talk of whales, and more especially of the coloration of whales, for this presents some quite inexplicable peculiarities. Long ago these creatures exchanged the coat of hair, which is one of the leading characteristics of the mammal, for a thick layer of blubber, evidently because it best kept out the cold. The formation of this blubber, by the way, seems to absorb the whole of the creature's fat-producing energy, for not a morsel of fat is found in, or on, any other part of the body. In cutting through the flesh one meets with no "streak of fat and streak of lean"; neither is any found within the body cavity, ensheathing the kidneys and intestines, as in other animals. But this by the way.



WITH BLACK PREDOMINATING OVER WHITE: AN UNKNOWN SPECIES OF DOLPHIN AS YET ONLY SEEN IN THE LIVING STATE BY MEMBERS OF THE SCOTT ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION OF 1901-4 (UPPER FIGURE, SIDE VIEW; LOWER FIGURE, TOP VIEW).
Drawing and Photographs Supplied by W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S.

To return, for a moment, to the matter of the hairlessness of whales. It is not exactly true to say that all species are absolutely hairless, since in some a few hairs are to be found in the unborn young; while in others they will be found in the adult. But in all such cases they are limited to the tip of the jaw. As many as 26 have been counted, for example, in a specimen of Rudolphi's rorqual. But they are only to be discovered after careful search.

The coloration of whales, then, is due entirely to the coloration of the skin, which is of extreme smoothness, so as to reduce friction while swimming to the smallest possible limit. It is true there are some land-mammals, like the elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, which are almost hairless; but in each case there are hairs enough, especially on parts of the body, to affect appreciably the general scheme of coloration, though at first sight this may not appear to be the case.

The American naturalist Thayer long ago pointed out that in land-animals the upper parts are, as a rule, darker than the under parts, and he was the first to point out a "meaning" in this. It afforded what he called an "obliterative" coloration. The strong light from above cancels out the darker upper parts, while the white under-side cancels the shadow which must, of necessity, exist where the light is falling from above. Hence, at a little distance, the solid body is made almost, or quite, invisible. Most fishes are coloured after this fashion. The dark upper surface lighted from above concealed it from enemies above, while those below, looking up to the light, see nothing of the counter-shaded under-surface. This type of coloration is frequently met with in the smaller porpoises and dolphins. Take that of the common porpoise for example.

The so-called "common" dolphin is very different in this regard, the back being black and the under-parts white; but the sides are marked by patches and streaks of dull golden yellow and black, which are too complex and too variable to be described with accuracy. For a cetacean it is unusually brilliantly coloured. But the white-sided dolphin runs it rather closely. These two species, by the way, though natives of our seas, are by no means common.

The rare Commerson's dolphin is surely the most strikingly coloured of all the cetacea. This animal was first observed by Commerson in 1804, near Tierra del Fuego and in the Straits of Magellan, during Bougainville's voyage round the world. He seems first to have seen it during the southern summer, playing round the vessel, and described it as being one of the most beautiful inhabitants of the sea. He and his companions gave it the name of "Le Jacobite," obviously in allusion to the remarkable coloration. This, as may be seen in the lower illustration, is practically white, but with the head and fore-part of the back, the dorsal fin, and tail jet black. On the under-side of the head the black hue extends backwards to embrace the paddles, between and behind which it terminates in the form of an elongated triangle. But the throat is marked by a large oval patch of glistening white. Finally, there is a large oval patch of jet black in the middle of the abdomen.

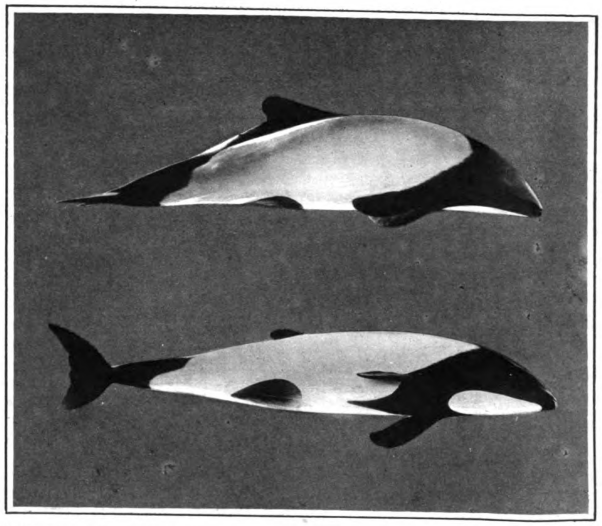
The late Dr. Wilson, who perished with his chief, Captain Scott, in that ill-fated voyage to the Antarctic in 1913, described, in his official account of his previous voyage to the same region, an unknown species which, some day, may find its way to the British Museum. This was entirely black, save for two large white areas on the side of the body. One of these partly surrounded the eye, extended backwards as far as the level of the base of the dorsal fin, and ended in a point. The other started in a point just behind this, and, rapidly broadening, swept back to the very base of the tail-fin, meeting its fellow of the opposite side. Seen from above, these white areas form a pattern, recalling that of the under-surface of Commerson's dolphin, save that the black areas are rather more extensive. That ferocious animal of our own seas, the killer whale, is black with a patch of white above the eye, another behind the dorsal fin, and another, formed by the upward extension of the white under-surface, midway between the dorsal fin and the tail. These patches vary in size in different individuals. By way of contrast, we have the pilot-whale, or black-fish, the sperm-whale, and the bottle-nosed whale, which are wholly black, or dark-slate-coloured.

The rare Cuvier's whale, a near relation of the bottle-nosed whale, shows a tendency to become white with advancing age, the forecast of the trend of evolution towards final whiteness. In this animal the head and fore-part of the back are white. Years ago I had the good fortune to see two of this species swimming off the Saltees, Co. Wexford. They showed so conspicuously white that, at first, I thought they were belugas—the only wholly white whale in existence.

And now a word as to the baleen, or whale-bone whales. The rorquals may be described as black above and white below. But the lesser rorqual has a broad white band across the middle of the paddle; while the huge "sulphur-bottom" has the sides tinged with sulphur yellow. But this colour, be it noted, is not due to pigment, but to the presence of bacteria. The strange humpback whale is very variable in coloration, the under-parts, and the enormous paddle, being sometimes almost wholly white, sometimes predominantly black, with patches of white.

The right-whale may be described as wholly black, save in the nearly extinct Greenland whale, which has a considerable amount of white on the lower jaw, and a patch of white at the root of the tail; while a few white mottlings may appear on the paddle of the Biscay right-whale.

Though this is by no means an exhaustive review of the coloration of whales, enough has been said to show that the theme is an interesting one. But what significance are we to place upon the facts so far gleaned? There is no evidence available, at present, which will enable us to say whether a greater or less amount of white confers any benefit in the way of protective coloration. The killer is probably the most formidable enemy which the cetacea have to face, and it would not appear that escape from attack is in any way assisted by these variations in the relative proportions of black and white. These, in short, are probably not "factors in the struggle for existence"; nor are they of any great value to the systematist. Precisely *what* purpose they serve is a matter for further investigation, and there are many difficulties in the path of the would-be investigator! It is worth noting, however, that there are no cetaceans which are vertically striped, as are so many land animals. Mottlings occur only in the case of the Narwhal. The coloration is limited, in short, to washes of black, brownish-black, grey-white, and yellow. Patterns occur only in the form of longitudinal stripes.



"THE MOST STRIKINGLY COLOURED OF ALL THE CETACEA" AND "ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL INHABITANTS OF THE SEA": THE RARE COMMERSON'S DOLPHIN FROM THE FALKLAND ISLANDS—(ABOVE) SIDE-VIEW, SHOWING THE WHITE BODY WITH JET-BLACK HEAD, DORSAL FIN, AND TAIL; (BELOW) VENTRAL VIEW, SHOWING THE BLACK OVAL PATCH ON THE ABDOMEN AND WHITE OVAL PATCH ON THE THROAT.

POCAHONTAS: AN INCREASING MYSTERY.

By EDWARD PAGE GASTON, F.R.G.S.

FROM across the misty Thames a raw wind eddied among the ancient tombs when our party assembled at 6 a.m. on May 30 in St. George's churchyard, Gravesend, to inaugurate the search which might solve a mystery of three centuries' duration.

Along with many of my fellow-Americans, I have long been puzzled about the resting-place of Pocahontas (or Matoaka, her true Indian name). That our American Princess should sleep for centuries in this distant land in an unknown grave was not a comforting reflection, to say the least. Accordingly, when at Gravesend last October, I had a number of conversations with the Rev. Canon Gedge, B.A., the Rector of Gravesend and Canon of Rochester, as with others; and a considerable amount of old data was looked up in the effort to secure some fresh impressions concerning this ancient mystery.

From extensive experience in exhuming human remains from among the prehistoric buried cities and cliff-dwellings of America, and after investigations in other countries, my belief is that the high cheek-bones, the formation of the jaw, the cellular structure of the hair (if any still remains), and the other racial characteristics of the American-Indian would make identification of the remains of Pocahontas possible on the part of experienced osteologists.

At the appointed time the grave-diggers of Gravesend accordingly prized up a flat stone, and we looked into the depths of a sepulchre where a Princess might be resting. An arresting sight met our eyes. The deep, disused grave into which we peered seemed to be merely an accumulation of rubbish which had been thrown in during many years.

Protruding from the mass was the end of an old leaden coffin of the sort used centuries ago. It had been pitched in end first among the other débris of a kind which some people find it convenient to throw over the wall into a disused churchyard, and which sextons of the olden time disposed of in the most careless and convenient manner possible, as compared with the scrupulous respect paid to the dead nowadays in consecrated ground. When the débris had been removed, we came upon an indiscriminate mass of old human remains mixed with earth, fragments of decayed coffin wood, coffin handles, and even the bones of domestic animals.

During the next twelve hours of work, scores of pailfuls of the contents of the grave (whose excavated depth was twelve feet) were hoisted to the surface and carefully inspected. Slowly the tally of these broken remnants of humanity grew, until at the end of the second day of operations it was determined that more than one hundred men, women, and young persons were thus represented in this single grave.

One skull which was found approximated to the American-Indian type, but from the special study which was made on the spot it would seem improbable that this would be the clue sought for.

To correct a misapprehension which seems to have arisen in some quarters, it may be stated that no coffined remains were disturbed at any time, and hence no possible charge of meddling with burials could reasonably be brought against the distinguished scientists and others concerned in the research.

Three hundred-odd years ago the regal Pocahontas of Virginia had ended her heroic life among the simple fisher-folk and other water-farers living at Gravesend. The old vellum parish register indicates that she was buried "in ye Chauncel" of St. George's Church on March 21, 1616 (old style), or 1617 according to the present calendar. A little more than a century later the whereabouts of her remains had passed out of human knowledge. The mediæval church was burned in 1727; the fire was supposed to have penetrated the vaults wherein she lay; a quantity of charred bones found in the ancient crypts was alleged to have been thence removed to a common grave in the churchyard when the present place of worship was erected on the general site of the earlier building; and it is a matter of record in the church register that certain remains (supposed to include those of Pocahontas) had been removed about thirty years ago to another disused tomb.

It was that grave which was opened last week in the presence, among others, of Sir Arthur Keith, of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Mr. W. P. Pycraft, of the Zoological Department of the British Museum—perhaps the foremost experts on physical ethnology in Britain. They had generously placed their wide experience at the command of the organiser. Authority had been received from the Home Office for this search to be made, conditional on the exhumation taking place in the presence of representatives of the English-Speaking Union. These were Messrs. Philip Franklin, F.R.C.S., and James Van Allen Shields, Messrs. Evelyn Wrench and Alfred E. Johns, of the Union, also rendered valuable advisory assistance. Mr. T. Colyer Fergusson, M.A., the Gravesend archæologist (who had recorded each tomb in the churchyard), and Mr. G. J. Howell, of the Museum Galleries, London, also rendered special services.

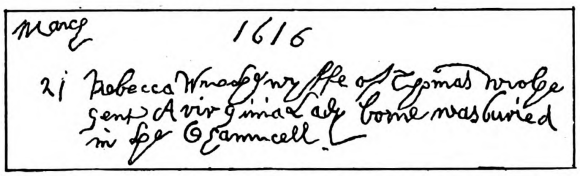
Long-standing tradition would seem to be refuted by our researches. It had been generally believed that the charred remains from the eighteenth-century fire would be found in the tomb which we were officially authorised to unseal by special license from the Home Office, but no signs of such incineration were encountered. Thus, instead of solving the Pocahontian legend, the outcome of our efforts at identification has simply increased the original mystery.

We are, therefore, thrown back upon the other theory that Pocahontas still lies among the débris of the early church, somewhere under the floor of the present and, presumably, much larger structure.

Appropriately enough, the scene in the quiet Kentish churchyard was enacted in the early hours of the American Memorial Day, set apart in honour of those who have died in their country's cause. While Pocahontas did not die directly for her native America, the parallel is sufficiently close to have made the occasion and the event singularly apposite in memory of one who not alone risked her life in saving that of Captain John Smith, but who afterwards saved the first struggling English colony in the New World from ignominious extinction. Throughout, Pocahontas was the firm friend of the weak British cause, and finally died in England while actively furthering the spirit of Anglo-American friendship, of which she was the most notable exponent of her day.

Pocahontas was received at Court in London, and went out with Queen Anne (wife of James I.) on at least one occasion. As she was the first notable American convert to Christianity, the Bishop of London held a banquet in her honour, attended by many notables. Both in religious and secular circles, "La Belle Sauvage" was the most popular toast of the hour, and London dandies of the day enclosed her engraved portrait in their letters abroad.

[Continued on page 1014.



Marcy 1616
21 Rebecca Wrolfe wyffe of Thomas Wrolfe gent a Virginia Lady borne was buried in ye Chauncell.

AS RECORDED IN THE CHURCH WHERE HER GRAVE HAS BEEN SOUGHT: A FAC-SIMILE OF THE ENTRY OF THE BURIAL OF POCAHONTAS IN THE PARISH REGISTER OF ST. GEORGE'S, GRAVESEND, ON MARCH 21, 1616.

The record (as shown in the above illustration) reads: "21 March 1616. Rebecca Wrolfe, Wyffe of Thomas Wrolfe, gent., a Virginia Lady borne, was buried in ye Chauncell." Her husband was known in Virginia as John Rolfe. The "Thomas" may be a clerical error.

From "Ye True Narrative of ye Princess Pocahontas," by Charles ap Thomas (Smither Bros., Gravesend).



THE MAN WHOM POCAHONTAS SAVED FROM BEING SLAIN BY HER COUNTRYMEN: CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, LEADER OF THE JAMESTOWN SETTLERS.

Captain John Smith was captured by the Indian tribe whose chief was the father of Pocahontas, and would have been clubbed to death had she not placed her head over his on the block.

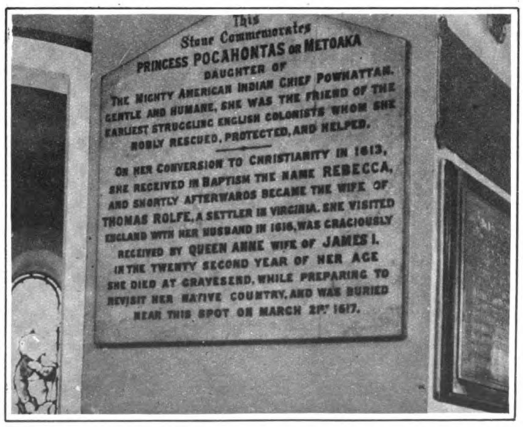
From an Old Print. Photograph supplied by Topical.



IN HIGH JACOBEAN HAT AND LACE RUFF: PRINCESS POCAHONTAS IN ENGLAND, AGED ABOUT 22, IN THE LAST YEAR OF HER LIFE.

The native name of Princess Pocahontas was Matoaka. She was baptized Rebecca when she became a Christian before her marriage in 1613.

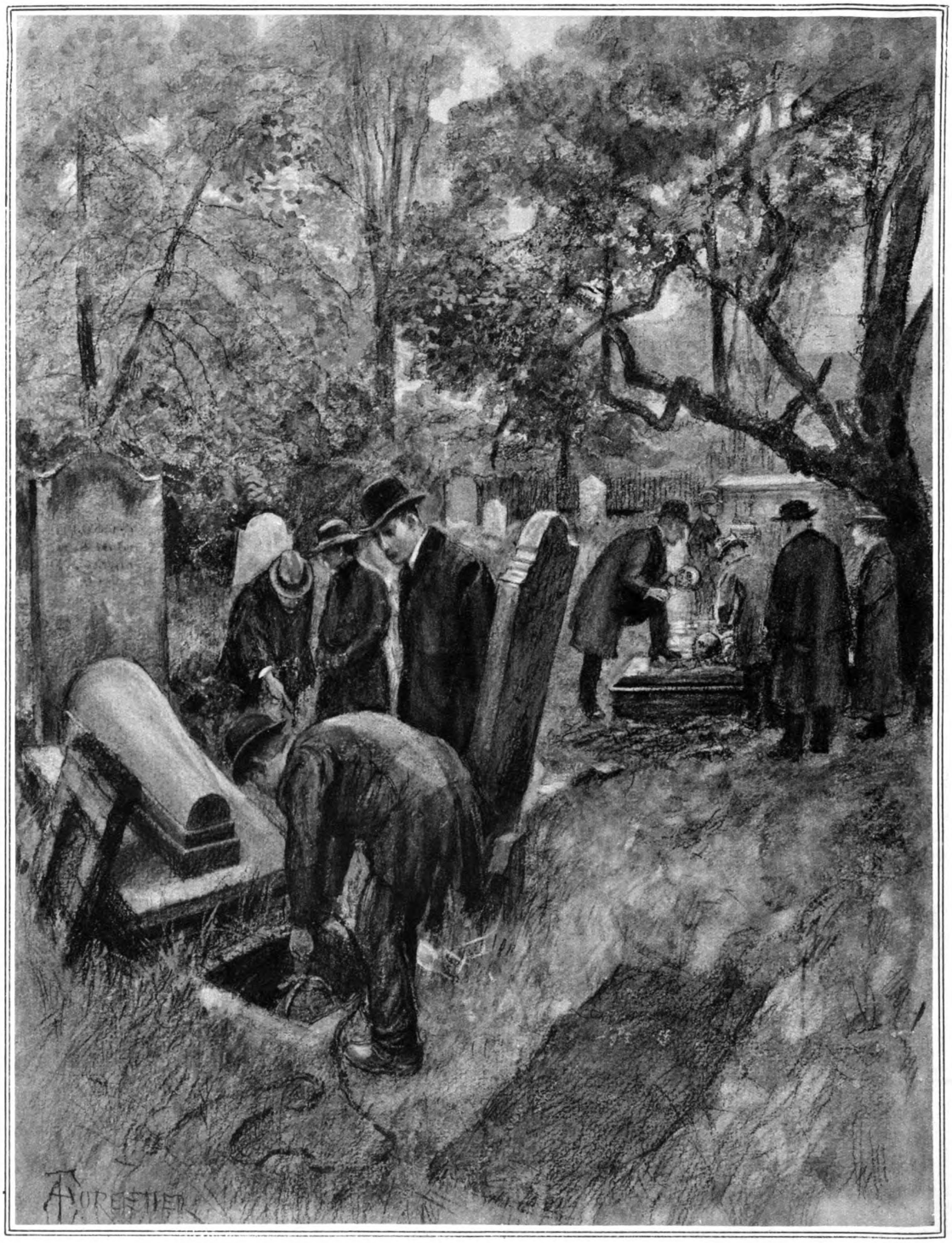
From an Engraving, by Simon de Passe, of a Portrait painted from Life by an Italian Artist in London. Photograph supplied by Topical.



INSIDE THE CHURCH IN WHOSE GRAVEYARD EXHUMATIONS HAVE JUST BEEN MADE TO DISCOVER HER BURIAL-PLACE: THE TABLET TO POCAHONTAS IN ST. GEORGE'S, GRAVESEND.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

SEEKING POCAHONTAS' GRAVE: A HEROINE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN HISTORY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



A PILGRIMAGE TO HONOUR THE FAMOUS AMERICAN-INDIAN PRINCESS WHO SAVED THE EARLY VIRGINIAN SETTLERS: SEARCHERS AT WORK AND EMINENT SCIENTISTS SEEKING TO IDENTIFY HER SKULL IN A GRAVESEND CHURCHYARD.

Search was recently made in the churchyard of St. George's, Gravesend, for the tomb of Pocahontas, the famous young American-Indian Princess who saved the life of Captain John Smith, and generally befriended the early English settlers in Virginia some 300 years ago. The purpose and results of the investigation are explained opposite by Mr. Edward Page Gaston, the distinguished American archæologist, who originated it. So far from being a sacrilegious disturbance of the dead, the work was conceived and carried out in a spirit of reverence and patriotic piety, with the full sanction of the Church authorities and the Home Office, and in concert with the English-Speaking Union. The object was to discover, and do belated honour to, the remains of a woman who was one of the first heroines of Anglo-American history. Moreover, the reverent re-burial of the numerous human bones found mixed up with refuse and dead animals atoned for what seems to have been indeed an act of sacrilege in former days. The names of Sir Arthur Keith and Mr. W. P. Pycraft (both familiar to our readers), who examined the skulls found, guarantee that the scientific side of the work was above suspicion.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN



It was at Harrods', Knightsbridge, that these attractive jumpers were sketched. Jade-green georgette makes the one on the right, while the other is of crêpe marocain decorated with tiny beadwork. (*See page* 1008.)

I NEVER had much of an opinion of the Clerk of the Weather, but a more Puck-like trick than drowning the opening day of the Chelsea Flower Show I have seldom seen performed. It did not keep the King and Queen away, and it did not keep the people away, but it crammed them up into the two giant marquees until the mass of damp humanity—especially, I may say, the male part of it—lost patience even to look at the lovely things they came out to see. When I saw Mrs. Asquith advancing through a sea of mud, with silk-clad slim ankles and slippers of the order we used to call "high-lows," I thought what a brave soul was she. The rest of her dainty person was well protected by a long coat of pearly-grey broadtail, the collar and cuffs of Persian lamb the same shade, while her black satin hat fitted almost closely, and so was quite comfortable under an umbrella. Tweed coats and skirts were the order of the day. The Queen was in a long navy-blue coat embroidered about halfway down in cut steel, and having a collar of crushed satin. A small navy-blue hat was worn, and her Majesty, with the King, and under the protection of our chief treasures of the British Isles—good "brollies"—went out and made a leisurely inspection of the rock gardens. The Duke of Connaught spent a long time in the Show, looking as well turned out, dapper, and erect as ever. With him were Lady Hanbury—tall and distinguished-looking, in a good stout coat of grey cloth with a nutria collar, and wearing a black hat—and Sir George Holford, handsome and soldierly-looking as ever. The Crown Prince of Sweden was on business bent, and gave many orders. He shared with the late Crown Princess a genuine and great love of the garden. Later in the day, the King and Queen visited the People's Palace and East London College, Stepney. No day seems to pass that the King and Queen are not working together, or separately, among their people. History will hand them down as greatly good, but what matters more is that the hearts of their people in the present hail them as loving and beloved.

The private view of another exhibition of caricatures by Max Beerbohm would have filled far larger galleries than the Leicester. Those who braved one of the worst days that our climate can perpetrate had to wait their turn to see the pictures. They are not such as can be seen from afar. The Crown Prince of Sweden, tall and almost unrecognised, went round with the Swedish Minister, and seemed to know English life well enough to be amused by some of the caricatures. Comments of many kinds were made about those of the late King Edward, and few were favourable. The Duchess of Westminster looked in for a while, and Lady Maud Warrender's height made her conspicuous. It is no use saying more about dress than that it was tempered to the cold and rain. Miss Rebecca West, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, and Mr. W. L. George represented authorship — all immaculately turned out. Some of the artists of the present and the future schools were fearfully and wonderfully attired, but their other halves were normal in dress. The occasion was an interesting one, despite the vile weather without.



A well-cut suit of purple velours and shaded embroidery. It was sketched at Kenneth Durward's, Ulster House, Conduit Street.

Their Majesties' Courts were, of course, the chief events of last week from a social point of view. The Duchess of York was prevented by a mild attack of whooping-cough from being present at the second, as it was her intention to be. Her Royal Highness would not have sat at the Queen's right side, as I saw stated in print. The King and Queen sit alone, the royal circle sits behind them. When the Duchess of York makes her first appearance at Court, her Royal Highness will have a prominent position therein. The new Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, was present, and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin was presented; while she, in turn, presented her married daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Howard, wife of Captain the Hon. Arthur Howard, second son of Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal. Mrs. Post Wheeler, who is a great favourite here, had many ladies from the States to present. The Courts being held on two succeeding evenings made some last moment changes, but not many.

Unusually few wedding-bells have rung during May. Now that June is in, they are clanging out more cheerily. Those who keep closest watch upon such events say that marriages are not nearly so numerous as they were. Probably the marry-in-haste and divorce-at-leisure consequences of the war are giving people pause. The principal matrimonial event of the month will be the wedding of Lady Mary Cambridge to the Marquess of Worcester on the 14th at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride being the Queen's niece, and a favourite one at that, and the bridegroom heir to one of our old Dukedoms and a friend of the Prince of Wales, gives *éclat* to the event, and will crowd that ancient and beautiful old grey church which sits like a little sister under the protection of the noble Abbey. Lady Mary is not only good to look at, but is good. She is not all the time thinking of her own amusement and how to get the best of things, so much the policy of to-day's girlhood, nice though it is at bedrock. She has never been rich, and she has in all ways tried to be a help to her mother, just as necessary in her position as in humbler ones; to be a pal to her brothers; and to do as much as ever she can for others. Lord Worcester is therefore a really fortunate man. Then they are both devoted to horses, hounds, and hunting, and will have plenty of opportunity for enjoying these tastes together. The wedding promises to be a very pretty one. The four up-grown bridesmaids are pretty girls—Lady Diana Somerset, the bridegroom's unmarried sister; Lady May Cambridge, cousin of the bride; Miss Harford, cousin of Lord Worcester; and Lady Kathleen Crichton, a débutante of this season, sister of the young Earl of Erne, who is one of the King's Pages of Honour. The two wee girls are, I am told, "sweetlings." They are Lady Rosemary Eliot, the bride's niece, in her fourth year; and Miss Constance Stanley, daughter of Colonel the Hon. Algernon and Lady Mary Stanley, also in her fourth year.

The Earl of Westmorland's engagement to the Hon. Mrs. Capel was a short one. Apparently the bride embraced the religious faith of her sister, Lady Lovat, since the wedding was arranged for this week at the Oratory, Brompton. Lord Lovat is head of the Fraser clan, whose members are of the Roman Catholic faith, and have been ever since the Stuarts reigned. The bride—as I write—elect is a rich woman, and is also a very attractive one. She loves hunting and horses, and country sports and games—tastes which she shares with Lord Westmorland. They will be a handsome couple, and are both greatly liked. Lady Millicent Hawes has arrived in town for her nephew's wedding. She became a Roman Catholic some years ago.



A check tweed suit and an Inverness cape from Kenneth Durward's. (*See page* 1008.)

For the annual matinée which Lady Alington and her committee are organising in aid of the Waifs and Strays Society, to be held on June 12, at the Winter Garden Theatre, under the patronage of Queen Alexandra, Lady George Cholmondeley is arranging a ballet in which she herself and a number of other well-known society people are taking part. Among members of "the profession" who are giving their services are Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Evelyn Laye, Miss Beatrice Lillie, Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Mr. Jack Buchanan, and Mr. Billy Leonard. The programme sellers are being selected by Lady Newnes.

A. E. L.

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IF ghosts were as clearly seen in reality as they are in imagination, what should we say to the shades of Pepys and his friends, to Dr. Johnson, to Goldsmith and to Tennyson, to all those literary lights who have found such inspiration at this fine old Fleet Street tavern ?

Much matter for his famous diary was found by Pepys at "The Cock," whither he often resorted with his wife and friends. Our illustration shows one of these "mighty merry" entertainments to which he more than once refers. "At noon comes Mrs. Pierce and her daughter and Knipp (the pretty actress singer), and one Mrs. Foster carried them to the Tower and shewed them all to be seen there . . . . Thence by water to the Temple and there to 'The Cock,' and drank and ate a lobster and sang and mighty merry"—*from the Diary*, 1668.

Tennyson, at a later date, waxed specially enthusiastic. "Is there some magic in the place ?" he asks in *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue*. The very sign of the tavern, said to have been carved by Grinling Gibbons, is the subject of not a few of his most amusing lines.

Doubtless "Ye Olde Cock" was one of the first houses of refreshment in England where the *original* John Haig was to be obtained. The tavern, as its records show, dates back many years before the Fire of London, just as does the reputation of that fine old Whisky, first made in 1627, and ever since a standing favourite in every meeting place of men of cultivated taste.

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Fashions and Fancies.

Everything for the Baby. In almost every household it is the youngest member of the family who rules, and this week his Majesty the Baby reigns supreme on this page. Mme. Barri, 33, New Bond Street, has always specialised in layettes, and she is responsible for the beautiful baby's robe of net and antique Honiton lace, as well as for the light wicker-basket, which is lined with pale-blue satin; 4½ guineas is the price. Then attention must be drawn to the splendid collapsible cots which Mme. Barri can supply. They are ideal for travelling. Imitation of antique embroideries and laces is another feature of her work, and the lovely designs are almost cobweb-like in their delicacy, yet they wash beautifully.



Two charming little twill smocks that hail from Steinmann's, 185, Piccadilly. The one on the right is an imitation of the old-fashioned carters' smocks.

Things for Little People. Every lover of antique lace and embroidery knows the address of P. Steinmann, 185, Piccadilly, for they, of course, are world-famous as lace specialists. Moreover, the most delightful garments for small boys and girls are to be found in their salons—a fact proved by the two pretty little smocks sketched on this page. The one on the right is a facsimile of an old-fashioned carter's smock. It is carried out in twill. These little garments range in price from 21s. 6d. each, with knickers to match for 6s. 9d. Little zephyr suits are obtainable from 17s. 9d.; while in twill, tussore, or plain silk they cost from 29s. 3d. All mothers who delight in making their own babies' clothes must send for Steinmann's splendid pattern-book, which contains samples of every imaginable type of lace and embroidery, old and new.

Tailor-Made Suits. Perfect cut and finish, and the name of Kenneth Durward, of Ulster House, Conduit Street, are almost synonymous. The two admirably tailored suits and the cape illustrated on page 1006 hail from there, and they are certainly worthy of the reputation of the firm. Purple velours with shaded embroidery over the hips is the medium chosen for the distinctive suit on the left. The skirt wraps over, and the collar of the coat may be buttoned high up round the throat if the wearer pleases. The other is of rust-brown tweed, with a wide red-and-yellow check design to complete the colour-scheme. The skirt is quite plain, save for the wrap-over panel on the left. A large variety of fine and durable materials is at the disposal of those who require an Inverness cape similar to the one sketched, for it can be made in any tweed.

A Note on Jumpers. New and attractive jumpers are a never-failing source of interest, particularly the French jumpers which have found a temporary home at Harrods, Knightsbridge. Tiny Kashmir bead embroidery covers the one sketched on the right at the top of page 1006, which is of crêpe marocain. It can be had in a wide range of colours for 69s. 6d., or the embroidery may be in multi-coloured silk without affecting the price. Almond-green georgette makes the other model, which is enriched with fancy white embroidery, and costs 79s. 6d.; and another fascinating jumper is of white crêpe romaine and blue crêpe-de-Chine, boasting curious pouched sleeves of unusual fulness. Pretty cotton blouses may be had ranging from 8s. 11d., and there are striped hair-cord muslin blouses obtainable from 11s. 9d.

For the Complexion. Good health and good looks go hand in hand. However regular the features may be, a dull, lifeless skin will ruin the effect, and a clear complexion is a gift to be prized above much fine gold. It is, moreover, within the reach of everyone, for Dinneford's Magnesia, which may be obtained from chemists for 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. a bottle, will work wonders with the muddy look that spoils so many otherwise pretty complexions. For babies and children it is particularly valuable, as an easily digested, soluble form of magnesia, and, in addition to this, children will take it without objection, since it is quite palatable. It corrects any tendency to acidity and heartburn, and is of great assistance to those who suffer from gout and kindred complaints. E. A. R.



A lovely baby's robe of net and Honiton lace, for which Mme. Barri, 33, New Bond Street, is responsible. She has lined the wicker layette basket with pale-blue satin.



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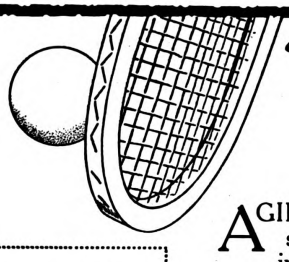
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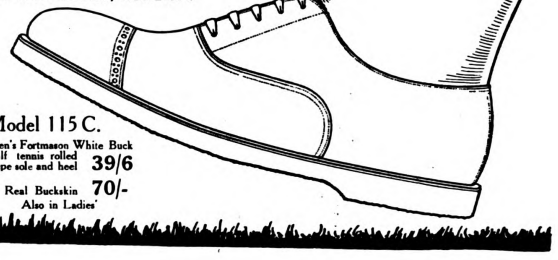
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE REFORM OF LA SCALA.

ITALY is the land of opera, and La Scala at Milan is the most famous of Italian opera-houses. But for many years those who have visited Italy in search of music have come back disappointed. Even Dr. Burney was disappointed, a hundred and fifty years ago, with most of the music he heard in Italy. Italy was living on its reputation then, and it has gone on living on its reputation ever since. Those who wanted to see operas went to Germany. German opera performances had only one drawback, and that was that very few German singers knew how to sing. In Italy there were wonderful singers, but nothing else.

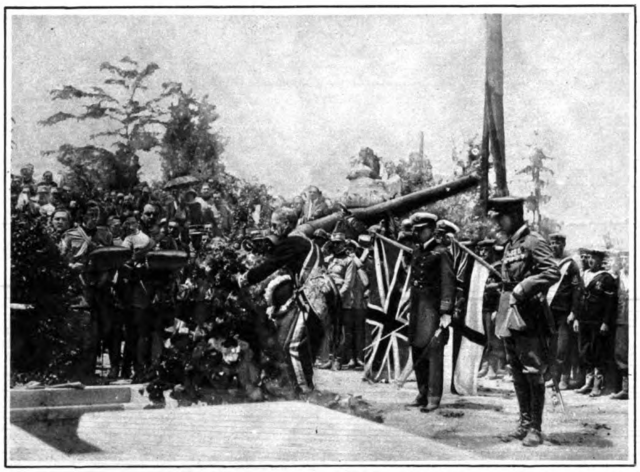
This is a general and hasty account of the situation. To criticise Italian opera in closer detail, the Italian theatres had a certain number of fine singers and a large number of magnificent voices. Their orchestras were miserable; their conductors had not the least notion of keeping them in order. The decorations were at times pretentious, but generally ridiculous. The behaviour of the audience was, to northern ideas, abominable. It was related by travellers that Italian audiences were fastidiously critical. They were not. They were at times cruel, but they never had any understanding of fine interpretation. They admired a powerful voice, a sustained high note, a burst of florid *coloratura*, or an emotional extravagance, just like the stupidest audience which can be found at any English ballad concert. Their claim to critical knowledge was based on the fact that they knew, and showed that they knew, when a singer sang badly out of tune, or when, owing to age or infirmity, he was unable to take an expected high note.

The art of singing decayed in Germany with the increasing popularity of Wagner. Wagner himself wrote for singers trained on old Italian methods, and undoubtedly desired as high a standard of singing as any Italian composer. Richard Strauss, in spite of all the stories told about him, obviously requires a high standard of real singing—"Ariadne" and "Die Frau ohne Schatten" show this on almost every page. The art of singing decayed in Italy not from the popularity of Wagner, though Wagner is becoming fairly popular there, but from the popularity of Mascagni. "Cavalleria Rusticana" set the example of hysterical caterwauling; it is, as singers know, one of the most exhausting operas to sing. Hysterical emotionalism is what Italians enjoy on the stage, not artistic singing; though, no doubt, if they ever heard artistic singing, they would appreciate it more quickly than most other people.

During the past winter, a remarkable change has taken place in operatic methods at the Scala. The reason why Italian opera was so ridiculously inartistic was simply the egoism of the singers. Each sang merely for the sake of his own advantage. Neither his colleagues nor the composer mattered to him. That is the reason why Italians, however magnificently they may sing, have no idea of what makes a chorus. Individualism could only be dominated by greater individualism. Milan has found its "strong man" in the shape of Toscanini. With iron determination and ruthless tyranny he has just begun to achieve at La Scala what in most German opera-houses is a matter of course—some idea of ensemble on the part of the singers, a reasonable standard of orchestral playing, an artistic direction of scenery and lighting, a general respect for the conductor, and decent behaviour on the part of the audience. At La Scala these things are marvels indeed.

I saw Boïto's "Mefistofele" there last week. It was a performance such as one could have seen nowhere else in Europe, for "Mefistofele" is hardly ever put on the stage outside Italy. It is only recently that it has been accepted in its own country. It is an Italian version of Goethe's "Faust," composed by a man who was a real poet as well as a musician. German theatres are obliged to tolerate Gounod's "Faust" because the public loves it; "Mefistofele" makes no appeal to the gallery, and it is too definitely Italian to be accepted by serious German minds. It has been performed in England, and I think that if it were given its chance, with a literary translation and an intelligent production, it might appeal to English audiences; for the English mind has links with both Italy and Germany, and could appreciate both points of view. The orchestra at the Scala was certainly

[*Continued overleaf.*



A BRITISH TRIBUTE AT THE BURIAL OF ROUMANIA'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER: SIR HERBERT DERING LAYING A WREATH ON THE GRAVE.

The burial of the Roumanian Unknown Soldier took place on May 17, in the "Parc Carol" at Bucharest, in the presence of the Royal Family. Sir Herbert Dering, the British Minister, laid a floral tribute on the grave. He was attended by Captain Arthur Bedford, R.N., commanding the British Danube flotilla, and Colonel F. J. Duncan, Military Attaché. A Naval contingent from H.M.S. "Glowworm," under Lieutenant Langstaff, saluted the dead hero.

Photograph by Photo-Royal, Bucharest.

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Continued.]

magnificent. A German conductor would have kept it more subordinate to the voices. Toscanini, for all his discipline, encourages individuality in the instruments.



AEROPLANE v. MOTOR-CAR: THE FINISH OF A NOVEL RACE ON THE SANDS AT SKEGNESS.

At the first motor race meeting held on the sands at Skegness, a few days ago, there was a race between an aeroplane, piloted by Mr. Rolleson, and a car driven by Mr. Raymond Mays, of Bourne, Lincolnshire. The aeroplane won by a "short head."

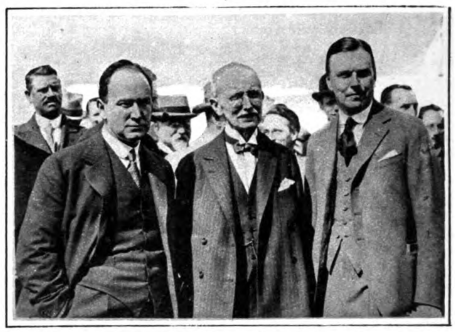
Photograph by Central Press.

They do not blend into a uniform whole, but stand out sharply and do all they can to intensify their individual expression. It is the right way to treat Boïto's score. By conventional standards it is wanting in skill. Toscanini seized its possibilities and made it fiercely poignant. On the stage there was obedience to the conductor, but still little sense of real ensemble. The stage pictures were admirable, the crowds very cleverly rehearsed. There was an enormously powerful chorus, which for the most part sang well in tune—a very rare thing with Italian choruses. But they had no sense of blend. Each voice was trying to make itself heard separately; in the loud passages the tenors were painfully strident. The solo singers were kept well in hand; there could never be any doubt as to whose will directed the variations of *tempo*. No singer dared hold out a cadence longer than Toscanini permitted. There was accuracy, discipline, obedience; but there was no ensemble. The singers gave way to the conductor, but not to each other. They sang as Toscanini ordered them, but they did not appear to have thought out their parts for themselves. Margherita (Juanita Caracciolo) was a clever actress, with a very dramatic conception of the character; Elena (Amaro Zola) had a magnificent presence, with a fine voice and dignified style; but, generally speaking, there was no sense of broad phrasing, no understanding of the music as music. The Italian singer may take infinite trouble to produce his voice, to obtain desired effects on single notes or words, but he has no interest in long phrases; and the very inadequate diction of almost the whole company showed that they had little or no appreciation of the literary beauty of the words they sang, even though they were singing in their own language.

It is a significant fact that "The Magic Flute," which Toscanini put on with the greatest care last month, was a failure. It had not been given at the Scala for 118 years. In other countries Mozart is at the height of his popularity. Italy has never understood him. "The Magic Flute" is an opera of ensemble, in spite of its difficult solos, and it belongs to a world where hysterical emotion is unknown. EDWARD J. DENT.

Book-lovers will be attracted by the Exhibition of Twentieth Century Printed Books which has just been opened at the galleries of the Medici Society, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, and is to remain open till June 30. Unlike previous exhibitions of artistic printing, this one is designed to show books of a high standard of craftsmanship produced in the ordinary way of commerce, rather than the work of private presses whose methods—however beautiful the result—are unsuited to the practical needs of business. The influence of private presses has, however, affected commercial book-production, and caused a renaissance of taste, of which the exhibition affords very interesting evidence.

The phenomenal growth of the home oil industry in Great Britain has been strikingly attested by the Customs House figures of imports of petroleum and its products into the United Kingdom for the week of May 7. During this period, of a total of 38,722,583 gallons of crude oil and its products (a new high record), no less than six full cargoes of crude petroleum, aggregating 15,039,050 gallons, were delivered from Persia to the National Oil Refineries at Llandarcy for refining into "B.P." motor spirit, lamp-oil, etc. These figures give an indication of the very extensive industry built up in Great Britain by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company; and additions now under construction at the great Llandarcy plant will add considerably to the capacity for treatment of imported crude oil.



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"POCAHONTAS."—(*Continued from page 1004.*)

Historians have cast doubt upon the authenticity of the narrative of Captain Smith (head of the Jamestown Colony and Admiral of New England) in which he related how the beautiful Virginian Princess dramatically saved his life in 1608, when her father Powhatan, the powerful Indian Sachem, was about to have that then captive adventurer clubbed to death. It has been asked why the notably veracious Smith should have delayed in telling this stirring story until he recounted the adventure in his letter to the Consort of James I, when in 1616 he recommended the Princess to her royal favour, on the arrival of Pocahontas in England. Recent historical authority however, points in explanation to the London editor's preface to Captain Smith's "True Relation," in which it is stated that "somewhat more was by him written, which being (as I thought) more fit to be private, I would not adventure to make it public."



TO BE PRESENTED AT COURT ON JUNE 14: MISS CONSTANCE DU CROS.

Miss Constance du Cros, of 41, Park Street, Mayfair, is the daughter of Mr. George du Cros, of Dunlop fame. She is twenty years of age.

It now seems probable that the portion thus omitted was none other than the account of the heroism of Pocahontas, to which Captain Smith gave publicity years later; and the editor might have thought it important that intending settlers on the Virginia Plantations should not be frightened away by the dangers suggested in the story.

It is asserted that Pocahontas died in reality of a broken heart, after finding on her arrival in London that her idol, Captain Smith, was alive, instead of being dead as she had been led to believe, it is alleged, when she gave her heart to another (John Rolfe) at the marriage altar in Virginia. Contemporary narratives agree that she turned away her head and would not speak for hours after again meeting Captain Smith; and that, finally, as she could not call him by any more endearing term, she asked if she might call him "father," to which he tenderly assented.

"The romantic story of this North American Indian Princess is too well known to make any extended repetition of it necessary," said the late Dr. Hines Page, when, as American Ambassador to Great Britain, he unveiled the memorial windows in the Gravesend Church on behalf of the Colonial Dames of America in the State of Virginia in July 1914. "There is, so far as I know," he continued, "no parallel to it in American annals, and it is a story so human and kindly and beautiful that it has taken its place among the immortal episodes of history. It has, of course, become a subject of dispute by historians, but all its romantic details, whether literally true or not, have been so thoroughly accepted by the public, that the doubts of historians have a poor chance against the world's love of romance. It has become the subject of novels. It has been treated by painters. It is told to every generation of children, and its place in the school histories of the United States makes it invincible and immortal. Her human and kindly personality stands out in our sombre Colonial history."

"I am the Resurrection and the Life." The words of the stately Anglican Burial Service sounded the promise of immortality as the surpliced Rector led our little group at the close of our search to the now ordered tomb, wherein had been reverently replaced the fragments of the dead which had been examined. If nothing else was accomplished by the scientific investigation, the worthy people of Gravesend may have the satisfaction of knowing that, by the discerning action of their broad-minded Rector, in granting the research facilities, the long-standing reproach incidental to this neglected tomb has now been removed, and that the bones of their sacred dead have been reverently re-interred with proper religious ceremony.

The Illustrated London News and the Press generally have contained long accounts of late regarding the tombs of the Kings at Luxor, and the unravelling of those mysteries of the ages by the banks of the Nile. One still holds the hope that some day it may be possible to solve that other intriguing mystery surrounding the still undiscovered place of repose of the Virginian Princess by the banks of the Thames; and that, if ever recovered, her remains may be enshrined by official consent in an imposing mausoleum in her native Virginia, as a belated tribute to one who risked her life in forging the first link in the ever-strengthening bonds of Anglo-American goodwill.



ENGAGED TO MR. I. R. HILLEARY: MISS R. M. MACLEOD.

Miss Rubie Mackinnon Macleod is the daughter of Mr. Duncan Macleod, of Skeabost, Isle of Skye. Her engagement to Mr. Iain Robertson Hilleary, son of Major E. L. Hilleary, of Edinbane, Isle of Skye, has just been announced.—[*Photo. Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]

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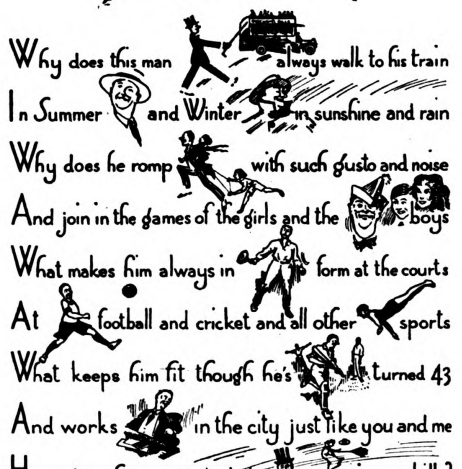
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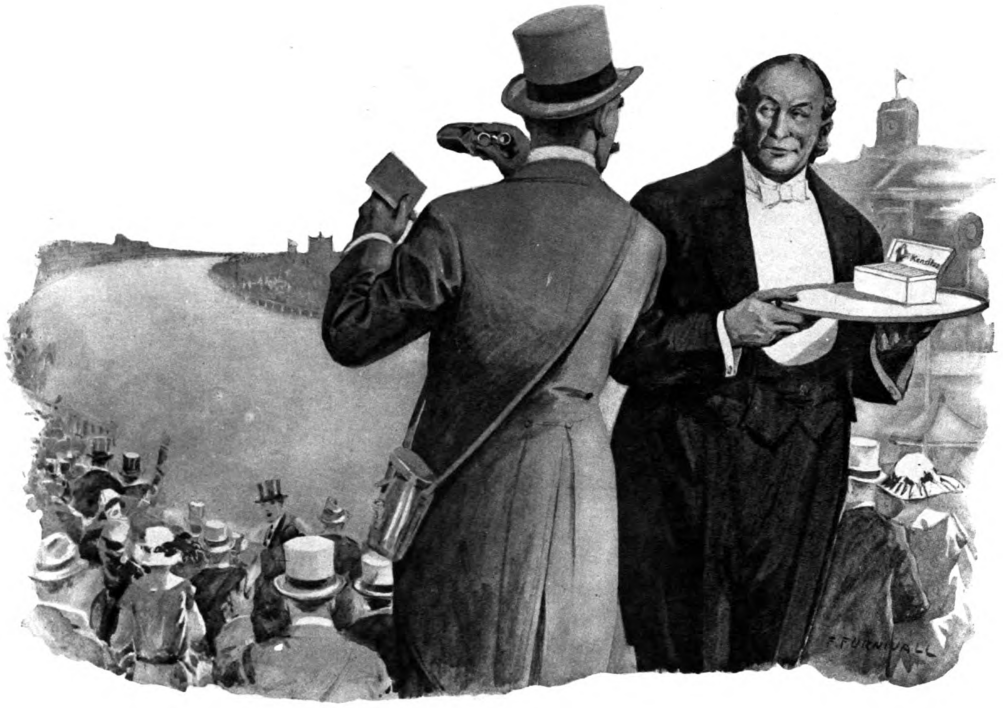
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. DRINKWATER'S "OLIVER CROMWELL." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

THAT Mr. Drinkwater's "Oliver Cromwell" is more of a piece of literature than an effort in drama may be said truly, and yet need not be said in the way of condemnation. Oliver Cromwell was a champion of freedom, but the irony of events forced him to establish a tyranny as crushing as that of the Stuarts. Mr. Drinkwater presents us with the Puritan view of Oliver, but the darker colours in history's portrait are washed out. He shows us the country squire stung into action and forced into a great rôle. He pictures him as the devoted son of a highly cultured mother. He gives us the psalm-reading and hymn-singing, hot speeches in Parliament and colloquies in camp. He confronts an all too hypocritical and dissembling Charles with a Cromwell desperately anxious to make terms. But we see nothing of the man of iron who ground Ireland under-foot; we see nothing of that subtle sophistry which made Oliver thrust on to God the responsibility for the gradual hardening of his own will; we miss what was grim and repellent in his masterfulness. So what the poet reveals to us is but a part and not the whole of Cromwell, and the general result is rather drab, as well as a one-sided picture of the times, because no account is taken at all of the joyous, loyal, dare-devil spirit of the Cavalier. The English temperament was divided into two halves in that day, and we should be given a view of both if we are to see even Cromwell aright. Cromwell, idealised in this fashion by Mr. Drinkwater, becomes a *bravura* part, and Mr. Ainley brings to it the right sort of *bravura* acting, though a little too easy-going in his rhetoric at times. He has excellent support from Mr. Milton Rosmer and Mr. Harcourt Williams as Ireton and Hampden, and from Mr. Hayden Coffin as a peasant who sings; but the outstanding performance is that of Miss Irene Rooke as the hero's aged mother who is more interested in poetry than in politics; hers is a beautiful study of old age in its sweetest and gentlest aspect.

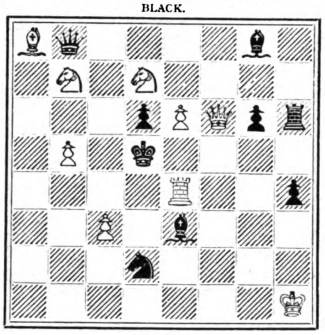
"THE OUTSIDER," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Miss Dorothy Brandon's "Outsider" is a live play on a live subject, that subject being the quarrel between orthodox and unorthodox surgery, and the conflict being made dramatically piquant by a bone-setter trying to cure a Harley Street specialist's crippled daughter. The playwright seeks to keep the balance even between her two kinds of healers by showing her "outsider" flamboyant as to dress and manners, and only too eager to snatch advertisement, though she credits him with native genius. So fair indeed is Miss Brandon—something of a cripple herself once—so anxious is she to press her point that there should be a pooling of medical knowledge in humanity's interests, that she does not let her "outsider" effect more than half a cure on his passionate little patient. Naturally there is scoffing on the part of the medical onlookers, but the girl's father is made to see more deeply and to realise that the bone-setter has healed her so far that his orthodox methods can now do the rest. The virtue of the play is its note of earnestness; it is written from the heart—a page taken from the author's own experience. And it is delightfully acted, Miss Elsom, as heroine, showing an emotional sensitiveness she has never hitherto revealed; Mr. Dawson Milward, Mr. Lyall Swete, and others neatly hitting off Harley Street types; and Mr. Leslie Faber, with his gift of character-building, making the bone-setter a pleasantly bizarre, warm-coloured, and masterful personality.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 3907.—By W. FINLAYSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3905.—By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

WHITE	BLACK
1. P to K 3rd	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S HOMER (Kensington).—In your problem with key move Q to Kt sq, how do you get over 1. —— P to Q 8th (a Kt, ch); 2. K moves, P to K 8th (a Q, ch); or K takes P, Kt to R 5th (ch), etc? The other three-mover embodies a hackneyed theme in a rather commonplace fashion. We shall be glad to see further examples of your work.

W B SECRET (East Cowes).—We will consider your problem, but you are asking us to depart from a long-established precedent. Pre-war customs, however, have no stability in these days.

A PEREIRA DA SILVA (Seville).—Thanks for your problem, which shall receive our careful consideration. We are sorry we know no one at present who would wish to play a game with you by correspondence, but when we do we will let you know.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from S Homer (Kensington), R B N (Tewkesbury) and O Newbold (Salisbury).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3899 and 3900 received from C Okey (Auckland, N.Z.); of No. 3903 from Rev. Armand Der Meares (Baltimore); of No 3905 from E M Vicars (Norfolk), P W Hunt (Bridgwater), F J Fallwell (Caterham), D E Noré (Göteborg), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), James M K Lupton (Richmond) and Rev. J Christie.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3906 received from R P Nicholson (Crawley), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), W C D Smith (Northampton), A Edmeston (Worsley), James M K Lupton (Richmond), L W Cafferata (Newark), S Homer (Kensington), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), F J Fallwell (Caterham), C H Watson (Masham), H W Satow (Bangor), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), A B Duthie (Greenock), P W Hunt (Bridgwater), Rev. J Christie (Heathfield), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), J J Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), George Sale (Bournemouth), Joseph Willcock (Southampton) and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. W. GOODING and E. G. SERGEANT.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
4. P to K 3rd	B to Kt 5th
5. B to Q 2nd	Castles
6. Kt to R 3rd	

The object of this is not apparent. It is scarcely necessary yet for defence, and for attack, K B 3rd seems the proper square.

6.	P to Q Kt 3rd
7. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 2nd
8. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
9. P to Q K 3rd	B to Q 3rd
10. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt to K R 4th
11. Castles	P to R 4th
12. P to Kt 5th	Kt to K 2nd
13. Kt to R 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd
14. Q to B 2nd	Kt to R 5th

The beginning of a clever combination, which only just fails in being successful.

15. P to B 5th	P takes P
16. P takes P	

This, and the next move, in the long run practically save the game for White.

16.	B to K 4th
17. Q R to Kt sq	Kt takes P (ch)

A dangerous attack is obtained by this sacrifice, but it is met with a cool and skilful defence that eventually prevails, but not without some critical moments.

18. P takes Kt	Q to R 5th
19. Kt to B 4th	B takes Kt
20. P takes B	R to B 3rd
21. R to B 2nd	Q to R 6th
22. B to K B sq	R to Kt 3rd (ch)
23. R to Kt 2nd	Q takes P
24. P to B 6th	P takes P
25. R takes R	P takes R
26. B to Kt 2nd	Q takes R P

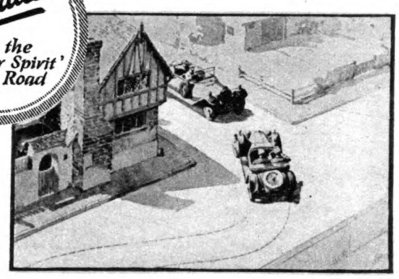
Although Black has for the moment secured an equivalent in Pawns for his surrendered piece, his position is hopeless.

27. Kt to B 5th	B to B sq
28. P takes P	B to R 3rd
29. Kt takes P	B to Q 6th
30. Q to Kt 3rd	Q takes Q
31. R takes Q	B to B 5th
32. Kt takes P	R to Q sq
33. R to B 3rd	Resigns.

A very well played game on both sides.

The Carlsbad Tournament ended in a triple tie for first position, Alechin, Boguljubow and Marowzy each finishing with a score of 11½ out of seventeen rounds. Mr. Yates made an excellent appearance for England with a score of 9½, and was awarded one of the brilliancy prizes; but Sir George Thomas, who was not in good health, played much below his form. The absence of Capablanca was the only regrettable feature of the meeting.

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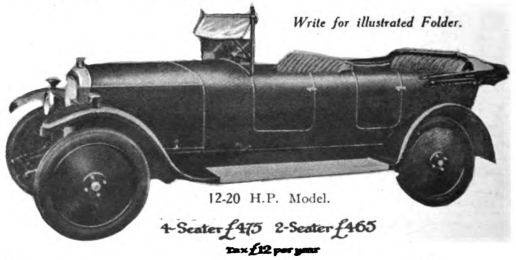
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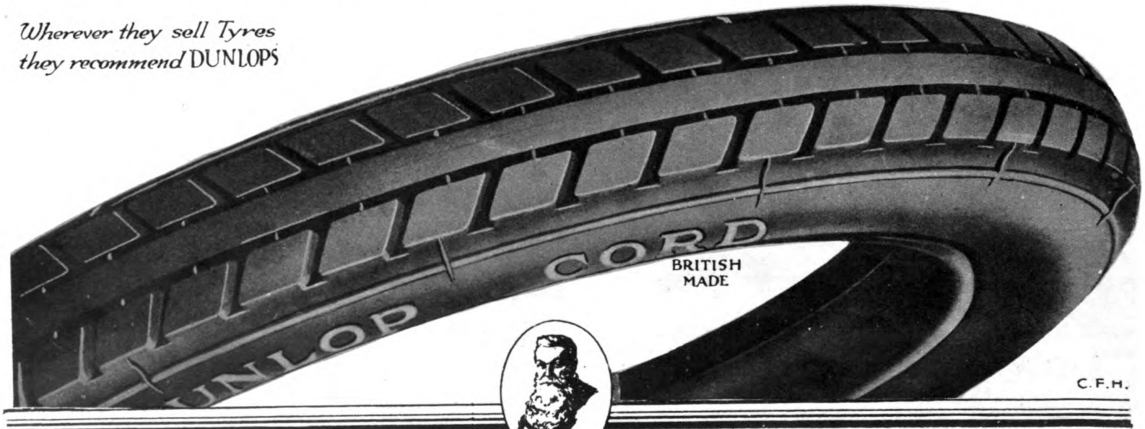
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A Real Triumph.

What, I wonder, would one have been told twenty years ago if one had prophesied that a motor-car would one day run a distance of 25,000 miles under the closest official observation with a single involuntary stop, entailing a delay of no more than 3½ minutes? I imagine that one would have been considered a fit subject for a medical report as to mental condition. Yet this has actually been accomplished, and by a British car—the 19·6-h.p. Crossley, to wit. It is no mean feat. Of course, one knows of cars which have run this distance, and even much more, without, as their owners would put it, any trouble; but these distances have been accomplished by cars in ordinary use and receiving constant attention and constant adjustment. Moreover, the careful owner will quite probably have had certain renewals made of worn or doubtful parts. In such circumstances, there is nothing remarkable in 25,000 miles of real no trouble in motoring, so greatly has the motor-car advanced in reliability. This Crossley performance, however, is one of entirely different plane. Here was an ordinary standard car differing in no respect from dozens of others in the hands of private owners, handed over to the R.A.C., and impounded by its officials for the purposes of the trial. During the course of the test, everything done to the car was recorded, together with the time occupied; and from the terms of the official certificate issued, one finds that nothing at all was done except the ordinary re-filling operations in respect of petrol and water. One solitary road stop was experienced through a throttle control-rod becoming detached. The record is indeed a wonderful one, for the distance covered represents four or five years' running of the average privately owned car, and I think that Crossleys—and, indeed, the British motoring industry as a whole—deserve all the congratulations fitting to such a performance. It is by far the best of its kind on record in this or any other country, and he will certainly be a very courageous manufacturer who sets out to beat it.



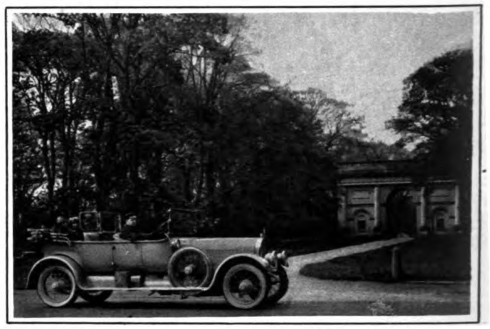
A B.S.A. 10-H.P. CAR ON A 5000-MILES TRIAL OFFICIALLY OBSERVED BY THE R.A.C.: THE CAR PASSING ST. JAMES'S PALACE AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF ITS DAILY RUN OF 300 MILES.

Engine Efficiency.

Where is the development of efficiency of the internal combustion motor going to end? A fortnight ago, the two-litre Sunbeam car built for the French Grand Prix was down at Brooklands undergoing speed tests. This car, rated at no more than 14 h.p., was timed, unofficially, to cover the flying half-mile at a speed of, approximately, 120 miles an hour. I am told that this little engine has developed a power output of no less than 108 h.p., at a revolution speed in the neighbourhood of 5400 per minute. From France, one gathers that Delage has adopted the twelve-cylinder design for his two-litre racing engine, and that these are developing well over 100 h.p., at the almost unbelievable revolution speed of close upon 6000 per minute. He would be a bold prophet who would venture the prediction that even this is the end. On the figures I have given in the past twelve months alone, these small racing engines have shown an increase in power of about 20 h.p., while the revolution speed has gone up quite 20 per cent. When we remember that small single-cylinder motors have been speeded up to about 10,000 r.p.m., it becomes a matter for speculation whether we shall not before long have multi-cylinder motors capable of revolving at much higher speeds even than are known to-day, and giving a power output which will make the present-time racing engine look comparatively inefficient.

Unquestionably this development will have a marked effect on the touring-car engine of the immediate future. If there is one lesson to be gained from these developments, it is that the designers who pinned their faith to small dimensions and high-revolution speeds were right, as against those who preferred the large-dimensioned "woolly" engines, which are characteristic of the cheaper American productions. Really, it gives one to wonder if, after all, our taxation formula, which has encouraged small dimensions, has not, in fact, been a blessing in disguise.

W. W.

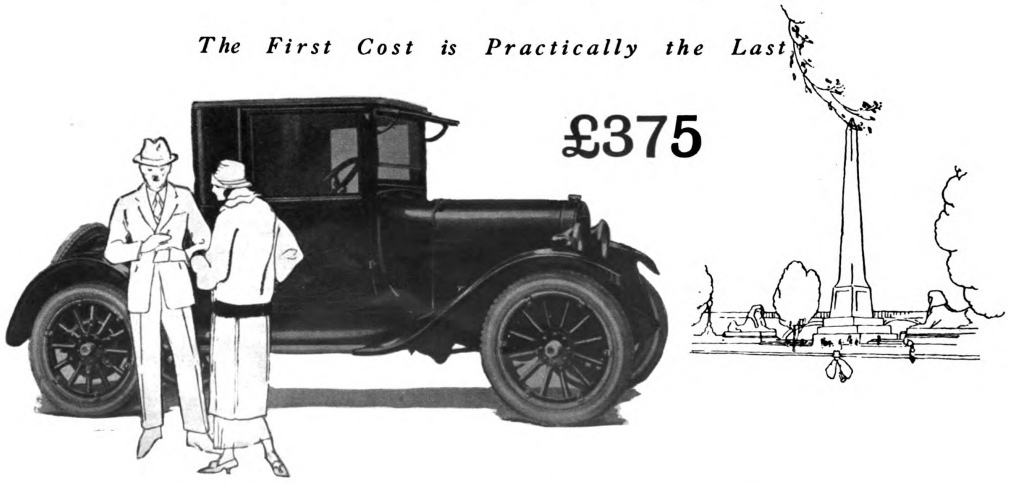


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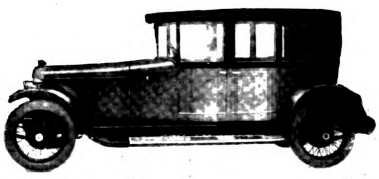


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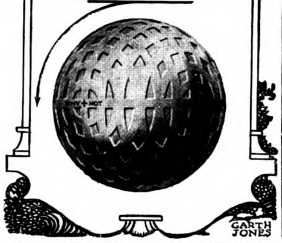
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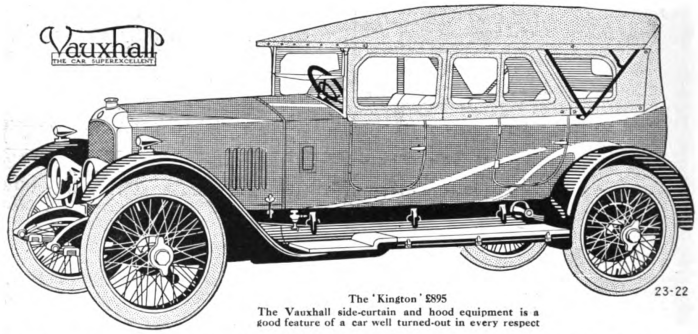
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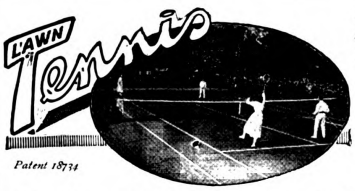
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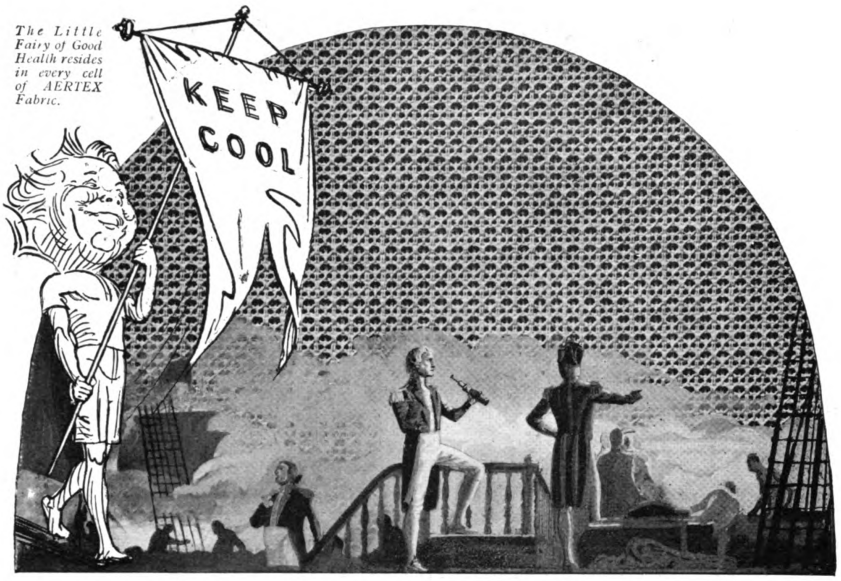
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BOLTON—H. Eckersley, Bradshawgate.
BRADFORD—Brown, Muff & Co., Market Street.
BOURNEMOUTH—E. T. Black, Commercial Road.
BRIDLINGTON—H. D. Green, Royal Arcade.
BERWICK-ON-TWEED—A. Woods, 211, Western Road.
BROMLEY—A. W. Parsons, High Street.
BRISTOL—Standerwick & Carter, Queen's Rd., C'ton.
BURNLEY—H. Atkinson, St. James' Street.
BUXTON—J. W. Potter, London House.
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CANTERBURY—Joseph G. Jackman, 6, Parade.
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CARLISLE—G. Tweddle, The Crescent.
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CHESTERFIELD—H. J. Cook, High Street.
COLCHESTER—Smith & Son, High Street.
COLWYN BAY—A. S. Nevatt, Station Road.
COVENTRY—Greenway & Sons, Smithford Street.
CREWE—W. F. Wheatley, Market Street.
CROMER—Rust's, Ltd., High Street.
DARTFORD—Targett & Smith, High Street.
DONCASTER—The Doncaster Clothing Co., Ltd.
DRIFFIELD—E. Redman, Market Place.
DUDLEY—W. R. & T. Mitchell, High Street.
EASTBOURNE—Bobby & Co., Terminus Road.
ERITH—H. Mitchell, Ltd., Pier Road.
GERRARDS CROSS—F. Sturgess, Station Parade.
GLOUCESTER—C. Morgan, Westgate Street.
GLASGOW—Arneil & Yuill, Gordon Street.
GRAVESEND—Theophilus Smith, 30, New Road.
GRIMSBY—J. W. Garrard, Cleethorpes Road.
HANLEY—J. E. Carhart, Piccadilly.
HARROGATE—W. G. Allen & Son, 6, Prospect Cres.
HARROW—Weston Bros., Roxborough Promenade.
HASTINGS—Lewis, Hyland & Co., Queen's Road.
HERNE BAY—J. Gore & Sons, William Street.
HIGH BARNET—F. Mabbett, High Street.
HUDDERSFIELD—Dawson & Sons, New Street.
HULL—T. Gillett, King Edward Street.
IPSWICH—Sunnucks, Ltd., Carr Street.
LANCASTER—R. Stanton, Cheapside.
LEEDS—Hyam & Co., Ltd., Briggate.
LIVERPOOL—W. Cochrane, Lord Street.
MANCHESTER—Affleck & Brown, Oldham Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—E. Robson, Grey Street.
NOTTINGHAM—Dixon & Parker, Lister Gate.
OXFORD—W. E. Fayers, Queen Street.
RYDE (I.W.)—J. H. Wilkins, Union Street.
SOUTH SHIELDS—Willan & Hails, King Street.
WALSALL—Ennals & Co., The Bridge.
WESTON-SUPER-MARE—E. A. Hawkins, High St.

The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series



The New Inn, Clovelly

All things that a Lord should have

THE Lord of Clovelly, in the thirteenth century, had all things about him that a lord should, such as a gallows and assize . . . . So we read in an interesting description of this quaint old Devonshire fishing village beloved of Charles Kingsley.

At the New Inn, if your luck be to win the hearts of Clovelly folk, you may have many a chat with one or another of the master mariners who make this village of steps their home. Not a few artists, too, will you meet at the New Inn, for Clovelly is a prime favourite with the men of brush and palette. So much so, in fact, that it is laughingly said that in Clovelly the first industry is that of posing for the artists, and that the fishing is but second.

The natural setting of Clovelly in a rugged cleft is such that it can never grow larger. There has probably been no real change in size or general aspect for hundreds of years. It is a place for lovers of old associations. When the structure of the New Inn was partially re-built in 1914, all the old beams were put back in their original places, only the decayed timbers being removed. The centuries-old character is wonderfully preserved and the homeliness of former days retained.

Appropriate to the traditions of the New Inn, is the *original* John Haig Whisky, a spirit of old associations dating back to 1627, when it was first introduced to the liking of men of taste. John Haig, too, has remained unchanged in quality, although the reputation of this fine old whisky has steadily increased generation after generation.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

THE ORIGINAL

The Clubman's Whisky since 1627

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1923.

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THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S SECOND DAUGHTER ENGAGED: H.H. PRINCESS MAUD, WHO IS TO MARRY LORD CARNEGIE.

The Court Circular of June 9 announced the King's glad consent to the betrothal of his niece, Princess Maud, second daughter of the Princess Royal and the late Duke of Fife, to Lord Carnegie, Captain in the Scots Guards, the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Southesk. Her Highness was born in 1893. She was a bridesmaid at the wedding of Princess Patricia and Commander the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, and at the wedding of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles. Her sister, Princess Alexandra, now Duchess of Fife, married Prince Arthur of Connaught in October 1913.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYK.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE MIDLANDS: AT BIRMINGHAM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



1. A WELCOME FROM BIRMINGHAM CHILDREN: THE PRINCE ON THE WAY TO THE CIVIC RECEPTION IN THE TOWN HALL.
2. BIRMINGHAM'S MEMORIAL TO THE HEROIC DEAD: THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE HALL OF MEMORY.
3. OPENING THE BIRMINGHAM POWER STATION: THE PRINCE OPERATING A LEVER SETTING IN MOTION A GREAT TURBO-ALTERNATOR.
4. AFTER THE CEREMONY AT THE CITY POWER STATION, WHICH HE OFFICIALLY OPENED: THE PRINCE LEAVING THE BUILDING.

The Prince of Wales began his tour in the Midlands by a visit to Birmingham on Tuesday, June 12. There he fulfilled a busy day's programme, including, in the morning, a formal reception by the City Corporation in the Town Hall; a drive in procession to the city power station, which the Prince officially opened; a visit to the Dunlop works; and the laying of the foundation-stone of the Hall of Memory. Birmingham's war memorial. In the afternoon, after lunch at the Council House, the Prince inspected members of the British Legion, visited the General Electric Company's Works, the Government Instructional Factory, and the B.S.A. Works. For the evening he arranged to dine privately at Bishop's Croft, and then attend a reception at the University, given by the Council and Senate.

NOTE.—*Owing to unforeseen circumstances, Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Our Notebook" is omitted this week. It will appear as usual next week.*

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., RUSSELL C.N., ETC.



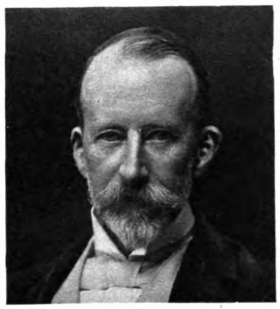
AUTHOR OF "BINDLE"; AND PUBLISHER: THE LATE MR. HERBERT JENKINS.



PROSE-POET AND SAILOR: THE LATE PIERRE LOTI (CAPTAIN JULIEN VIAUD)



A FAMOUS VETERINARY SURGEON: THE LATE MR. JOHN COLEMAN.



POET AND SOCIAL WORKER: THE LATE LORD LATYMER.



THE THREE WOMEN M.P.'S: MRS. WINTRINGHAM, MRS. HILTON PHILIPSON, AND LADY ASTOR.



A GREAT REPRESENTATIVE OF DERBY: THE LATE LORD ROE.



THE OWNER OF THE DERBY WINNER AND HIS WIFE MR. AND MRS. B. IRISH.



FATHER OF PRINCESS MAUD'S FIANCÉ: THE EARL OF SOUTHESK



MOTHER OF PRINCESS MAUD'S FIANCÉ: THE COUNTESS OF SOUTHESK.



A PHILANTHROPIC PRINCESS: THE LATE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

Mr. Jenkins, who was born in 1876, was first a journalist, then a publisher and author. He was best known as the writer of various books about his Cockney creation, Bindle. He also wrote a notable life of George Borrow.——Captain Julien Viaud, of the French Navy, who won fame as Pierre Loti, was born in 1850. All his life he was under the spell of the East as well as the spell of the sea, both reflected in his books. He was "mentioned" in 1918 for work under fire in Apremont Forest and Manonvillier.——Mr. Coleman, when far from well, went to see the Derby horse, Town Guard, professionally, overtaxed his strength, and died eight days later.——Lord Latymer, who was better known as Mr. Francis Money and then as Mr. Francis Money-Coutts, became heir to Lady Burdett-Coutt's share in Coutts's Bank. The abeyance of the Barony of Latymer was terminated in his favour in 1912. He wrote opera libretti, sonnets, lyrics, and philosophical poems.——Mrs. Wintringham sits for the Louth Division of Lincs. (Ind. Lib.); Lady Astor for the Sutton Division of Plymouth (C.U.). Mrs. Hilton Philipson (formerly Miss Mabel Russell) took her seat as Member (C.) for Berwick-on-Tweed on June 7.——Lord Roe, who, as Mr. Thomas Roe, was raised to the Peerage in 1916, was seven times Mayor of Derby, and represented the town in Parliament from 1883 to 1895, and from 1900 to 1916.——Mr. Benjamin Irish, owner of Papyrus, is a tenant-farmer and races only in a small way. The King received him at Buckingham Palace on June 8.——Lord Southesk is the tenth holder of the earldom. In 1891, he married Miss Bannerman, only daughter of Sir Alexander Bannerman, tenth Baronet.——Princess Christian passed peacefully away on June 9. Her life was essentially one of service and she was justly loved. She was born on May 25, 1846, third daughter of Queen Victoria.

WHERE WAS THE WATERLOO BALL HELD?

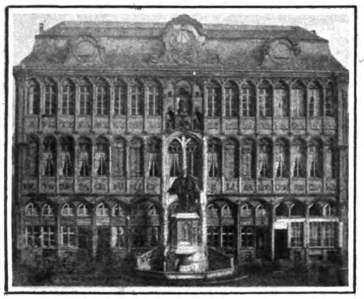
A SUGGESTED SOLUTION OF A HISTORICAL MYSTERY.

IT has never been definitely ascertained where the Ball immediately preceding the Battle of Waterloo actually took place on June 14, 1815. In a footnote to "The Dynasts," Part III., Act VI., Scene II., Mr. Hardy says—

> "This famous ball has become so embedded in the history of the Hundred Days as to be an integral part of it. Yet, in spite of the efforts that have been made to locate the room which saw the memorable gathering (by the present writer more than thirty years back, among other enthusiasts), a dispassionate judgment must deny that its site has as yet been proven. Even Sir W. Fraser is not convincing. The event happened less than a century ago, but the spot is almost as phantasmal in its elusive mystery as towered Camelot, the palace of Priam, or the Hill of Calvary (1907)."

The object of this article is to suggest that this ball was held at the Maison du Roi. In support of this contention we reproduce below four pictures of this building; but we will first refer to an article that appeared in the *Times* on June 14, 1915, summarising the various efforts that had been made to fix the site of the building in which the ball was held. From this article five points arise—

(1) During the early part of the nineteenth century the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels was always regarded as the building in question.



(3) MUCH AS IT WAS AT THE TIME OF WATERLOO: THE MAISON DU ROI AT BRUSSELS AFTER ITS RESTORATION IN 1763 AND BEFORE THE REBUILDING OF 1872; SHOWING THE FOUNTAIN ADDED IN 1864.

(2) In the *Times* of Aug. 25, 1888, Sir W. Fraser, writing from Homburg, stated that the ball did not take place in the house leased by the Duke of Richmond (the belief then current), the site of which, at the time of Sir W. Fraser's visit, was occupied by a hospital in the Rue de Cendres. He claimed that the ball took place in a building at the rear of this hospital, which, in 1815, was the property of Van Asch, a coach-builder in the Rue de la Blanchisserie.

(3) Lady de Ros, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, stated, in *Murray's Magazine* of January 1889, that the ball was held in her sister's school-room, which then was used as a hospital. She produced a plan indicating where the school-room should be. The chaplain of the hospital maintained, however, that that part of the building, claimed by Lady de Ros as the position of the ball-room, had consisted of a staircase and several small rooms which he himself had seen demolished.

(4) In the *Times* of Sept. 23, 1897, there appeared a letter from J. Danvers Power, of Marlow, in which it was stated that no one disputed the fact that the Duke of Richmond's house formed part of the hospital entered from the Rue de Cendres; there was, however, no ball-room corresponding to Lady de Ros's description, though the ante-room could be accounted for.

(5) Reverting to the article in the *Times* of June 14, 1915, it is stated that there had come to light a diary of the late Lawrence Peel, dated 1888, whose wife, Lady Jane Peel, was Lady de Ros's sister. This diary stated: "May 19, 1835. . . . Went to see the D. of R.'s old house, in which the ball was given." The ball-room was found, "divided into small rooms, staircase, etc."

From this it would appear that the chaplain's statement that he had seen a building with staircase and small rooms confirms rather than contradicts the claim of Lady de Ros that the ball was held in her sister's school-room, in the Rue de Cendres.

Summarising the above—

(*a*) It is not denied that the Duke of Richmond's house is identical with a hospital in the Rue de Cendres.

(*b*) It is not denied that at the rear of the Duke of Richmond's house was a coach-builder's place in the Rue de la Blanchisserie.

(*c*) Fraser contends that the ball took place in the Rue de la Blanchisserie.



(1) PUBLISHED IN OUR ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 20, 1852, WITH THE TITLE—"HOUSE AT BRUSSELS WHEREIN THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND GAVE A BALL TWO DAYS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO": A WOOD-CUT OF THE MAISON DU ROI BEFORE ITS RESTORATION BY JAMAER.



(4) AS IT IS TO-DAY: THE MAISON DU ROI, BRUSSELS, REBUILT BETWEEN 1872 AND 1896 FROM THE PLANS OF V. JAMAER.

(*d*) Lady de Ros claims the Rue de Cendres.

(*e*) The chaplain disputes Lady de Ros's claim on the grounds that the site indicated by her had, within his own memory, been occupied by small rooms, staircase, etc.

(*f*) The Peel diary suggests that these rooms had been added since 1815.



(5) PART OF THE TRAGIC SEQUEL TO THE BALL IN BRUSSELS ON THE EVE OF WATERLOO: THE GREAT STAND OF THE GUARDS AT THE CHATEAU OF HOUGOUMONT.

From the Painting by R. Caton Woodville. Copyright by "The Illustrated London News."

The writer of this article suggests that the ball took place in the Maison du Roi. *The Illustrated London News* of Nov. 20, 1852, gives a picture of a building which is definitely stated to be the one where the ball was held. This picture is published on the authority of a book entitled "Wellingtonia: Anecdotes, Maxims, and Opinions of the Duke of Wellington." See Fig. 1.

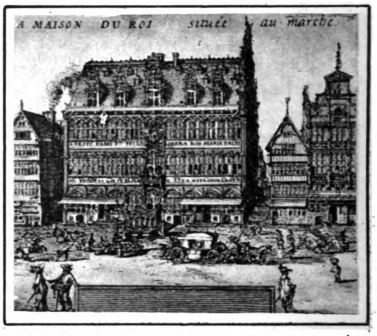
Figs. 2, 3, and 4, all of the Maison du Roi, prove conclusively that the picture in *The Illustrated London News* is that of the Maison du Roi at that time.

The weak point in this argument is the failure to produce primary evidence. The writer has been unable to trace "Wellingtonia," and so cannot state upon what authority the picture was originally published in that book.

It must be admitted, however, that the inferential evidence in favour of the Maison du Roi is very strong.

1. The number of *The Illustrated London News* in which Fig. 1 was published contained, in addition, a list of Waterloo veterans living at the time of the death of the Duke of Wellington. Therefore, this number must have been read with particular interest by many of those who were actually present at the ball.

2. The writer has been unable to find in any subsequent number of *The Illustrated London News* any challenge to the correctness of this claim.



(2) AS REBUILT BETWEEN 1515 AND 1531: THE MAISON DU ROI AT BRUSSELS—FROM AN ENGRAVING (DATED 1627) BY JAQUES CALLOT (1592 TO 1635).

The upper inscription on the façade reads: "A peste fame et bello libera nos Maria pacis" (From pestilence, famine and war, deliver us, Mary of peace).

3. It seems almost incredible that were this picture not as described it would not have been immediately challenged by readers who had themselves been present at the ball.

4. There can be no doubt that Byron, who was in Brussels subsequently and stayed at 51, Rue Ducale, must have been familiar with the actual ball-room. No one could deny that his lines from "Childe Harold"—

> "There was a sound of revelry by night,
> And Belgium's capital had gathered then
> Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
> The lamps shone on fair women and brave men.
> A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
> Music arose with its voluptuous swell
> Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again;
> And all went merry as a marriage bell.
> But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell"—

and so on intermittently from Stanza 21 to 26, including the allusion to "a window'd niche of that high hall"—seem more applicable to the Maison du Roi than to either a school-room or a coach-builder's out-house.

This article is offered as a contribution to the settlement of this question, and suggests that the claim herein put forward in support of the Maison du Roi is worth considering.

The writer sincerely thanks Mr. Percival M. Fraser, F.R.I.B.A., and Mr. C. H. Ellington for their help and criticism; and Mr. Cecil Kind, of Woodford, for preparing the above pictures.

BRIDESMAIDS TO ROYALTY MARRY: A PRESENTATION; A WEDDING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL AND TOM AITKEN, LTD.



GIFTS FOR LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE AND LORD WORCESTER (WHOSE WEDDING WAS FIXED FOR JUNE 14) FROM SPORTING FARMERS OF THE BEAUFORT HUNT AT BADMINTON: A GROUP INCLUDING THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, AND THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.



THE WEDDING OF THE HON. DIAMOND HARDINGE AND CAPTAIN ROBERT ALEXANDER ABERCROMBY, M.C.: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE GUARDS' CHAPEL AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS UNDER AN ARCH OF SWORDS, AFTER THE CEREMONY.

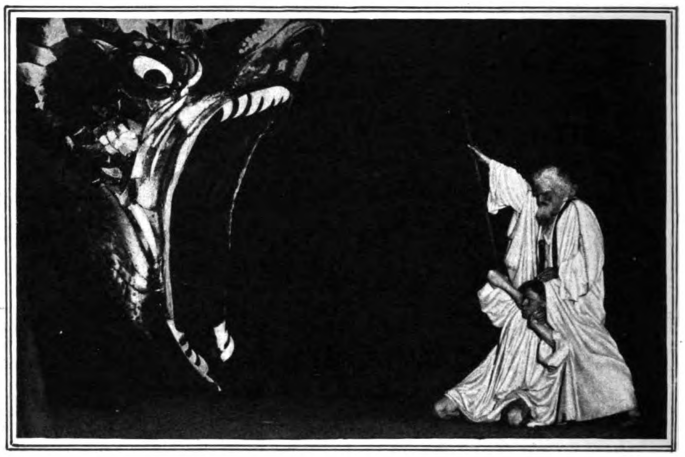
Two of the Duchess of York's bridesmaids have soon followed her example. The wedding of Lady Mary Cambridge and the Marquess of Worcester, son of the Duke of Beaufort, was arranged for June 14. Our group was taken at Badminton when sporting farmers of the Beaufort Hunt presented a diamond tiara to the bride, and a diamond-and-pearl tie-pin to the bridegroom, on behalf of 700 subscribers. The figures in the photograph are (from left to right) Mr. W. Bridgeman, Mr. F. Orchard, the Duchess of Beaufort, Mr. Charles Bridgeman, the Duke of Beaufort (seated), Mr. G. Cuff, Lady Mary Cambridge, Mr. E. Pritchard, Lord Worcester (holding the gifts), Mr. J. Moore, Mr. B. Carter, and a friend. The wedding of the Hon. Diamond Hardinge and Captain Robert Abercromby, M.C. (Scots Guards), took place at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on Tuesday, June 12. The King and Queen gave the bride a diamond brooch; Queen Alexandra an amethyst brooch; and Princess Victoria an aquamarine-and-ruby pendant. The bride is the only daughter of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst and the late Lady Hardinge. She is an all-round sportswoman, and when she was in India during her father's Viceroyalty she won many cups for riding and driving her ponies in the show-ring. Captain Abercromby is the younger son of the late Sir Robert Abercromby, Bt., and of the Countess of Northbrook.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK: "BARTLEMY" FAIR, AND TABLEAUX; Ggolf; LOTI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE CAMERAGRAPH CO., LTD., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND C.N.



A "BART'S" TABLEAU: HARVEY DEMONSTRATING THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD TO CHARLES I.



"RAHERE IN A DREAM DELIVERED FROM A DRAGON BY ST. BARTHOLOMEW": A "BART'S" TABLEAU DESIGNED BY MR. CHARLES SIMS, R.A.



INCLUDING AN EXECUTIONER WITH HIS AXE: STUDENTS OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL IN TUDOR ATTIRE FOR THE REVIVAL OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR IN HONOUR OF THE HOSPITAL'S 800TH ANNIVERSARY.



LAST YEAR'S OPEN GOLF CHAMPION IN THIS YEAR'S QUALIFYING ROUND AT TROON: WALTER HAGEN (U.S.) GETS OUT OF THE ROUGH TO THE 11TH GREEN.

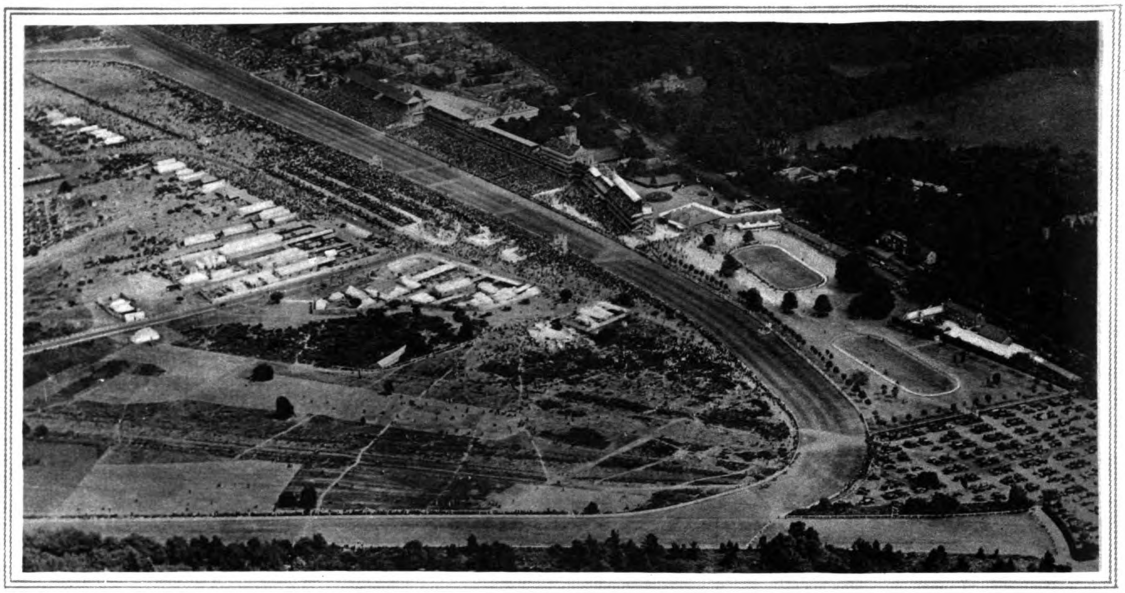


WITH THE TURKISH TOMBSTONE WHICH HE PREPARED FOR HIS OWN GRAVE SOME YEARS AGO: THE LATE PIERRE LOTI, THE GREAT FRENCH WRITER, IN ORIENTAL DRESS,

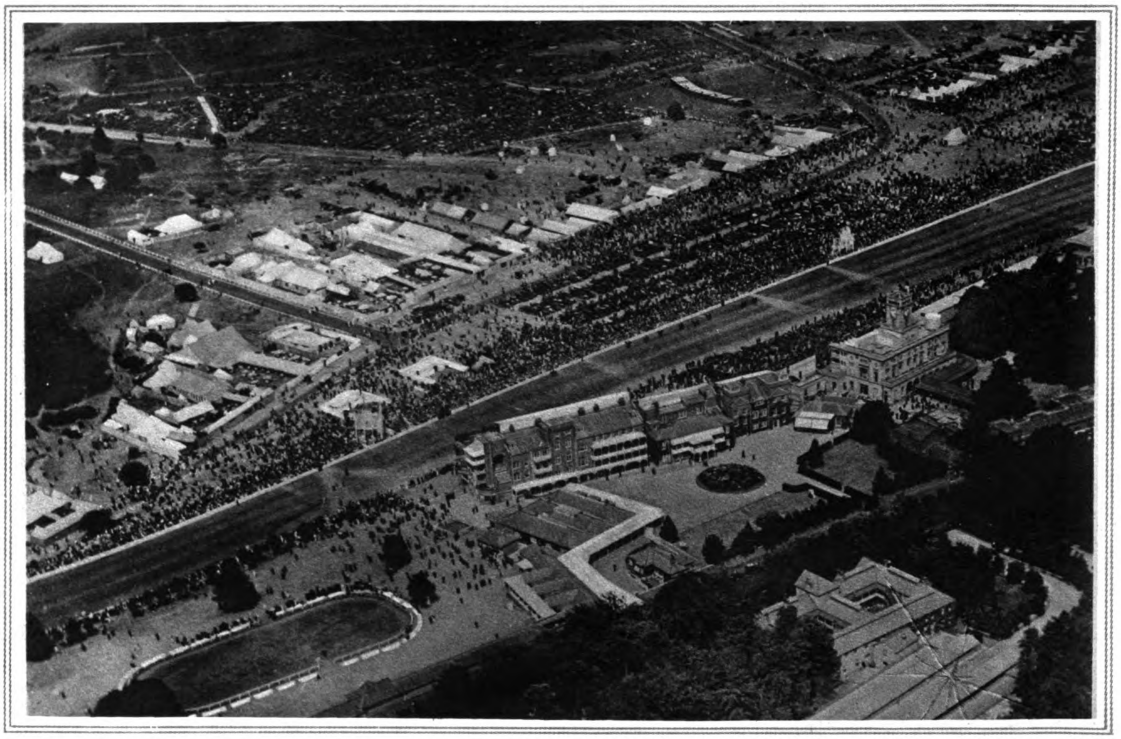
The revival of Bartholomew Fair in Smithfield, the chief feature of the celebrations of the 800th anniversary of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, was given a Tudor setting, and the medical students donned picturesque costumes of the days of Henry VIII. Among them was represented the executioner, whom that monarch kept very busy. In the Great Hall of the Hospital were given a series of tableaux, illustrating its history, arranged by a committee of famous artists with Sir Aston Webb, P.R.A., as Chairman. Several tableaux were drawn from the life of the monk Rahere, founder of the Hospital, including one designed by Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., showing "Rahere in a dream delivered from a dragon by St. Bartholomew." Among later scenes was one of William Harvey, one of the most famous sons of "Bart's," demonstrating his great discovery of the circulation of the blood to Charles I.—— The qualifying rounds of the Open Golf Championship began at Troon on June 11, over the New Course and the Municipal Course. Walter Hagen, who played over the New Course, is the famous American professional who was Open Champion last year. He was married just before sailing for Britain last month, and brought his bride with him.——The above photograph of Pierre Loti was taken in his house at Rochefort, which he furnished in Turkish style. Another portrait of him appears on page 1029.

ROYAL ASCOT FROM THE AIR: SOCIETY'S GREAT RACE MEETING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AEROFILMS, LTD.



SHOWING THE FRONT OF THE GRAND STAND, WITH THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE AT THE RIGHT-HAND END (OPPOSITE THE WINNING POST), AND THE PADDOCK FURTHER TO THE RIGHT: AN ASCOT MEETING SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.



SHOWING THE BACK OF THE GRAND STAND, WITH THE WINNING POST (WHITE AGAINST A BLACK BACKGROUND) OPPOSITE THE LEFT-HAND END, AND THE PADDOCK IN THE LEFT-HAND LOWER CORNER OF THE PICTURE: ANOTHER AEROPLANE VIEW OF ASCOT.

Another Ascot Week is at hand, and Society is looking forward to the great event with as keen an interest as ever. The race for the Royal Hunt Cup is to be run on Tuesday, June 19, and that for the Gold Cup on Thursday, the 21st. In the announcements issued by the Lord Chamberlain regarding Court Mourning for the death of Princess Christian it was stated: "Arrangements made in connection with Ascot will hold good. The order for Court Mourning not to apply to dress worn by ladies either attending the Courts or at Ascot." Our photographs show a typical Ascot Meeting as seen from an aeroplane. In the upper one, the Grand Stand is in the centre background, with the town beyond to the left, and to the right the Paddock, with its extension. The judge's box is at the right-hand end of the Grand Stand, beside the Royal Enclosure, and just opposite the winning post. The starting point for the Gold Cup is at the end of the short straight section of the course in the extreme left top corner of the photograph. The lower illustration shows the back of the Grand Stand, with the winning post (white against a black background) opposite the left-hand end. Just to the left of the winning post is one of the number boards; another is further to the right.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



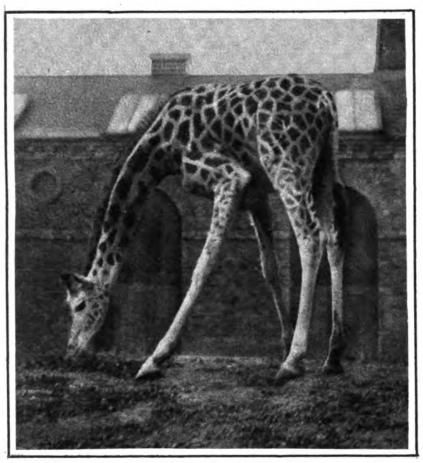
THE TRANSMISSIBILITY OF ACQUIRED CHARACTERS.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE problem of the transmission of acquired characters is one which the layman usually imagines to be solely the concern of the man of science. Yet Herbert Spencer insisted that "A right answer to the question as to whether acquired characters are, or are not, inherited underlies right beliefs, not only in biology and psychology, but also in education, ethics, and politics." I need not, therefore, apologise for introducing the theme into this page. But since, during the last three-and-twenty years, more than one thousand memoirs and books have been written on the subject, it is obvious that nothing more than the barest outline of its essential features can be attempted here.

What, then, do we mean when we talk of an "acquired character" and its "transmission"? Briefly, this. Any departure from our conception of what is normal in the conformation of living things, any feature which we can directly associate with an obvious stimulus, is an "acquired character."

A few illustrations will make my meaning clear. Most of us have seen trees, especially such as grow near the sea, wherein all the branches have been, as it were, driven towards the land, away from the sea, as though they were as mobile as long hair. Their tops present, towards the sea, a flat, plane surface, as though they had been clipped like a yew-hedge. We at once realise that this strange appearance and habit of growth has been caused by the prevailing wind, which has persistently killed the young shoots on the seaward aspect of the tree. The Japanese trees dwarfed so that they can be rooted in a finger-bowl, as a consequence of skilful root-pruning, and the blacksmith's arm, are illustrations of "acquired characters." The horny excrescences which develop on the hands after much rowing, and the "corns" which appear on toes confined within shoes that are too small, are acquired characters. The tanned faces and hands which one develops during the summer holidays are acquired characters.



IS THE GIRAFFE'S LONG NECK AN ACQUIRED CHARACTER? A POSSIBLE EXPLANATION — THE RESULT OF CONTINUED EFFORTS TO GRAZE OR DRINK ON THE GROUND, WHILE ITS LEGS GREW EVER LONGER!

In most of these cases we know well the factors which have begotten these characters. Furthermore we know, from experience, that none of them is transmissible. That is to say, they are not inherited by the offspring of the modified individuals. The brown-tanned skin, it is true, is a very superficial character, and fades away within a week or two. The horny discs at the bases of the fingers, brought into existence by rowing, will soon disappear if the exercise is suspended. But the blacksmith's arm seems to go deeper. Here not only is the size of the arm increased by the enlargement of the muscles by use, but the bones of the skeleton of the arm and chest are also, and permanently, affected by the development of increased surfaces of attachment for the muscles. Yet the blacksmith's son is born with arms no better developed than those of boys whose fathers lifted no more weight burden than a pen. There is no evidence, then, that acquired characters are transmitted or transmissible.

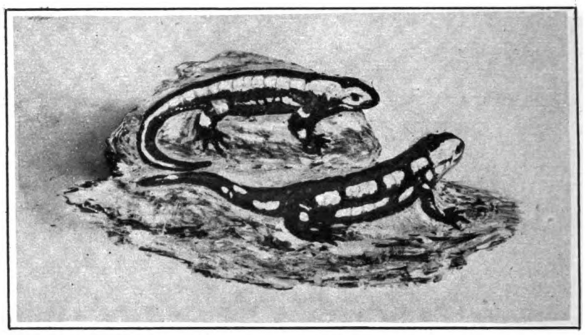
But there are some who hold otherwise. The old French naturalist, Lamarck, was the first to contend that acquired characters were transmissible. The long neck of the giraffe, he held, was the result during long generations of having to strain ever higher and higher to reach the acacia bushes on which these animals feed. No individual could increase the length of its own neck; but the effort bore fruit, in that the offspring, as they grew up, developed longer necks than their parents. As the bushes grew higher, to escape the ravages of the giraffe, so the creature's neck increased in length to keep pace. To-day, we must suppose, this competition has been abandoned because neither can any further go. But this being so, they are—the beast and the tree—exactly where they would have been if neither had started in this race at all!

Cases by the dozen are cited of injuries to various parts of the body, both in the case of human beings and of creatures lower in the scale, which have been transmitted to offspring. But so far such cases have always proved capable of other explanations. Lambs' tails, for thousands of generations, have been docked. But the tails of lambs to-day are not appreciably shorter in consequence.

At a recent meeting of the Linnæan Society of London, Professor Kammerer of Vienna claimed to have demonstrated a case of the transmission of acquired characters. His experiments, which have extended over several years, were made upon that strangely interesting creature the salamander, believed by the ancients to live only in the fire.

This creature, as will be seen in the accompanying photograph, is a newt-like animal, represented by at least two species — *Salamandra atra* and *S. maculosa*. The former is almost entirely black, this hue being relieved only by a few small yellow spots. The latter is also black, but is marked besides by a series of large yellow spots, and is known as the fire salamander. It is found in mountainous and hilly country throughout the whole of Central, Southern, and Western Europe, save the British Islands. The black salamander, on the other hand, is restricted to the Alps of Europe. Both alike must be sought for "with forks, and hope." In dry weather the search among loose stones and crevices, amidst moss and decaying vegetation, may result in the discovery of no more than one or two wizened specimens, or it may be pursued for weeks without avail. But after rain the ground seems to swarm with them.

Professor Kammerer set himself to increase the size of the yellow spots in *Salamandra atra*, by rearing successive generations on a yellow background; and, conversely, to decrease the size of the spots in the fire salamander, by rearing successive generations on a black background. And he claims to have succeeded. But among his audience were many men of long experience in such matters, such as Professor Bateson, who held that the case was non-proven. A grave objection was the absence of "control" experiments. But apart from this, there was no evidence that the increase in the size of the spots in the one set of individuals, and their decrease in the other set, was due to the inherited effects of the environment on the successive generations. That is to say, there was no evidence that the response of the pigment-cells of the skin to the quality of the light reflected from the background which formed its environment was transmitted to the germ-cells of the individuals experimented upon; and, in turn, through this channel, transmitted to their offspring. Salamanders are notoriously variable in their coloration, and pigment-cells are no less well known to be peculiarly sensitive to the stimulus of light. That, indeed, is their function.

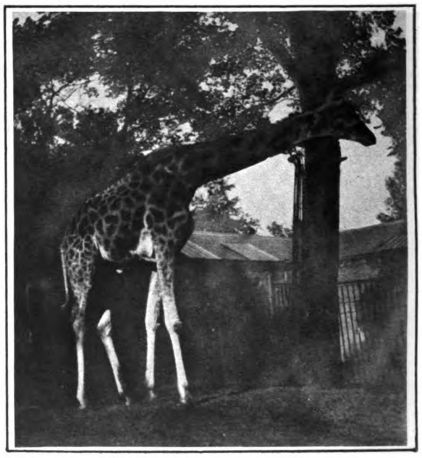


KEPT ON A BLACK BACKGROUND WITH A VIEW TO ELIMINATING THE SPOTS: SPOTTED SALAMANDERS, THE SUBJECT OF PROF. KAMMERER'S EXPERIMENTS IN THE TRANSMISSION OF ACQUIRED CHARACTERS.—[*Photograph by A. Fieldsend.*]

But the essential point of this argument concerns the vexed question as to the influence of the environment on the germ-cells of the individual. For out of these the new generation is derived. Are slum children the sport of "nature" or "nurture"? Are the children of parents living in slums doomed to inherit the adverse effects of slum life, incurred by the parents, even though they be not born in a slum? At present this would be a very difficult question to answer. Any physical deficiency such children might display might be due to the lowered vitality of the parents. Moral defects might similarly be attributed to this cause.

The dwarf ponies and sheep of the Shetlands, and the dwarf, extinct, elephants of Malta, which were no bigger than Shetland ponies, are types which have come into being, apparently, as a consequence of the adverse conditions of existence under which they have lived. It may also be due, instead, to in-breeding.

If it were true that "acquired" characters were transmitted, then the son of the blacksmith should have more powerful arms than his playmates whose fathers were not blacksmiths. Yet no such case has so far been recorded. But we may not argue, from this, that the effects of slum-life are negligible. Nor, because of this negative evidence, should we be justified in contending that no useful purpose can be served by experiments as to the transmissibility of acquired characters. On the contrary, it is clear that this theme is indeed one of first-rate importance, and worthy of the attention of us all.



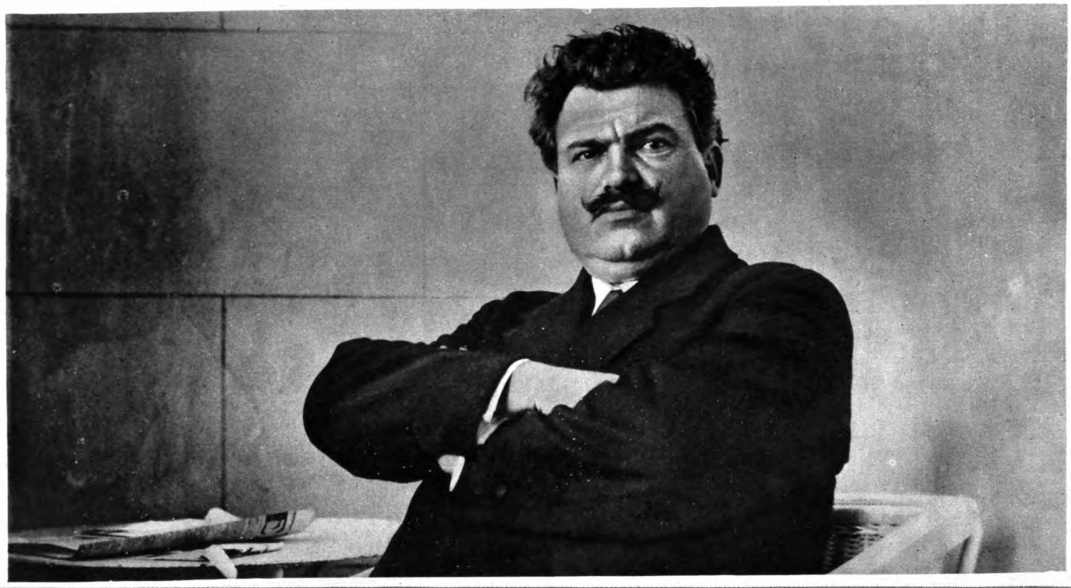
BELIEVED BY LAMARCK TO HAVE ACQUIRED A LONG NECK, IN THE COURSE OF GENERATIONS, THROUGH CONSTANT STRAINING TO REACH EVER-HEIGHTENING TREES: THE GIRAFFE.

THE BULGARIAN REVOLUTION: THE KING; AND THE EX-PREMIER.

LOWER PHOTOGRAPH BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



SAID TO BE ON GOOD TERMS WITH THE HEAD OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT: KING BORIS, WHO SIGNED A UKASE APPOINTING A PROVISIONAL CABINET, WITH HIS SISTERS, PRINCESSES EUDOXIA AND NADEJDA.

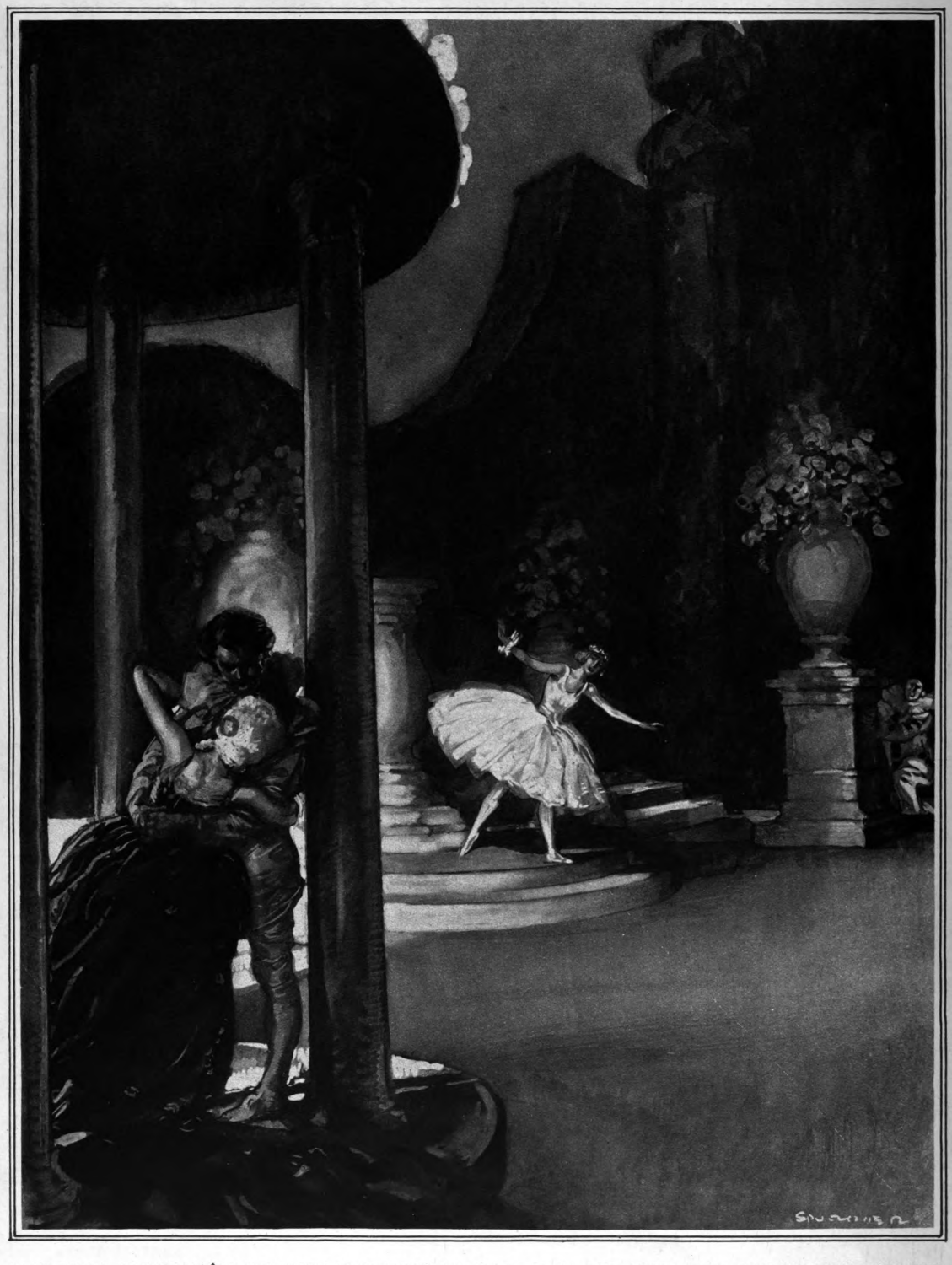


REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN BESIEGED BY REVOLUTIONARY TROOPS IN HIS NATIVE VILLAGE, WHICH HE HAD FORTIFIED: M. STAMBULISKY, LATE PREMIER IN THE AGRARIAN GOVERNMENT, OVERTHROWN BY THE COUP D'ÉTAT.

A coup d'état, organised with great secrecy, suddenly took place in Bulgaria early on June 9, when the leading Agrarian Ministers (except the Premier, M. Stambulisky, and one other) were arrested and imprisoned. The head of the revolutionists, Professor Alexander Zankoff, with General Lazarcff, motored to Vranye Palace, and informed King Boris of the situation. After some hesitation, on constitutional grounds, the King signed a *ukase* appointing a provisional Cabinet, with Professor Zankoff as Prime Minister. The revolution was carried out without bloodshed in Sofia, but in country districts some fighting occurred. Early news about M. Stambulisky was conflicting, and one rumour said that he had been killed in a skirmish at his native village of Slavovitza, where he had recently been living. The official version was that he had fortified the village, which he was defending with a hundred Agrarian guards and several hundred peasants against Revolutionary forces. It may be recalled that at the first Lausanne Conference M. Stambulisky became personally popular with the Allied delegates. King Boris, who was born in 1894, succeeded his father, King Ferdinand, on his abdication in 1918. Princess Eudoxia was born in 1898, and Princess Nadejda in 1899.

A NEW BRITISH OPERA: TRAGIC LOVE IN A WATTEAU SETTING.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

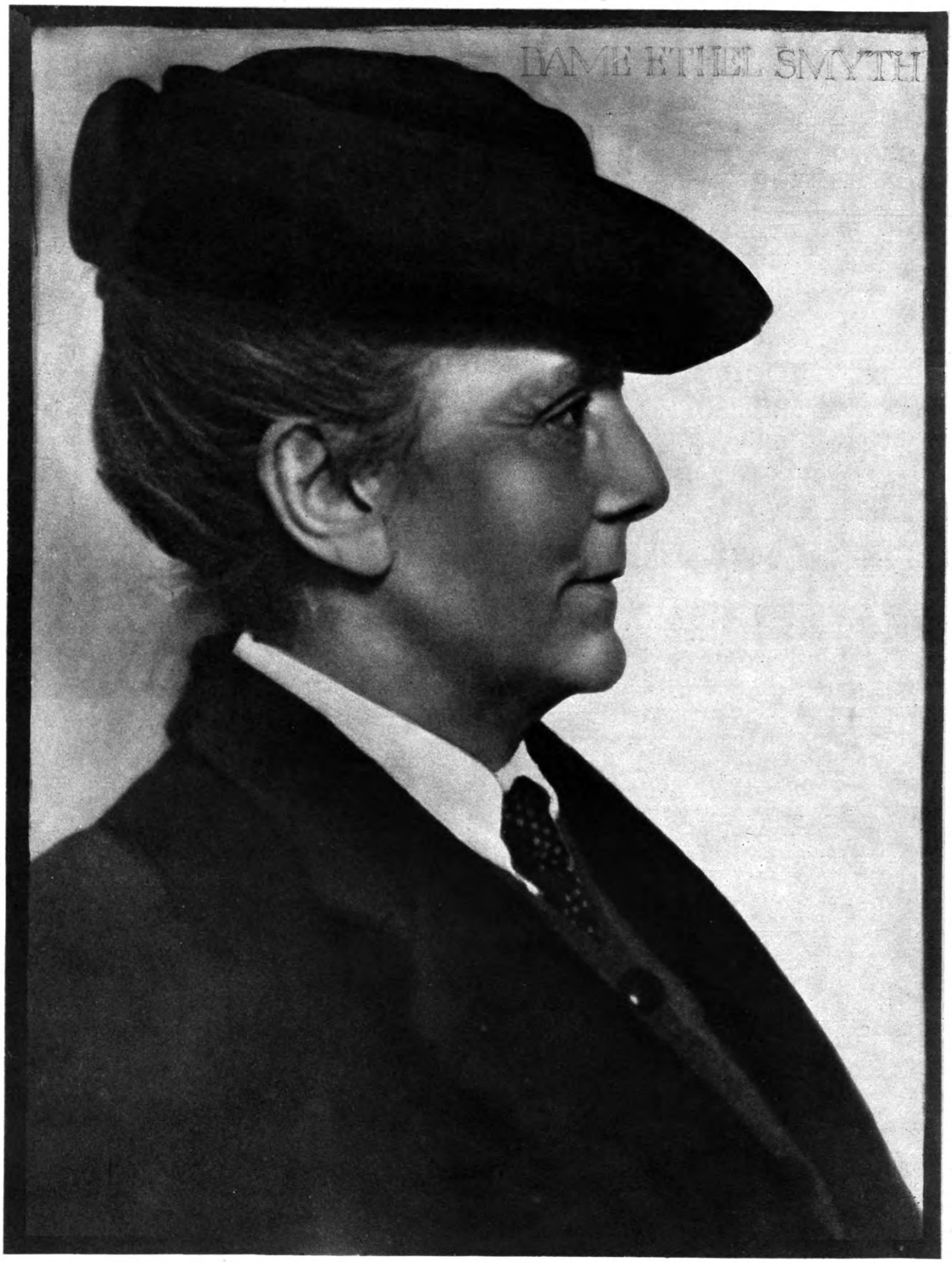


DAME ETHEL SMYTH'S "FÊTE GALANTE," AT COVENT GARDEN: (L. TO R.) THE QUEEN (MISS ENID CRUICKSHANK), HER LOVER (MR. TUDOR DAVIES), COLUMBINE (MISS DORIS LEMON), AND PIERROT (MR. RAYMOND ELLIS).

As mentioned under our portrait of Dame Ethel Smyth on page 1037, her new opera, "Fête Galante," recently given for the first time at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, was produced at Covent Garden by Miss Maggie Teyte for the British National Opera Company, on June 11. It is described as "A dance-dream in one act (after Maurice Baring's story of that name), dramatised and composed by Ethel Smyth, versified by Edward Shanks." The beautiful stage setting, a moonlit Watteau garden, and the lighting effects were designed by Mr. Oliver Bernard. The story is one of tragic love intrigue. At a masked ball in the gardens of the Royal Palace, Columbine, who is in love with Pierrot, believes that she sees him embracing the Queen, and, mad with jealousy, rushes off to tell the King. In reality, the Queen was in the arms of another man also dressed in white, and Pierrot, concealed in the garden, has seen them together. But Pierrot loves the Queen, and, in order to save her honour, allows Columbine and the King to believe that he was the lover whom Columbine saw with the Queen. He tells the King that his conduct was only a jester's prank, but the King condemns him to be hanged.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada. C.R.]*

BRITAIN'S FOREMOST WOMAN COMPOSER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HERBERT LAMBERT.



COMPOSER OF "FÊTE GALANTE," A NEW OPERA PRODUCED AT COVENT GARDEN: DAME ETHEL SMYTH, D.B.E., MUS. DOC.

Dame Ethel Smyth's new opera, "Fête Galante," which we illustrate on another page in this number, was first produced recently at the Repertory Theatre in Birmingham. It was then given a place in the programme of the British National Opera Company at Covent Garden, the first production there being arranged for Monday, June 11, along with "The Boatswain's Mate," by the same composer. These two operas are also in the evening bill for Saturday, June 16. It was stated recently that the production of "Fête Galante" was in charge of Miss Maggie Teyte, with Mr. Percy Pitt as conductor. Other operas by Dame Ethel Smyth are "The Wreckers," "Fantasio," and "Der Wald." As a militant Suffragist, she composed the "battle-song" of the W.S.P.U.—"The March of the Women." In 1922 she was made a Dame of the Order of the British Empire. She is the author of "Impressions that Remained" and "Streaks of Life."

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THAT barometer of "best-sellers," the monthly list published by the American *Bookman*, has lately been of more than usual interest to English readers, chiefly on account of the slow but steady increase in Mr. Hugh Walpole's popularity across the Atlantic. During January "The Cathedral" made its first appearance among the ten leading favourites, and obtained the fifth place. In February and March it was fourth, but in April it soared to the top of the bill, displacing "Babbitt," which had held that position unchallenged since January. Mr. Sinclair Lewis's book now drops to third, and "This Freedom," which had been first in November and second during December, January, and February, goes down to sixth. Mr. Walpole's earliest appearance among the Ten coincided with the total disappearance for the first time from the list of "Main Street" and "If Winter Comes."

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The review just quoted notes that its monthly index for April (published in the June number) now shows "popular taste in closer alignment with the general judgment of the critics." Some would say, "So much the worse for the critics"; but critical opinion need not fear this popular corroboration, for it is acknowledged that to satisfy at once the public and the critics is the sure mark of a really great book. It is very significant that the novel which supplies the chief evidence of this happy agreement should be "The Cathedral."

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In a recent discussion on "Biographers and Their Victims," Mr. Asquith said that there are far too many biographies and they are far too long. Mr. A. G. Gardiner (who, by the way, has been told that his Life of Sir William Harcourt errs, if anything, on the side of length) said that the best results followed where the biographer believed in his subject and applauded him. From this view Mr. Philip Guedalla dissented. That "you should believe in your man and do the best you can for him" he argued, is not the proper instruction for a biographer. The essential thing is to tell the truth about the man. Mr. Gardiner, no doubt, would agree; and it may be questioned if his theory, as his opponent's forensic *riposte* seemed to imply, would admit any attempt to make the worse appear the better cause.

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Mr. Asquith, alluding to the great masterpieces of biography, limited himself to the three inevitable examples: Boswell's "Johnson," Lockhart's "Scott," and Trevelyan's "Macaulay." To these Professor Saintsbury, in a list he gave long ago, would add Moore's "Byron" and Carlyle's "John Sterling." This roll of honour was criticised by the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll, that very shrewd judge of biographical literature. He accepted the obvious three, but rejected the "Byron" and the "John Sterling," and to his own list of the greatest added Mrs. Gaskell's "Charlotte Brontë," Froude's "Carlyle," and Morley's "Gladstone." The last he considered the only good political biography in the English language, and the only book about our own time which has any literary importance. Mr. Asquith, although he mentioned the "Gladstone" among the over-long biographies of statesmen, would not wish it abridged, as it is the work of a great literary artist.

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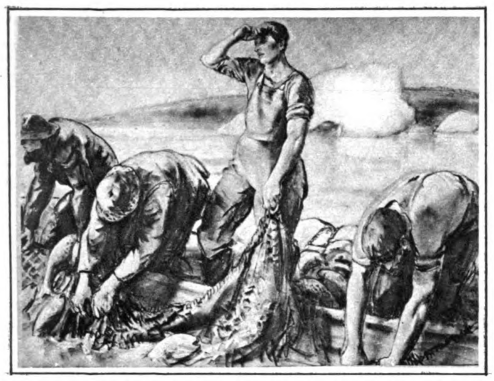
Mr. Gardiner held that the great and eminent who desired to present a tolerably fair front to the world should write their own biographies, and he believed that the proportion of successful autobiographies was infinitely higher than the proportion of successful biographies. This comparison is open to challenge, for biography and autobiography are different in kind. Autobiography may succeed in attractiveness, simply because the man has given himself away generously, and his work has therefore the charm of a confession. But the risk of misrepresentation is very high—much higher than in biography, where the biographer is properly qualified. Bravado or modesty may impair the justice of an autobiographical portrait. No one, perhaps, except Benvenuto Cellini could have written adequately the Life of Benvenuto Cellini, for it took a specialist to do that, and of such specialists there was but one. Most men's reputations, however, are safer in the hands of a just and discerning critic than in their own. Byron, bad as he was, loved to make himself out worse; to be, as Scott said of him, "in many respects *le fanfaron de vices qu'il n'avait pas*." That was not the reason why his Memoirs were burnt, but Moore was alive to the poet's habit and never ceases to insist upon it.

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Mr. Asquith would recommend no man to write his own biography, for "it requires great special art and is liable to limitation. First of all, the person who is self-conscious is more or less gazing in the looking-glass to get the portraiture of his or her own features, and it is extremely difficult to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Intending biographers he advised to show a little more economy in materials. He considered that we should get off well if Mr. Garvin's long-promised "Life of Mr. Chamberlain" came within six volumes.

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Meanwhile, the publisher's lists show no shortage in books of biography, autobiography, and their kindred, the memoirs, both long and short. Mr. A. G. Gardiner, aforesaid, has no sooner got his "Harcourt" well into the hands of the public, than he appears with his "LIFE OF GEORGE CADBURY" (Cassell; 10s.), and the other party to the recent public disputation (or "lecture and counter-lecture," as it was called), Mr. Philip Guedalla, has a new book of essays, personal if not biographical, "MASTERS AND MEN" (Constable; 7s. 6d.). Another recent and very interesting contribution to this department of literature is Paul Biryukov's "TOLSTOY'S LOVE LETTERS" (The Hogarth Press; 5s.), which contains "a Study on the Autobiographical Elements in Tolstoy's work." Other important biographies for a library list are "MARK SYKES, HIS LIFE AND LETTERS," by Shane Leslie (Cassell; 16s.), and "PRESIDENT OBREGÓN, A WORLD REFORMER," by Dr. E. J. Dillon (Hutchinson; 21s.). The last is a most remarkable true story of Mexican politics and their accompaniment, hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach. It is also a study of an extraordinary character, here presented as a great constructive and patriotic force. The "Mark Sykes" is equally fascinating, but Mr. Leslie avoids drawing a political moral. Add to these the inimitable William Hickey's third volume.



TOILERS OF THE DEEP: A STRIKING LITHOGRAPH POSTER BY CAPTAIN SPENCER PRYCE, M.C., FOR AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.—[*Photograph by Central Press.*]



"AFRICA": ONE OF CAPTAIN SPENCER PRYCE'S REMARKABLE LITHOGRAPH POSTERS, USED AS AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.—[*Photograph by Photopress.*]

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Two new books of memoirs make a special appeal to Imperialists. They are widely different in kind, but each is written by a great upholder of the Imperial idea and each is a world tour, the one incidentally, the other in its main design. Both are books to read, alike for their solid and for their entertaining qualities. One is "MEMORIES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," by the Earl of Meath, K.P. (Murray; 18s.); the other "MY JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD," by the late Lord Northcliffe (The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d.).

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Lord Meath's book is largely autobiographical. It begins with incidents of childhood, and gives an amusing picture of life at Eton in the late 'Fifties. The writer recalls his experiences at the Foreign Office, and then recounts his diplomatic career in Europe and the Dominions. The story reflects Lord Meath's pre-eminent work as an Imperial pioneer and as the missionary of the British Flag. The anecdotal part is so good that it condones an occasional chestnut. These memoirs give a delightful picture of times now somewhat faded, but they are full of vigorous instruction for the present day.

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Lord Northcliffe's "Journey" is written in a different key. It is intensely of the moment, and of formal writing there is very little, for the book has been put together from notes thrown off in the heat of travel, and intended only for the eyes of the author's immediate circle. But they were too valuable to be withheld from a wider audience. Lord Northcliffe's observations may be best summed up in one of his own phrases: "I am picking up views all the time." Nothing was too minute to escape his notice or his restless curiosity, and everything is represented through the medium of his own vivid personality. This series of views of the world and of mankind, surveyed, almost literally, "from China to Peru," has all the liveliness and the variety of a cinematograph picture. Nowhere has Northcliffe's boyish sense of fun found better scope than in this informal record, and at the same time it does justice to his insight and his stores of journalistic information on world questions and British Imperial questions. Here the official biographer, if and when he undertakes his task, will find his best material for depicting "the last phase" of Alfred Harmsworth.



AN ARTIST WHO HAS DONE A SERIES OF LITHOGRAPH POSTERS FOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION: CAPTAIN SPENCER PRYCE, M.C.

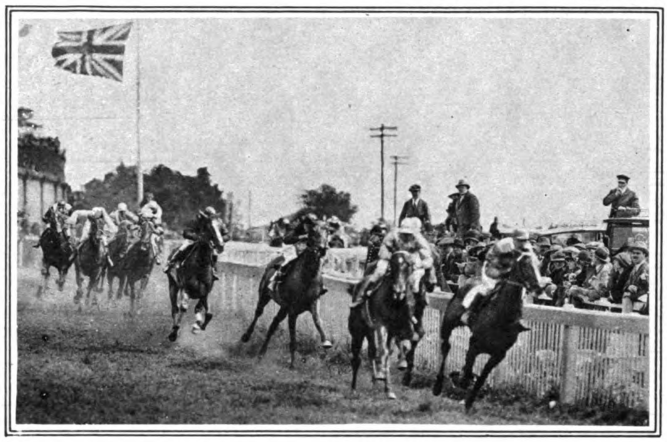
For the purpose of his large lithograph posters, Captain Spencer Pryce uses slabs of stone weighing three-quarters of a ton. The whole set of 24 stones weighs about 18 tons.

Photograph by Central Press.

The Best of the Book:—"Shackleton's Last Voyage," by Commander Frank Wild—will be found on pages 1066, 1068.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: NOTABLE OCCASIONS IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B. CENTRAL PRESS AND C.N.



LADIES' DAY AT EPSOM: THE RACE FOR THE OAKS—THE FIELD ROUNDING TATTENHAM CORNER.



THE WINNER OF THE OAKS: LEADING IN VICOMTE FONTARCE'S BROWNHYLDA (V. SMYTH UP) AFTER THE RACE.



THE REFUSE OF A RACE CROWD: THE DOWNS AT EPSOM, LITTERED WITH WASTE PAPER, ON THE DAY AFTER THE DERBY.



AN UNVEILING FOLLOWED BY THE REMOVAL OF THE MONUMENT: THE INAUGURATION OF THE PASTEUR MEMORIAL AT STRASBURG BY PRESIDENT MILLERAND.

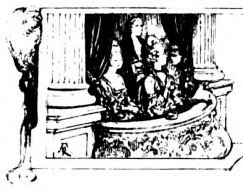


THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE EAST END: HER MAJESTY ADMIRING AN OPEN-AIR PULPIT AT THE DOCKLAND SETTLEMENT, CANNING TOWN.



THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE DOCKLAND SETTLEMENT: THE KING CHATTING TO MRS. PETERS WHILE THE QUEEN INSPECTS HER SON'S MEDALS.

The Oaks, run at Epsom on June 8, was won by Vicomte de Fontarce's Brownhylda (V. Smyth up), with Sir E. Hulton's Shrove, second, and the Aga Khan's Teresina, third.——A centenary memorial to Pasteur, the great French bacteriologist, was unveiled at Strasburg recently by President Millerand, who was accompanied by M. Poincaré (the Premier) and other Ministers. It was reported that on the following day the Strasburg authorities decided that the monument was out of keeping with its surroundings and masked the front of the University buildings, so they began to remove it!——The King and Queen on June 9 visited Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End in West Ham Lane, and the Dockland Settlement in Canning Town, where they were received by the Warden, Mr. Kennedy-Cox. Among other things, they saw the chapel (built by the staff), the animals' dispensary, the boys' boxing hall, and the various club-rooms. The visit of their Majesties, who were both in deep mourning for Princess Christian, was highly appreciated, and they received a very enthusiastic welcome.



The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.



MABEL RUSSELL, M.P.—THE RIGHT TO "BOO!"

MABEL RUSSELL, actress, M.P.! What would our late revered Queen Victoria, what would the Victorian Era, what would the whole world (including America) have said if it had happened fifty years ago? The wildest imagination of a novelist, the humour of all our cartoonists and chartered wits could not have conjectured it. It would have been considered the Miracle of Miracles. And here she is, this wonderful girl—for no more than that is she to look at—who will tell us one day the interesting and peculiar story of her self-made rise in the theatrical world, and who stepped into the breach—the pen almost whips out "breeches"—for her husband, conquered his seat, and is to-day the most-talked-of—and perhaps, among her sex, envied—woman in London.

Yes, she is a wonderful girl; and well may she deserve the *sobriquet* of "London Pride," which was the title of the play that forever made her name as a *comédienne* and the darling of the public. She had done much hard and capital work before that. Rising from the ranks, traversing all sorts of paths in the facile regions of musical comedy, she made her first real hits in "The Merry Widow" as Fi-Fi, and, later, in "The Dollar Princess." Her vivacity, her agreeable assurance, her unsparing energy, her mobile personality, her eyes so 'cutely set (as the Americans might say), so full of gaiety and sparkle, lifted her in the smallest part beyond the multitude. And then came a real opportunity—the character of the decoy-duck in "Within the Law," an American play more or less Anglicised to suit London's taste. Mabel Russell made this strange character frankly Cockney: she made us think of all the romances of costerland, where "Arriet" is idolised, the buttons shine, and the "moke" is a sacred animal. Her performance was 'Ampstead 'Eath *in excelsis*, with the good heart beating furiously under the coat of lax manners and crooked methods. It was an admirable achievement, and led to the parlance of "a Mabel Russell part." Then, as hinted above, came her great evening—great for her as well as for the author, Gladys Unger—"London Pride"; and, had she not married again, the London theatre would have never been without its "Mabel."

Now she has sought fresh woods and pastures new, and those who know, as I do, her alert intellect, her kindness, her gift of observation, her interest in women and children, her freedom of speech, her independence of opinion, are convinced that at Westminster she will soon be as brilliant a player as she was at the Haymarket and Wyndham's. For she is a woman in the finest sense of the word, and her womanliness has remained unspoiled by success or by the knowledge and struggle of life.

. . . . . .

The Paris Press is once more discussing the old question of "to boo or not to boo"—or rather, "to whistle," for it is the way of the Parisian malcontents to utter a sibilant noise through pursed lips, whereas our opposition (rarely, I am glad to say) prefers the method of the hooter.

Some readers remember that the Pioneers a few years ago produced a play by one of the most advanced young authors of France, de Bouhelier, entitled "The Children's Carnival." We found it bold, fantastic, touching, and excessively painful. But it was undoubtedly the work of a lofty mind. Recently this work was publicly played in Paris, and, although all the literary world was there to pray and bid for success, a minority remained to scoff—and whistled! Not since Sardou's "Thermidor" fell—as they call it in France—at the Comédie years ago, or since the historic row at the Théâtre Réaliste (which rightly brought the director of that undesirable institution to the police court) has there been such a commotion. Bouhelier is one of the young gods; he almost ranks with Claudel in sacrosanct appreciation. To whistle at his work was no longer a mere theatrical incident, but a question of grave import. As one of the critics put it: "Unfortunately, one does not flout the bad pieces, but the bold qualities of the good ones." And that is not fair. Nor is it a good defence to say that, since applause is admitted (and coveted), since both are noises, applause is an incentive, derision is a discouragement and an injustice. Think of it: the author has, perhaps, devoted months to the creation of his work; the actors have rehearsed for weeks; the manager, departing from a policy of money-making, has ventured a fling for the sake of dramatic progress; anxiety, earnestness, hope reign supreme; the majority of the spectators is receptive, expectant, perhaps ready to be indulgent if the achievement belies the effort; but a minority has come with prejudice. The author is a new man, a bold man. This, in other countries, says the French critic, would entitle him to consideration, but—and who knows whether the malcontents are not a band of disgruntled and unacted playwrights?—it is sufficient here to proclaim "Off with his head!" Nor is the theme of the play to their liking, since it deals with the suffering of children, and, in a country where the average is "only two," the cult of the child is far greater than elsewhere. "Suffering Children"—the very idea is revolting! You can let it pass in melodrama, for there it is not real, and is sure in the end to lead to remorse and requital; but in fantasy or in realistic plays it is repellent.

So "The Children's Carnival" was "whistled." It is not a thing to be proud of; it is not only bad manners, it is a nefarious policy. It should be forbidden, for it hampers the progress of art. It discourages author, player, and manager alike. If disappointment must be expressed in some form, let it be passive. In America a failure is the doom of silence. Not a hand—not a sound—the people file out in a procession of gloom and sombreness. It is what we call an interment of the first class. It is dignified, it is solemn, it is impressive. No vociferous manifestation could be so eloquent. Let us be mutes, but let us preserve our manners and remain humane even if we are displeased.

So far the French critic, and what he says is well worth considering. Once or twice lately there have been first nights with "incidents." They make, perhaps, capital copy, but they are very painful to all the public except the few who are spoiling for a little extra excitement. Nor does one ever know, in these days, whether uproar is an outburst of spontaneous feeling or a concerted action provoked by ringleaders with a grievance or out for a little extra sport. Generally, our audiences are the most lenient and the most long-suffering in the world. During the war and a long time after not a "boo" was ever heard in our theatres. The public heard the cry, "The theatre wants support," and said, "We will give it." The geese had as good a time as the swans. This led to laxity. Applause and ovation became both cheap and overdone to the degree of meaninglessness. How often have we not read of a triumphant first-night, and, a few days later, the withdrawal of the new piece after, say, five performances! On the other hand, there have been mixed receptions, which may well have filled the actors and managers with doubt or despair, and, in spite of all, a long roll of performances. There is something radically wrong in the first-night atmosphere—it is out of joint, as this year's winter and spring seasons have been. Nor would boo or whistle set it right. But I confess to a certain leaning towards the American method—a little less exuberance when it is a hit, and the restraint of silence when the game is lost.



IN MISS LILY ELSIE'S OLD PART: MISS EVELYN LAYE AS SONIA IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE MERRY WIDOW," AT DALY'S THEATRE.



IN HIS ORIGINAL PART: MR. GEORGE GRAVES AS BARON POPOFF IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE MERRY WIDOW," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

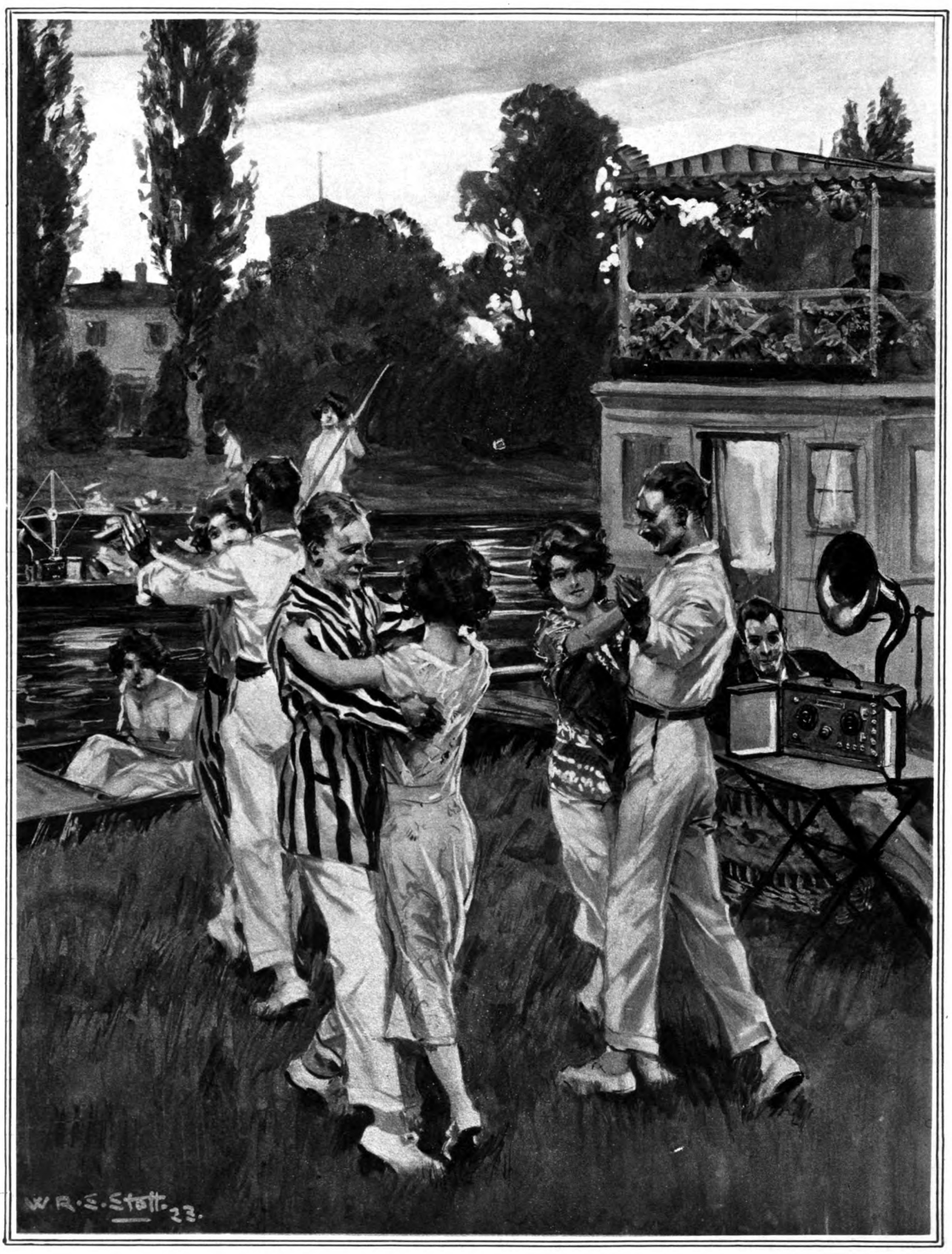
Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.



IN MR. JOSEPH COYNE'S OLD PART: THE DANISH ACTOR, MR. CARL BRISSON, AS PRINCE DANILO IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE MERRY WIDOW," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

THE UP-RIVER DANCE TO BROADCAST MUSIC: A NEW RADIO JOY.

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT.

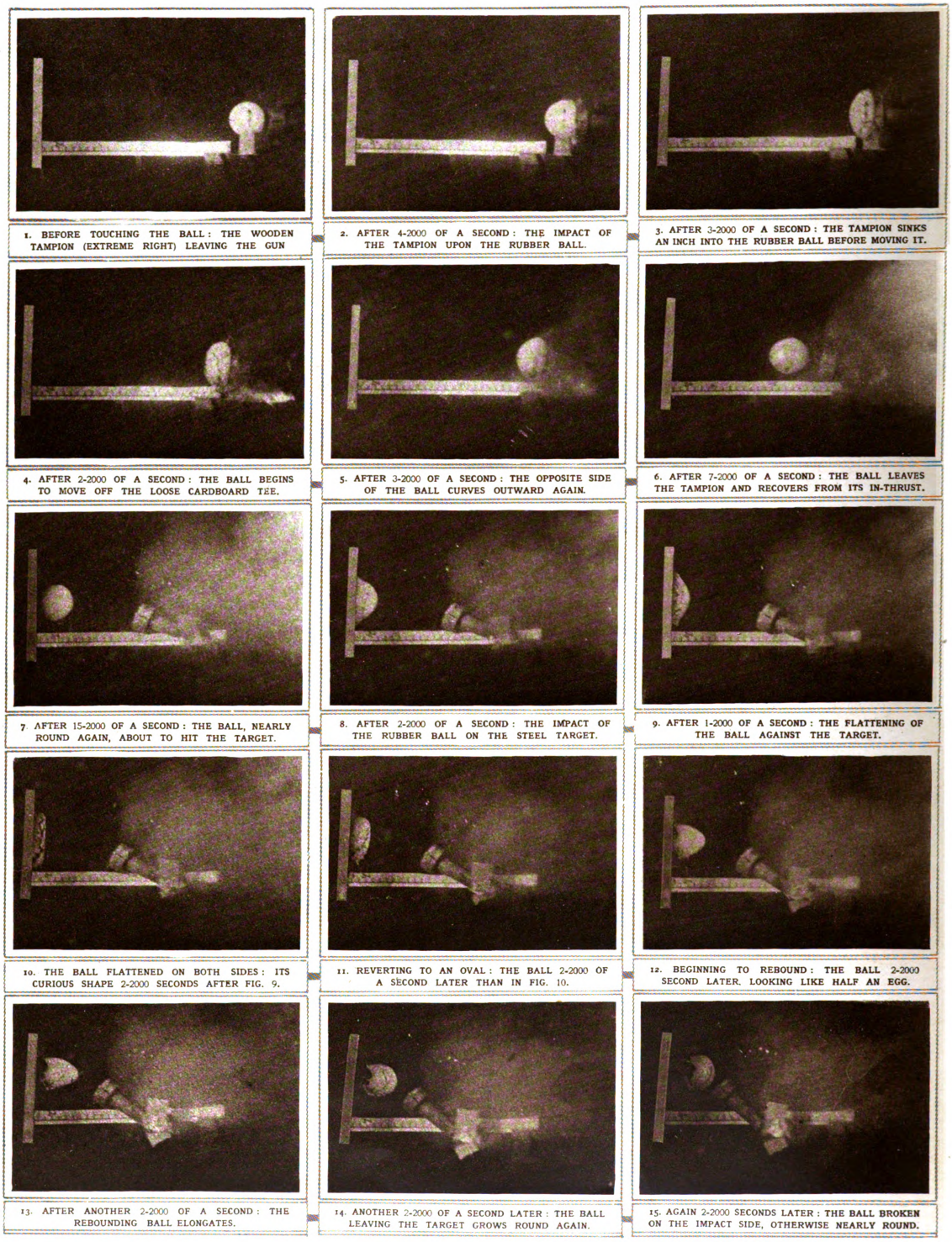


WITH A "SUIT-CASE" RECEIVING-SET AS BAND: AN AL FRESCO DANCE TO BROADCAST MUSIC BY THE RIVER SIDE, WHILE ANOTHER SET IN A PUNT "PLAYS" THE IDENTICAL TUNE IN UNISON.

Radio receiving-sets have reached such a high degree of perfection that it is now possible to take a portable receiver on holiday jaunts, and to listen-in to broadcast entertainment at any chosen rendezvous. No longer is it necessary to fix up an elaborate system of aerial wires, for with modern receivers, such as the "suit-case" set shown above, all that is required in the way of exterior wiring is a short length of wire hung from any nearby support, or, as in the case of the punt, shown in mid-stream, with its own receiving-set, a portable "loop" frame. The music is made audible to all in the vicinity by loud reproducing trumpets, enabling, for example, the members of a house-boat party or a picnic gathering to fox-trot to radio music—or the occupants of small craft to be entertained as they float idly along the river. Radio music issuing from any number of receiving-sets gathered together up-river is identical, so that there is no confusion of different tunes. Listening on a summer night to the same song or orchestral selection coming from dozens of loud-speaking trumpets will be one of the novelties of the up-river season this year. Further details of the subject will be found in our article, "Radio Notes," on page 1070.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the U.S. and Canada.*]

AT 2000 A SECOND! FILMS OF A BALL SHOT AT A STEEL TARGET.

HIGH-SPEED FILMS TAKEN BY THE HEAPE AND GRYLLS RAPID CINEMA MACHINE. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. HEAPE AND GRYLLS.



1. BEFORE TOUCHING THE BALL: THE WOODEN TAMPION (EXTREME RIGHT) LEAVING THE GUN

2. AFTER 4-2000 OF A SECOND: THE IMPACT OF THE TAMPION UPON THE RUBBER BALL.

3. AFTER 3-2000 OF A SECOND: THE TAMPION SINKS AN INCH INTO THE RUBBER BALL BEFORE MOVING IT.

4. AFTER 2-2000 OF A SECOND: THE BALL BEGINS TO MOVE OFF THE LOOSE CARDBOARD TEE.

5. AFTER 3-2000 OF A SECOND: THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE BALL CURVES OUTWARD AGAIN.

6. AFTER 7-2000 OF A SECOND: THE BALL LEAVES THE TAMPION AND RECOVERS FROM ITS IN-THRUST.

7. AFTER 15-2000 OF A SECOND: THE BALL, NEARLY ROUND AGAIN, ABOUT TO HIT THE TARGET.

8. AFTER 2-2000 OF A SECOND: THE IMPACT OF THE RUBBER BALL ON THE STEEL TARGET.

9. AFTER 1-2000 OF A SECOND: THE FLATTENING OF THE BALL AGAINST THE TARGET.

10. THE BALL FLATTENED ON BOTH SIDES: ITS CURIOUS SHAPE 2-2000 SECONDS AFTER FIG. 9.

11. REVERTING TO AN OVAL: THE BALL 2-2000 OF A SECOND LATER THAN IN FIG. 10.

12. BEGINNING TO REBOUND: THE BALL 2-2000 SECOND LATER, LOOKING LIKE HALF AN EGG.

13. AFTER ANOTHER 2-2000 OF A SECOND: THE REBOUNDING BALL ELONGATES.

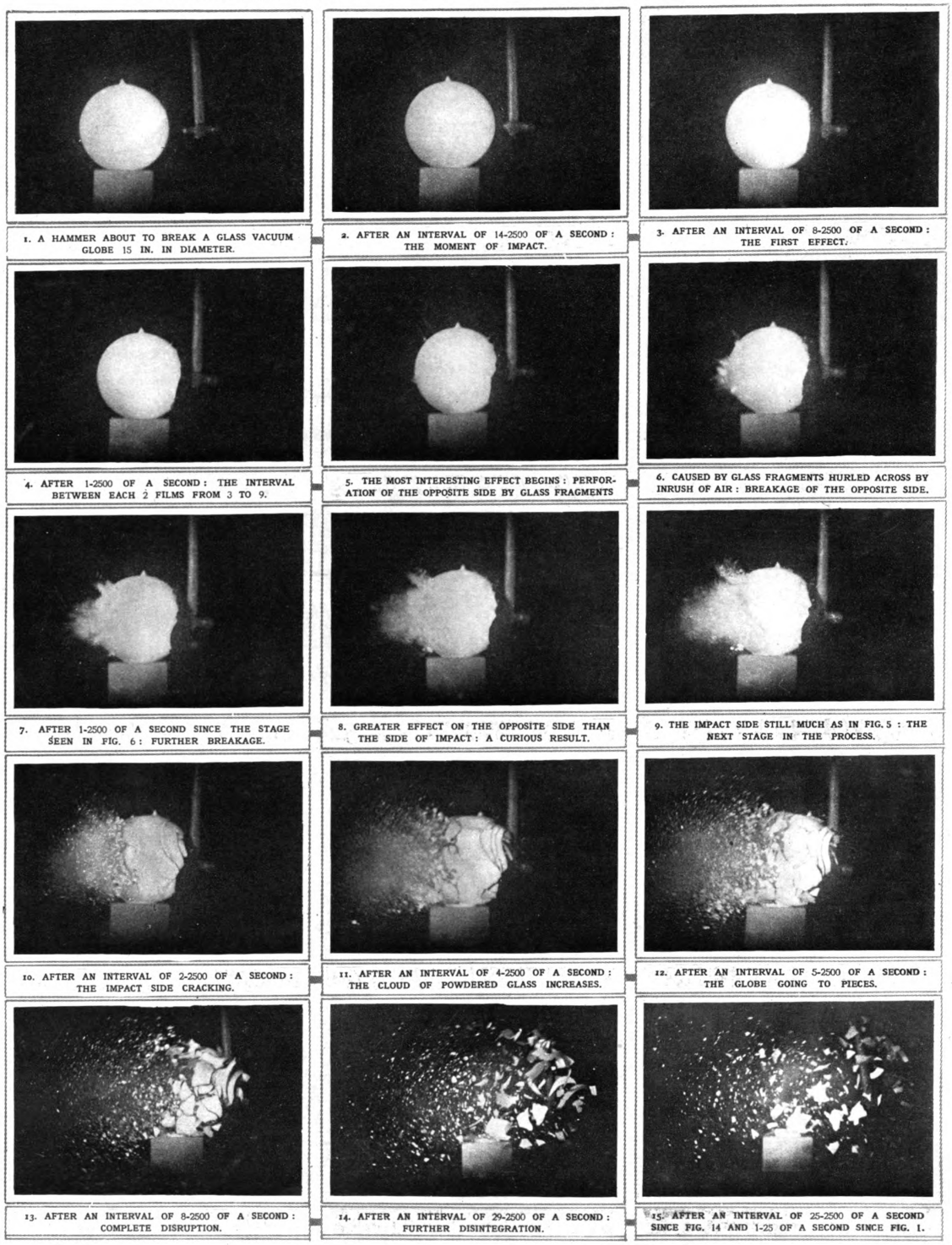
14. ANOTHER 2-2000 OF A SECOND LATER: THE BALL LEAVING THE TARGET GROWS ROUND AGAIN.

15. AGAIN 2-2000 SECONDS LATER: THE BALL BROKEN ON THE IMPACT SIDE, OTHERWISE NEARLY ROUND.

These extraordinary high-speed films, taken by the Heape and Grylls Rapid Cinema Machine, show a solid rubber ball, 5 in. in diameter, and weighing 1¼ lb., shot against a steel target. The explanatory article on page 1062 says: "The ball was teed up on a loose cardboard cylinder, 2 inches in front of the head of a wooden tampion fixed in the mouth of a home-made gun. The head of the tampion is 4 in. diameter and 2 in. thick. About 4 oz. of powder was used to shoot out the tampion, and its speed was quick enough to allow it to sink at least 1 inch into the solid rubber ball before the latter was moved off the tee. . . . The 5-in. solid ball when flattened out on the target had a diameter of 7½ inches." The photographs on this film were taken at the rate of 2000 pictures a second. The intervals of time between each of the selected 15 pictures shown above are as follows: 1—2, 4-2000 of a second; 2—3, 3-2000; 3—4, 2-2000; 4—5, 3-2000; 5—6, 7-2000; 6—7, 15-2000; 7—8, 2-2000; 8—9, 1-2000; 9—15, 2-2000 between each. The actual number of pictures taken on the film between Figs. 1—15 was 49; and the total time was approximately 1-40 of a second. An even more rapid set of films, at 2500 a second, is illustrated on the opposite page.

AT 2500 PICTURES PER SECOND! HIGH-SPEED CINEMATOGRAPHY.

HIGH-SPEED FILMS TAKEN BY THE HEAPE AND GRYLLS RAPID CINEMA MACHINE. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. HEAPE AND GRYLLS.



1. A HAMMER ABOUT TO BREAK A GLASS VACUUM GLOBE 15 IN. IN DIAMETER.
2. AFTER AN INTERVAL OF 14-2500 OF A SECOND: THE MOMENT OF IMPACT.
3. AFTER AN INTERVAL OF 8-2500 OF A SECOND: THE FIRST EFFECT.
4. AFTER 1-2500 OF A SECOND: THE INTERVAL BETWEEN EACH 2 FILMS FROM 3 TO 9.
5. THE MOST INTERESTING EFFECT BEGINS: PERFORATION OF THE OPPOSITE SIDE BY GLASS FRAGMENTS
6. CAUSED BY GLASS FRAGMENTS HURLED ACROSS BY INRUSH OF AIR: BREAKAGE OF THE OPPOSITE SIDE.
7. AFTER 1-2500 OF A SECOND SINCE THE STAGE SEEN IN FIG. 6: FURTHER BREAKAGE.
8. GREATER EFFECT ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE THAN THE SIDE OF IMPACT: A CURIOUS RESULT.
9. THE IMPACT SIDE STILL MUCH AS IN FIG. 5: THE NEXT STAGE IN THE PROCESS.
10. AFTER AN INTERVAL OF 2-2500 OF A SECOND: THE IMPACT SIDE CRACKING.
11. AFTER AN INTERVAL OF 4-2500 OF A SECOND: THE CLOUD OF POWDERED GLASS INCREASES.
12. AFTER AN INTERVAL OF 5-2500 OF A SECOND: THE GLOBE GOING TO PIECES.
13. AFTER AN INTERVAL OF 8-2500 OF A SECOND: COMPLETE DISRUPTION.
14. AFTER AN INTERVAL OF 29-2500 OF A SECOND: FURTHER DISINTEGRATION.
15. AFTER AN INTERVAL OF 25-2500 OF A SECOND SINCE FIG. 14 AND 1-25 OF A SECOND SINCE FIG. 1.

We illustrate on this and the opposite page two remarkable examples of high-speed cinematography, taken by the Heape and Grylls Rapid Cinema Machine. The article given on page 1062 explains: "In the pictures of a glass vacuum globe broken by a hammer the interest is chiefly concentrated on the bursting of the side of the globe opposite to that hit by the hammer. The first perforation of that part of the globe is brought about by pieces of broken glass, caught up by the inrush of air through the hole made by the hammer and hurled across the globe, where small holes are first made by their impact (Fig. 5). These holes gradually become bigger owing to subsequent cracking of the globe, and through them a cloud of fine powdered glass emerges." The photographs on this film were taken at the rate of 2500 pictures per second. The actual number of pictures on the film between Figs. 1—15 is 101; and the total time occupied was 1-25th of a second. The 15 pictures shown above were selected for enlargement; the intervals of time between each two of them are as follows: 1—2, 14-2500 of a second; 2—3, 8-2500; 3—9, 1-2500 between each two; 9—10, 2-2500; 10—11, 4-2500; 11—12, 5-2500; 12—13, 8-2500; 13—14, 29-2500; 14—15, 25-2500.



The Art of the Short Story.—II.



"THE LIFE OF FRANCESCA NUGENT."

By G. B. STERN, Author of "The Room," "The Back Seat," etc.

I WAS eleven years younger than Francesca Nugent, so I could wait. . . .

But she was the only personality alive in my time, of whom I knew, without any blurring of doubt, that she would be alive for all time—if her biographer were a genius. It needed genius to draw a net round that strange, blown-about beauty of hers, her misty brilliance, and the utter, forlorn foolishness of so many things she did and said.

And then one day she remarked: "Oh, Stella dear—I 've put it in my will that you are to write my autobiography directly I 'm dead."

I did not at once exclaim, with hectic cheerfulness: "Oh, but indeed, you mustn't *think* of dying yet!"—as so many fatuous people do, directly you mention that you have made a will. I merely put Francesca right on the subject of biographies and autobiographies; and suggested, albeit with a pang, that she should herself be the author of her own luminously scandalous memoirs.

But she must have felt, as I did, that an objective view would ensure her immortality better than any anecdotes and reminiscences of other great personages that she could bring forth.

"Do you think I ought to have chosen a man to do it, instead of you, Stella? So many men have made me wretched—they ought to know a lot about me." She laughed . . . but it was true. Francesca was *une grande amoureuse*, in the sense that none of her love affairs had been trivial, and all of them tragic. Yet she continued to prefer men to women; indeed, women had no significance at all for her. I believe that even I, conventionally speaking her greatest woman friend, was threaded down the years, in her mind, mainly for my drawing-room, into which she always drifted from some outside fatality, and stormed and glimmered, and inconsequently told amusing and highly unrepeatable tales of some mutual acquaintance; and wondered, with an envious sigh or two, why I was so frostily immune, and why the brother with whom I lived did not refurnish our very hideous Victorian apartment. . . .

No, Francesca did not love me—not even in the seemingly cold, snappy, sensible way that I loved her. Or—was it more that I was sensitively conscious of her, than that I loved her? I don't know. . . . But after she had left that day, I sat with my brain tingling already with the Biography. It would be a great book; greater than any of hers, though she was fitfully a genius; and I was supposed to be "powerful" and "brilliant"—adjectives which instinctively glitter up from a criticism to the author's eye, like stars from a soot-black sky.

"Francesca Nugent. A Portrait." . . . "A Contemporary Impression." . . . "The Life of——" . . . No, all of these titles were commonplace. But I felt how it was to be written, with every literary fibre of me.

Francesca—what a subject!

". . . You won't write a line of it till I 'm dead, Stella? It would be so unlucky. . . . Promise me that?" she insisted.

I promised . . . but how could I prevent my brain from writing whole pages of it?

I must not forget her sudden vogue, as a child of sixteen, in the Fin-de-Siècle set, when the famous Blake Pynsent was captivated by her half-fledged manner, at once wild and prim, and made her the rage. . . .

That bewildered gesture, when she presses the back of her hand against her cheek. . . .

. . . One afternoon, in early November, we were in a friend's studio; and the North sky lay very grey and quiet upon the sloping glass roof; till a quick wind sprang up and blew the last leaves from an elm-tree patterned outside up and down the panes, like small vague birds, like heart-beats that tapped. . . . Francesca could not look away from them; she was fascinated—and frightened too. "How odd . . . only leaves, yes—but to be brushed upward as though a broom were behind them. . . . One is used to falling leaves, of course . . . but these seem alive—and wounded. Don't they, Stella, somehow? . . ." I can still see the listening curve of her head. "How odd!" she repeated again.

Yes, that impression must be brought in.

And her novels, of course; in contrast to herself, so diamond-cut. A long chapter devoted to them. or—*must* I do it conventionally in chapters?

It surely cannot bring bad luck on her, merely to be thinking about it? . . . the grouping and the significant points, and the method by which *my* Francesca Nugent will triumphantly beat down the years and never grow old.

As the real Francesca is growing old.

Fifty-one . . . and she is fighting it desperately, the poor dependent. For where youth and the love of men is concerned, she is no more, indeed, than a poor dependent, with all her prestige, with all her social successes; poor as any meek and huddled soul hired at a pound a week to be companion to exacting old ladies.

Would it be cruel, disloyal, to comment on this—in the book? No. If it is my task to give the whole of her, then she must be skinned as well as exalted.

". . . The haunted sub-cry in her talk, as of a bell incessantly pealing, pealing, fathoms under ocean. . . ." Swiftly the metaphor linked itself in my mind. Oh, it was good—it "got" Francesca! Better scribble it down in case I forget it. . . . I dashed it into my notebook.

And then, very deliberately, cut out the page—I did not tear it, for fear of loosening the rest—and, very deliberately, burnt it. Just to discipline myself.

Decency . . . one must be decent. But I lay



"Do you think I ought to have chosen a man to do it?"

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

awake at night, catching the sentences as they strayed, collecting them into little heaps. Thicker and thicker they gathered, and I had to remember them all—for how many years? Francesca is delicate, but not unhealthy; she never catches illnesses, and no one has ever yet been known to die of nerves and nerves alone; true, her mother died before she was fifty, of cancer; but that, they have discovered, is very rarely hereditary.

I 'm a ghoul. But I was ambitious for my masterpiece, as I had never been ambitious before. Hitherto I had been loftily content with the *succès d'estime* which my essays and my reviewing had earned for me. But for "Francesca Nugent" I craved wide popularity as well as the applause of the Intelligentsia. I fiercely desired that the world and posterity should recognise that the gods and I were co-creators in a great work of art—only *my* Francesca would endure, and the other was already on the wane. . . .

A piece of impertinent swagger in the sight of Olympus, which ought to have called down vengeance upon my head.

Fifty-one. And I was forty. I could afford to wait. I *had* to wait. . . .

Suddenly came development and crisis—through that incomprehensible man, Thorpe Nugent. Not content with leaving Francesca, and leaving her distraught, he also snicked her with the final insult of leaving her for no other woman or girl—which would have been commonplace and understandable and almost nice. But he ran away from her alone, quite simply because he could not bear to remain with her any longer. . . .

That Nugent was her husband made no outstanding difference between the present *débâcle*—and the others. It was part of her fundamental poise as "*une amoureuse*"—how I must insist on that, in the Life!—that, in her hands, married life ceased to be anything as firelighty and secure and till-death-do-us-partish; and was merely another love-affair on a big scale, with all its hazards and feverish pleasures and the end foredoomed. I had never thought of Nugent as her husband—but as the last lover . . . she was not quite Ninon de l'Enclos . . . not quite. And sadly she knew it.

Nugent considerately sent her word—by me—that he would never come back. She had plagued him, driven him, harassed him, exacted more and more from his vitality, and—her worst mistake of all—frankly paraded her possession of him. She did not see why an intimate passion should not be as splendidly thrown open to the public as a Coronation. . . . Her men squirmed under the ordeal. They had carried their squirms to me—could I not influence Francesca? She was so beautiful, so strange, so brilliant, but——

Ah, well—but, but, but! And now Nugent was gone too, without leaving an address. His messages came to me by telephone: "Tell Francesca I 'm tired . . . no; not tired of her, but tired because of her."

I was seeing more of Francesca than ever before; she could not rest quietly in that big, gaunt town house of hers, and yet could not bear to think of shutting it up—"It would feel so final." Nugent's flight had left her literally without any human belongings; she had never had any children, and was glad—she did not care about them. Her parents were long since dead, and her only brother and his family she hated. "One of those hearty men who are always boasting how they kept the whole room in a roar. . . ." I had heard Horace telling Francesca funny stories, and when he brought out the point, such as, "You must ask the man up the chimney, ha, ha!" his sister, looking both vague and plaintive, would make some irrelevant comment on a patent she had heard of for getting the soot down cleanly. No, she and Horace were not all in all to each other.

So she relied, for company, on friends. . . .

Friends are not very much good, really. I had not realised, till I saw Francesca drifting from one doorstep to another, night after night, thankful for the respite when "at home" was the answer, otherwise listlessly wandering on—I had not realised till then how foamily a reputation for "entertaining" can dwindle to nothing, in an hour of tension. Francesca Nugent had been a famous hostess—one aspect of her which I must be sure to bring out in the Life; there were dinner-parties at which celebrities made epigrammatic remarks which congealed into history. . . . Secrets disclosed because Francesca's throat rose with such heavenly grace from her pale Parma and moonlight draperies, and because she smiled in that peculiar up-tilted way of hers, semi-rakish, semi-wistful. . . . "Movements" were discussed for the first time in her drawing-room; and on her balcony intrigues died in a spirit of light-hearted bitterness—not sordid little intrigues, but the kind that find their way into the most expensive reminiscences, *édition-de-luxe*. Oh, people would remember the way the Nugents had "entertained," even before I sealed it into posterity. Nevertheless, they could not always stay in now on the off-chance of Francesca on the doorstep; one never knew when she was coming; and, besides, in one's own intimate life there is always something vital, of pleasure or of trouble, to attend to. . . .

Little warm, tight, preoccupied groups, always kind, but so often out—these were Francesca's friends.

So more and more she came to me. And I listened to her saga; and then, rewarding my patience, quite shamelessly pumped her.

What a life hers had been! And what a Life, with a capital letter, it would be!

Only—I must wait. I can afford to. Eleven years older than I am. . . . Supposing people died with mathematical precision all at three-score and ten . . . one must work it out on some solid basis. Five years after her death would be all I required—leaving six years' margin for accidents. I might go blind, or there might be a great world war which would temporarily destroy publication, or the manuscript might, by haphazard, be burnt. . . .

[Continued on page 1056.

PAST AND PRESENT: BARTHOLOMEW FAIR REVIVED; COACHING WAYS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," I.B. KEYSTONE VIEW CO., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



"WHAT D'YE LACK?" THE REVIVAL OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR IN CELEBRATION OF THE 800TH ANNIVERSARY OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.



A PIOUS ANACHRONISM: RAHERE, FOUNDER OF THE HOSPITAL IN 1123, SEES HENRY VIII. RESTORE ITS CHARTER TO THE LORD MAYOR IN 1546.



THE COACHING CLUB'S FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON IN HYDE PARK: SIR LEONARD POWELL DRIVING HIS TEAM OF DARK CHESTNUTS.



A TEAM OF GREYS AT THE MEET OF THE COACHING CLUB: MR. ROBERT HORTON DRIVING MR. GEORGE LOCKETT'S COACH.



COACHING WAYS IN MODERN DAYS: FIVE OF THE EIGHT TEAMS WHICH ASSEMBLED IN HYDE PARK AT THE COACHING CLUB'S OPENING MEET OF THE SEASON, AND DROVE FROM THENCE TO RANELAGH.

The celebration of the 800th anniversary of St. Bartholomew's Hospital began on June 5, when scenes from its early history were enacted in the hospital quadrangle. First came the founder, Rahere, represented by Mr. Rupert Harvey, of the "Old Vic." Later was seen King Henry VIII. (played by Mr. Arthur Bourchier), handing to the Lord Mayor of London a charter entrusting the hospital to the City of London and restoring the lands alienated at the Dissolution of the Monasteries. As recorded in our issue of May 19, the Priory of St. Bartholomew was surrendered to Henry VIII. in 1539, and it was in December 1546, a month before his death, that the King decided to restore the charter and thus became the hospital's second founder. His statue stands over the gateway. The revived Bartholomew Fair was opened in Smithfield by the present Lord Mayor on June 6.——The Coaching Club held its opening meet of the season in Hyde Park on June 9, when eight teams assembled and drove to Ranelagh. They were those of Sir Edward Stern, Sir Leonard Powell, the Hon. George Savile, General J. White, Mr. W. W. Theobald, Mr. C. J. Phillips, Mr. George Lockett (with Mr. Robert Horton driving), and an R.H.A. team driven by Colonel Main.

" There will be armfuls of my letters for you to look through, Stella ; I 've kept so many. Some from——" She dropped a list of distinguished names, and spattered them with the juice of her anecdotes. She was still a most amusing and wicked *Belle-Dame-sans-Merci*, when with increasing difficulty I could ungum her from the subject of Thorpe, the flight of, why ; and Thorpe, the return of (subdivided : (*a*) Would he ? (*b*) Wouldn't he ?)

Sometimes she digressed : " A person who hardly knows either of us, Stella, asked me the other day what your love-affair had been . . . and I thought it showed so distinctively the difference between you and me."

I laughed in agreement that no one could be so insensitive to Francesca's aura as to ask that question regarding her with the noun in the singular.

" Stella, do you think that Thorpe——"

And the saga again.

But perhaps that little pain which attacked me lately with such gentle but persistent affection, irritated me to intolerance . . . till I checked sharply at the thought that Francesca would be better dead than a bore.

Or anyone, yes. But especially Francesca.

It turned out that the gentle but persistent little pain was, after all, rather important.

The specialist, making the usual efforts to be frank but tactful, gave me two years—at the utmost.

So " The Life of Francesca Nugent " will never be written—by me. Even though I am eleven years younger than Francesca.

Love affair ? I have *never* had a love-affair, except with that book. I needed no other. The idea of it had absorbed me, obsessed me, satisfied me. It was my work of supreme creation. I had felt Francesca moving deep in the very core of my vitality. I had lusciously appreciated her from a thousand different angles. I saw her ridiculous, forlorn, brilliant, a great hostess, a great fool, picturesque, abandoned, epigrammatic. . . . A heroine and an ass. . . . A woman who could sway men and fire them, and inspire them—everything, except keep them faithful. Francesca webbing facts into a misty tangle, like flies in a spider's twilit lair. . . . Francesca rushing impulsively to nurse me when I was suddenly and infectiously ill and no one else would come near ; and Francesca, almost directly after this act of simple nobility, utterly damning my character in a story which was too good not to be repeated, but which was about a totally different friend of hers, and not true at that. . . . Francesca, in a girlish tam-o'-shanter, fighting her age. Francesca with Nugent—and woefully without him. Francesca watching the brown leaves like small, vague birds, brushed up against the skylight windows. . . .

Francesca, the one vivid personality of this period.

Oh, her biography would be written after her death, no doubt of it. " I meant poor Stella Massingbird to do it—what a pity. . . ." Somebody else would write it and mangle it. Somebody else would make it dull and pompous and like every other biography which has ever quoted letters from Mr. Gladstone and John Ruskin.

I could bear it better if it were never to be written at all.

Francesca wandered in to see me, oftener still ; said that she could not exist without Thorpe . . . had I heard from Thorpe ? . . . Was he coming back to her ? . . . Would he ever come back to her ? . . . *Why* had he left her ? . . . Why did he send his messages—or rather, his rebuffs—only through me, and not directly to herself ? It was so unfair ! . . . Did I think that Thorpe——

And then, more despairingly : " I suppose I shall have to kill myself, Stella. . . . I can't go on like this, can I ? "

Well—but it was hard that to me, of all people, should at this juncture fall the task of dissuading her from suicide.

But I did it, in—oh, an eternal series of patient arguments.

No, of course I was not eager for Francesca to kill herself. I 'm not a murderess. . . .

The Francesca of my book would, after all, only be a figure in flat ; only a quiet copy of the real breathing Francesca who was my friend, whose voice and smile and presence I loved.

This, I told myself over and over again——

Only to recognise that, threatened with the loss of *my* Francesca Nugent, I had become oblivious alike to the fascination and the sorrows of God's rival Francesca.

And she was spoiling herself—dimming her own shining quality with every hour of querulous plaint ; dabbing with callous finger at my finished conception of her . . . mentally finished ; twitching it out of focus. She dragged through her disconsolate days, longing only to die ; whereas I, fiery with work not yet begun, was condemned. And even the two years still left to me—and I *could* do it in two years, I could, I could !—equally condemned, equally futile. . . . " You won't write a line of it till I 'm dead, Stella. . . ."

What was the use of pretending ? I did not love the real woman any more ; or rather, I did not own her to be real. She was the echo, the mocking shadow, the faint and faded photograph. Worse—she was the impediment : Francesca's life standing in the way of . . . the " Life of Francesca."

" You know, Stella, if Thorpe doesn't come back to me I shall kill myself. He did seem to fill up one's time so . . . I mean, he was always so annoying."

" So many women, my dear, mistake suicide for repartee. Besides "—I had said this to her countless times before—" Thorpe *will* come back, when he 's rested. At least, he is not being held away from you by anything more tangible than fatigue."

" Yes, but if there had been somebody else, I could at least have refused to divorce him."

The situation had its comic element—though Francesca's apparent flippancies were spoken from a wry and thwarted soul. She was convinced that people were beginning to laugh at her . . . and she was desolate as seaweed on the dry and tasteless sand.

" Stella, I shall kill myself soon. . . ."

And I was tired—of praying her not to do so.



" It happened that for two consecutive evenings she came, and I was out."
DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

It happened that for two consecutive evenings she came, and I was out ; it was accident, of course, but Francesca had reached that stage of derelict when you felt ridiculously that just by being out you had failed her. On the second evening I came in late, and found a scrawled note in which she stated briefly that she had just called in, hoping to find me, on her way to Romwich.

Romwich was a morbid little sandspot on the South Coast, where the Nugents, in a rustic cottage replete with every modern convenience, had spent their first glorified honeymoon, and an occasional fractious honeymoon afterwards. It was a pity for Francesca to have gone there . . . by herself.

Suddenly I knew, with a certainty that would not be contradicted, that, abstractedly or in wantonness—I cannot tell which—she had set herself a test which she would not be able to endure : a cold railway journey at night, with no man who loved her at the end of it . . . but, instead, those wide, decaying dunes, oozing endlessly away from her door and her windows . . . night and the wind . . . loneliness . . . an empty house . . . and beyond it all, a thin tumble of sea. . . .

And beyond the sea—rest.

No, not wind, but silence. Wind would not terrify Francesca ; but that wan silence which presses like a flat thumb on to depression.

Nothing was surer than that I should not see Francesca again.

If only I had been in—I could have held her back from suicide by talking, as I had held her back any time during the past four months. Ah, if only ! . . . I must run out in the morning and buy a fresh copybook, a thick one. I had never dared to have one laid by for the purpose, in case I should have been tempted. . . .

The 'phone bell rang.

" Hello . . . hello . . . Yes, Thorpe, I 'm speaking . . ."

He wanted to return to Francesca. The mood of weariness had drained itself out, and the passionate reaction was urging him back to her. " Stella, you 've got subtlety and tact "—thank you, Thorpe !—" Explain to her what happened to me ; probably you understand it better than I do myself. And ask her if she 'll for——" He halted uneasily, not able to confess even yet that anything in his behaviour could claim forgiveness. " Tell her to expect me to-morrow," he finished abruptly. And rang off.

" The Life of Francesca Nugent," by Stella Massingbird. It had been born to-night—for half an hour. Now it was dead again.

Savagely I cursed the man in his selfish absorption. Why ring me up just to-night ? Why not to-morrow night ?—that would not have mattered. And what amused devil prompted him to make *me* his messenger ?—after I have already spent weeks begging Francesca not to kill herself. . . . Even my sense of irony is not superhuman !

What do I care for their senseless happiness, or for the breath in her body, if I have to live my allotted two years with a masterpiece raging and rotting in my brain, like a mad dog tied up in a bag ?

There is nothing but a flimsy promise to prevent me from writing every line of it, from the title-page to *finis*, without waiting for my release . . . for Francesca's death. And yet—I would rather not telephone her Thorpe's message until too late . . . than break that promise. Queer !—but there you are ! A negative sin, a sin of omission, rather than an actual violation of my word. " It would be so unlucky, Stella." . . . To the book itself perhaps.

How disgustingly like Thorpe to have had a telephone installed into a rural retreat !

" Trunk call, please."

Apparently the decencies permit all murder except flesh-and-blood. I 'm committing a murder now—but what 's a mere work of art ?

" Hello . . . Trunk ? . . . Give me Romwich two seven . . . will you ring me ? My number is Westminster o three four ! . . . Thanks."

If there should be an obstruction on the line—there so often is. . . .

God grant . . . I . . . still . . . may catch her !

Does God know when a prayer is not meant ?

Though I meant that one . . . otherwise, of course, I would not be here at the receiver.

" . . . A bell incessantly pealing, pealing, pealing, fathoms under ocean. . . ."

It might have been a wonderful biography !

" Hello. . . . Yes, I did want Romwich two seven. . . . All right. . . . Hello . . Fran—oh, it 's you, Watkins ? " I had not remembered that the old caretaker woman would be in charge at the cottage. " Can I speak to Mrs. Nugent, please ? She arrived to-night, didn't she ? "

Francesca had only just gone out. Watkins had seen her trailing towards the beach. " I believe I could still call 'er back, Ma'am ; shall I ? "

I paused. And then said : " No."

About twenty minutes I waited, sitting quite still. Then, as though something small had snapped and thus released me, I rose, and went to my desk. . . .

And began it.

THE END.

THE PRINCE OF WALES: OPENING A GOLF COURSE; VISITING HARROW.

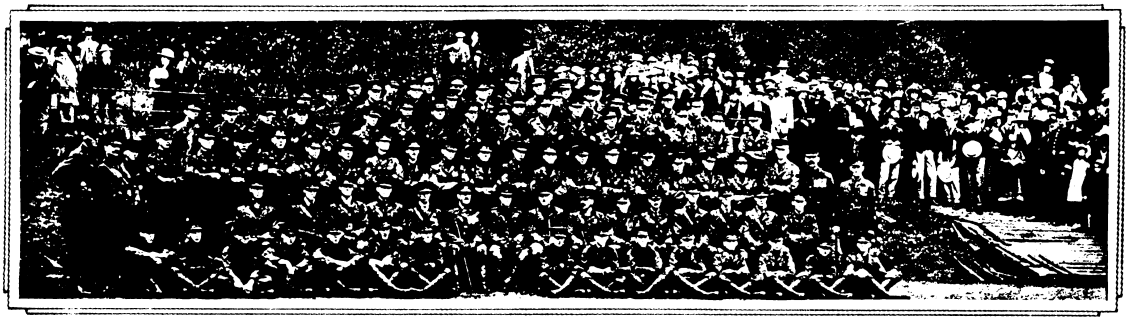
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND G.P.U.



INAUGURATING THE FIRST PUBLIC GOLF COURSE IN A ROYAL PARK: THE PRINCE WAITS WHILE J. H. TAYLOR TEES THE BALL.



TRYING TO "BEAT THE RECORD FOR THE FIRST HOLE" ON THE NEW RICHMOND COURSE: THE PRINCE MAKES HIS INAUGURAL DRIVE.



"I AM VERY GLAD TO HEAR THAT PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE SCHOOL ARE MEMBERS": THE PRINCE OF WALES (SEVENTH FROM LEFT, SITTING) WITH THE HARROW SCHOOL OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS UNDER COLONEL E. G. MERCER.



THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH THE HARROW O.T.C.: CHATTING WITH A WARRANT OFFICER OF THE CORPS.

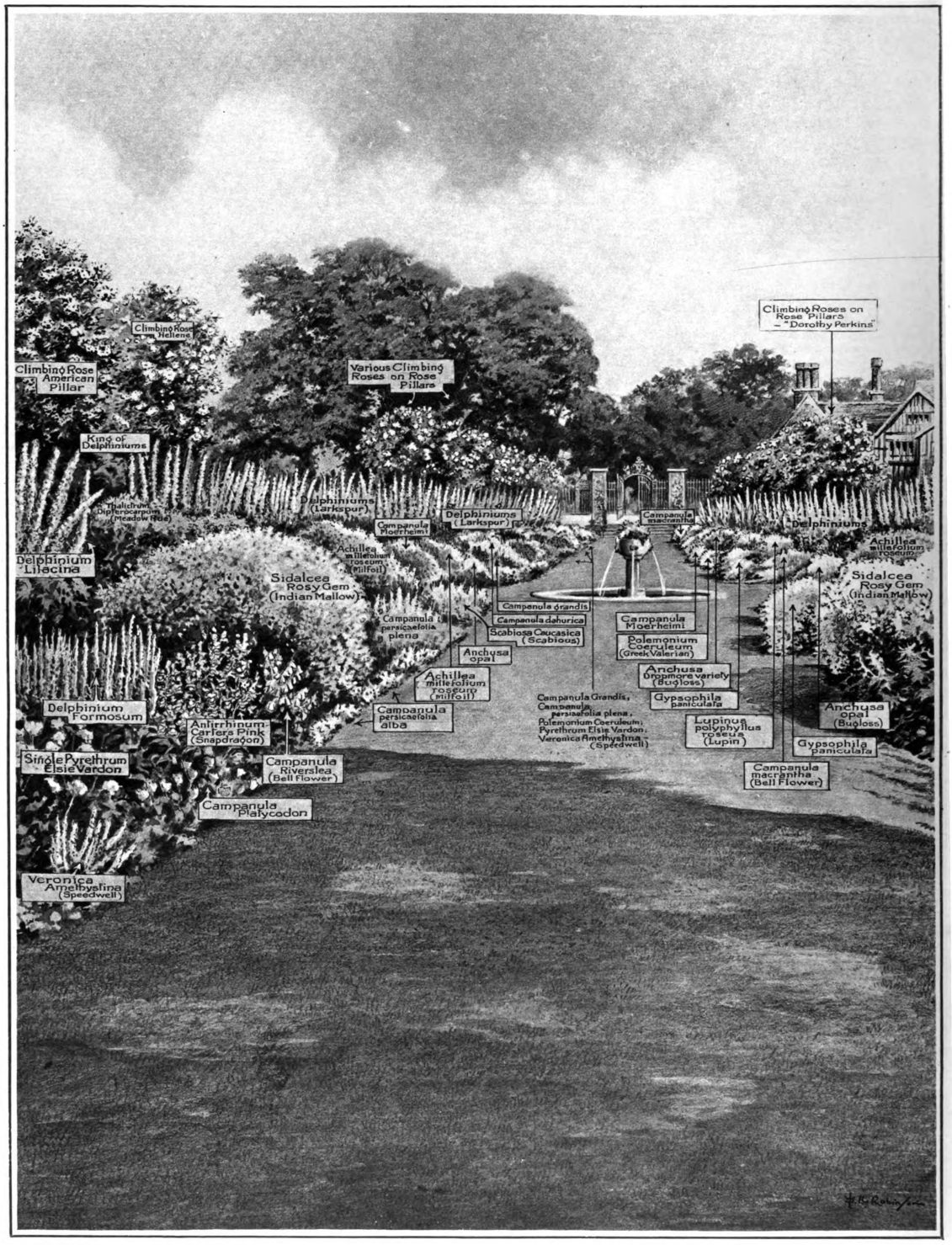


THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH THE HEADMASTER OF HARROW: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AND THE REV. LIONEL FORD.

The Prince of Wales on June 9 opened the new Richmond Park Public Golf Course by driving the first ball, in the presence of over 2000 spectators. In his reply to speeches of welcome the Prince said: "This course starts a new chapter in the golf history of this country. It is the first course of its kind to be completed, and I hope there may soon be many more like it, and that golf may become as much a national game as cricket or football. Before I try to beat the record for the first hole I should like to congratulate very heartily all those who are responsible for it." The Prince's ball was teed for him by J. H. Taylor, the famous golfer, who did much to bring the course into being, and gave his services free in laying it out. The ball is to be mounted and presented to him as a souvenir. According to custom, the Prince gave £1 to the person who retrieved the ball after his drive.——On the previous day (June 8) the Prince had paid an informal visit to Harrow School, where he inspected the O.T.C., which had 389 boys on parade, and in the afternoon played squash rackets with three of the school's best players. He was entertained to luncheon and tea by the Headmaster, the Rev. Lionel Ford, and Mrs. Ford.

"THE FINISH'D GARDEN": A KEY TO ITS BEAUTIES.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON.

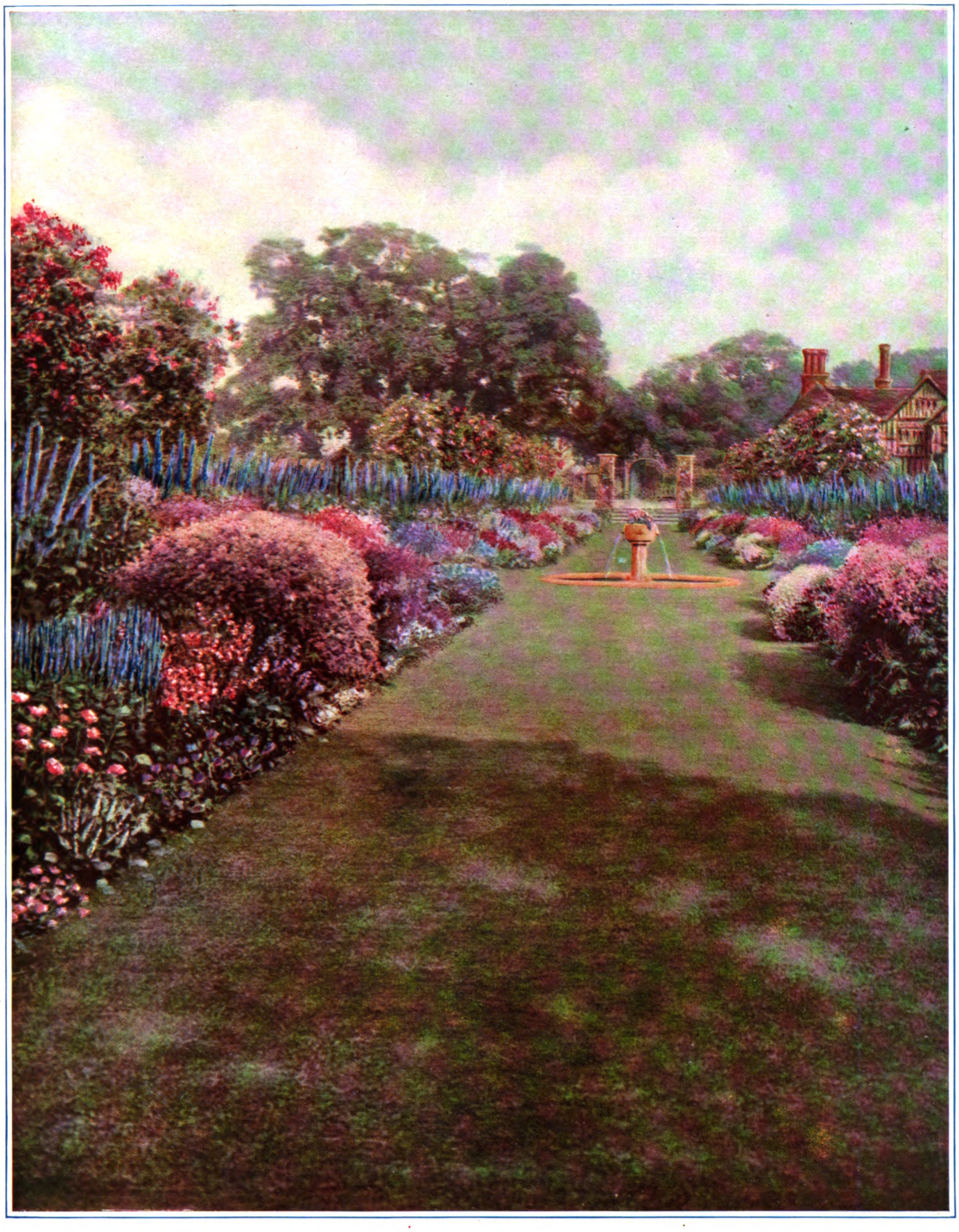


SHOWING THE NAMES OF THE VARIOUS FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE: A PICTORIAL PLAN.

For the benefit of those of our readers who see in a picture such as that given on the opposite page something more than a beautiful colour-scheme, and who look at a flower with the eye of a horticulturist, we give above a pictorial key-plan of the garden illustrated in the photograph. By this means it is possible to identify the various items, and their names and arrangement will doubtless afford useful hints to the possessors of large gardens who wish to lay them out to the best advantage and obtain the most effective results.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]

"THE FINISH'D GARDEN . . . ITS VISTAS OPEN, AND ITS ALLEYS GREEN."

By Courtesy of Messrs. James Carter and Co.



"AND UP THE LONG STRAIGHT WALKS A DAWN OF BLOSSOMS SHONE WITHIN": A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN LAID OUT AT CROWHURST PLACE, LINGFIELD.

We give this very beautiful photograph as an example of the modern English country garden at its best. The broad green alley of smooth turf, flanked with a wealth of colour on either side, makes a delightful picture. The whole of the garden was constructed for Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, at Crowhurst Place, Lingfield, by Messrs. James Carter and Co., the well-known landscape gardeners and seedsmen, of Raynes Park. A key-plan to the names of the various flowers in the borders is provided on the opposite page. We may add that Crowhurst Place is now no longer the property of the Duchess.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BALL GAMES: POLO AT

FROM THE DRAWING

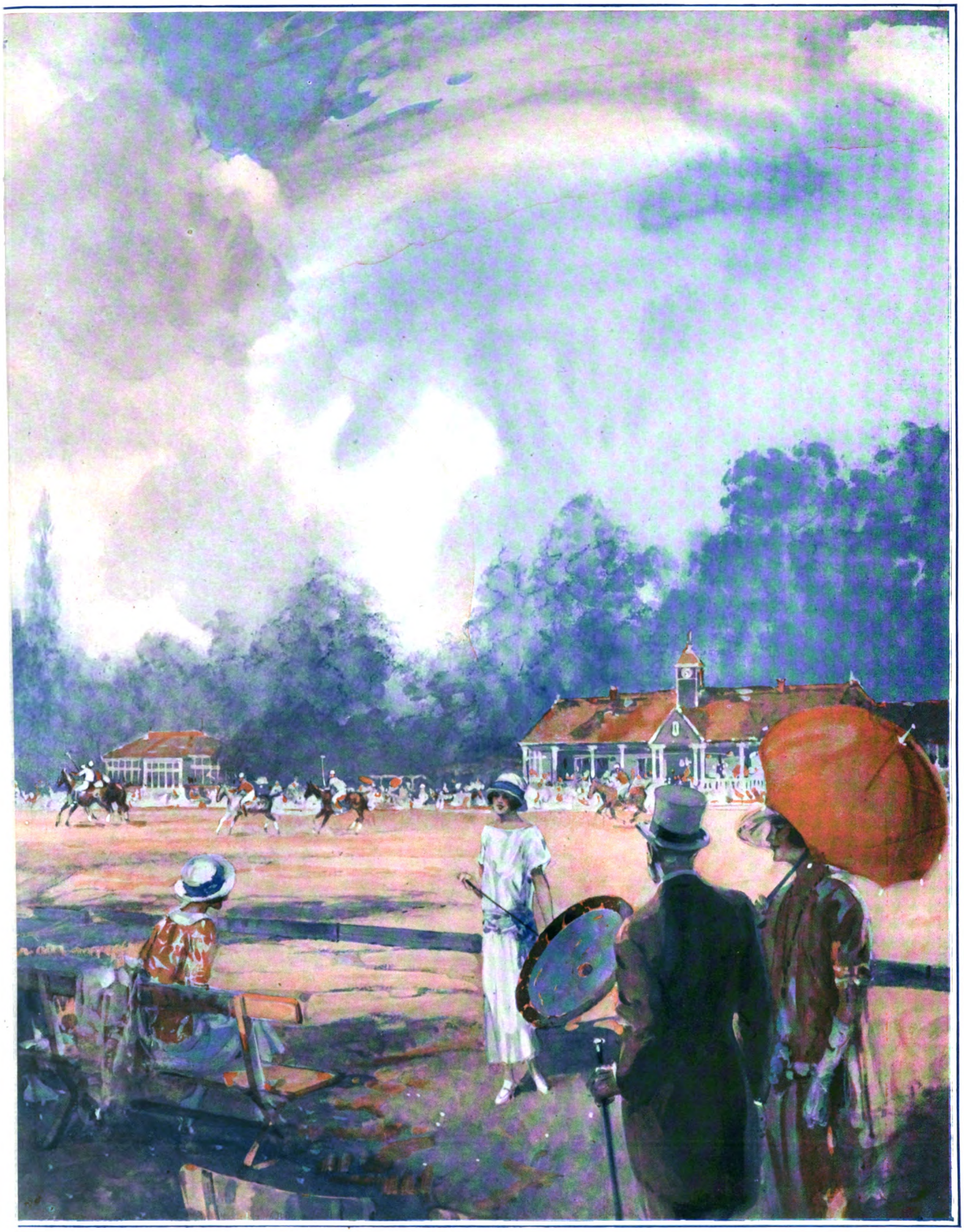


WATCHING A POLO MATCH AT ROEHAMPTON: A FAVOURITE

Polo may be called the aristocrat of ball games. Of late years it has become increasingly popular as an attraction during the London season, and Society gathers in force to watch the matches at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton. Our drawing shows a typical group of spectators on the polo ground at Roehampton, where the Open Cup Tournament began on June 4. On the same day the Prince of Wales, who, as well as his brothers, is a keen polo player, took part in a

A FAMOUS LONDON SOCIETY SPORTS CLUB.

BY C. E. TURNER.



HAUNT OF SOCIETY DURING THE LONDON SEASON.

match at Ranelagh, where the Open Cup final is due to be decided to-day (June 16). Other polo fixtures are the Public Schools Cup final at Hurlingham, and the Invitation Cup final at Ranelagh, both on June 23; and on July 7 the Roehampton Cup final, and the Inter-Regimental Tournament final at Hurlingham. On July 9 the County Polo Association week will begin at Ranelagh.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]*



BEAUTIES OF NATURE DEVELOPED BY SCIENCE: SOME RECENT TRIUMPHS OF

Though the above picture was not done in connection with this year's Flower Show at Chelsea, specimens of several of the flowers, we understand, have again been exhibited there. The artist says: "Nos. 1, 7, and 9 are three new border carnations, named Viceroy, Steerforth, and Orangeman. No. 2 is a crimson Pink, named Lord Lambourne (after the President of the Royal Horticultural Society). No. 3 is a beautiful blue Iris, Sapphire, one of the bluest seedlings of *Iris pallida*, grown by Mr. W. R. Dykes, Secretary of the Society, one of *the* authorities on Irises. No. 4 is a new departure in Darwin tulips, and is a pure white variety. A striking bloom is No. 5, the national flower of Australia, named the Waratah. It was grown in Cornwall. The beautiful striped

1. A New Border Carnation the Viceroy.
2. A Crimson Pink, named Lord Lambourne.
3. A Blue Iris: Sapphire.
4. A New White Darwin Tulip.
5. The Australian National Flower, the Waratah (*Telopea speciosissima*).
6. A New Regelio-cyclus Iris, the Inca.
7. A New Border Carnation, Steerforth.
8. A Flesh-Coloured Pink with Cherry Centre, Bridesmaid.





THE HORTICULTURIST—AN INTERESTING GROUP OF NEW AND RARE FLOWERS.



9. A New Border Carnation Orangeman.
10. A Small Brown Iris named Orestes.
11. A Rare Flower from Yunnan: the Nomocharis Pardanthina, variety Farreri.
12. Stellera Chamæjasme.
13. Rhododendron Orbiculare.
14. A Rare Green Orchid from Brazil, Lycaste Locusta.
15. A New Sweet Pea, Powerscourt.

Iris on the right, No. 6, was raised in Holland. Its name is Inca, and it is a Regelio-Cyclus variety. No. 8 is a flesh-coloured Pink, with cherry centre, named the Bridesmaid. The small brown Iris, No. 10, Iris Orestes, is an interesting Regelio-Cyclus Iris. No. 11 is a little flower named Nomocharis Pardanthina, variety Farreri. It comes from Yunnan, from open high Alpine slopes of mountains. This, needless to say, is quite a rare species. A dainty little flower is No. 12, Stellera Chamæjasme, about 9 inches high. No. 13 is a charming Rhododendron—Rhodo Orbiculare. The orchid, No. 14, is a green variety, named Lycaste Locusta, very rare, there being only one or two others in England. The Powerscourt Sweet Pea (No. 15) is a novelty.—[From the Painting by Winifred Walker.]

ROYAL ASCOT: RANK AND FASHION

FROM THE DRAWING



IN THE PADDOCK AT ASCOT: A TYPICAL GATHERING AT THE

Royal Ascot is for Society what the Derby is for the nation at large—the principal racing event of the year, at which rank and fashion make a brave show. Ascot Week is now near at hand. On Tuesday, June 19, will be run the race for the Royal Hunt Cup, and on Thursday, June 21, that for the Ascot Gold

AT A GREAT SOCIETY RACE-MEETING.

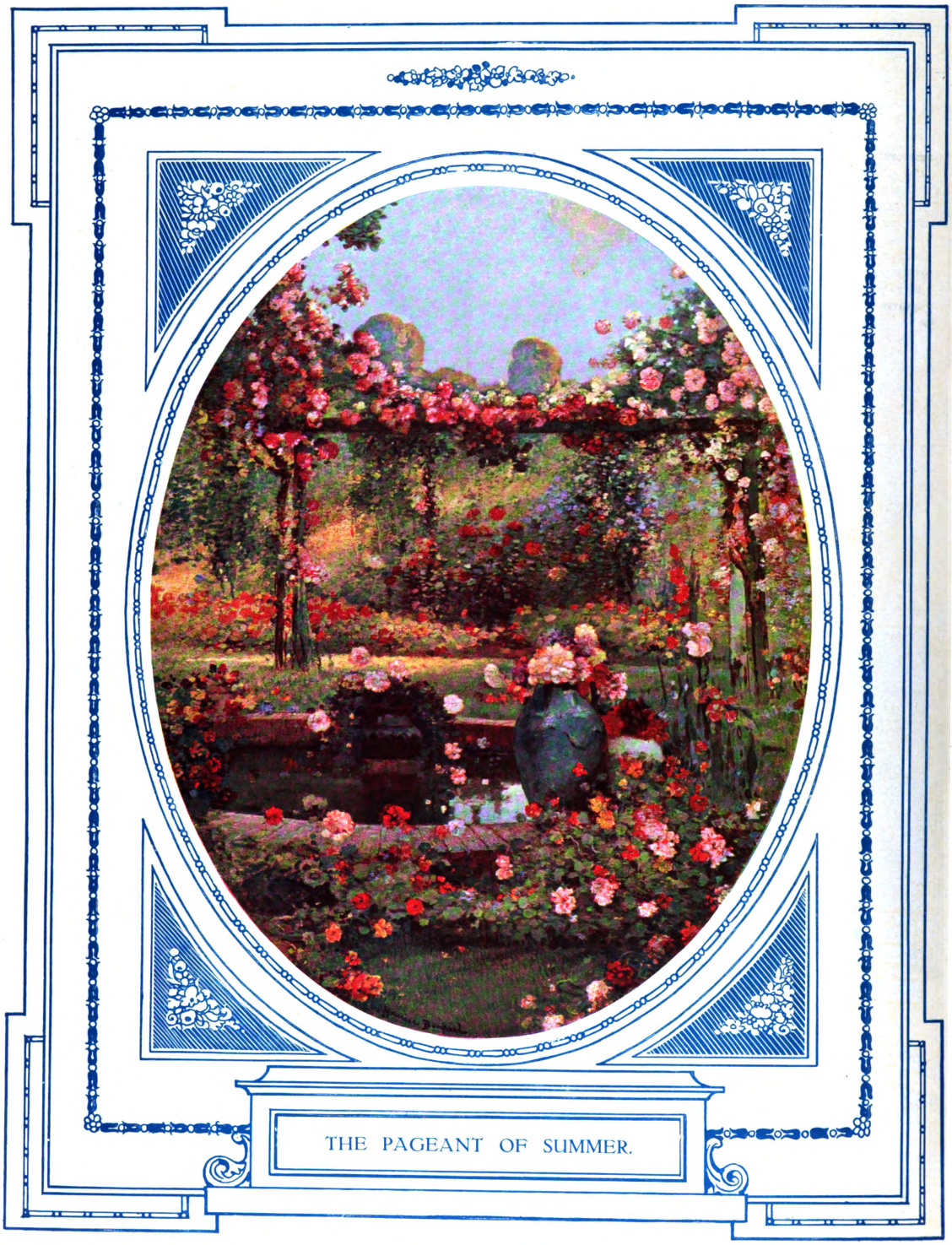
BY C. E. TURNER.



PRINCIPAL SOCIAL EVENT ON THE TURF DURING THE SEASON.

Cup. On this occasion, as a rule, the Sovereign drives to the course in State. It may be of interest to recall that two years ago the Ascot Cup was won by Mr. Een Irish, the owner of Papyrus, this year's Derby winner, with Periosteum.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]

"'MID A TRIM GARDEN'S SUMMER LUXURIES."

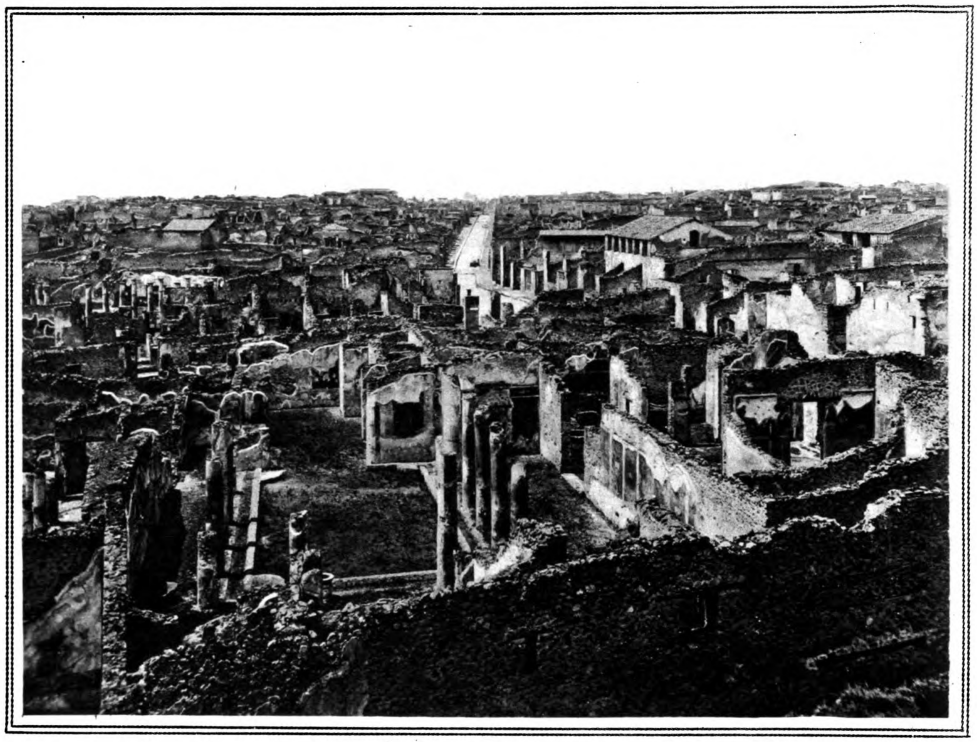


THE PAGEANT OF SUMMER.

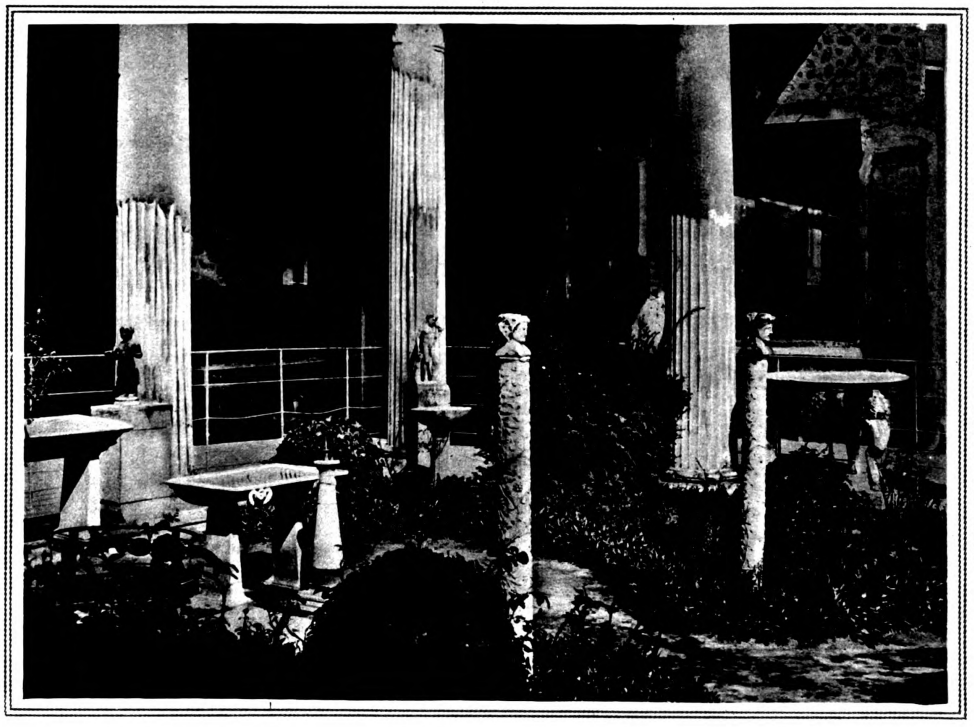
FROM THE PAINTING ENTITLED "L'ÉTÉ," A DECORATIVE STUDY, BY MAURICE BOMPARD, IN THE SALON DES ARTISTES FRANÇAIS, PARIS (1922).
(ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.

HORTICULTURE 1800 YEARS AGO: POMPEII AND ITS REVIVED GARDENS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



DESTROYED IN A.D. 79 BY VESUVIUS, WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN SHOWING SIGNS OF ACTIVITY: POMPEII AS IT IS TO-DAY, EXCAVATED FROM VOLCANIC ASHES—A PANORAMIC VIEW SHOWING THE STREET OF ABUNDANCE.



INTERESTING TO COMPARE WITH MODERN FORMAL GARDENS, AS EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT CHELSEA: THE GARDEN OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN VILLA AT POMPEII, REPLANTED AS IT USED TO BE.

The renewed activity of Vesuvius lends interest to the excavations at Pompeii, some of the latest of which were illustrated in our issue of June 2, with a panoramic air view of the whole site of the town. The lower photograph on this page shows an example of the ancient Roman garden, which many of our readers may like to compare with the modern formal gardens at the Chelsea Flower Show, as represented in our Number for June 9. In sending us these photographs, Professor Halbherr writes: "The replanted gardens are perhaps the most characteristic feature of the recent discoveries, being that which contributes most to restoring the dead city to life. The perfection reached in taking casts of vegetable remains, such as roots, trunks, stalks, and even leaves—an operation previously unknown in Pompeian research—made it possible to replant the gardens with trees, bushes, and flowers of the same kind that bloomed there in ancient times. Moreover, some of the old fountains have been freshly supplied with water from the neighbouring river Sarno."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN



A well-cut polo shirt and golf skirt, for which Fortnum and Mason, 181, Piccadilly, are responsible. The soft alpaca wool cardigan is obtainable in every shade.

THE KING and the Queen spent a quiet week, giving up all public engagements of a festive nature because of the illness of his Majesty's aunt, Princess Christian, who died on June 9. She was beloved by the Royal Family, and to her the country has long owed a deep debt of gratitude for the good she was never weary of doing. Like other members of our Royal Family, the war brought her special trials. Her second son, who went to Germany with the sincere goodwill of King Edward because he was heir to the Grand Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein, was in the enemy army during the titanic struggle. He was placed in command of a prisoners' camp, and our officers confined therein owed him gratitude for their kindly treatment. In 1921 he succeeded his cousin as Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and is unmarried. Princess Christian lost her elder son through illness contracted while serving for us in the Boer War. Her elder daughter, Princess Helena Victoria, has given up much of her life to good work, and is especially a friend to the Y.M.C.A. Princess Marie Louise, the youngest member of Princess Christian's family, was married in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in the presence of Queen Victoria and of the then German Emperor and Empress, to Prince Aribert of Anhalt. The marriage was a most unhappy one, for the Princess, who divorced her husband, resumed her maiden title and name, and has devoted her life to the cause of the Friends of the Poor—one which has done and is doing an immensity of good.

Last week we talked of nothing but the Derby; this week we are concentrating on Ascot, and of all things wondering what the weather is going to do for it. All faith has been lost in the forecasts, as the actual conditions are so frequently just the opposite of the predictions. However, whatever the weather is or may be, everybody who is anybody and nebulous thousands are preparing to go. Being brave women, Britons have prepared summer attire—organdie muslin, lace, georgette, and chiffon frocks. One notices, however, that foulard is fallen back upon as a suitable compromise, and Ascot cloaks and capes will be more than ever a feature of the meeting, whether they are displayed and laid aside or worn for warmth. These will be more handsome and ornate than ever. As to sunshades, the feeling as I write is all for *en tout cas*, in which case a very cheery and ornamental aspect of the garden-party meeting will be absent from it.

An engagement is announced between Mr. Alan Brodrick, who is the son of the late Mr. Alan Brodrick, of Wooder Manor, South Devon, and the Hon. Hester Astley, who is Lord Hastings' only sister. Through her mother, the Dowager Lady Hastings, who is one of the seven daughters of the late Lord and Lady Suffield, she is connected with many great families, having for aunts the Marchioness of Lincolnshire, the Dowager Lady Hillingdon, the Hon. Lady Sullivan, the Hon. Lady Musgrave, and the Hon. Lady Keppel. Since she has been out in Society she has established herself as a great favourite. The wedding will not be long delayed.

It is pleasing to know that the Royal Tournament was remarkably well attended this year. It means substantial help for naval and military charities. It was a splendid show, and the weather conditions suited Olympia, which can be a broiling place when the sun is in power. Almost every member of the Royal Family attended at different times. When the King and Queen were there every ticket was sold, and half as many more applied for. On Saturdays every seat was occupied, and hundreds could not get in. So the old supremacy of the Sailors' and Soldiers' Show, to whom are now added the air soldiers, is once more maintained.

There are, of course, all sorts of quips and plays on words about the three women members of Parliament, more or less witty. It will be a good thing when the election of women passes without comment and they go into the Legislative Chamber as a matter of course. That the interests of women and children can be better looked after by women than by men must be admitted. That women have greater opportunities for becoming acquainted with the troubles of their own sex than men goes without saying. All our three members are wives and mothers themselves, and in all that they do will represent the millions of other wives and mothers who suffer many things from our exclusively man-made laws. Men are much more reasonable about women in Parliament than many women whose experience and education should have given them wide views for the real good of the community. Men will never be ruled by women, however much we may be numerically in the ascendant, for that is against Nature, whose laws are unbreakable; but most of them will say that we are very useful as helpers—anyway, we were so hailed by them in the war. Why not also in legislation for peace?

What a reception the Prince of Wales received on Derby Day! It seemed to me that Princess Mary sat well back in the car, so that he might have all the cheering and handkerchief-waving. Lord Lascelles, who sat facing the Prince and his wife, was beaming all over his very good-natured face. There was an unusually massive crowd between the grand stand and the paddock, probably to see the Prince, who did go through before the great race, joking and laughing with those who pushed him. It was a great day on the Downs, and every one seemed very happy, despite frequent threats of a thunder-storm which did not eventuate, though the journey home was dreary, especially to those who had not backed winners.

The Summer Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery was well spoken of at the private view, which was well attended. There is a portrait by Sargent which proved how fashion dates a picture. The balloon sleeves and the well-defined waist-line said: "I am an early effort," as plainly as if the portrait spoke. "Trelawny," by Augustus John, was much discussed, and was generally declared to be clever but uncomfortable. There are some lovely pictures in the Exhibition, which gives just enough, and not too much, of pictures.

Once again dark blue is appearing as a kind of feminine livery. One imagines the dull weather has something to do with it. At the Derby, the Oaks, the private views, and the weddings of last week, every second woman was either in dark blue or dark brown. The scarcity of sun is enough to account for blues and doldrums. It would, however, be more altruistic not to give way, but to dress more brightly the duller the days.

A. E. L.



Two lovely gowns and a cloak from Liberty's, Regent Street. Stone-grey crêpe Nirvana is used for the dress on the left, while the other is of white georgette and black crêpe marocain. Sapphire-blue velvet lined with silver sungleam makes the cloak. (See p. 1060.)

Born 1820— Still going Strong!



DRURY LANE THEATRE, where Nell Gwynne first attracted notice as an orange-seller, and made her first stage appearance in 1665. The famous theatre was first opened in 1663 and the present edifice, the fourth, in 1812.

Johnnie Walker: "Sweet Nell of Old Drury! A charming name for a King's Favourite."

Shade of Nell Gwynne: "Johnnie Walker! The charm of your name is a favourite to all men including Kings."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

Fashions and Fancies.

Inexpensive Trifles that Count.

The extremes of Fashion are always extravagant, but all really well-dressed women know that one of the chief secrets of success in choosing clothes is to avoid the over-ornate. Simplicity has a charm which nothing else can rival, and it is absurd to imagine that good dressing is beyond the means of a moderate income. Women who are clever with their fingers can certainly double the purchasing power of their money, and the artist has depicted here trifles that all can make or buy for themselves. A filet composed of silver tissue intertwined with a contrasting material is one of the most fashionable head-dresses, and it is particularly effective on a dark-haired woman. Tiny flowers clustered low over the forehead in a coronet shape are high in favour as a hair-ornament ; while summer frocks may be accompanied by a petalled sunshade to match, with frayed-out edges in place of hems. Evening bags offer endless scope to the fertile imagination, and the artist herself submits the idea that ostrich fronds make an interesting decoration.



A frilly sunshade should escort every light summer frock.



A pleated band of self material is the sole trimming of many shady hats of light coloured georgette.

Tea-Gowns at Moderate Prices.

Decidedly, it is to Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, that women must go if they wish to secure delightful tea-gowns at a modest cost. The graceful crêpe marocain dress sketched on this page is to be found in their salons, and it can be acquired for £5 19s. 6d. in a variety of pretty colourings. The long wrap-over skirt, falling in a point on the left, is particularly attractive, and so are the wide slit sleeves. For the young girl nothing could be more charming than one of the little shot taffetas tea-frocks which are obtainable for the same sum.



A pretty crêpe marocain tea-gown which has a temporary home at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street.

A Note on Sports Clothes.

The new depot for sports clothes recently opened by Fortnum and Mason, 181, Piccadilly, is an unqualified success, and some of the practical and well-cut garments are illustrated at the top of page 1058. They have six different models of golf skirts, which can be made to order from 2½ guineas each in any of their wide selection of materials. Special fabrics are available to match any kind of jumper, and Fortnum and Mason have cardigans of every imaginable shade. The one illustrated on the right costs 59s. 6d., and is of softest alpaca wool; 27s. 6d. is the price of the silk poplin polo shirt, a sum which includes two detachable collars. Their special plantation-rubber soled golf shoes have already made a name for themselves on account of their lightness and splendid damp-resisting qualities. They grip well on dry ground, and are to be had for 47s. 6d. a pair in willow calf, innocent of toe-cap.



Brocade evening shoes are high in favour, and so are silk bags decorated with ostrich fronds.

Beautiful Fabrics.

The charm of good materials is self-evident, and it is for this reason that Liberty fabrics have won such universal favour. The two lovely gowns and the cloak sketched on page 1058 owe their creation to this famous Regent Street firm. Black crêpe marocain and white georgette embroidered with jet make the lovely evening gown on the right, Crêpe Nirvana, a new heavy form of crêpe-de-Chine, is chosen for the other dress, and it is carried out in stone-grey with motifs of shaded embroidery, ranging from palest yellow to deep apricot, gathering the material over the hips. The trunk in the background cloaks visible, and may is reversible: the silver be worn with the outside, sunbeam lining together or else showing the orange side of sapphire-blue velvet, of the wonderful depth and richness that characterises Liberty velvets. E. A. R.



Two attractive head-dresses that women can make or buy.

1912. Diamond. £12 10 0

1923. Diamonds. £6 0 0

1920. Diamonds. £15 0 0

1914. Diamond. £18 10 0

1919. Diamonds. £11 10 0

1924. Diamonds. £14 0 0

1926. Diamonds. £14 10 0

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The "THREE CASTLES"

Virginia Cigarettes

The Cigarette with the Pedigree



"Ah, sir, no lie, but a blessed truth, as I can tell, who have ere now gone in the strength of this weed three days and nights without eating: and therefore sir, the Indians always carry it with them on their war parties; & no wonder, for when all things were made none were made better than this: to be

A Lone Man's Companion
A Bachelor's Friend
A Hungry Man's Food
A Sad Man's Cordial
A Wakeful Man's Sleep and
A Chilly Man's Fire;—while for staunching of wounds, purging of rheum & settling of the stomach there's no herb like it under the canopy of Heaven."

"Westward Ho!"



W.D. & H.O. WILLS.
BRISTOL & LONDON
ENGLAND

TC-72

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FILMS AT 5000 A SECOND! THE HEAPE AND GRYLLS RAPID CINEMA.

(*See Illustrations on Pages 1042-1043.*)

THE MACHINE.

AT present only one of these machines has been constructed, and that one is in use by the Admiralty at Shoeburyness. It is designed to take cinematograph pictures on an ordinary cinematograph film at any rate from 500 to 5000 pictures per second ; and this it does.

A brief description of the machine only is possible here, and the figures given are approximate. It consists of three main portions—a film drum, a pair of lens wheels, and a shutter.

THE FILM DRUM is 6 ft. in diameter, 6 in. wide, and weighs half a ton. It is driven by an 8-h.p. electric motor at any speed from 100 to 1000 r.p.m. At this latter rate its peripheral speed is 18,000 ft. per minute, and the tensile stress in the rim is 5 tons per sq. in.

Two shallow parallel grooves are cut round the surface of the drum, in each of which a length of film is laid and securely held in place by means of vacuum.

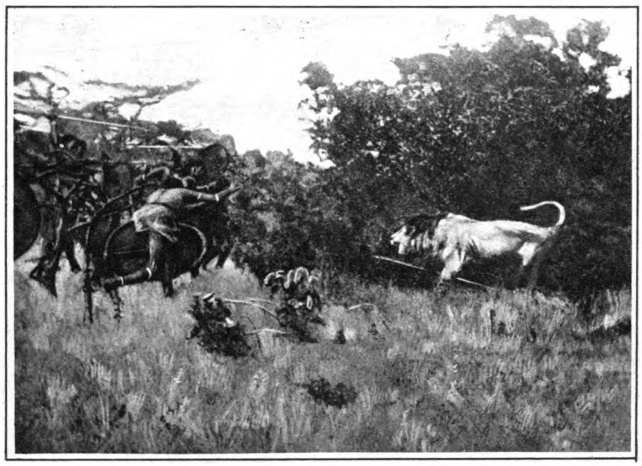
TWO LENS WHEELS are fixed on the ends of two horizontal shafts, one on each side of the drum, and driven off it by bevel gearing. These wheels are 15 in. in diameter, and are perforated near the edge to hold 40 lenses in each wheel. The wheels overlap the drum in front of it, so that, for each of them, at one point in their revolution, the centre of each lens passes in front of the centre of the film on the drum behind. Thus one wheel of lenses throws an image from each lens in succession on one film, while the other wheel serves the other film.

Each wheel revolves towards the drum, and is so geared that lens and film travel at exactly the same speed, and, for a certain distance, in the same direction.

The distance each lens travels with the film is sufficient for the production of a picture of the standard cinematograph size, such picture being taken through a narrow slit in the focal plane, referred to further below.

The principle on which this method of rapid cinematography is based is the continuous movement of film and lens in the same direction and at the same speed.

For this purpose, in this machine, when the film drum revolves 1000 times per minute, the lens wheels revolve 7500 times per minute. Thus, when going at full speed, a lens passes in front of each film 300,000 times in one minute.



MASAIS SPEARING A MAN-EATING LION IN EAST AFRICA: ONE OF THE "THRILLS" OF MR. CHERRY KEARTON'S GREAT TRAVEL FILM, "WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD."

Mr. Cherry Kearton, the famous naturalist-photographer, has prepared a wonderful new travel film, entitled "Wild Life Across the World," which covers 50,000 miles of adventure off the beaten track in many different countries. An advance view of the African section was given a few days ago at the Alhambra Theatre, and proved to be intensely interesting. One of the most exciting incidents is the spearing of lions by Masais in East Africa.

Copyright Photograph by Cherry Kearton.

THE SHUTTER MECHANISM.—A vertical plate is fixed immediately in front of the drum, in which are two narrow slits, say 2 mm. wide, set side by side, one opposite each film in the focal plane.

Through these slits exposures are made on the films. Thus each lens in succession throws an image on its respective film, and, as lens and film both pass that slit on opposite sides, a shutter is not required to act for each photograph taken. But it *is* required to start taking photographs, and to stop them being taken on the instant the film drum has made one revolution, otherwise photographs would be superimposed on those already taken. For this purpose, a second vertical plate is mounted in grooved roller guides, in which it may move with great rapidity. This is the shutter plate, and it is placed between the fixed plate already described and the lens wheels.

In this shutter plate are two holes, one opposite each film, which may be arranged either to lie side by side, in which case both films will be exposed at the same time and pairs of photographs taken (an important provision, since it admits of detailed stereoscopic examination of the pictures) ; or it may be arranged so that one of these holes is placed above the level of the other, in which case photographs are taken first on one film and then on the other.

It is obvious that, when the shutter plate is raised and held in position so that the holes in it are above the focal plane, the narrow slits in the fixed plate will be closed. And this is where it is placed while the film drum is getting up the requisite speed. When the time comes to take photographs, the support which holds the shutter is instantaneously withdrawn (by an electrical device timed to act by falling

[*Continued overleaf.*

IMPORTANT PICTURES BY OLD MASTERS

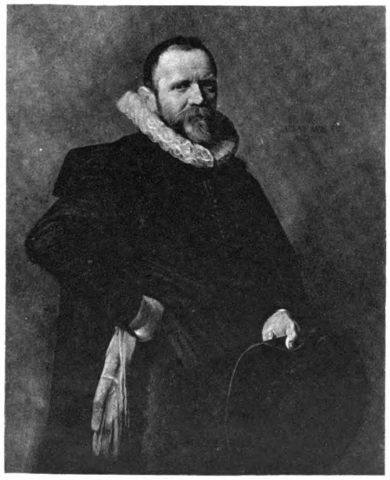
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Sir JOSEPH B. ROBINSON, Bart.,

of South Africa



The Love Message, by F. Boucher.
(One of a Set of Four.)



Portrait of a Gentleman, by Franz Hals.



Mrs. Mathew, by Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A.

which will be sold by auction by

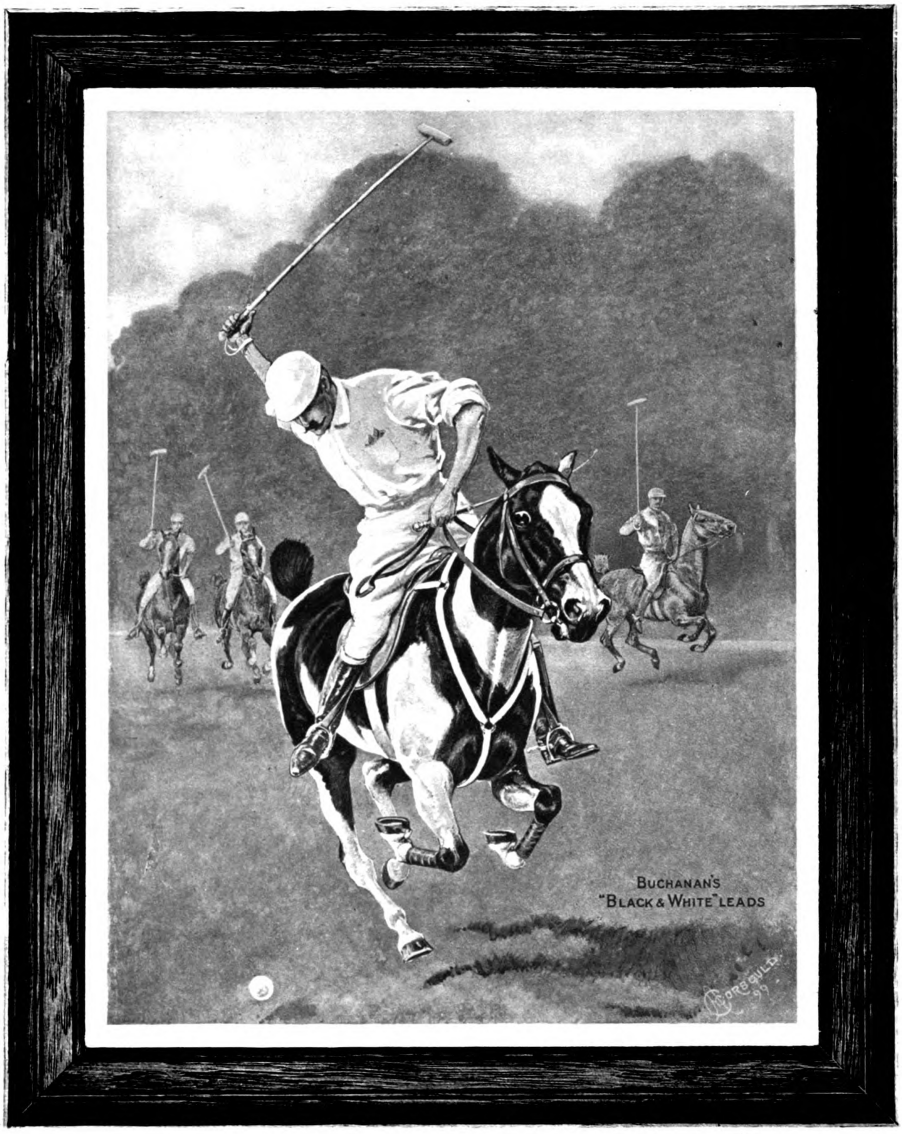
Messrs. CHRISTIE, MANSON & WOODS,

at their Great Rooms, 8, King Street, St. James's Square, S.W. 1.,

On FRIDAY, JULY 6th, 1923.

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Continued.]

weights on switches), and the shutter is pulled down by strong springs on to a second support. At this point the holes in the shutter plate are in alignment with the slits in the fixed plate, and photographs are taken on the films thus exposed—during one revolution of the drum.

On the instant when that revolution is completed, the second support is removed, the shutter is pulled down on to a third support, and the slits in the fixed plate are again closed. This is what happens when pairs of photographs are taken. If it be required to use the films consecutively, the drop of the shutter on to the third support closes the slit opposite one film, and opens the slit opposite the other; this, in its turn, is closed when another revolution of the drum is completed, by removal of the third support and a further drop of the shutter.

The shutter, once freed, is pulled down sufficiently quickly to open and shut off the film in, approximately, 1-4500th of a second.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

The pictures on pages 1042-1043 are enlarged from selected photographs from two films taken in the workshop of Messrs. Thomas Cooke and Sons, in York, where the machine was made.

The rapidity with which photographs can be taken at such high speeds depends essentially on the light available. In these cases, although the light was got from two 90 cm. searchlights—the beams of which were concentrated on the object—it was not strong enough to allow of greater speeds than 2000 to 3000 pictures per second.

These photographs are the first ever taken by reflected light at these speeds.

In the pictures of a glass vacuum globe broken by a hammer the interest is chiefly concentrated on the bursting of the side of the globe opposite that hit by the hammer. The first perforation of that part of the globe is brought about by pieces of broken glass, caught up by the inrush of air through the hole made by the hammer and hurled across the globe, where small holes are first made by their impact.

These holes gradually become bigger owing to subsequent cracking of the globe, and through them a cloud of fine powdered glass emerges.

For the rubber-ball pictures it should be stated that the 5-in. solid ball was teed up on a loose cardboard cylinder, two inches in front of the head of a wooden tampion fixed in the mouth of a home-made gun.

The head of the tampion is 4 in. diameter and 2 in. thick. About 4 oz. of powder was used to shoot out the tampion, and it will be seen that its speed was quick enough to allow it to sink at least one inch into the solid rubber ball before the latter was moved off the tee.

The various shapes the ball assumed when hit by the tampion, and on impact against the target, and also as it recovered from these shocks, are shown in the photos. It may be added that this 5-in. solid ball when flattened out on the target had a diameter of 7½ in.

The intervals of time between each two photographs are given below the illustrations.

These are but preliminary experiments made to test the reliability of this remarkable machine. Now can be seen phenomena which hitherto it has been impossible to see; nay, more, measurements can be made of them. It may surely be hoped that this new aid to knowledge may prove to be of great economic value.



CLOSE QUARTERS FOR THE BIG-GAME PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE AFRICAN BUSH: MR. CHERRY KEARTON AT THE LITTLE WINDOW OF HIS "HIDE" UP A TREE.

As mentioned on another page, Mr. Cherry Kearton, the well-known big-game photographer, has arranged a new travel film entitled "Wild Life Across the World." Many of his photographs of wild animals were taken during thirty days of concealment beside a waterhole. This photograph, showing Mr. Kearton in a typical "hide" up a tree, indicates the patience and endurance which such work entails.—[*Copyright Photograph by Cherry Kearton.*]

The South-Eastern and Chatham section of the Southern Railway announce that on Sunday, 17th inst., the practice at present in operation on their system in regard to the labelling of "Non-Smoking" compartments will be discontinued. On and from that date smoking will be permitted in all compartments labelled "Smoking," and will be prohibited in all compartments not so labelled. While the system introduced in 1920 by the old South-Eastern and Chatham Company has proved very successful, it is nevertheless desirable that the labelling of smoking accommodation throughout the railways should be uniform, and more particularly among those forming the Southern group.



CONTENTMENT

. . . . lazily but happily making the most of life's good things . . . . the trees—the sun rays filtering through the leaves—the comfort of the hammock . . . . and . . . . the cigarettes containing the finest leaf of nature's crop . . . . . .

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TENOR — If your taste is for the good Turkish Cigarette. In boxes
10....1/3½ 50.....6/1
25....3/2 100...11/9

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"De Reszke" Cigarettes are obtainable at all high-class Tobacconists & Stores, including all branches of ALBERT BAKER & CO. LTD., SALMON & GLUCKSTEIN, LTD., and A. I. JONES, LTD., or from J. MILLHOFF & CO. LTD., 86, Piccadilly, W.1

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de Paris
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Is your friend's chocolate taste registered?

If you knew for certain that the recipient of your box of chocolates loved every single one—would it not make you happier? Charbonnel & Walker have several thousands of ladies on their register for preferences. A box sent to them contains only those varieties that they have expressed a liking for. There is not a single disappointment in *their* box. All you have to do is to order a box containing a complete selection.

Every Chocolate has its Number

and a little key list and registration card is enclosed. Your friend will enjoy filling the card in, knowing that Charbonnel & Walker will thereafter see that she receives only chocolates that appeal to her particular taste. A delightful idea, is it not? As delightful as the chocolates!

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Hotels of each category. Moderate tariffs

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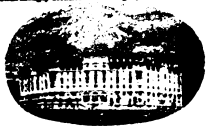
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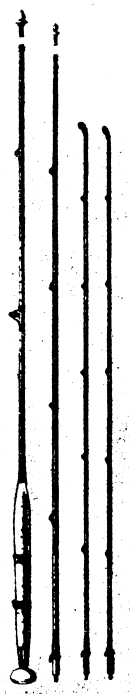
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3-Piece, 2 Tops, Selected Greenheart:—

Each -	9-ft.	10-ft.	11-ft.	12-ft.	14-ft.
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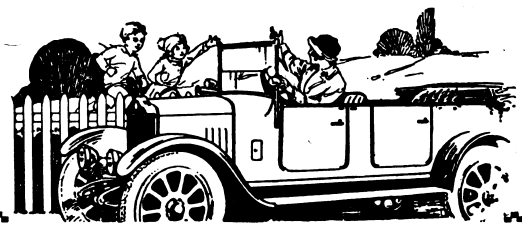
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THE dependability of the "Standard" Light Car appeals to the womenfolk. It is a car they like to drive. It is so simple and easy to control. Freedom from motoring troubles adds zest to the pleasure of a trip—everybody enjoys it Even bad weather does not damp their ardour. You can make a "Standard" Light Car storm-proof in a few moments. When you take the family out, this is an important point.

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"COUNT THEM ON THE ROAD"

THE VOYAGE OF THE "QUEST":

THE LAST SHACKLETON EXPEDITION.*

WHEN Shackleton schemed the voyage that was to prove his last, he planned to bring within the colouring of the map that "blank space" which includes the Beaufort Sea and has at about its middle what Stefansson has called "the centre of the zone of inaccessibility." Circumstances compelled a change, and when the Shackleton-Rowett Expedition fared forth it was to the South instead of the North.

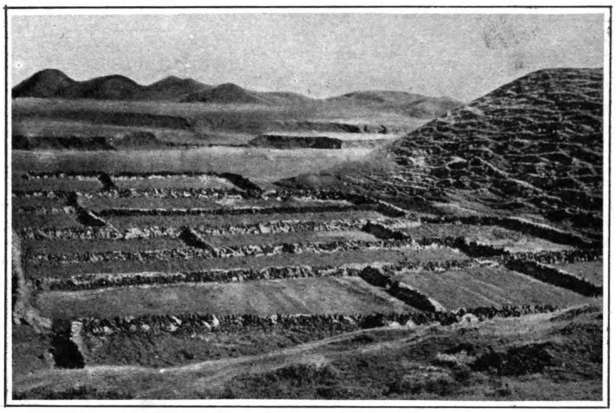
Luck was not with the venture. Seven days after the little *Quest* had left St. Katherine's Dock the explorer wrote in his diary: "Providence is with us even now. At this time of equinoctial gales, not a catspaw of wind is apparent. I turn from the gloomy immensity of the sea, and, looking at the deck of the *Quest*, am roused from dreams of what may be in the future to the needs of the moment, for in no way are we shipshape or fitted to ignore even the mildest storm. Deep in the water, decks littered with stores, our very life-boats receptacles for sliced bacon and green vegetables for sea-stock; steel ropes and hempen brothers jostle each other; mysterious gadgets connected with the wireless, on which the Admiralty officials were working up to the sailing hour, are scattered about. But our twenty-one willing hands will soon snug her down."

Willing as the hands were, "snugging down" can scarcely be said to have been accomplished. The ship was too small and so "lively" that as often as not she seemed like a cork in a whirlpool; repair succeeded repair; disappointment was added to discomfort.

On Jan. 1, 1922, Shackleton wrote: "Engines unreliable; furnace cracked; water short; heavy gales; all that physically can go wrong, but the spirit of all on board is sound and good.

"There are two points in the adventures of a diver—
One when a beggar he prepares to plunge,
One when a prince he rises with his pearl!"

A day later, unconsciously presaging the end, he noted down: "Ah, me! the years that have gone since in the pride of young manhood I first went forth to the fight. I grow old and tired, but must always lead on." Three days later he died, suddenly, in the dark of the morning, off South Georgia, at the gateway of the South.



WITH WALLS TO PROTECT THE PLANTS FROM THE FORCE OF THE WINDS: POTATO "PATCHES" ON TRISTAN DA CUNHA.

Photograph by Wilkins; Reproduced from "Shackleton's Last Voyage," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Cassell.

There was tragedy indeed.

Commander Wild carried on, and he can claim that it was worth the while; worth the dangers and the privations, the cramped quarters, the dreary watches, the perils from sea and ice; worth the responsibility so clearly echoed in a diary: "What is in store for us? Will the pack, as variable in its moods as the open sea, prove friendly or will it rise in its wrath to punish man's temerity in thus bringing to the attack so small a craft? Before this effort the smallest ship to make a serious attempt to penetrate the heavy Antarctic pack was the *Endurance*, and she lies crushed and broken many fathoms deep in the Weddell Sea. We are but half her size! Shall we escape, or will the *Quest* go to join the ships in Davy Jones's locker, and the queer deep-sea fish nose about amongst her broken spars?" To which is added: "We are not in the least pessimistic, but the man who blinds himself to the possibility is a fool."

There were no fools in the *Quest*, and their heroism was all the greater.

The precise attainments have yet to be chronicled at length. That they will be of much value is certain. Wisely, Commander Wild has written for the general reader. He is quite frank about it: "The writings of explorers vary, but in my opinion they have all one common fault, which is that they have attempted to combine in one volume the scientific results with the more popular story of the expedition. This book is for the public." To the public it will certainly appeal. The narrative is easy, a simple record of one to whose lot it has fallen "to pioneer and guide the groping fingers of knowledge on the white edges of the world."

Let us glance at what may be called its "lighter" aspects, at detail rather than mass, and curious detail at that.

The sharks: "Their teeth, which are sharp and set backwards, are not true teeth, but modified scales. The eyes are small and poorly developed, but they have a phenomenal sense of smell which attracts them from long distances to potential sources of food. Macklin and Hussey dissected the brain of one of them, which showed that the olfactory bulbs — the portion devoted to the sense of smell—is larger than all the rest of the brain."

Whales: "They thrive on the small crustacea of the region, *euphausæ* and amphipods. These small creatures live on the diatoms of which the Antarctic seas are so rich. . . . Euphausæ resemble small shrimps, and the amphipods are very like the sandhoppers of home beaches, but redder in colour. Whalers speak of them collectively as whale food, for they form the staple diet not only of the crab-eaters, but of most of the

[Continued overleaf.

* "Shackleton's Last Voyage: The Story of the *Quest*." By Commander Frank Wild, C.B.E., from the Official Journal and Private Diary kept by Dr. A. H. Macklin. Illustrated. (Cassell and Co.; 30s. net).



THE SOLGARDINE
BURBERRY

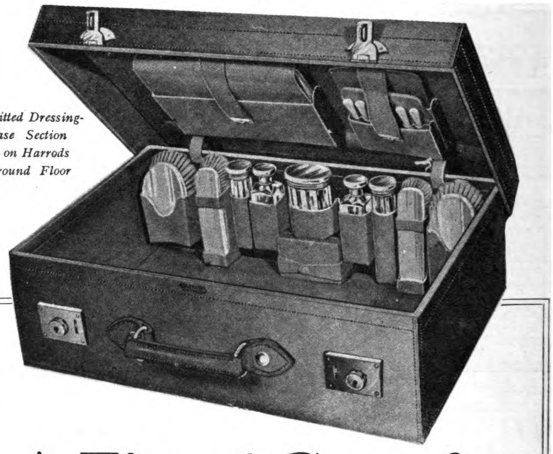
Airylight, Self-Ventilating, Single-texture Weatherproof will protect the daintiest frock — and its dainty owner—even if the weather is unkind, and at the same time, add a touch of brilliant sunbright colour even on a dour, sunless day.

Solgardine is made in a wide range of delightful colourings, sunbright on one side, mingling with quieter shades on the other, and in addition, there is a fine choice of models designed especially for this charming material.

A Solgardine Brollisol to match The Burberry and protect the hat from rain or sun, completes a perfect colour-scheme.

Illustrated Catalogue and patterns of materials on request.

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A Fitted Case for Holiday Use

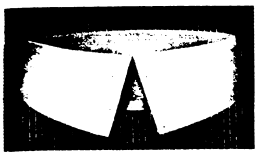
Made by skilled craftsmen from selected materials, this Case worthily endorses Harrods world-wide reputation for Soundness of Quality and Excellence of Value.

GENTLEMAN'S FITTED DRESSING CASE. Fine quality unbuffed Hide Case, lined leather. Completely fitted Silver-topped bottles, African Ivory brushes (heavy concave pattern), Auto-strop razor, blotter, strut mirror, instrument board, and Ivory shoe-lift and hook. Size, 24 × 16 × 8 ins. 22 Gns

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Shape F.23. Sizes 14 to 17½ in. neck. Depths 1¾ and 2 in. In Castle Quality only.

THE laundry does not, as a rule, treat your Collars very gently, which is one of the reasons why you should always buy Robinson & Cleaver's Linen-Faced Collars. They stand the Laundry treatment better than others, and keep their shape and beautiful snow-white appearance until the last.

CASTLE QUALITY COLLARS faced with Pure Linen; a very excellent quality for general wear. Per Dozen **14/-**

ROYAL QUALITY, per Dozen 18/-

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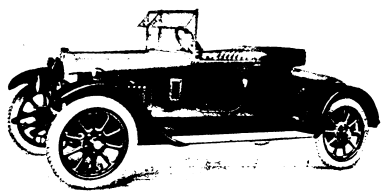
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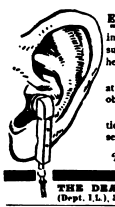
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Continued.]

Antarctic whales. . . . The ordinary whale has a gullet so small that one can scarcely pass one's fist into it, and no whale could certainly ever have swallowed Jonah. The animal referred to in the Bible story is no doubt the *Orca gladiator*, which, though commonly known as the *Killer whale*, differs considerably in many features from the true whale. It is much better referred to by the name *Killer* only. It is smaller than the larger varieties of the true whale, but it has immense jaws and a wide gullet, and lives not on whale food, but on seals and penguins, and it is conceivable that it has on occasions accommodated a man—though whether it ever let one go again is a different matter."

The albatross: "Macklin, in speaking of 'the veneration accorded to the albatross,' voices a very old superstition amongst seamen of the old sailing ship days. When I first went to sea as a boy this was still a common belief amongst sailors. . . . Romance is not dead, as Kipling says, but it moves with the times. Masefield says—

Them birds goin' fishin' is nothin' but souls o' the drowned,
Souls o' the drowned an' the kicked as are never no more;
An' that there haughty old albatross cruisin' around,
Belike he 's Admiral Nelson or Admiral Noah!

Then, the question of the age of icebergs. "It is a pity that there is no way of marking them. Worsley, ever inventive, and never at a loss for a suggestion, proposes firing into them bombs filled with permanganate of potash, or, better still, to have rifles firing small projectiles, by which one could mark the date. 'Why not?' says he." And a note on sea-ice: "Sea ice, although salt, has the peculiar property that if piled up for two or three days, either naturally as pressure ridges or artificially by heaping up a number of frozen slabs, the salt leaves the upper pieces, which can be melted down and freely used as drinking water. Physicists have not been able to explain fully the phenomenon."

So one might quote indefinitely—for practically every page is quotable—and there must not be forgotten also what is, perhaps, the most revelatory section of the book—that dealing with the most isolated unit of the British Empire, Tristan da Cunha, and the other islands of the group, Nightingale, Inaccessible, Middle, and Stoltenhoff.

The views of Dr. Macklin, of the Expedition, are not those commonly held. He states, for example, that intermarriage has not led to numerous signs of deformity and mental degeneration, and considers the islanders to be very intelligent, although, of course, they are uneducated, insular, and limited in outlook, which is only to be expected of a community non-



THE ISLAND METHOD: WOMEN OF TRISTAN DA CUNHA CARDING WOOL.

Photograph by Wilkins; Reproduced from "Shackleton's Last Voyage," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Cassell.

emigrating and visited so infrequently. For the rest, they would appear at once childlike and calculating; extraordinarily "casual"; far too dependent on such charity as they can persuade the generous to divert in their direction; reckless of sanitation, yet remarkably healthy; communal in spirit, yet distinctly individualistic in many matters; eager to get all they can from outside: in fact, importunate "nuisances" to the gift-bearing *Quest*. As to their methods of life, they are, of course, elementary, spartan, "lawless," in the sense that they have no lawyers' laws—and crimeless! Their clothes, culled from all quarters, are apt to be strange—"one man, in particular, was wearing the queerest mixture: an evening dress jacket, striped cotton shirt, dungaree trousers, whilst on his head was an officer's peaked cap." Their cottages are of stone, thatched with tussock grass. Wood is the chief scarcity. "The ceilings and floors are made of wood—odd pieces begged from ships, taken from packing-cases or found along the seashore. . . . Many a young man anxious to marry or a young married couple eager for their own home have to spend long weary months, or even years, in accumulating the wood necessary to make the roof, the ceiling, or the floor." Sheep, cattle, pigs, geese, and fowls are kept; and apples, pumpkins, and potatoes—a most important crop—are grown.

Practically all are by name Glass, Green, Swaine, or Rogers, and Miss Betty Cotton, aged 95, is the oldest inhabitant. The island was discovered by Tristan da Cunha, the Portuguese, in 1506. "It was formally annexed by Great Britain in 1816, and a garrison, consisting of about one hundred men, placed there, with the object of resisting any attempt by foreign Powers to use it as a base of operations for the rescue of Napoleon from St. Helena. The garrison remained for a year only. Corporal Glass, of the Royal Artillery, a native of Kelso, in Scotland, asked for, and received, permission to stay. He had married a coloured woman from Cape Colony, and had at the time two children. . . . He was joined by Alexander Cotton and Thomas Swaine, two members of the relief ship. This little party was augmented by some shipwrecked American whalers, but none of them remained long. . . ." As years went on were added a shipwrecked Dutchman, two American whalers, and two Italian sailors who were cast upon the shore within the present generation. "Of the original settlers, only Glass was married. The others obtained wives through the good offices of the captain of a whaling vessel, who brought five women from St. Helena." Hence the Tristanites.

Altogether: "Shackleton's Last Voyage" is a most intriguing book of adventure and observation.

E. H. G.

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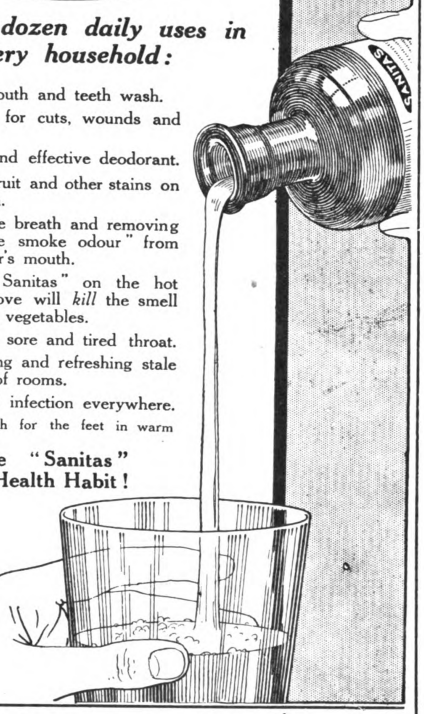
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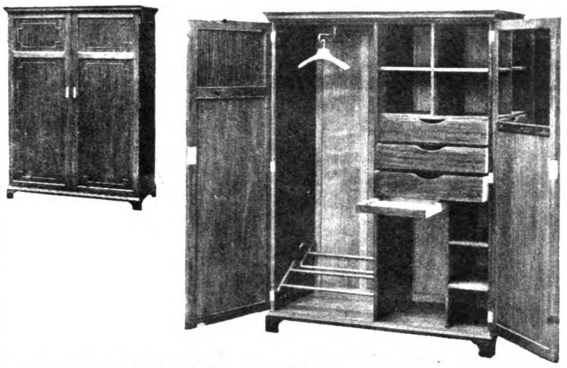


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The site, bordered by the River Avon, lies in the green and pleasant county of Somerset, and there is ample room, not only for factories, wharves and sidings, but also for playing fields, bathing pools and sports grounds.

The erection there of the first of the great factories is nearing completion and now the Company want a NAME for the new site itself. A prize of £500 is offered for a suitable name, which should preferably be brief, easy to pronounce, striking and unique, and which might for example, suggest the ideal surroundings of the new site. There will also be awarded boxes of Chocolates as 1000 Consolation Prizes.

Buy a packet of Fry's "Belgrave" Chocolate to-day, and ask for a copy of the Competition rules.

NOTE TO THE TRADE.—An award of £50 will be made to the Retailer who sold the "Belgrave" Chocolate to the winner of the £500 prize, and whose name and address are entered on the sheet bearing the winning name. In the event of two or more Retailers being entitled, the 50 will be divided. (See list of Conditions).



305

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RADIO NOTES.

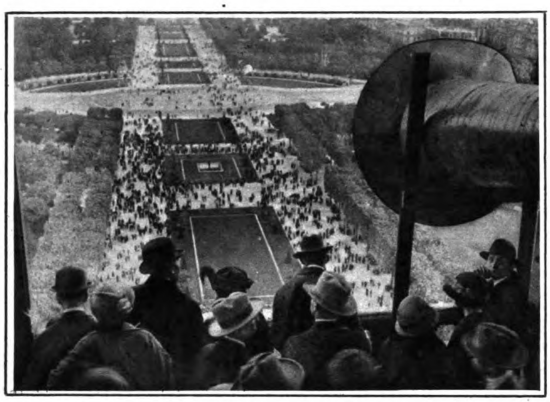
BROADCASTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

DURING the summer months listening-in to radio-telephony entertainments offers a pleasant relaxation for thousands of holiday-makers in the country, up-river, by the sea, or even whilst travelling by motor-car or yacht. Broadcast transmissions and the instruments by which the former are heard have been developed to a high degree of perfection during the last few months, and it is now quite easy for anyone to pick up the radio concerts in any locality wherever the listener may be staying. No doubt there are many people who, having desired to spend a "quiet" holiday, find that the quietude which they have sought, together with the isolation from the usual forms of enjoyment, palls after the first few days. If a receiving-set is installed, however, any feelings of loneliness or of being at a "loose end" may be banished by switching on the receiver and listening to a programme of pleasing instrumental music, songs, and information. Wherever the holiday-maker may be—in country cottage, farmhouse, caravan, camp, yacht, or hotel—the invisible radio waves which carry the concerts through space are present during the daily periods of broadcasting, and only require to be tapped by suitable apparatus to be made audible.

On another page in this issue there is an illustration of an informal dance by members of an up-river houseboat party to broadcast music which issues from the loud reproducing-trumpet.

A small craft idly floating along also has a receiving-set with a loud-speaker and a "loop" aerial. As explained in a recent issue, the sounds which issue from any number of receiving-sets in the same vicinity are alike in pitch and tempo, consequently there is no discordance. Owing to the great improvements which have been made in receiving-sets lately, it is no longer necessary to employ high or lengthy aerial wires for reception, and in regard to that which is supplying music for the up-river dance shown in our illustration, a few feet of wire supported at one end to the houseboat roof, with the other end of the wire attached to the receiver, is all that is needed to make an efficient aerial. Quite often no aerial whatever is required.

The receiver illustrated in our drawing is a portable "Ethophone V.," the latest creation of Burndept, Ltd., who have just supplied a similar model to the King of Italy. The Ethophone V. has four valves, and a very simple arrangement for tuning-in any one of the broadcasting stations at will. With this set British broadcasts are being heard as far distant as Norway, Rome, and Madrid respectively. Connected to the set by a pair of wires, a loud-speaking trumpet will reproduce music and speech so that many people can hear at the same time. The portable Ethophone V. is covered with solid leather, and when closed it may be carried like a suit-case, or it would occupy but little space in a motor-car or yacht.



PASTEUR SPEECHES BY LOUD-SPEAKER: A NOVEL FORM OF CELEBRATION.

On the occasion of the Pasteur centenary celebrations, speeches describing the life and work of the great scientist were broadcast by radio-telephony from "F.L.," the well-known "wireless" station situated in the Eiffel Tower, Paris, to thousands of listeners in France and other countries, and at sea. In addition, the speeches were greatly magnified and projected through a giant loud-speaker, enabling the crowds of people below the Eiffel Tower to hear.

A NOVEL "LOOP" AERIAL.

Another boon for holiday-makers, and also for flat-dwellers where an outside aerial is not possible, is a portable frame or "loop" aerial of wooden supports shaped like a cross, with a number of insulated aerial wires hidden in a single covering. The four polished mahogany pieces forming the cross are held together by an ingenious aluminium centrepiece, and they may be taken down by releasing a small knob. The loop aerial may be assembled or taken down in a few seconds, and its weight is negligible. By the use of a portable "loop" there are certain advantages, especially that of selection of any particular broadcasting station, without interference from others, by turning the loop so that its edge points towards the station required. This form of loop aerial, made by L. McMichael, Ltd., for use with their "M.H." receiving-sets, is suitable for any kind of holiday jaunt, and is especially valuable for use on small river craft, as the aerial may be directed towards the broadcasting station irrespective of bends in the river.

LOUD REPRODUCERS.

Few members of the great army of radio enthusiasts remain satisfied to listen-in solely for their own individual interest. A man desires that his wife and children should share the entertainment and the information which are obtained so easily. Other enthusiasts wish to invite friends to hear the wonders of broadcasting, either at home or on the occasion of holiday trips up-river or to other favoured resorts.

When a large number of friends are gathered together to enjoy the pleasures of listening-in, the wearing of head-telephones would be inconvenient in many ways, and it is on such occasions that a loud-speaker is desirable, so that all may hear in comfort, without the restriction of personal movement such as would be caused if head-'phones were worn.

The first practical loud-speaker was demonstrated in 1887 by Mr. Alfred Graham, and it has since been developed and improved to warrant its use on war-ships and mercantile vessels for the communication instantaneously of spoken orders to all departments. Special designs of this type of loud-speaker are now available for obtaining reproduction of broadcasts without the addition of special batteries, and the "Amplion," as the instrument is named, is standardised by leading manufacturers of radio receiving-sets. W. H. S.



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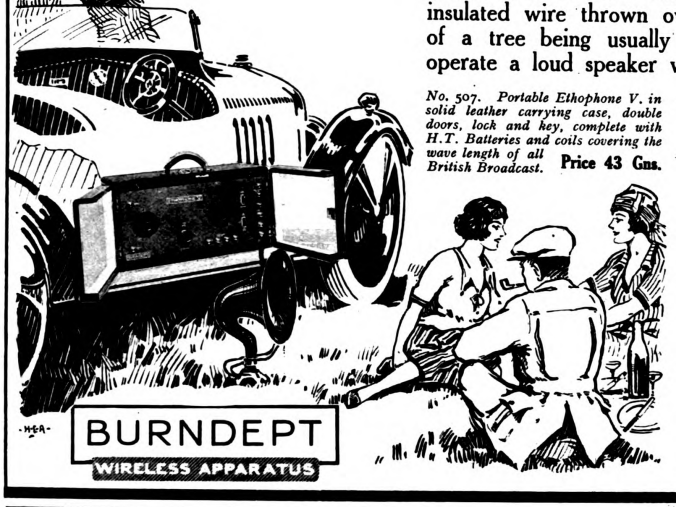
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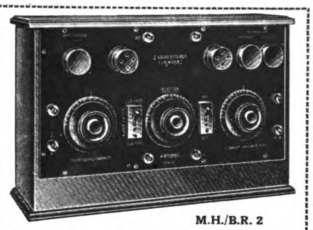
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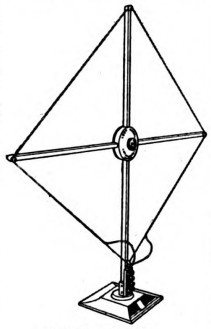
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This is eminently suited for taking with you on Picnic or River Trips. It is also essential for all who are unable to erect outdoor aerials. It is light in weight yet solid in construction, can be assembled or taken apart in 30 seconds—see illustrations . . **Price £3 0 0**



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The career of the famous portrait-painter, who, from humble origin rose to world-wide reputation, is here told by one who knew him long and intimately. Letters from many distinguished people with whom Herkomer was associated, and many reproductions of his pictures, add to the interest of the book.

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL: HIS PERSONALITY AND HIS TIMES. By NEWMAN FLOWER. (Cassell; 21s. net.)

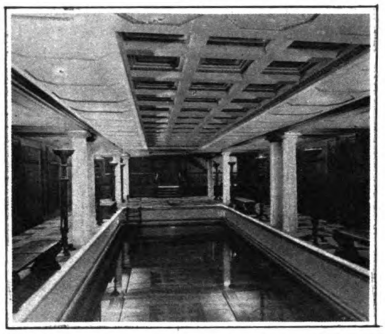
Handel's oratorios have become an institution in this country, but few people probably know much of his private life. The story is one of remarkable interest. Quite a new light is thrown on Handel's association with the Earl of Carnarvon (afterwards Duke of Chandos) who built Cannons, and many will regret to learn that the "Harmonious Blacksmith" legend concerning the smithy at Edgware and the tomb at Whitchurch was a fabrication. The book has over fifty illustrations in colour and black-and-white.

ENRICO CARUSO: A BIOGRAPHY. By PIERRE V. R. KEY, in collaboration with BRUNO ZIRATO. (Hurst and Blackett; 21s.)

No less romantic than the life of Handel is that of a great modern figure in the world of music, Enrico Caruso. This is the authorised biography, abundantly illustrated by portraits, and facsimiles of letters, music, old programmes, and so on. The appendix gives a list of all Caruso's appearances from 1894 to 1921. His wonderful voice has been perpetuated by the gramophone, and here we have the story of his equally wonderful career.

PATROLLING IN PAPUA. By W. R. HUMPHRIES, A.R.M. With an Introduction by J. H. P. MURRAY, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR AND CHIEF JUDICIAL OFFICER OF PAPUA. (T. Fisher Unwin; 21s. net.)

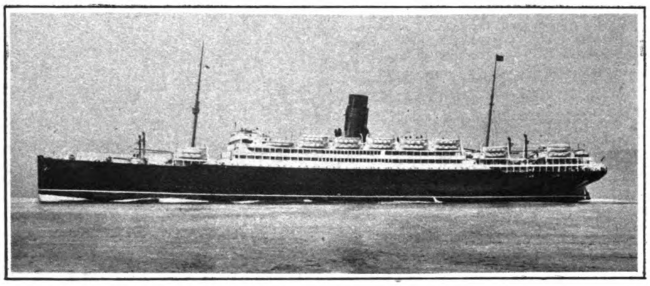
The author is an official of the Australian Administration in Papua (New Guinea) and his book is a record of an adventurous journey right across the great island, in company with twenty-five natives, mostly cannibals. In the Governor's words: "He probably crossed a longer stretch of country than has ever been crossed by so small a party even in Papua, and he accomplished his task without firing a shot and without the loss of a man." His aim has been to interest "the man in the street," and he has well succeeded. There are numerous photographs of native life and customs.



A GREAT FEATURE OF THE SPORTS "ARENA" IN THE "FRANCONIA": THE SWIMMING-BATH.

MY NOTE-BOOK AT HOME AND ABROAD. By HARRY DE WINDT. (Chapman and Hall; 12s. 6d. net).

Here we have a gossipy volume of reminiscences by a well-known traveller, who has been all over the world and hob-nobbed with all sorts and conditions of men. "During my life," he writes, "I have travelled over a million miles (about 10,000 without the aid of steam), and have resided in every capital in Europe." He has drawn his material from thirty odd notebooks, with titles such as "China," "Lapland," "The Caucasus," "Teheran," "Java," and "Berlin." The book begins at the last-named city, and ends with an interview with M. Venizelos. There are no illustrations.



A NEW AND LUXURIOUSLY EQUIPPED CUNARDER: THE "FRANCONIA."

The new 20,000-ton Cunard liner, "Franconia," which is 624 ft. long, has eight decks, with accommodation for 221 first-class, 356 second-class, and 1266 third-class passengers. The public rooms are exceptionally large and handsomely furnished. An outstanding feature of the ship is the Sports Arena, which includes a racquets court, gymnasium, and swimming-bath. The latter has a decorative frieze in bronze bas-relief designed from authentic Greek vases, from the tomb of Alexander, and from the metopes of the Parthenon. On one side there is an electric light bath with a marble slab for massage treatment.

MEMORIES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. BY REGINALD, TWELFTH EARL OF MEATH, K.P. (Murray; 18s. net.)

The founder of Empire Day records his reminiscences from early childhood (he was born in 1841) to the end of the nineteenth century. Lord Meath spent many years in the Foreign Office and the Diplomatic Service, travelled widely, and has anecdotes about many prominent people. He tells of Italy in the 'Forties; Eton in the 'Fifties; Germany in the 'Sixties, Berlin during the Franco-Prussian War, and Paris just after it. Also of visits to Palestine, Russia, Scandinavia, and the Antipodes. The book is illustrated by photographs. (See page 1038 for longer notice.)



Miss Ivy Close, the well-known actress, says — "I think your new process of Permanent Waving is most successful; my hair is greatly improved. I am coming to you again when it needs doing."

Many interesting photographs and full details of the Eugène New Process of Natural Permanent Waving will be sent free on mentioning *The Illustrated London News*, by

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A LOVELY, DELICATE, and PURE COMPLEXION,



Soft and fair hands and arms, and a skin like velvet are assured to those Ladies who use

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

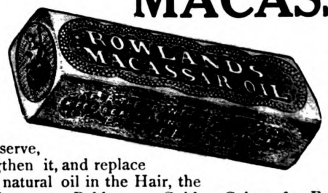
A most soothing, cooling, and curative preparation for the **Face, Neck** and **Arms.** It prevents and removes Freckles, Tan, Redness, and Roughness of the Skin, is the most perfectly **emollient preparation** for softening and beautifying the **Skin,** and preserves it from the effects of cold winds and hard water more effectually than any other preparation for the skin; it is warranted free from any grease, lead, mineral or other poisonous ingredients, and is sold in **2/6** and **5/-** bottles by Stores, Chemists, and

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TAKE CARE OF YOUR

HAIR AND USE ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL



which will preserve, nourish, strengthen it, and replace the loss of the natural oil in the Hair, the want of which causes Baldness. Golden Colour for Fair Hair, sold in 3/6, 7/-, 10/6 and 21/- bottles, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers and

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Avoid cheap, spurious imitations under the same or similar name.



A PROOF OF PROGRESS

Ciro Pearls, Ltd.
beg to announce the removal of their Head Establishment from 39, Old Bond Street to

178, REGENT ST. W.

For some time past their showrooms at 39, Old Bond Street, have proved inadequate to cope with the ever-increasing demand for CIRO PEARLS, and they have been fortunate enough to secure one of the new buildings in the best position in Regent Street. There, in future, will be their chief showrooms.

Beautiful in exterior design, the new Ciro Pearl building is even more beautiful within. In the chastely decorated and tastefully appointed salons — light, spacious, and luxurious —

Ciro Pearls

are being displayed in a setting worthy of these finest replicas of the real pearl.

The steady expansion of the business of Ciro Pearls, Ltd., is the best possible testimony to the supremacy of their pearl productions and the sound methods which characterise their dealings with a discriminating public.

Ciro Pearls, Ltd., extend a cordial invitation to everyone to visit and inspect their new Head Establishment at 178, Regent Street, W.

Dainty Pearl Booklet No. 16 sent post free on request.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.

Head Establishment:
178, REGENT STREET, W.
Branch Showrooms:
48, Old Bond St., W.; 44, Cheapside, City, E.C.

Please note that 39, Old Bond Street, is now closed.

There's *worth* in Kenilworth

The rich colour of Kenilworths is a visible proof both of the fine quality of the tobacco and of its perfect maturity. The large stocks of the best vintages held by the manufacturers of Kenilworths ensure a cigarette which excels all others at the price.

1/6 for 20: 3/8 for 50: 7/4 for 100.

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Exquisite Hats, Beautiful Gowns, Charming Wraps, New Fashions in Head-dress. ——— Practical Hose and Perfect Fitting Gloves.

Every Essential necessary for Ascot, Hurlingham, Henley, Ranelagh, Goodwood, and all Fashions Events of the Season.

Woollands are not associated with any other firm, but enjoy all the advantages of personal control.

LACE VEILING DEPARTMENT.

Lv. 99.—This charming lace overdress is of pretty Nottingham Lace in ecru shade (washable), mounted over fine net, finished at waist with smart folded band, and ends in two pretty contrasting shades of satin or ribbon.

Price 4 Gns.

Also to be had in Black in a similar lace for the same price.



Lv. 97.—This smart and becoming Coatee is of heavy Black Georgette, bordered with new silk trimming all round.

Price 3½ Gns.



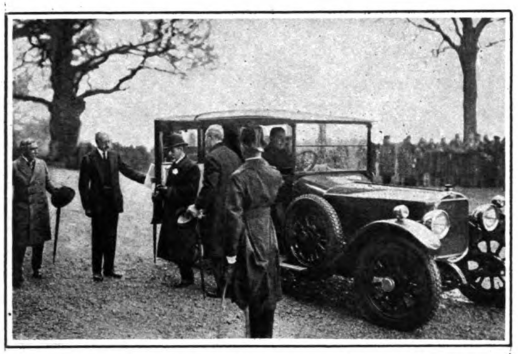
Lv. 98.—Attractive Black Coatee of good quality Marocain, handsomely trimmed with silk embroidery and finished with smart Cabochon.

Price 78/6

WOOLLAND BROS., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. 1

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Tar Spraying Methods. Have the motoring organisations, I wonder, ever taken a thought as to the legal aspect of the methods in vogue in too many districts for tar-spraying the roads? In the aggregate, many thousands of pounds' worth of damage is done to cars through the slipshod manner in which tar is sprayed on to the road-surface, and left, crude and wet, to be thrown up by the wheels of every passing vehicle. While one agrees that the tar treatment of roads is very necessary, there are methods and methods. In some districts, where the road surveyor is a man of sense, very little inconvenience and next to no damage results. In others, it would almost appear as though the surveyor set out deliberately to cause the maximum amount of inconvenience and damage. I am no lawyer, but I believe that highway law makes an authority liable for its acts where such acts cause damage to property or injury to the person, but that no liability is incurred by the failure to perform any specific act. As an illustration, if a highway authority digs a hole in the road and leaves it unguarded, it is liable for any damage or injury caused by its default. If, however, a hole should result through rain, or other, so to say, natural cause, no liability attaches to the authority through failure to fill it up. It looks to me as though tar damage, which is due to the use of improper methods, can be properly described as being due to default, and it would be very interesting to know whether or not this is so. It is clearly not as though there were no proper methods to be availed of, because, as I have pointed out, there are parts of the country—West Sussex, for example—where no complaint lies on account of method. Really, I think it would be well worth while for the organisations concerned to take competent legal opinion on the subject, and, if necessary, to bring a test action. The matter is really a very serious one, and it is time something was done to compel road authorities to carry out their work efficiently and properly.



THE KING ALIGHTING FROM A SIX-CYLINDER SUNBEAM LANDAULETTE: AN INCIDENT OF HIS MAJESTY'S RECENT VISIT TO CIRENCESTER.

A Real Road Hog. A correspondent of the *Autocar* writes a letter of complaint about the conduct of a fellow-motorist he encountered on one of the main roads near London. According to his story, he was driving with his head lights on when he met a car which began the senseless practice of switching the head-lights off and on in the manner which is all too familiar to every motorist. As he did not switch off his lamps, the driver of the other car put on a powerful spot-light, and focussed it directly into the correspondent's eyes, keeping it there until the two cars were abreast. He very rightly describes this conduct as senseless and, above all, highly dangerous. Personally, I call it the worst kind of road-hogging. There are admittedly two opinions as to the advisability of switching off the head-lamps when meeting other cars. For my own part, I years ago learnt to refrain from looking directly into the beam of the other car's lights, and am therefore not troubled overmuch by dazzle. I do not mind at all meeting bright head-lamps, and I do consider that switching off is far more dangerous than leaving the lights on. Therefore, the only vehicles for which I do extinguish my head-lamps are motor-omnibuses and poorly-lighted lorries. As to the case in point, if I encountered a gentleman of the road who served me in the manner set forth, I would turn my car round and hang on to him until I reached the nearest police constable, and should prefer a charge of driving

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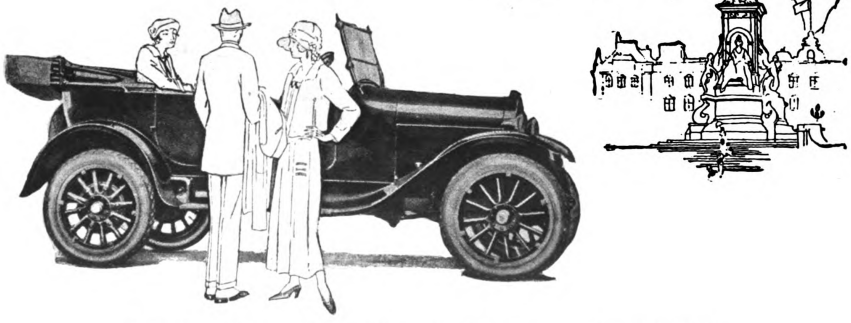
A 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER LANDAULETTE IN OXFORD: A HALT TO ADMIRE THE ARCHITECTURE OF ST. MARY'S, THE UNIVERSITY CHURCH.

DODGE BROTHERS TOURING CAR

Not until thousands upon thousands of trouble-free miles are recorded do you fully appreciate your Dodge Brothers Touring Car. As year after year it maintains its power, its reliability, unabated, you realise that here is a car more than ordinarily good. Write for booklet to Dodge Brothers (Britain), Limited, London, S.W.6.

The First Cost is Practically the Last

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BUY OF YOUR LOCAL DEALER

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(40/50 h.p. Six-Cylinder)

The PROVED *Best*

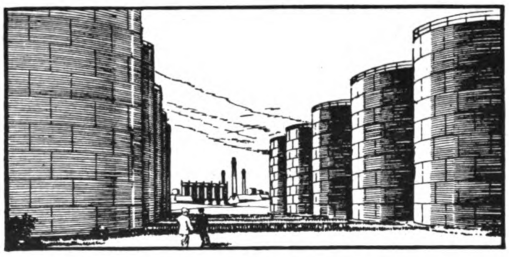
Not an expense—an investment

"Were I ordering a 1923 Napier, I should feel that I was making a good investment. From a driving point of view, it is a car with which one feels 'at one' almost immediately, while from a maintenance standpoint, although the initial price is not small, the annual repair bill should be sufficiently slender to guarantee a high return on the capital outlay."— *Financial Times, 2/10/22.*

As satisfactory and reliable on the road as the NAPIER Aero Engine is in the air.

Dunlop Tyres are the standard fitment on the 40/50 h.p. NAPIER.

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75,000,000 Gallons

The demand for "BP" Motor Spirit is growing steadily and rapidly, and every provision is being made for future needs.

These huge tanks, capable of storing the colossal amount of 75,000,000 gallons, form part of the equipment of the great new refinery at Llandarcy, Wales, where "BP" Motor Spirit is made.

They ensure to the Refinery a constant supply of Persian crude oil—the finest in the world—and to the motorist that he will always be able to get the "Best Possible" Motor Spirit when, where, and as he wants it.

"BP" is the only entirely British petrol—British in every stage from the Crude Oil well to the familiar Khaki Can.

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British Petroleum Co. Ltd.
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ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.

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to the common danger and would see the matter through at any cost. This, I think, is what the victim in this case ought to have done.



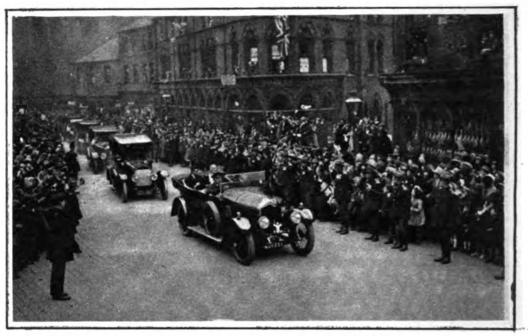
IN SWITZERLAND DURING A 3000-MILE CONTINENTAL TOUR: MAJOR L. ROPNER'S 30-98-H.P. VAUXHALL CAR, THE "SILVER ARROW."

This photograph was taken near Brieg during a tour of 3000 miles accomplished without any mechanical trouble in 24 days. The silver arrow on the radiator denotes the name given to the car by Major Ropner, and the flag is that of the shipping line with which he is connected. The car won a first and two seconds at the Easter Monday meeting at Brooklands.

Traffic Signals. It is something to be thankful for that at last we are to have a uniform code of traffic signals. The Home Office has sent out a Memorandum to all Chief Constables, containing a code suggested for use by the police and drivers of vehicles. In so far as concerns those to be used by drivers, they are simply those in use now, which have been well recognised for a considerable time. There is only one new one, which is to be used to indicate the intention to turn to the left. It is given by extending the right arm horizontally from the shoulder, and moving it forward on the same level until pointing to the front. It hardly seems necessary, because a vehicle turning to the left is not crossing the line of overtaking traffic, though possibly it is as well that it should be included in the code for use in London, where that libertine of traffic, the taxi-driver, cultivates the habit of quite improperly slipping through on the near side of other vehicles.

The main interest of the Memorandum lies in the suggested standardisation of signals for police use in traffic regulation. Nothing is more puzzling to the motorist who tours far afield than the varying codes used by the police in all the great cities, varying from the essential simplicity and understandability of London to the antics of the police *corps-de-ballet* of Manchester.

The Import of Foreign Tyres. So we are not to have an import duty on foreign tyres. This was definitely announced recently in the House of Commons by Sir William Joynson-Hicks. It seems scarcely logical that the foreign motor-car should be subjected to an import duty of 33 1-3 per cent., while the tyres on which it runs should come in free. I know this question of import duty is a very vexed one, and brings one within the realm of political discussion. Nevertheless, I think it is in order to point out the anomaly of the present system of import duties on motor-cars and their components and accessories. It is open to defeat at every point. Chassis and cars for passenger use are subject to the duty. The same vehicle, if intended for commercial use, comes in free, and a great deal of abuse has undoubtedly resulted in consequence. A case arose the other day in which a number of chassis certified as being imported for commercial use ultimately found themselves fitted with touring bodies and in private ownership. After a considerable interval, the Customs authorities discovered what had happened, but in the meantime the importing firm had gone into liquidation. The authorities are now chasing the owners to recover the duty from them. Obviously, the duty should be levied on all classes, or wiped out altogether. Quite apart from any question of a political nature, it may be pointed out that the British commercial-vehicle trade is very hard put to it to make ends meet in the face of American competition, and has no protection at all, while on the so-called pleasure side, the British manufacturer has the protection of the 33 1-3 per cent. duty. The tyre trade, again, is struggling to keep its head above water, while we are importing foreign tyres to the value of over £4,000,000, with a consequent loss of employment in this country. Whatever may be the opinions of the individual regarding free trade, there seems to be little reason in such a state of affairs. It looks as though the Government were trying to have it both ways—which is impossible.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN A CROSSLEY CAR DURING HIS YORKSHIRE TOUR: H.R.H. (RAISING HIS HAT) IN THE FRONT CAR OF THE PROCESSION.

A Zenith Note. The growing tendency to try various types of fuel is evidenced by the increasing correspondence which the Zenith

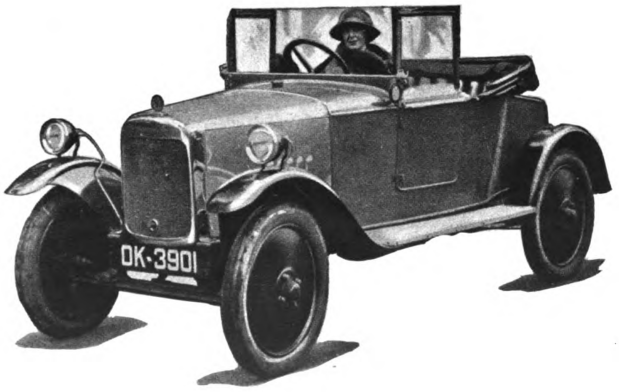
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Five thousand miles' trial of a B.S.A. 10 h.p. Car by the Royal Automobile Club

This was not a car especially prepared for trial but was selected by an R.A.C. official from a group of 25 cars and the trial commenced without any alteration or adjustment being made, the car being exactly in the condition as supplied to the Public.

After running 5,000 miles the car was driven at a speed of 44·9 m.p.h. without any tuning up or adjustment whatever.

The only work done on the car throughout the trial was due to dirty plugs and a broken speedometer cable—neither of which were made by the B.S.A. Co.



Write for 'Booklet E.C. 79, which contains a copy of the Royal Automobile Club's Certificate of Performance.

In so far as this advertisement refers to an R.A.C. official trial, it has been approved by the R.A.C.

B.S.A. 10 h.p. Popular, 2 seats - - £205
B.S.A. 10 h.p. De Luxe, 2 seats and dickey £250
B.S.A: 10 h.p. De Luxe, occasional 4 seater £260
B.S.A. 11 h.p. 4-cylinder, 2 seats - - £320
B.S.A. 11 h.p., 4-cylinder, long, 4 seater - £420
B.S.A. 12 h.p. 6-cylinder, 4 seats - - £500
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Keyless Lever Watch in all platinum
Case set with Diamonds (Brilliants) and Onyx.
£45



Keyless Lever Watch in all platinum
Case set with Diamonds (Brilliants) and Onyx.
£50

THE Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have an exceptionally fine collection of Wristlet Watches of modern and fashionable designs, of which the models illustrated are representative. The Company maintain an attractive selection of new pattern Moire Silk Ribbons in Black, Black with White Stripes, Black with White Edges, Light Grey, Old Gold, Brown, etc., and any Wristlet Watch can be supplied with any ribbon desired

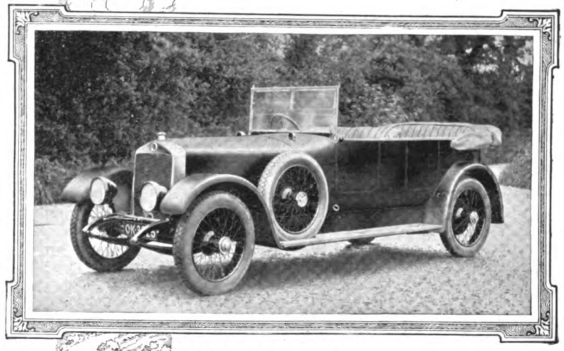
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The Lanchester 40 h.p. Car

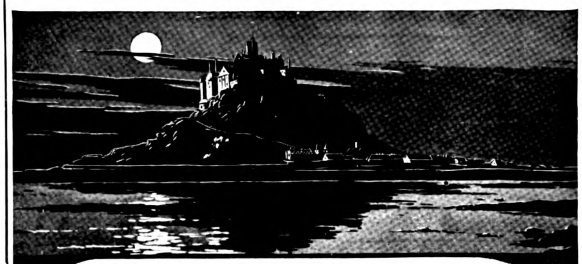
THERE is no better Touring Car built than the Lanchester "Forty." It is swift, silent and luxuriously comfortable. It has an outstanding suspension system that ensures flexibility and safety at all speeds and under all road conditions. Gear changing is the most supremely simple operation; it is impossible to make a bad change or to "crash," and the flexibility and acceleration of the powerful and sweet running 6-cylinder engine is amazing. A trial run will convince you that there is nothing quite like the "Lanchester." Will you make an appointment?

Lanchester

Catalogues and photographs on application.

The LANCHESTER MOTOR Co., Ltd.
Armourer Mills, Birmingham. 88, Deansgate, Manchester 95, New Bond Street, London, W. 1.

Sole Agents in U.S.A.: Messrs. Brewster & Co., Inc. Long Island City, New York.



Moonlight Silence

YOU know the charm of driving in the moonlight along a country lane or by the silvery sea; you know the gentle hum of a correctly lubricated engine, a hum that is almost inaudible above the gentle rustling of the leaves or the ripple of the waves.

That hum of Correct Lubrication gives you confidence, assures you of pleasant drives without fear of breakdown, and whispers of constant power, long life and steady performance.

St. Michael's Mount, near Marazion, Cornwall, has long been the seat of the St. Aubyn family, though it is said to have been the home of the giant Cormoran, killed by Jack the Giant-killer.

It is a miniature of the famous French Mont St. Michel, while at the top, 230 feet above the Causeway, is a Priory dedicated to St. Michael who, in the early days of Christianity, is related to have appeared to some hermits.

Correct Lubrication is the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations. Make the Chart your Guide, and you will prove to your own satisfaction that every gallon of Gargoyle Mobiloil is a gallon of economy.

WHY GARGOYLE MOBILOIL IS BEST

Many oils offered as lubricants are merely by-products in the manufacture of motor spirit. Gargoyle Mobiloil is *not* a by-product.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured from crude oils specially chosen for their intrinsic *lubricating* value—*not* for their yield of motor spirit. This is one of the essential reasons for the superiority of every grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

You expect from your car silent efficiency—the Silence of the Moonlight so typical of an English summer evening. Correct Lubrication will realize your expectations, so order a supply of Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer to-day.

You can buy Gargoyle Mobiloil in quart, half, one or four-gallon sealed cans, in intact five or ten-gallon drums, in barrels and half-barrels.

REMEMBER:—Ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say, "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.

This is one of a series of announcements by the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., showing in silhouette, castles and bridges familiar to every user of Gargoyle Mobiloil. No. 7 is due to appear on June 30th, and will illustrate Tower Bridge.

The Chart of Recommendations is brought up to date each year and can be seen in every garage and showroom throughout the country. Your dealer will gladly supply you with the particular grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that is scientifically correct for your car.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the Chart your Guide.

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Caxton House, Westminster, London, S.W. 1.
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VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Ltd

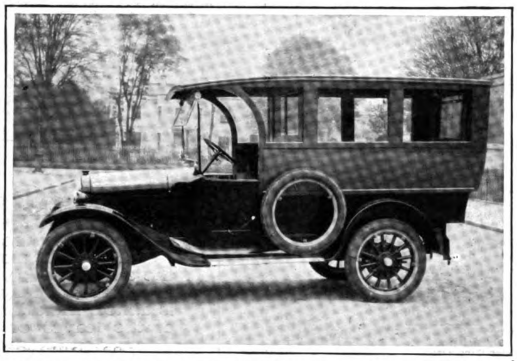
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Carburettor Co. is receiving on the subject of whether the Zenith is suitable for any fuel. It cannot be too clearly emphasised that the Zenith acts equally well with any fuel, it doesn't matter what it may be. As the Zenith is fitted to the majority of engines, the company is naturally getting the bulk of the inquiries; but it indicates a tendency, and the fact that the Zenith does act equally well in all cases is a further point in its favour.

The Dodge Coupé on the Road.

A car that is rapidly attaining to considerable favour in this country is the Dodge, which, of course, hails from America. The other day I took a coupé for an afternoon run which extended for nearly 150 miles, and I must say that I was very favourably impressed by its performance. Like all American cars, it has an engine which is on the big side, the bore being 98 mm. and the stroke 114, which brings the annual tax out at £24. The general lay-out and design of the car is quite conventional, and therefore does not need anything in the shape of detailed description. It may be remarked that the four-cylinder engine delivers its power to the road wheels through a dry multiple-disc clutch and a three-speed gear-box with central control to the semi-floating rear axle, which is furnished with a spiral bevel gear-drive. The springing I found to be very good indeed, while the body was exceedingly comfortable and the equipment generally very much better than one usually looks for in a comparatively low-priced American car—the Dodge coupé sells at £375.

The route over which I tried the car took me from London to Worthing by the main road, thence through Shoreham to Brighton, and back to London by the main Brighton road. The car maintained a steady, comfortable speed of between thirty and thirty-five miles an hour, the maximum attained being forty-five, which is quite good for a car of the type fitted with an enclosed body. Hill-climbing was remarkably good. Handcross Hill was climbed on top gear at over thirty miles an hour, although half-way up I had to slow to below twenty on account of meeting traffic. Reigate Hill also was climbed on top, though the speed fell at just over twenty. This last, as anybody who knows Reigate Hill and its approach will agree, may be regarded as a very good performance indeed. The brakes are good, the steering light, and the control easy. To sum up the impressions of the trial, I make out the Dodge to be a car which is surprisingly good value for its price. It will maintain a high average speed in comfort—my actual average running was just about thirty miles an hour, while seldom exceeding thirty-five. There is no need to drive very fast, because the speed never varies up hill or down. It is a well-looking car, which is more than could be said of some others I know; and, like most Americans, when you have bought and paid for it, it is really ready for the road—there need be no more money spent on accessories or equipment.



BUILT BY DODGE BROTHERS: A "SHOOTING-'BUS" ON A STANDARD CHASSIS.

A Six-Cylinder Rover.

Mr. J. K. Starley, managing director of the Rover Company, writes me regarding the Rover policy for next year. It is intended, he says, to retain the highly successful 12-h.p. model, and also the little "eight." In these two directions the policy is obvious, because there are no more popular cars at the moment than these two. Rovers, however, are breaking out in a new place, since they are going to introduce at the Show, or possibly a little before, a new six-cylinder car, which will be produced in limited numbers and will, I suppose, be rather on the expensive side. This is very interesting, because of its being so completely a new departure. Being a Rover, it is bound to be a good car, and I am looking forward with considerable anticipation to seeing and possibly trying it.

Pirelli Racing Cords.

An important announcement concerning tyres which should be of great interest to every motorist has just been made by Pirelli, Ltd. The standard Pirelli product is now the *racing* cord tyre, which the makers claim to be as great an advance over ordinary cords as the latter are superior to tyres of the canvas type. These racing cords were subjected to most severe tests before being offered to the public. They are identical with the Pirelli racing cords which won so many first, second, and third places in the international motor races of 1921 and 1922, except that the non-skid tread has been designed to conform to touring requirements.

Crossley

25,000 Miles under R.A.C. Observation

(Equal to the distance round the Earth)

WHEN the Crossley reached 20,000 miles under R.A.C. observation it broke all R.A.C. Certified mileage records. Now it has added another 5,000 miles, making a total of 25,000 miles, an achievement which has not been even approached by any other car in the history of motoring. The running costs have been so low as to be almost unbelievable were it not for the fact that the car has been under the official control and observation of the R.A.C. during every minute of the trials. It is an amazing feat, proving utter efficiency and reliability.

The 25,000 miles were covered in two trials of the same car, one for 20,000 miles, and the other for 5,000 miles, the car remaining under the observation of the R.A.C. between the trials. The 5,000 miles trial immediately followed on the 20,000 miles trial, and the car did not leave the hands of the R.A.C. from the commencement of the first trial until the end of the second. Using retail prices and making no allowance for any wear left in tyres at the end of 25,000 miles, the following figure has been deduced. The total running costs for fuel, oil and tyres over 25,000 miles was 1¼d. per mile, truly a remarkably low figure.

25,000 Miles with only 3½ minutes stop on road.

FUEL 20,000 miles—26·12 m.p.g.
5,000 miles—25·50 m.p.g.
Average 25,000 miles - 25·99 m.p.g.
National Benzole Mixture used throughout.

OIL 20,000 miles - - 5099 m.p.g.
5,000 miles - - 5177 m.p.g.
Average 25,000 miles - 5144 m.p.g.
Wakefield Carbonless C.W. Motor Oil used throughout

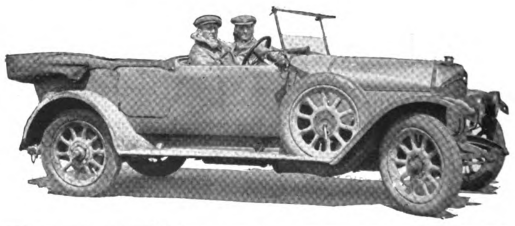
TYRES Three of the four Rapson tyres travelled the 25,000 miles, the remaining one being removed at 23,743 miles.

In so far as this advertisement refers to R.A.C. Certified Trials, it has been approved by the R.A.C.

THE Crossley Car which completed these trials is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be a standard car in every way. Duplicate, **£795** complete.

Ask also for details of the 12/14 h.p. Crossley, built with the same care and precision as the 19·6. Price of four or two-seater touring car complete **£475**

Also the wonderful 20/70 h.p. Sports—sold with a guaranteed speed of 75 miles per hour. The most remarkable car of the year.



CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., MANCHESTER.
LONDON SHOWROOMS & EXPORT DEPT., 40-41, CONDUIT ST. W.1
MANCHESTER SHOWROOMS : - - - - ROYAL EXCHANGE.

FONT-ROMEU PYRÉNÉES ORIENTALES
Climatic Station. 1800 metres above sea.
For all information write to the Director of the Grand Hotel at Font Romeu (Pyrénées Orientales) or at the Office Français du Tourisme, 56, Haymarket, London
LE GRAND HOTEL 200 Rooms. Latest Comfort Big Garage.

LUCHON (Haute Garonne)
Information from the Director of the Hotel of Superbagnères at Luchon (Haute Garonne), or at the Office Français du Tourisme, 56, Haymarket, London.

The HOTEL of **SUPERBAGNÈRES**
1800 metres above sea.
LATEST COMFORT.

Of intense interest to every Motorist

ONE STEP FURTHER

THE general introduction of Cord tyres in place of those of the canvas type was a decided step in the right direction and a great boon to motorists. The Pirelli organisation are, however, going one step further by *standardising* Racing Cords for the general motoring public.

A NEW CHAPTER IN TYRE HISTORY

Pirelli Racing Cords are just as great an advance over ordinary Cords as the latter are superior to those of the canvas type. They start a new chapter in tyre history—and it is going to be the most important chapter in the book.

RACING CORDS AT STANDARD PRICES

In spite of their superiority, Pirelli Racing Cords cost no more. Never before have motorists been able to buy Racing Cord tyres at standard prices.

PROVED TO BE THE WORLD'S BEST

These tyres were designed, after much scientific investigation and arduous testing to stand up to the very severe strains of high speed road and track racing. In 1921 and 1922 they carried all before them in the Classic International Races, winning first, second and third places with phenomenal and unprecedented regularity, and proving themselves to be without doubt the World's Best.

THE ELEMENT OF SAFETY

Their reserve of strength reduces the possibility of accidents due to sudden deflation to an absolute minimum. They have withstood the severe strains of skidding, brakeing and acceleration indulged in by racing drivers, whose very lives often depend on immunity from tyre trouble.

PHENOMENAL MILEAGES WITHOUT TROUBLE

These Tyres are now the standard Pirelli product. We put them to the test of racing before offering them to the public because we wanted to satisfy ourselves that their quality was higher than hitherto attained. Every motorist using Pirelli Racing Cords can count on obtaining phenomenal mileages without trouble.

fit

PIRELLI

RACING CORDS

Racers do—why not you?

Obtainable from all good class Garages.

Write for illustrated descriptive Folder entitled "PIRELLI RACING CORDS, for every Motorist."

PIRELLI Ltd., Head Office: Pirelli House, 144, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4

BRISTOL - Pirelli House, 76, Victoria St. MANCHESTER - - 5, Cambridge Street
GLASGOW - - 4, Carlton Place. SOUTHAMPTON - Pirelli House, 22 Bridge St.



THE SUPER-SIX SEDAN

£775

For Those Who Want the Finest 7-Passenger Closed Car

Before the builders of the aluminium Hudson Sedan body devoted all their factories to its production, a body by them without the chassis, sold for more than you pay for this fine car. For almost three generations they have been builders of the finest custom carriages and motor car bodies.

No car at its price that has a body of approachable attractions in richness and luxury is so well regarded for performance and reliability. For you know, the Hudson Super-Six is acknowledged by world's experts to be one of the truly great motor cars. With the new improved Super-Six motor it is a smoother, more enduring car than the 120,000 earlier models which during the past seven years gave it such wide fame.

And where you find a car of comparable appeal in body and in automobile performance you will also find the cost some hundreds of pounds greater than the Hudson Super-Six, seven passenger Sedan.

The Hudson Super-Six has six cylinders, 29.4 h.p., 76 b.h.p., 3½-in. bore, 5-in. stroke. Prices include 5-34×4½-in. non-skid Cord Tyres, 4 on artillery wheels, 1 spare on detachable rim.

CHASSIS	£455
5 SEATER TOURING	£525
7 SEATER TOURING	£545
4-5 SEATER COACH	£575
7 SEATER SEDAN	£775

HUDSON & ESSEX MOTORS OF GREAT BRITAIN LTD.

DORDRECHT ROAD · ACTON VALE · LONDON · W. 3

HUDSON SUPER SIX

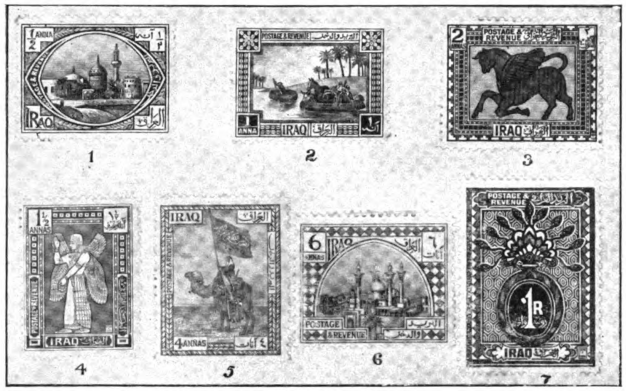
THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE-STAMP.

BY FRED. J. MELVILLE.

OF the minor occasions for discontent among the people of Iraq (Mesopotamia) one has been the makeshift series of postage-stamps which has been in use for several years. These consisted of stamps of the former Turkish régime, overprinted "Iraq — in British Occupation." The occupation phrase has latterly come to be objectionable, and the authorities have at last produced a handsome new set of distinctive stamps for Iraq.

The new stamps are characteristic of the Assyrian and modern associations of the country. But a novel interest is introduced by their having been designed exclusively by ladies. The artists are Mrs. Colin C. Garbett, who is a philatelist, and is the wife of an Indian Civil Servant who was until recently Political Secretary to Sir Percy Cox. Sir Percy himself is a philatelist and a Fellow of the Royal Philatelic Society. Mrs. Garbett was entrusted with four of the designs; while another four, which appear on eight denominations, are the work of Miss Edith Cheesman, who made an adventurous journey in Iraq to secure pictures of the country which are at present on exhibition at the Imperial Institute.

All the stamps except the 1 rupee are from intaglio plates, and the 1 rupee is typographed in two colours, the engraving and printing of all being the work of Messrs. Bradbury, Wilkinson, and Co., Ltd., at their new bank-note factory at New Malden. The values, colours, and subjects represented are as follows: ½ anna olive, Sunni Mosque at Moadhdham: 1 anna brown, native coracles on the Tigris; 1½ anna rose, the winged god Ilus; 2 annas yellow-brown, Winged Bull; 3 annas blue, Ruins of Ctesiphon (not yet issued); 4 annas violet, Standard Bearer of the Dulaim Camel Corps; 6 annas blue-green, Shiah Mosque at Kadhimain; 8 annas bistre, Standard Bearer (as on 4 annas); 1 rupee brown and green, Serpents and Tree of Life; 2 rupees slate, Sunni Mosque (as on ½ anna); 5 rupees orange, Standard Bearer (as on 4 annas); 10 rupees carmine, Shiah Mosque (as on 6 annas). The Dulaim Desert Camel Corps is a famous mobile police force in the country, and its standard is of brilliant green silk, bearing a passage from the Koran embroidered on it. The frame of the camel stamp is composed of "agal," or the rope used for hobbling camels.



ALL THE WORK OF WOMEN ARTISTS: THE NEW IRAQ STAMPS—SOME BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLES, WITH ASSYRIAN AND MODERN DESIGNS.

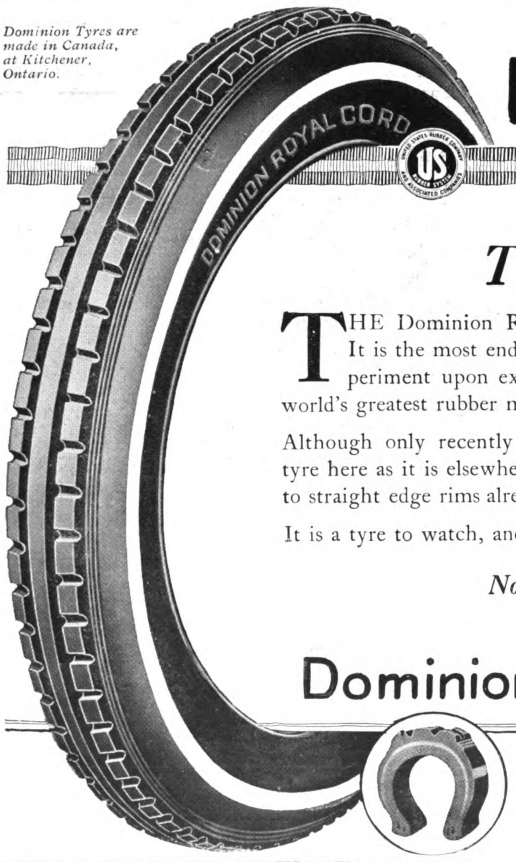
The above stamps are (1) ½ anna olive—the Sunni Mosque, Moadhdham; (2) 1 anna brown—coracles on the Tigris; (3) 2 annas yellow-brown—a winged bull; (4) 1½ annas rose—the winged god, Ilus; (5) 4 annas violet—Dulaim Camel Corps standard-bearer; (6) 6 annas blue-green—Shiah Mosque at Kadhimain; (7) 1 rupee brown and green—serpents and the Tree of Life.—(*Stamps supplied by Fred J. Melville, 14, Sudbourne Road, Brixton, S.W. 2.*)

THE "SPORTING AND DRAMATIC" ASCOT NUMBER.

THE enlarged special Ascot Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* is published this week, and, although a great number of its excellent photographs are devoted to the most fashionable race meeting of the year, the paper as a whole will appeal to every type of sportsman and sportswoman. There is a double-page photograph of Royal Ascot from the air, clearly showing the course, stands, and a considerable stretch of the Straight Mile. A drawing illustrating and explaining the system of tick-tacking on a racecourse is included, and also a page of Chas. Graves' cartoons in his happiest vein. The Derby is dealt with in a series of photographs, and a page is also devoted to the Oaks. The Cambridge May Eights have not been neglected, and, recalling under what depressing weather conditions the 'Varsity bumping races were held, it is surprising that such clear and interesting photographs should have been secured for reproduction. Cricket at Lord's, Polo at Roehampton, and the Lacrosse match between the visiting Americans, Syracuse University, and Oxford, are all included, along with the weekly articles by the regular contributors on the most popular of the sports—Golf, Tennis, Cricket, Boxing and Racing. For the lover of the drama there are articles and photographs to interest him, including several charming scenes taken from the recent revival at Daly's Theatre of "The Merry Widow." There are eight pages of colour pictures in the Ascot Number of the *Sporting and Dramatic*, and given gratis with every copy is an artistic reproduction in photogravure of Papyrus, winner of last week's great classic.

Dominion Tyres are made in Canada, at Kitchener, Ontario.

Dominion
ROYAL CORD



The Masterpiece

THE Dominion Royal Cord is the world's masterpiece of tyre manufacture. It is the most enduring substance that ever went on a motor car wheel. Experiment upon experiment, research upon research, the whole resource of the world's greatest rubber manufacturing concern have gone to the making of it.

Although only recently available for beaded edge rims, it will soon be the foremost tyre here as it is elsewhere. Motorists who have had Dominion Royal Cord fitted to straight edge rims already know its capacity for endurance.

It is a tyre to watch, and to ask about, and to try.

Now available in all sizes for beaded edge and straight side rims.

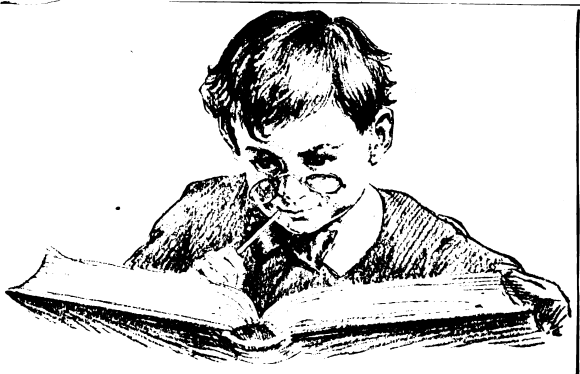
Dominion Tyres are Good Tyres

United States Rubber Company, Ltd.
47-48 Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4
LIVERPOOL BIRMINGHAM GLASGOW
Sole Distributor for Ireland: C. E. Jacob, Dublin, Belfast and Londonderry.

WANTED TO PURCHASE within £100 000, a fine house (25 bedrooms), in a park with about 1,000 acres, within 1½ hours of London. Particulars to be sent to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. 1.

Maison Olofson Famous Specialists in Permanent Hair Waving. Latest Oil Process. No borax pads, no tubes, no pain or discomfort, a revelation in Permanent Waving. Call and see results for yourself. 4/- per curler.
172, High Street, Notting Hill Gate, W.
'Phone: Park 1440.

THE BRITISH BERKEFELD
Filter Cylinder
SARDINIA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.
FILTER



WISDOM

With much knitting of brows and repeated gnawings at pencil ends, young people strive painfully to acquire wisdom from books.

The process can be carried to excess. Care of the mind must be balanced by care of the body; and in matters hygienic good soap plays an indispensable rôle. There is something more precious than wisdom to be acquired from good soap and a tub of steaming water—the exhilaration of a glowing skin and the sense of well-being that is the right of every youngster.

The Wright's Coal Tar Soap habit is a habit that clings.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

The Nursery Soap

REDUCED PRICES
6d. per Tablet. Box of 3 Tablets, 1/6
Bath Tablets, 10d. per Tablet.
Box of 3 Tablets, 2/6

Protects from Infection

HEALTHY HOLIDAYS ON THE WEST COAST

LLANDUDNO,
COLWYN BAY,
RHYL,
BANGOR,
ISLE OF ANGLESEY,
ABERYSTWYTH,
BARMOUTH,
PWLLHELI,
ISLE OF MAN,
BLACKPOOL,
SOUTHPORT,
MORECAMBE,
CUMBERLAND COAST AND SCOTTISH ISLANDS AND HIGHLANDS.

THE Healthiest Holiday Places in Summer and Autumn are on the West Coast of Great Britain. THE PREVAILING WINDS THEN ARE FROM THE WEST, and holidays spent on the West Coast mean ozone-laden breezes direct from the open sea, unblemished by city dust or smoke.

Take your Holiday on the West Coast—there are many Resorts to choose from.

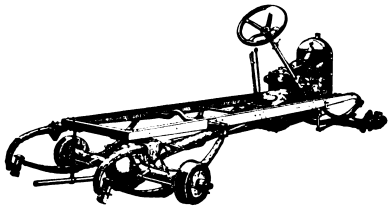
Illustrated Guide to any of the above Holiday districts at any L M S Station or Town Office, or on application to the General Superintendent L M S Railway at
Euston Station, London, N.W. 1,
Derby,
Hunt's Bank, Manchester, or
Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

TRAVEL "The Best Way" L M S



"The Car you buy to Keep."

Morris Cars



YOUR Morris has, among others, three points of special interest to owner-drivers in all parts of the world. They are:
1. Proper springing — ¾-elliptic on the rear axle, ½-elliptic on the front. This is costly, but, in our twelve years' experience of designing owner-drivers' cars, the best at present obtainable.
2. Adequate lubrication—every working part, from starting handle to back-axle, being enclosed, protected from dust and grit, in an oil-bath.
3. A perfectly balanced engine, which does its work noiselessly, without vibration, tirelessly. For power, smoothness of running and (as a natural consequence) durability, there is no engine quite like a Morris.

Prices from £225 for the 11·9 two-seater, to £415 for the All-weather 13·9 four-seater.

MORRIS MOTORS Ltd.,
COWLEY, OXFORD.



Britain shows her Best to RUSTON-HORNSBY Owners.

UPON the critical judgment of the entire motoring world the Ruston "Fifteen" Family Car has earned a name for beauty and dependability.

It pays a rebate on its price in lower running costs—for the rest, it gives all the comfort and reliability that a really good car can give to create pride of ownership.

Would you care to know more of this remarkable 5-seater? Let us send you its detailed specification and arrange a trial run.

RUSTON & HORNSBY Limited,

MOTOR WORKS :: :: :: LINCOLN.

LONDON:
C. B. WARDMAN & CO., Limited.
122, Great Portland Street, W. 1

BIRMINGHAM:
THE MIDLAND GARAGE,
303, Broad Street.

LIVERPOOL & DISTRICT: BIRKENHEAD MOTOR WORKS, Limited,
Duke Street, BIRKENHEAD.

NEWCASTLE: THE NORTH OF ENGLAND MOTOR TRADING CO., St. Thomas St.

CARDIFF: HOWELL'S GARAGE, Bakers Row, Wharton Street.

MANCHESTER: BEWLEY & SHEPHARD, Deansgate.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE ART OF ELEONORA DUSE.

THE great event of the theatrical season has taken place, and it has come up to expectation. Eleonora Duse has made her reappearance in London, and has justified to a younger generation the praises of those who knew her in her prime. It is sixteen years or more since the older folk among us saw her last, but time has done nothing to impair her genius, and has dealt tenderly even with her looks. She is fragile, to be sure, and wan-looking. It is more than a lock of her hair that is now white. The signs of sorrow are more deeply stamped about her mouth; so slight is her figure that more than ever does it seem as if spirit in her case had taken toll of her physical frame. But her voice has its old plangency, her gestures with those eloquent and oft-admired hands of hers have lost nothing of their gracefulness; and she still works her old miracles with her parts, exalting them above their trivialities, and transforming them into things "rich and rare." Her idealising art worked this magic at her first New Oxford Theatre matinée, with the heroine of Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea." Ellida, happily enough married, given almost too kind a husband, suffers from an obsession, fears the lure of some strange lover hailing from the sea; he comes, none too romantic a sailor; her husband leaves her free to choose between himself and the stranger, and at once the spell is broken and she remains true to her home. All the crudities of Ibsen's allegory are smoothed out by the actress; all the elements of mystery in the woman, all the possibilities of suffering, are magnified. This Ellida of Duse's seems to have strayed out of another world, to be haunted by an elfin past, to be the victim of tragic griefs. Here is acting that is positively creative, and young playgoers can now see that their elders' stories of Eleonora Duse were true.

"THE LILIES OF THE FIELD," AT THE AMBASSADORS'.

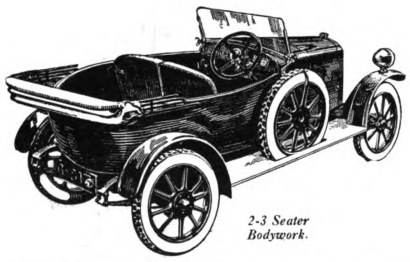
If the whole of "The Lilies of the Field" had proved as witty and clever as its first act, we should have been able to congratulate Mr. Hastings Turner on having achieved a masterpiece of comedy. As it is, he must be content with the compliment that he has furnished two of the most popular of our younger actresses with piquant opportunities for bravura display and contrasts in style. Miss Meggie Albanesi and Miss Edna Best here figure as a vicar's twin daughters, who on their joint birthday are promised by their grandmother—but only one of them can have it—the treat of a month in town, while the disappointed twin must be satisfied with ten yards of crêpe-de-Chine. They are both of them full of the spice of naughtiness, though one is as demure as she is dark, and the other as challenging as she is fair. Which is to gain the coveted month? By chance the fair one overhears her grandmother's plan; a stranger is due at lunch, and the twin who can charm this young archæologist will win the prize. Catherine tells the demure Elizabeth, and claims three minutes' start. But her chances vanish when Elizabeth in an early Victorian dress assumes early Victorian bashfulness, curtsies and prudery. She goes to town, creates a cult, and has to live up to her early-Victorianism; at last she gets tired of it, repents of the trick she has played on her lover, and strips herself publicly of crinoline and its accessories. A fine moment this, with its accompanying hysteria, for Miss Albanesi's beautifully natural art, which has already earlier had delicious moments of comedy. But alongside of her, in a less varied but equally amusing part, Miss Edna Best scores also—rarely since her début has she played with more unaffected ease and vivacity. Mr. J. H. Roberts, in the rôle of the vacillating vicar who reconciles himself to every surprise with which his twin children present him, gives us a perfect gem in the way of character-acting; and Miss Gertrude Kingston's dowager is a no less droll creation.

AMAZING!

Says Owen John of "The Autocar."

AMAZING
Results in the
LONDON—EDINBURGH Reliability Trial
1 GWYNNE 8 entered.
1 GOLD MEDAL.
2 ALBERTS entered.
2 GOLD MEDALS.
100 % EFFICIENCY

FROM 198 Gns.
COMPLETE



2-3 Seater Bodywork.

The following are a few of his comments on the

GWYNNE 8
(Made by Gwynnes.)

"....I did my best to pulverise and drown and disintegrate it, but without the least avail.... it behaved exactly as though it were all engine, and not a small one by any means.... it astonished me.... she hardly took any notice at all of the mountains we had come so far to climb.... eight horse-power and I never had to use the low gear, or even felt inclined to. Amazing!"

All Owners—over 300 experienced Motor Engineers—and every technical paper, have not only praised the Gwynne 8, but commented in most enthusiastic language about it.

May we send you our illustrated catalogue "G"—list of its many competition successes—and the name of our nearest Agent, who will cheerfully give you a trial run without obligation.

The **Albert**
"The Car with a Personality."
(Made by Gwynnes.)
11.9 h.p. 4-Seater
from 300 Gns. Complete.

Sole Concessionaires:
THE SERVICE MOTOR CO., Ltd.,
94, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1
And 300 Agents throughout the Country.
'Phone: Mayfair 3025-6. 'Grams: "Serautoco, Phone, London."







'TONY' An Allenburys' Baby

Photo by MARTIN SANDER

Happy Babies all over the world.

In every country throughout the world the merits of the 'Allenburys' Foods have been proved by thousands. Beneath tropical skies and under the shadow of snow-capped mountains; on the parched plains and in crowded cities, strong and vigorous children are being reared 'through Healthy Infancy to Sturdy Childhood' by the

'Allenburys'

Progressive System of Infant Feeding

Modelled on Nature it provides a food specially adapted to each phase of baby's developing digestive powers, and supplies at the appropriate times the nourishment best suited to promote the healthy growth and development. From birth to three months 'Allenburys' No. 1 Milk Food, which is practically identical with mother's milk, is employed. From three to six months this is replaced by the 'Allenburys' No. 2 Milk Food containing additional phosphates and albuminoids. At the end of the sixth month the developing digestive capacities of the child call for something more than milk, and this is provided for by the 'Allenburys' Malted Food No. 3.

The 'Allenburys' Foods are prepared at Ware, Hertfordshire from the pure milk of pedigree cows pastured in the Home Counties.

Write for a free copy of the 'Allenburys' book on 'Infant Feeding and Management,' and a sample of Food suited to the age of your baby. Please do not forget to state baby's age.

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD
37, LOMBARD ST., LONDON, E.C.3.

CANADA
66, Gerrard St. East, Toronto
UNITED STATES
Niagara Falls, N.Y.
and at
PARIS, BRUSSELS,
BUENOS AIRES,
DURBAN, SYDNEY,
CALCUTTA, SHANGHAI,
LOFOTEN & SKJOMDR, NORWAY

Estd 1715

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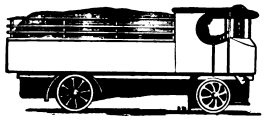
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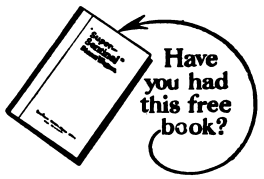


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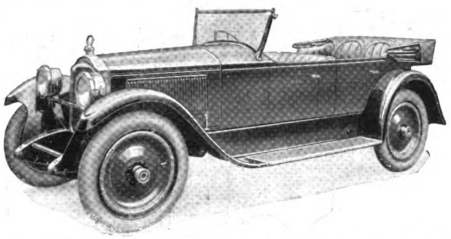
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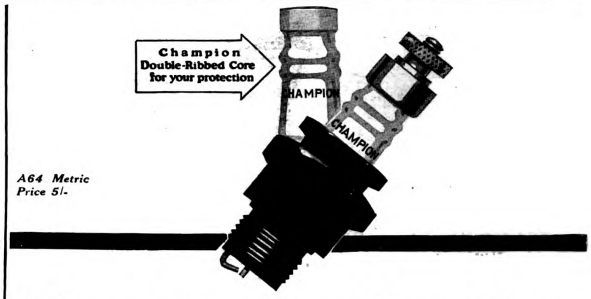
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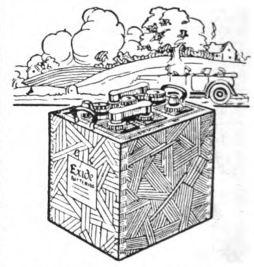
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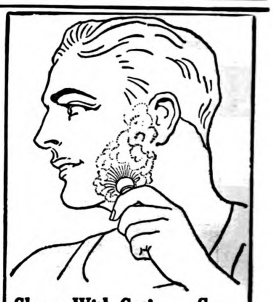
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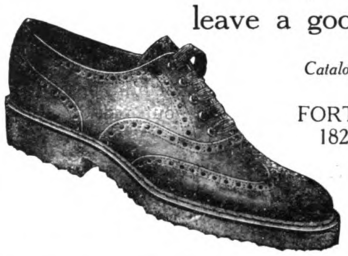
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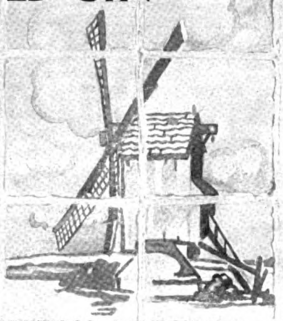
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1923.

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DISCOVERER OF A NEW GERM TREATMENT FOR TUBERCULOSIS: PROFESSOR GEORGES DREYER, F.R.S., OF OXFORD.

Great hopes have been aroused in the medical world by the new system of inoculation against tuberculosis discovered by Professor Dreyer, and described by him in his recent lecture at St. Mary's Hospital on "New Principles in Bacterial Immunity." He discovered that the fatty sheath enclosing tubercular and other germs shuts in their poison and prevents their effectiveness when administered as a vaccine antidote. He then devised a method of depriving such germs of their fat, and the "de-fatted" antigen thus obtained has been used with good results at the Brompton Hospital and the London Hospital. It will take time, however, to decide whether a definite cure for consumption has been found. The principle is applicable also to other diseases, such as anthrax, diphtheria, and typhoid. Professor Dreyer, who has held the chair of pathology at Oxford since 1907, is a Dane, and was born at Shanghai in 1873.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY



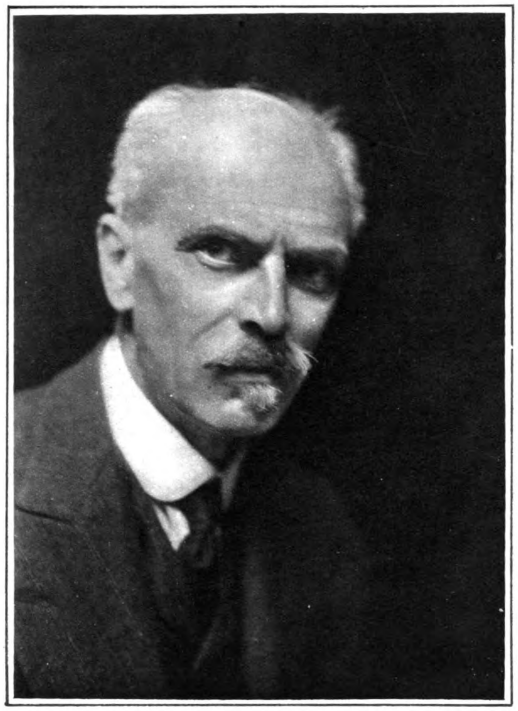
By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE are three ways of writing history. The old Victorian way, in the books of our childhood, was picturesque and largely false. The later and more enlightened habit, adopted by academic authorities, is to think they can go on being false so long as they avoid being picturesque. They think that, so long as a lie is dull, it will sound as if it were true. The third way is to use the picturesque (which is a perfectly natural instinct of man for what is memorable), but to make it a symbol of truth and not a symbol of falsehood. It is to tell the reader what the picturesque incident really meant, instead of leaving it meaningless or giving it a deceptive meaning. It is giving a true picture instead of a false picture; but there is not the shadow of a reason why a picture should not be picturesque.

I will take one familiar example from the first pages of our first history-books. It happens to illustrate all three things especially thoroughly. When as children we read about the Battle of Hastings (possibly even before it began suddenly to be called the Battle of Senlac), most of us who have any imagination remembered one thing about it. Possibly it was the only thing that we did remember. It was the picturesque detail which says that Taillefer or Tailfer the Jongleur went in front of the Norman Army, throwing his sword in the air and catching it again, and singing of the Death of Roland. I was delighted with that story then; I am delighted with it still. I did not know that a jongleur meant, among other things, a juggler; and therefore I missed about half the point of the gentleman's eccentric exercise. I was very vague about who Roland was; and therefore I missed the whole meaning of the song and the soul of the man that sang it. Most of what *was* told me, of the spiritual elements involved, I now know to be quite false. I was told that there was a great nation of Saxons, who were very noble because they were really Germans. I was also told there was another nation of Normans, who were also very noble because they were not really Frenchmen; they were Scandinavians, and therefore they also were really and truly Germans. I was told that a wicked man called the Pope, for malignant reasons of his own, supported the Scandinavians who came from France against the Germans who lived in England. But all this did not bother me very much, even before I found out that there is not a word of truth in it. I had got hold of something; I had seen Tailfer of the dancing sword; one flash of vigorous vision; one living gesture of the eleventh century.

Now, the later method of the learned, as adopted, for instance, in the Cambridge Modern History, consists simply in leaving Tailfer out of it. It involves merely avoiding any such picturesque things as swords and jugglers. The early Victorian writer put in the picturesque detail and gave no explanation of it. The late Victorian writer took out the picturesque detail and gave no substitute for it. What he did put in was a number of lists and catalogues and calculations of numbers, all tending to the suggestion that the whole affair had been much more trivial than tradition suggested. Lists of names, without attributes or allusions, appearing for the first and the last time in the congested narrative, were the only indications of human beings. But in so far as the story had any meaning or moral atmosphere at all, it was just the same sort of dead and dehumanised falsehood as the war between the Saxons and Scandinavians. Sometimes it implied that all wars arose from race; sometimes that they always arose from money. Sometimes it suggested that William rode bareheaded before his battle-line because he thought it would relieve a temporary trade depression; and that Harold got killed because his sound Saxon sense told him that getting killed is a good business proposition. The new histories were quite as unreliable as the old histories. The only difference was that the new histories were not only unreliable, but unreadable.

Now, what I wanted when I was a boy, what I still want now I am a man, is not to be told less about the sword-thrower, but to be told more about him. I ought to have been told all about Tailfer the Jongleur, and in that case I should really have been told a great deal about the eleventh century and the dawn of the Middle Ages. If I had been told anything at all about the song that Tailfer sang, or why he sang it, I should have been really introduced not only to the Battle of Hastings, but to a hundred battles beyond it—to one great battle raging over the whole hemisphere. To know something about the Song of Roland is to know something about Christendom. I should have realised that a great battle in the background, against barbaric and heathen religions, was what gave an indirect dignity to the fighting in all these feudal raids in the foreground. This is why Tailfer wanted, as it were, to bless the Norman battle with the nobler memory of a man who fell fighting for the Cross. So somebody might say to a French *poilu*, "They will tell you it is only a modern diplomatic squabble; but I advise you to forget them and think of Joan of Arc." Similarly the juggler himself would have introduced a whole procession of other living figures. The truth about jongleurs would mean the truth about troubadours. The truth about troubadours would mean the truth about Provence and all that fascinating southern civilisation which contributed equally to the pessimist heresy of the Albigensian and the optimist orthodoxy of the great St. Francis. The saint and the heretic both began as troubadours. And it is in connection with this last matter that I have just read one of the few historical studies so made that it really provides what I want and illustrates what I mean.



A MASTER OF MEDIÆVAL ROMANCE: THE LATE MR. MAURICE HEWLETT. AUTHOR OF "THE FOREST LOVERS," NOVELIST, POET, AND ESSAYIST.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who died on June 15 at his Wiltshire home, Broadchalke, near Salisbury, was born in 1861, and was nearly thirty when he took to writing. In 1895 appeared "Earthwork out of Tuscany," followed by "The Masque of Dead Florentines," and, in 1898, by his first and best-known novel, "The Forest Lovers," which established his reputation. "Richard Yea-and-Nay" and "The Queen's Quair" were in a similar vein of mediæval romance. Later came a group of more modern stories, including "The Stooping Lady," "Rest Harrow," and "Mainwaring." His poems, such as "Artemision," "The Agonists," "The Song of the Plow," and "Flowers in the Grass," expressed a love of classical legend and the life of the countryside.—[*Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.*]

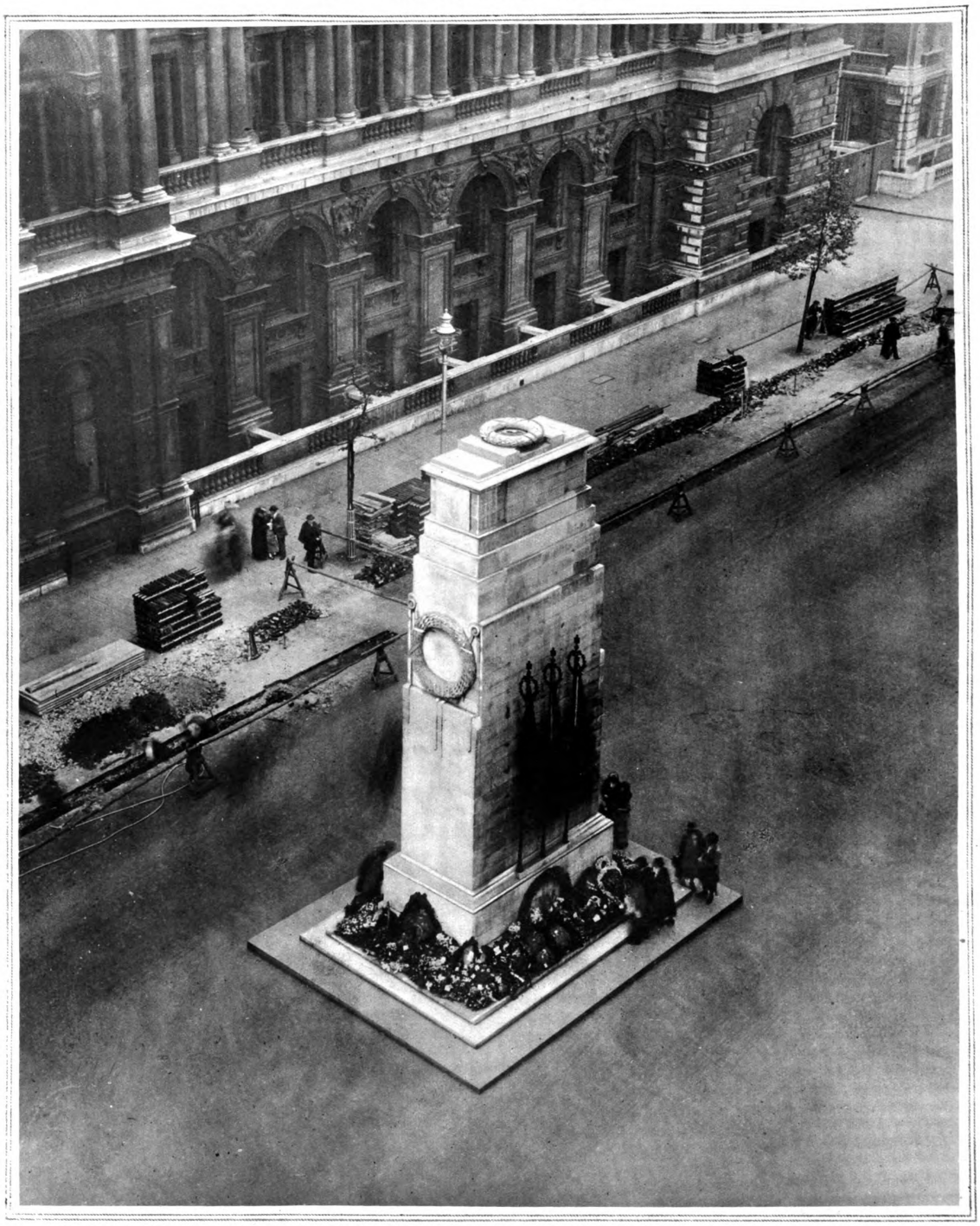
It bears what might seem the rather misleading title of "The Inquisition." It has nothing to do with the Spanish Inquisition, which is what most modern people mean by the Inquisition. It is a very vivid and vigorous sketch, by Mr. Hoffman Nickerson, of the circumstances in which the first idea of an inquisition arose; and it arose, strangely enough, out of this same rich romantic land of Troubadours and Courts of Love. In that rather exaggerated world there had sprung up a school of philosophers of a strange and sinister but apparently attractive sort. They were pessimists, but apparently very persuasive pessimists. They were highly civilised, and they certainly wanted to destroy civilisation. It is no slander on them to say that they wanted to destroy civilisation, for in one sense they admitted that they wanted to destroy everything. They were not merely in revolt against the Church, but against the universe, at any rate the material universe. They believed in the spirit; but they were undoubtedly pledged to destroy the sun and moon as soon as was practicable or convenient.

They held that our whole bodily existence is an evil in itself; that marriage is bad because it produces children; that sin is not so bad so long as it does not produce children. This cheery philosophy spread in the Midi and threatened a secession as formidable as Islam. A Crusade was launched against it like the Crusades against Islam. Out of that military campaign came what we call the Inquisition; it was originally a sort of martial law. Even the martial law was originally rather an improvement on mob-law. Now, to have that tale told clearly and completely, as Mr. Hoffman Nickerson tells it, is simply a clear gain to our culture and comprehension of mankind. He does not excuse the cruelties of the early Crusade, still less of the later Inquisition. But, though he does not excuse, he does explain. Even fanatics are fanatical *for* something; they are not lunatics raving about nothing. But in most conventional histories the cruelties are not only without justification, but without motive. The author of this book (which is published by Mr. John Bale), by describing the wild heresy first and its wild persecution afterwards, does make some sense of the story. We can imagine men like ourselves persecuting an intellectual perversion like pessimism, and wishing to destroy those who wished to destroy the world.

Meanwhile, there are most romantic revelations outside controversy. I wonder how many modern readers have ever heard of the Battle of Muret. I confess I had never heard of it in my life, though I knew the rough outline of the Albigensian story. The Battle of Muret was one of the most extraordinary things that ever happened in the world. A little band of northern knights, led by the father of our own Simon de Montfort, surprised and scattered by a single sudden manœuvre a relatively enormous army of Spaniards and Southern Frenchmen, led by great kings and princes. Mr. Nickerson narrates it with the topographical clarity of a military history; but he cannot prevent it sounding like a boy's adventure story. That is what I mean by the picturesque incident *plus* its significance; as distinct from the old picturesque history which left out the significance, and the new scientific history which leaves out both. That is what I meant by saying that the nursery tale about Tailfer the Jongleur could have been improved not by our being told less about the juggler, but by our being told more about him. The Battle of Muret is more and not less romantic when we realise that it was a war of philosophies—a fight between the mystical materialism of the sacramentalist and the disembodied idealism of the pessimist. But merely as a tale it is a marvellously romantic tale, and it is one of a myriad romantic tales that are never told.

TO SHINE UPWARD WITH PERPETUAL LIGHT? THE CENOTAPH.

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

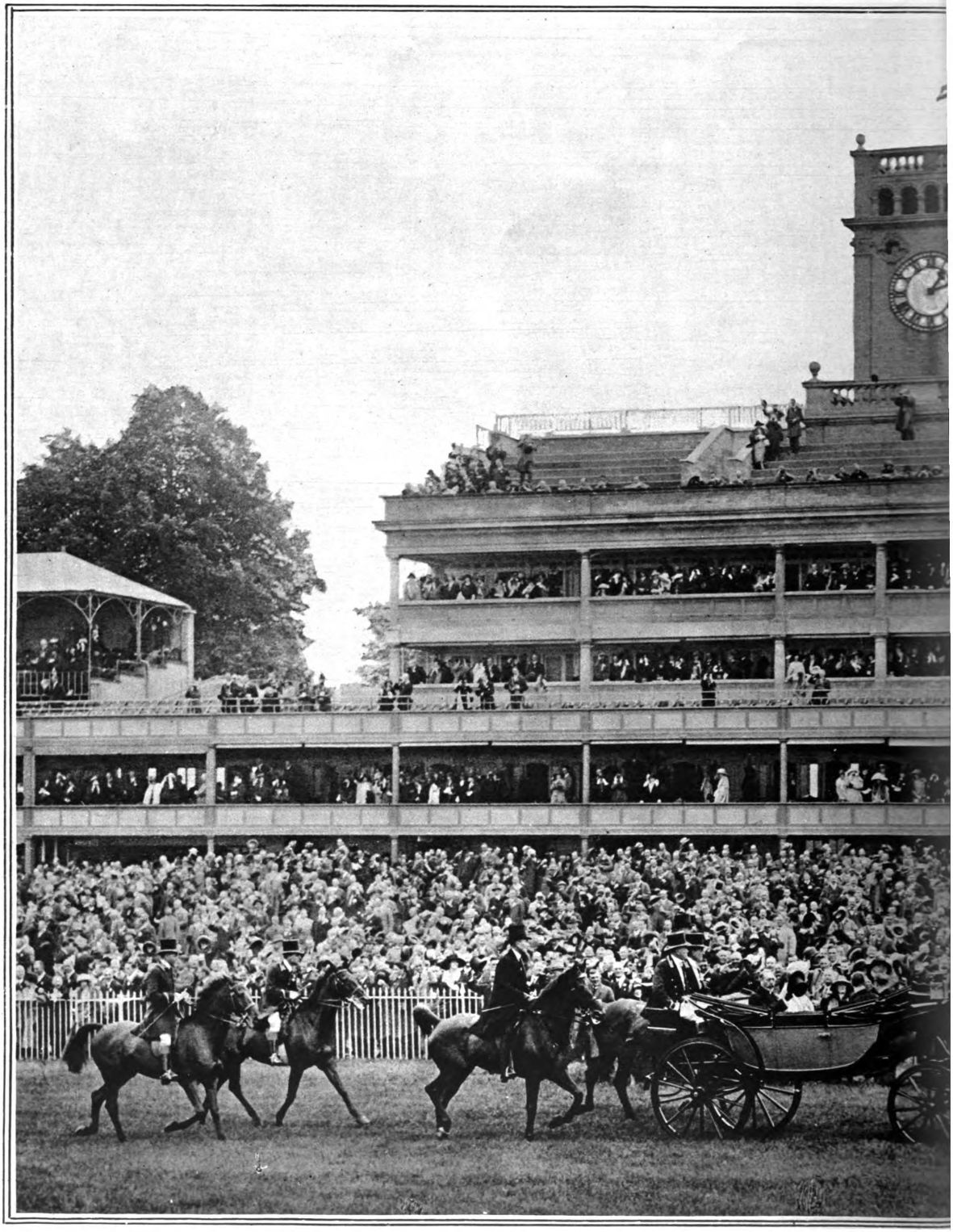


SHOWING THE STONE WREATH ON THE TOP, WITHIN WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO PLACE AN EVER-BURNING LIGHT: THE CENOTAPH AND THE SURROUNDING ROADWAY TO BE PAVED WITH RUBBER FOR SILENCING THE NOISE OF TRAFFIC.

It was suggested recently by a group of M.P.'s, in a letter to the "Times," that "a fixed light, which would shine upward day and night," from the top of the Cenotaph in Whitehall, would add to its symbolic beauty. "No change," they wrote, "should be made in the appearance of the Cenotaph, nothing to mar its simple dignity; all that is needed is that within the wreath on the upper surface there be fixed a circle of electric light. The light should burn always, and, though invisible by day it would through dusk and darkness bear its message of enduring memory towards the skies. We understand that it is purposed shortly to cover the roadway surrounding the Cenotaph with rubber, so that traffic itself, in passing, may be hushed; and the occasion seems favourable to carry out what we have ventured to suggest." The writers also urged that the practice of saluting the Cenotaph should be invariable. The symbolism of a perpetual light, or altar fire, has been used both in Christianity and other religions, as among the Vestals of ancient Rome. A secular example from antiquity was the ever-burning light on the famous Pharos at Alexandria, the prototype of lighthouses. A modern parallel is afforded by the Toc H. Lamps of Maintenance.

ROYAL ASCOT OF 1923: THE KING AND QUE

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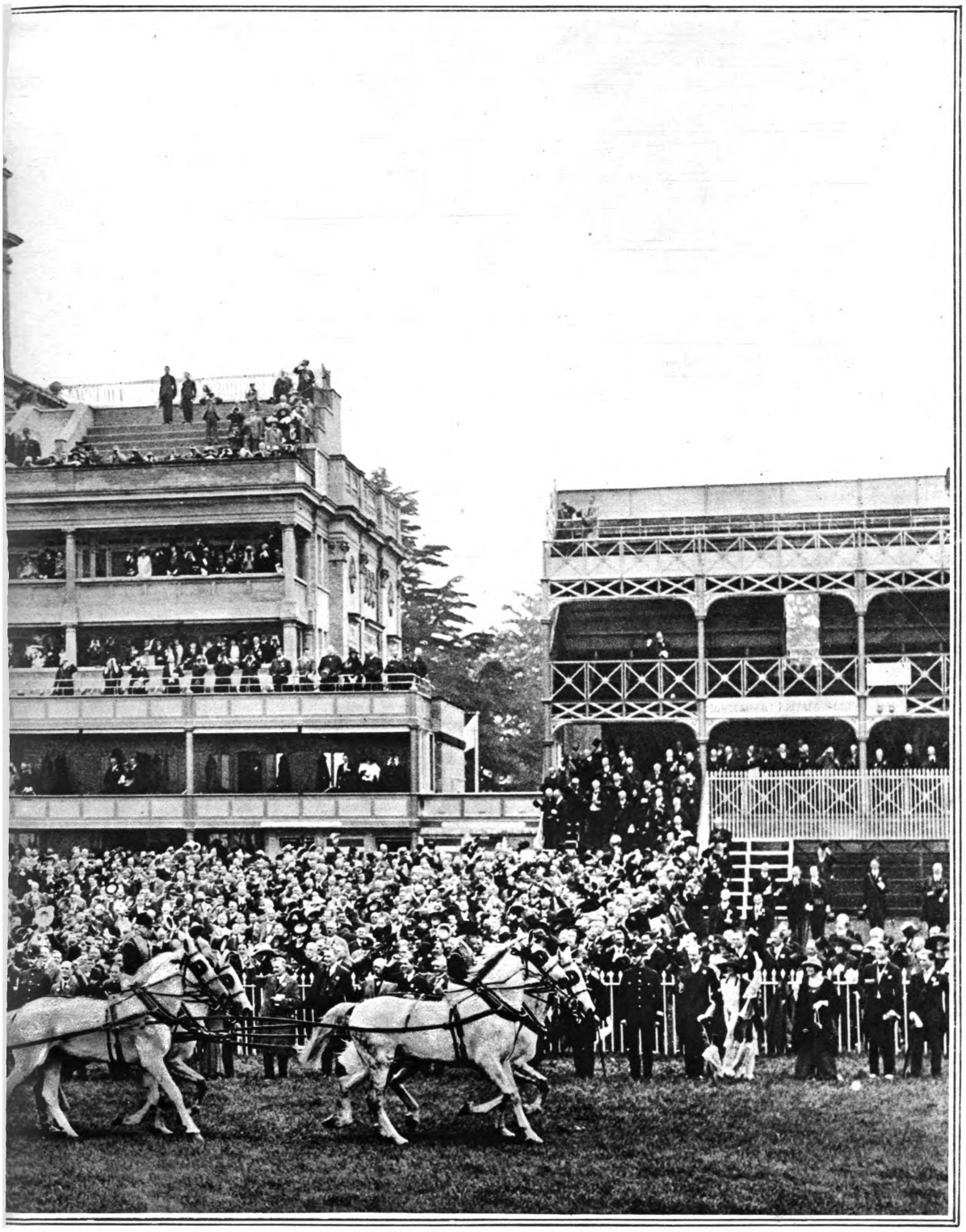


DRAWN BY THE GREYS TO BE KEPT SPECIALLY FOR ASCOT, WHILE ON OTH
THE LANDAU WITH THEIR MAJESTI

The King and Queen, after motoring part of the way from Windsor, drove in semi-State up the course at Ascot on the first day of the meeting (June 19) in an open landau, according to custom. Their Majesties, who were accompanied by two of their sons, received a great welcome from the crowd of spectators. It was announced that they would visit Ascot in the same way on each of the four days of the famous "week." The royal carriage was drawn, it will be noted, by greys. A few days ago, it is reported, the King decided that in future Cleveland bays are to be used on all other occasions, and only

RIVING UP THE COURSE IN SEMI-STATE.

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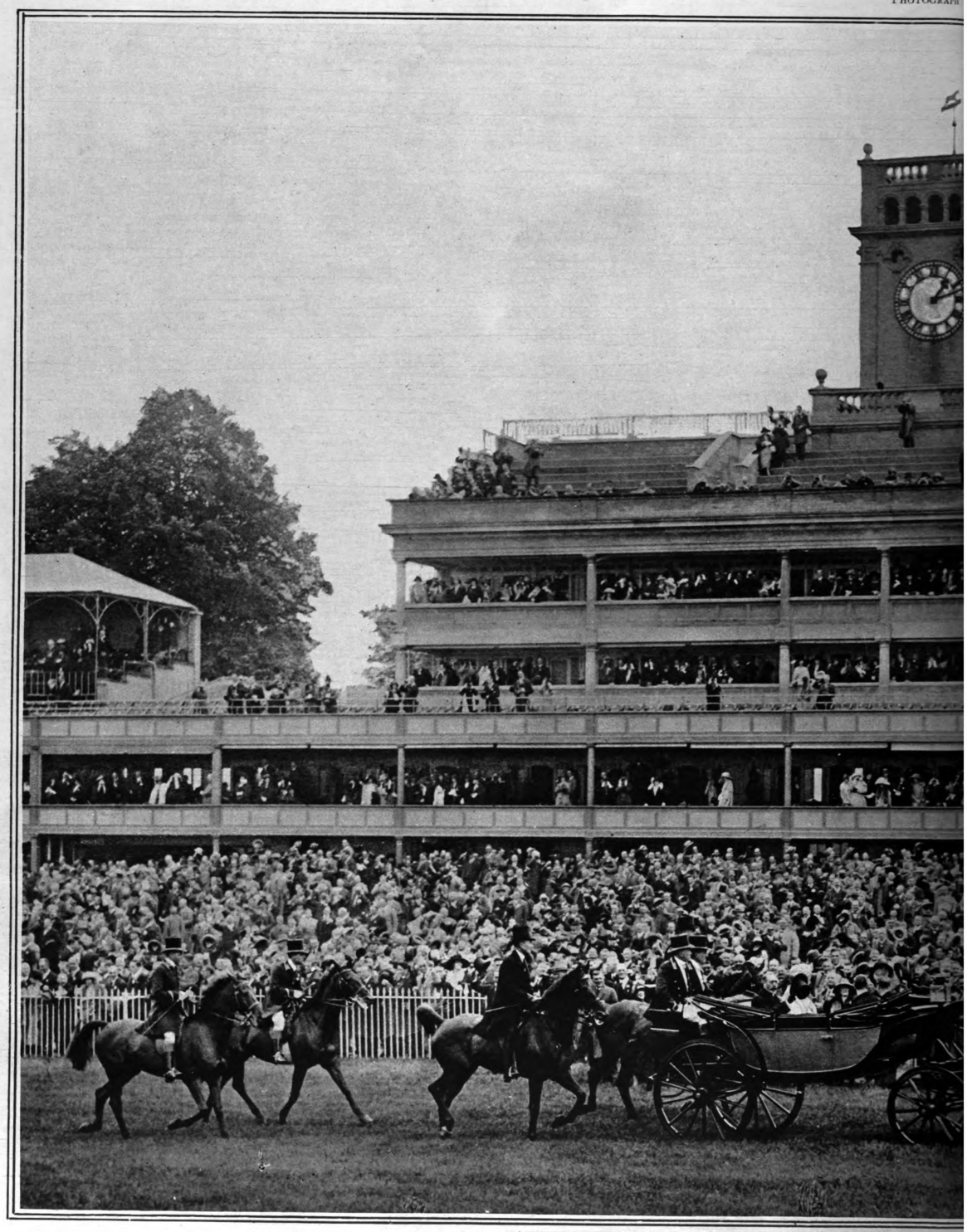


CCASIONS CLEVELAND BAYS ARE TO BE USED FOR THE ROYAL CARRIAGES: ASSING THE GRAND STAND.

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ROYAL ASCOT OF 1923: THE KING AND QUEE

PHOTOGRAPH

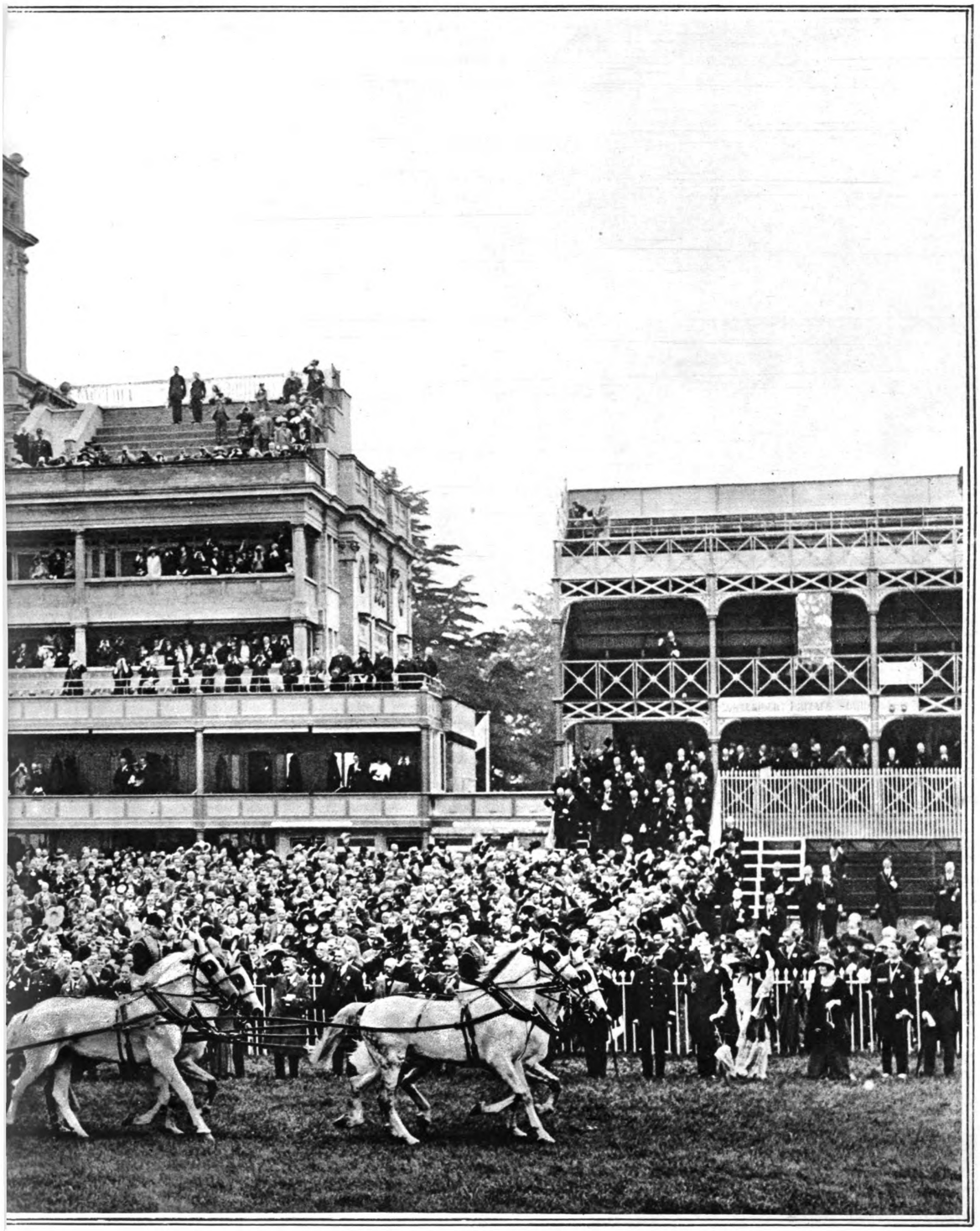


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THE BULGARIAN *COUP D'ÉTAT*: ARRESTS OF EX-MINISTERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



LEADER OF THE NEW RÉGIME IN BULGARIA: PROFESSOR ALEXANDER ZANKOFF, PREMIER AND MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.



MILITARY FORCE IN READINESS DURING THE *COUP D'ÉTAT*: A MACHINE-GUN SECTION ON THE STEPS OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL AT SOFIA, A DOMINATING POSITION NEAR THE SOBRANYE.



THE ARREST OF AN EX-PRESIDENT OF THE SOBRANYE: M. ALEXANDER BOTEFF, WHO LED AN AGRARIAN RISING AT RADOMIR, IN THE HANDS OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT'S TROOPS.



OUTSIDE THE BRITISH LEGATION IN SOFIA: AN ENTHUSIASTIC DEMONSTRATION WHILE THE NEW PREMIER (PROFESSOR ZANKOFF) WAS PAYING AN OFFICIAL CALL ON THE BRITISH MINISTER.

LIKE Professor Masaryk, President of Czecho-Slovakia, the new Premier of Bulgaria, Professor Zankoff, has passed to political leadership from the academic sphere, and it is natural that he should have assumed the portfolio of Education as well as that of Prime Minister. He has been Professor of Economics at the University of Sofia. An account of his personality, and of the origin of the revolutionary movement which he led, was recently given by one of his old pupils, Professor Vladimir Moiloff, formerly Bulgarian Minister for Railways. "Alexander Zankoff," he said, "began over a year ago to make preparations for overthrowing Stambulisky by forming around himself a league of patriotic persons without regard to party. The new Prime Minister studied in Sofia and Munich, and during the war travelled extensively in Austria, Hungary, and Germany. He was a personal friend of Stambulisky, and helped to protect him during the war by secreting and destroying compromising documents of his. After the war he found that Stambulisky threw overboard all his ideas of liberty. After Zankoff's best friend, Gregoff, had been murdered by Stambulisky's agents, he was himself persecuted, and had to go

(Continued opposite.

The Bulgarian Revolution, as recorded in our last issue, took place on June 9, when a sudden *coup d'état*, organised with great secrecy, was effected in Sofia. After most of the Ministers of the late M. Stambulisky's Agrarian Government had been arrested, Professor Alexander Zankoff, the new Premier, and General Lazaroff, waited upon King Boris at the Vranye Palace, where the King, after some hesitation on constitutional grounds, signed a *ukase* appointing a provisional *bourgeois* Cabinet. Professor Zankoff then visited the Legations of the Great Powers and neighbouring States. While he was at the British Legation announcing the new position to the British Minister, the Hon. William A. F. Erskine, a large and enthusiastic crowd assembled outside the building. There was no bloodshed in Sofia, but fighting occurred in some country districts, such as that which led to the death of M. Stambulisky. At Radomir, a town thirty miles from the capital, M. Botef, ex-President of the Sobranye, headed 500 peasants in an attempted march on Sofia, but the rising was quelled by troops, and M. Boteff

...ND POLICE; LEADING PERSONALITIES AND INCIDENTS.

...RTZ (SOFIA), AND STANLEY.



ROUNDING-UP ADHERENTS OF THE OVERTHROWN RÉGIME: A PARTY OF ARRESTED AND DISARMED POLICE BEING ESCORTED BY A SOLDIER (EXTREME RIGHT) TO A CONCENTRATION CAMP.



THE ARREST OF THE EX-MINISTER OF JUSTICE: M. DUPARINOFF (IN THE CAR, WEARING A SOFT HAT) CAPTURED BY BULGARIAN TROOPS, WITH SEVERAL AGRARIAN DEPUTIES, NEAR THE TURKISH FRONTIER.



FRIENDLY TOWARDS THE NEW PREMIER: KING BORIS, WHO SUCCEEDED ON THE ABDICATION OF HIS FATHER, KING FERDINAND, IN 1918.

Continued.]

into hiding for fear of sharing the same fate. Zankoff stands in the best of relations to the King, with whose knowledge the *coup d'état* was probably carried out. Alexander Zankoff is not to be confused with his brother Arsen, who was formerly a Socialist member of the Sobranye. Alexander himself has not yet sat in the Sobranye." It was stated on June 13 that papers found in the houses of arrested Agrarians, especially that of the former chief of the Secret Police, showed that the police had been directly involved in many of the murders that have occurred in Sofia during the last three years. It was alleged, for example, that the assassination of M. Gregoff, editor of the independent *bourgeois* newspaper "Slovo," in May 1922, had been planned and perpetrated by secret agents. The new Bulgarian Foreign Minister said in a statement to the Press on June 12: "The Government is firmly resolved to free the country from party disputes and national discord. The secret of Bulgaria's future lies there. The new democratic Government of Bulgaria will do all in its power to reinstate Bulgaria in the position she deserves—that of a civilised member of the nations."



FIXED BAYONETS IN SOFIA DURING THE *COUP D'ÉTAT*: BULGARIAN SOLDIERS IN STEEL HELMETS PASSING THROUGH A STREET IN SEARCH OF AGRARIAN SECRET POLICE.

was arrested along with 30 other Agrarians. M. Duparinoff, ex-Minister of Justice, was arrested on June 11 between Varna and the Turkish frontier. On being brought to Sofia he said: "We imagined that the Macedonian autonomists had made the *coup*, and that was why we were trying to reach Turkey. Now we see that the *coup* is purely Bulgarian, and we are ready to submit." At that time (June 12) it was stated that King Boris had remained at his palace at Vranye, on the outskirts of Sofia, and had not come into the city. A message from Sofia on June 18 said that troops were controlling the situation, aided by civilians, and that a new police force was being rapidly organised. On the 16th it was stated that fighting in the provinces had ceased. Professor Zankoff announced to party leaders that the present Cabinet was only provisional, and that in a month or two a regular Government would be formed. On the first day of the revolution Sofia was practically under martial law. General Lazaroff was appointed Governor of the city.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., DE STRELECKI, SPORT AND GENERAL, HOPPÉ, RUSSELL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE, AND C.N.



SHOWING, IN THE CENTRE OF THE FRONT ROW (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT), THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE LORD MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM, AND MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN; AND, ON THE EXTREME RIGHT, THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM: A GROUP AT THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY'S WORKS AT WITTON.



A GREAT PIANIST'S REAPPEARANCE IN LONDON: M. PADEREWSKI.



A FAMOUS ACTRESS: THE LATE MISS KATE BISHOP.



POET AND DRAMATIST: THE LATE MR. HERBERT TRENCH.



FOUND SHOT IN KENSINGTON GARDENS: THE LATE SIR HENRY PRIMROSE.



NEW LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER: SIR F. J. DAVIES.



TO BE G.O.C.-IN-C. SOUTHERN INDIA: SIR H. B. WALKER.



PARTNER (WITH HEARNE) IN A RECORD BATTING STAND: HENDREN.



WITH SIR ERIC GEDDES HOLDING THE BABY: A GROUP AT THE CHRISTENING OF SIR HAMAR AND LADY GREENWOOD'S LITTLE SON AT GRAY'S INN CHAPEL.

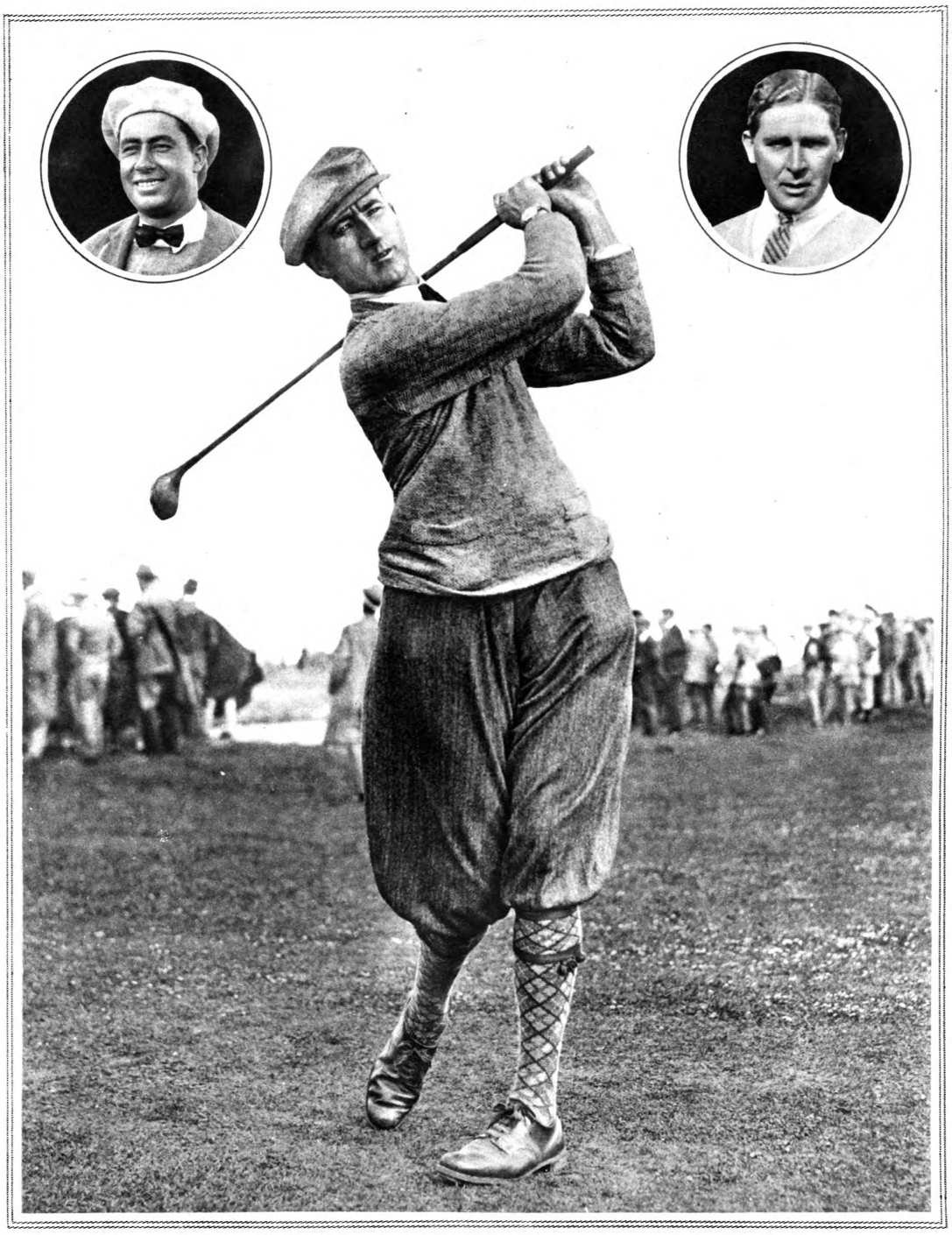


MAKER OF THE HIGHEST INDIVIDUAL SCORE THIS SEASON: J. W. HEARNE.

The Prince of Wales's visit to the General Electric Company's works at Witton, Birmingham, is described on page 1130.——M. Paderewski's return to the concert platform has aroused great enthusiasm. He arranged to play at Queen's Hall on June 19.——Miss Kate Bishop was the wife of Mr. Lewis J. Löhr, treasurer of the Melbourne Opera House, and the mother of Miss Marie Löhr. She was famous as Violet Melrose in "Our Boys."——Mr. Herbert Trench wrote "Deirdre Wedded," and other poems. When manager of the Haymarket Theatre, he produced "The Blue Bird" and "Bunty Pulls the Strings."——Sir Francis Davies held commands in France, Gallipoli, and Egypt during the war, and in 1916 became Military Secretary to the War Office. Since 1919 he has been G.O.C.-in-C. in Scotland.——Sir Harold Walker during the war held commands in Gallipoli, France, and Italy. In 1919 he became G.O.C. South Midland (Territorial) Division.——Sir Henry Primrose had been private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, Chairman of the Board of Customs, and Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue.——Playing for Middlesex v. Hampshire, Hearne and Hendren beat the record for a third-wicket stand in first-class cricket, with their partnership of 375 runs. (The previous best was 367 by W. Gunn and J. Gunn for Notts in 1903.) Hearne's 232 was the highest individual score this season. Hendren made 177 not out.——Sir Hamar and Lady Greenwood's little son was christened on June 17, by the Bishop of Birmingham, in the Chapel of Gray's Inn, of which Sir Hamar is a Bencher. Our photograph shows (left to right, in front) Sir H. Greenwood, Lady Greenwood, Sir Eric Geddes (holding the baby), Lord Riddell, and the Bishop.

THE GOLF CUP WON BACK FROM AMERICA: A NEW OPEN CHAMPION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



WINNER OF THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE FIRST TIME: ARTHUR HAVERS, OF COOMBE HILL—(INSET) ON THE LEFT, WALTER HAGEN (U.S.), SECOND; ON THE RIGHT, JOE KIRKWOOD (AUSTRALIA), FOURTH.

By the victory of Arthur Havers, of Coombe Hill, in the Open Golf Championship at Troon on June 15, the Cup returns to this country after two years' absence in America. The British success was achieved by a very narrow margin, for last year's champion, Walter Hagen (U.S.A.), was only one stroke worse than the winner. The third place was also taken by an American, Macdonald Smith, and the fourth by an Australian, Joe Kirkwood. Arthur Havers has for some years been regarded as a coming champion, but has never previously won the Cup. The closeness of the finish may be judged from the scores (for the four rounds) of the eleven prize-winners: A. Havers, 295; W. Hagen, 296; Macdonald Smith, 297; J. Kirkwood, 298; T. R. Fernie (Turnberry), 300; G. Duncan (Hanger Hill) and C. A. Whitcombe (Lansdown, Bath), 302; J. Mackenzie (Ilkley), H. C. Jolly (Foxgrove), W. M. Watt (Royal Automobile), and Abe Mitchell (North Foreland), all 303. In the third of the four rounds Macdonald Smith and Kirkwood each did a remarkably fine 69.

A VENICE OF THE SOUTH SEAS:

RUINS OF PONAPE IN THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

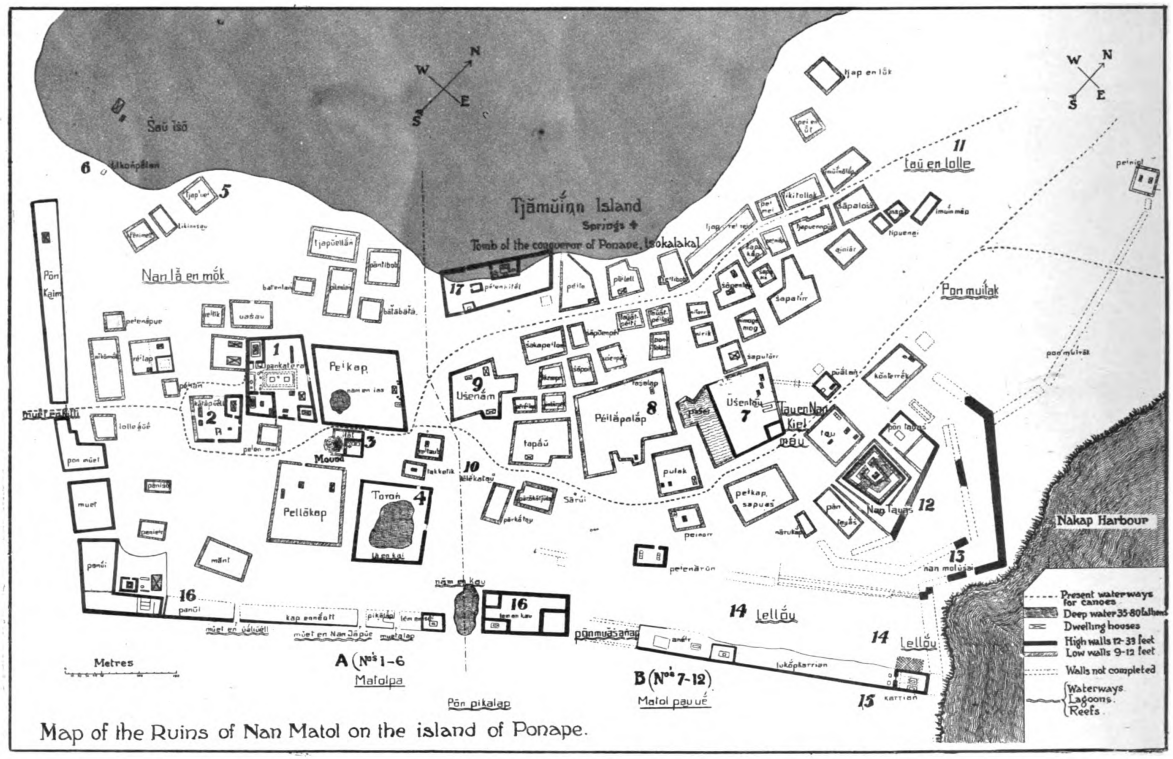
By Dr. Paul Hambruch, of the Ethnological Museum, Hamburg; Lecturer at Hamburg University.

PONAPE is the highest and largest of the Caroline Islands. Its mountains, rising to 2000 feet, are covered with heavy vegetation and forests. Picturesque as the island appears from the outside, it is a very inhospitable place, and quite rightly it deserves its name, *Pon'pe'i*, which means, "on the stones" (the holy stones). The island consists of basalt, and, as basalt very quickly decays in the tropics, it soon leaves a heap of blocks and broken stones overgrown with rank vegetation. Rugged, precipitous mountains, with roaring torrents of water rushing down their sides, waterfalls in great numbers, and large swamps abound in the interior. The natives also feel the inhospitality of their island home, for only on the coast are found settlements, the interior being totally uninhabited.

At the end of the Hamburg South Sea Exploring Expedition of 1908-10, I was ordered to gain information and explore the ethnological conditions of ninety-two majestic buildings, the like of which cannot be found in any other part of the globe.

This town, which, even in ruins, is still of a very imposing beauty, a wonder for those who have had the opportunity to see it, covers an area of a quarter of a square mile. The designation "ruins" is, of course, of quite recent origin, for only sixty years ago the town gloried in its grandeur. In 1852, when the missionaries profaned these holy places of the natives, the latter left their homes, and afterwards a dense and rich vegetation of scrub and trees took possession of the walls. Only here and there you can get a glimpse through the dark-green foliage of a little moss-covered grey or brown-red basalt or coral stone.

All the buildings are erected in the water, with the exception of the vault of Iso kalakal, the Kusaiean conqueror of Ponape, which is the only building touching firm and dry land.



Map of the Ruins of Nan Matol on the island of Ponape.

SHOWING THE SEPARATE BUILDINGS MENTIONED IN THE ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE: A KEY-MAP TO THE RUINS OF NAN MATOL ON THE ISLAND OF PONAPE—THE FIRST PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH. (*Prepared by Dr. Paul Hambruch.*)

the island of Ponape. In March 1910, I started the work, and travelling round the island, I reached Matolenim in August. Matolenim, which means "space between the houses," was in olden times the most powerful of the five states of Ponape, and the residence of their kings, nobles and priests. Here, built on the reefs, are the so often described, but so little known, "Ruins of Ponape."

Everyone who has beheld these buildings has been struck by their magnitude, and men such as the American missionary Gulick, the German ethnologist Kubary, and the English traveller Christian have described these strange ruins; they also made maps of the whole plan, but these maps are not complete. They omitted the names of the separate buildings, and also omitted to give the explanation of the different buildings.

My first problem was therefore to compile a new map. Having done so, I was fortunate enough to gain, in the person of the intelligent and amiable proprietor of the "ruins," Nalaim en Matolenim, a man who could furnish me with reliable explanations.

Nan Matol, which is the name of the town of ruins, lies on the east side of Ponape, in the State of Matolenim. Very appropriately, this town is called "the Venice of the South Seas." It contains

For a better classification I have divided the town into three parts (*cf.* the map): A (Nos. 1 to 6), *Matol Pa*, the lower town, the town of the king; B (Nos. 7 to 12), *Matol Pau'ue*, the upper town, the town of the priests; C (Nos. 13 to 17) the walls, which girt both the lower and the upper town, and which form the graves, the vaults and mausoleums for the dead. All the different buildings were kept holy and are divided by waterways, and the walls have several openings to allow communication with the outside. A long distance from the town (*kanim*) is the little artificial island of Peniot. The continuation of the walls is shown by the large blocks of stones which were intended to effect a connection with the walls of *Matol Pau'ue*, but, unfortunately, it has never been finished. Peniot itself had been thought of as the head of a large wall which should connect with the island of Nakap, at a distance of about one and a half English miles.

The following are the principal buildings in their proper order (see map):

Matol Pa—the lower town: 1. *Pankatera*; in former times the seat of the king, who was looked upon as a god; later on the seat of the principal chief, the *nanamariki*; bathing place; stones for the sacrifice of *kava* (*Piper methysticum*); the temple of Nan Japue, the highest Ponapean god; holy trumpets; a large stone door; places for the family of the king and the servants. 2. *Kalapuel*: a place for strangers; here Iso kalakal received the hospitality of the last king of Ponape; here arose a quarrel that ended in the last king, Sau Telur, losing his life and his crown; there is a door to stop all canoes and show them their right way. 3. *Iteit*: old cooking place; the adjacent building was tabooed; here the sacred eel was kept and fed by the flesh of turtles, which were cooked on the little hill inside the building; here are kept all the weapons of Iso kalakal, which show that the old Ponapeans had a knowledge of ballistics. 4. *Toron*: a deep hole in the reef for oysters and other shellfish. 5. *Sap'ue'i*: on this place a chief burned himself with his family and tribe, being offended by another chief. 6. *Likonpalan*: large black basalt stone in the form of the shell of a turtle; very important place for the sacrifice of the turtle. *Matol Pau'ue*—the upper town: 7. *Us en tau*: seat of Nalim, second high priest; later on the seat of the chief of Matolenim, the Nanamariki; well-built places to moor canoes; on the south-western side a large pool to keep turtles for sacrifices; *Paset*, the entrance to the underworld. 8. *Pe'ilapalap*, *Rasalap*: taboo places. 9. *Us en nam*: cooking place for the chief. 10. *Lelekatau*: large block of coral stone; home of a goddess of the sea; the bringer of sickness and disease. 11. *Tau en lolle*: a canal; on the right and left sides are the places for the different priests. 12. *Nan Tauas*: the most described building of the "ruins"; the burying place of the town for kings and all others; it is the highest of all the buildings; there are four vaults in which the noblest and bravest are buried; but many funerals took place on top of the walls and on the galleries which are built inside the walls; other places for burials are *Pe'inior*, *Pon Tauas*, *Pe'i en arun*. The walls: 13. *Nan Molusai*: place for bathing. 14. *Lellow*: place for sports, such as canoe races, etc. 15. *Karrian*: burying place; large stone door; slabs of basalt stone; measuring 21 ft. 16. *Panui*; *Lem en kau*: burying places; at *Panui* are the highest walls, measuring 33 ft. 17. *Pe'i en kitel*: the vault of Iso kalakal, the conqueror of Ponape; there are two large stone doors and several kava-stones for sacrifices; this place has been totally ruined through bad exploration.

[*Continued at foot of facing page.*

A VENICE OF THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY DR. PAUL HAMBRUCH, OF THE ETHNOLOGICAL MUSEUM, HAMBURG; LECTURER AT HAMBURG UNIVERSITY.



THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF THE INNER WALL OF NAN TAUAS.



THE OUTER WALL OF KARRIAN: ONE OF THE RUINS OF MATOLENIM ON THE ISLAND OF PONAPE.



PROVING A KNOWLEDGE OF BALLISTICS: BIG OVOID SLINGSTONES, AS USED BY ISO KALALAL.



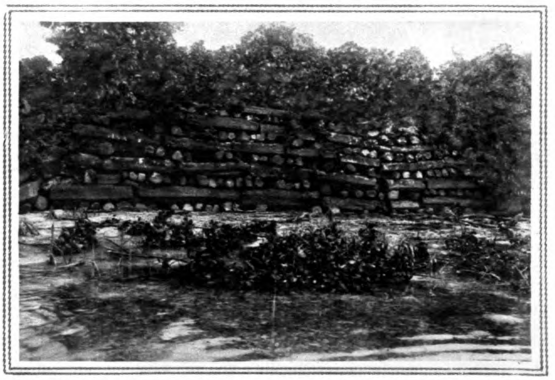
PART OF THE SOUTH-EAST WALL OF US-EN-TAU, SHOWING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE WALLS.



WITH A BASALT SLAB MEASURING 21 FT.: THE GREAT STONE DOOR INSIDE KARRIAN.



SHOWING THE METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION USED BY THE PONAPE BUILDERS: THE SOUTHERN WALL OF PE'I-KAP.



THE NORTHERN WALL OF PAN KATERA: A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF NATIVE ARCHITECTURE IN THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

Continued from opposite page.]

Basalt and coral-stone are the principal materials for construction. The first is mostly used in the form of huge columns, but sometimes also in the shape of large round blocks. Firstly, large columns of basalt stone, from 4 to 6 feet apart and fairly parallel, would be laid on the reef. This showed the thickness of the wall to be built. On both ends of this foundation came long columns crosswise, and the empty space inside was filled up with loose coral stones; above this was another layer like the first, and so on till the required height was reached. The corners were further strengthened by little square towers. The basalt was fetched on large rafts from the states of U, Nantiati in Matolenim, and Lot, in the south of the island. By employing levers and large trunks of trees as inclined planes, the columns and blocks (often several tons in weight!) were put in place. Smaller blocks of stones were inserted between the columns to prevent them from shifting and falling apart. The artificial islands with small walls are up to 9 feet in height. They are really large four-sided platforms, filled out with small coral-stones. On these platforms were built the houses, to-day used as cocoanut plantations. The high walls, built in the same manner, are sometimes 9 to 12 feet

[*Continued overleaf.*

A SOUTH SEAS VENICE: A BASALT-BUILT CITY OF WATER-WAYS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY DR. PAUL HAMBRUCH, OF THE ETHNOLOGICAL MUSEUM, HAMBURG; LECTURER AT HAMBURG UNIVERSITY.



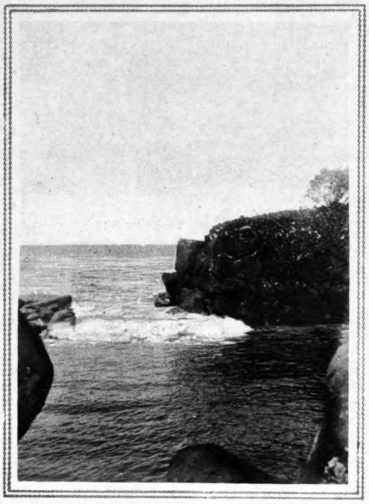
FOUNDATIONS OF WALLS ON NAKAP ISLAND: A RECTANGLE OF GREAT BOULDERS ON THE BEACH.



A SOURCE OF THE BUILDING MATERIALS USED BY THE PONAPE ISLANDERS: A QUARRY AT SELLATAG IN U.



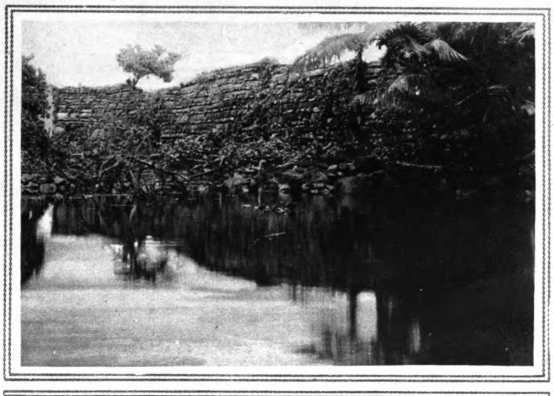
THE NORTH-EAST CORNER OF NAN TAUAS, WITH THE GALLERY OF THE OUTER WALL.



THE OUTER WALL OF NAN MOLUSAI, THE BATHING-PLACE.



THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF THE INNER WALL OF NAN TAUAS, WITH GALLERY.



A VIEW OF NAN TAUAS FROM KONTERREK ISLAND: PART OF THE UPPER TOWN OF MATOLENIM IN THE ISLAND OF PONAPE.



THE SOUTHERN CORNER OF THE OUTER WALL OF NAN TAUAS (27 FT. HIGH): AN IMPOSING PIECE OF NATIVE MASONRY IN THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

Continued.]

high, as at Pankatera, and 27 feet high at Panui, filled up with small coral, over which the higher wall is again 6 to 9 feet high. These walls were not the walls of houses, but only surroundings of the courts. The town of Nan Matol was tabooed, and only chiefs and priests had admission. It was certain death for anyone who even looked at it. Exceptions were only made on great festivities. Another such colossal work had been started on the outside reef of Nakap-Island; it should have joined the walls of Nan Matol, but was stopped by the American Mission. The question arises, who made these gigantic buildings? When they were first discovered it was presumed that Spanish pirates started them. This is absolutely wrong. The buildings are of recent origin and not older than about 200 to 250 years. I collected legends and stories and put them down in the Ponapean language; they will show that these buildings are of native work, done by the natives; and that they have nothing to do with similar Japanese buildings on Nippon.

RARE OLD ARMOUR THAT REALISED £9000: THE PEMBROKE SALE.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON AND HODGE.



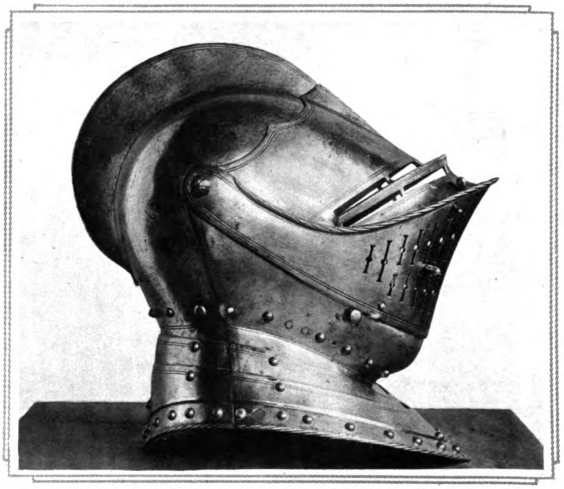
SOLD FOR £450: PART OF A HALF-SUIT OF ENGRAVED AND GILDED PARADE ARMOUR MADE BY POMPEO DELLA CESA, A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MILANESE ARMOURER.



SOLD FOR £4600: A SUPERB GREENWICH SUIT MADE FOR HENRY HERBERT, EARL OF PEMBROKE (1534-1601)—THE LAST IN PRIVATE OWNERSHIP. (WEIGHT, 80½ LB.)



SOLD FOR £3000: A FINE SUIT TO THE KNEES, OF DEEP BLUED SURFACE, NORTH ITALIAN WORK OF THE END OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



WITH DOUBLE *OCULARIA* AND TWENTY-FOUR VERTICAL SLOTS FOR BREATHING: THE HELMET OF THE EARL OF PEMBROKE'S GREENWICH SUIT. (WEIGHT, 12 LB.)

The sale at Sotheby's, on June 14, of armour from the Earl of Pembroke's collection at Wilton House, Salisbury (ninety lots in all), realised £9070 10s. The most important item, which brought the highest individual price, was the large bright steel suit of armour that belonged to Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (1534-1601), described by Sir Guy Laking in his "European Armour" as the Earl's "second superb plain Greenwich suit." It came from the Greenwich workshops founded by Henry VIII. in 1511, and was the last suit of the Greenwich armourer to remain in private hands, and also the last possessed by a descendant of the original owner. On the eve of the sale an appeal was made to prevent its being sold abroad, and to obtain it if possible for the national collections. At the sale it was bought for £4600 by Messrs. Fenton and Son, acting for an English collector. The fine Italian suit to the knees, shown in our lower left-hand photograph, was bought by Messrs. Duveen for £3000. Pompeo della Cesa, who made the half-suit shown above, was a noted sixteenth-century Milanese armourer. He made armour for the Duke of Parma, who was to have led the Spanish army to be landed in England by the Armada.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SOME UNUSUAL SIGNS OF OLD AGE.

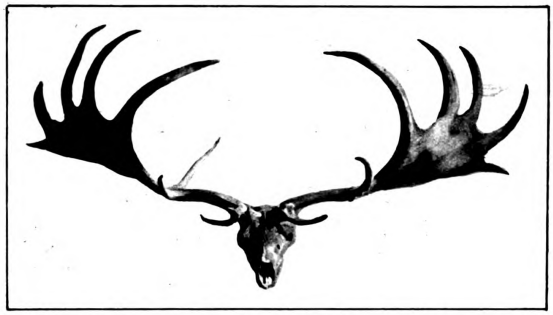
By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

BETWEEN the history of the individual and the history of the race there is a curious and instructive agreement. In studying the individual, if we begin at the very beginning—that is to say, if we make our survey embrace both the pre- and post-natal stages—we shall find evidence during the pre-natal stages of ancestral characters which have no part in later life. They are so many "Footprints in the sands of Time," showing the path which has been trod. The post-natal development, on the other hand, displays a wonderful series of stages indicative of characters belonging to the adult life of immediate ancestors, as well as new characters which have been, or are about to be, attained. We find, in short, that all animals "climb their own ancestral tree," more or less completely. There are breaks in the sequence, and there are interpolations which have become necessary to attain special ends.

But more than this, as has been pointed out by Dr. Smith Woodward, one of the foremost palæontologists of our time, is the discovery that, when we take geological time into consideration, "totally different races of animals repeatedly exhibit certain peculiar features which can only be described as infallible marks of old age." Growth to a relatively large size is one of these marks, as we observe in the giant Pterodactyles of the Cretaceous period, the colossal Dinosaurs (Fig. 6) of the Upper Jurassic and Cretaceous, and the large mammals of to-day. It is not, of course, all members of a race that increase in size; some remain small until the end, and it is they which generally survive long after the others are extinct. The horses afford a case in point, the dray-horse of to-day being the largest which has ever lived. Sibbald's rorqual, one of the whales, is the largest mammal which has ever lived, some specimens having been killed in the Antarctic seas measuring as much as 105 ft. long.

Another mark of "old age" in races was that first pointed out by the late Professor Beecher, of Yale. This is the tendency, in all animals with skeletons, to produce a superfluity of dead matter, which accumulates in the form of spines, or bosses, or in the size of "secondary sexual characters," such as horns or teeth, as soon as the race they represent has reached its prime, and begins to be on the downward grade.

The antlers of deer afford an admirable illustration of this contention. The earliest (Oligocene) species bore no antlers; the succeeding (Miocene) species bore simple forks; and from thence onwards, these weapons, so dear to the sportsman, went on increasing in size and complexity till they attained their maximum in point of size and weight in the antlers of Sedgwick's deer (*Cervus sedgwickii*) of the Upper Pliocene, and the great Irish deer (*Cervus giganteus*) of later times (Fig. 5). In those animals, these weapons attained to such huge size that they hampered their possessors in "the struggle for existence," so that extermination overtook them. They could not escape their enemies, by reason of the burden of their horns.

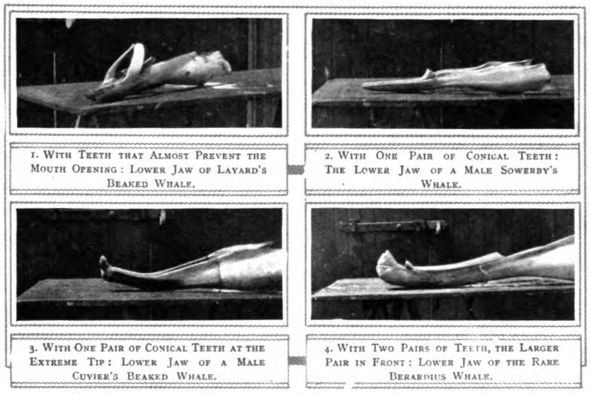


5. PROBABLY THE CAUSE OF THESE ANIMALS DYING OUT: HUGE ANTLERS OF THE EXTINCT GIANT IRISH DEER.

The antlers had a span of over 12 ft. Their weight and unwieldiness probably caused the extinction of this animal, rendering it unable to escape enemies.—[*Photograph by A. Fieldsend.*]

There are many animals to-day which seem to show similar signs of approaching dissolution. The narwhal is one of these. The distinctive feature of this cetacean is the possession of an enormous tusk, spirally twisted. This is borne only by the male. Cases, of extreme rarity, occur where two are developed, but normally the left only is present, the right tusk never leaving its socket, but remaining, a mere vestige a few inches long, within the skull. But no matter whether one or both come to maturity, they attain to enormous length: the longest specimen in the British Museum measures as much as 8 ft. 9 in., while the whole animal does not exceed 16 ft. Furthermore, when both tusks are developed they exhibit the unique peculiarity of having the spiral in both tusks the same. In all other spirally coiled structures the spirals are opposite, as in the case of the horns of the black buck, for example.

We must regard these teeth rather as "excrescences" of growth; as "hypertrophied" organs, than as serving any useful purpose to-day. Originally, no doubt, they served as weapons of offence, such as are borne by males of many species, which display "secondary sexual characters." To-day they have outgrown their usefulness as weapons, and have become, instead, a source of danger to their possessors.



1. WITH TEETH THAT ALMOST PREVENT THE MOUTH OPENING: LOWER JAW OF LAYARD'S BEAKED WHALE.

2. WITH ONE PAIR OF CONICAL TEETH: THE LOWER JAW OF A MALE SOWERBY'S WHALE.

3. WITH ONE PAIR OF CONICAL TEETH AT THE EXTREME TIP: LOWER JAW OF A MALE CUVIER'S BEAKED WHALE.

4. WITH TWO PAIRS OF TEETH, THE LARGER PAIR IN FRONT: LOWER JAW OF THE RARE BERARDIUS WHALE.

Photographs by E. J. Manly.

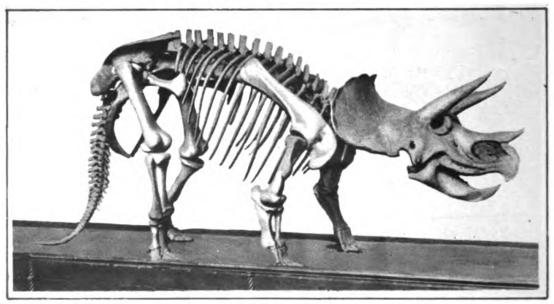
The teeth of the Cetacea, indeed, present some very remarkable features. In the earliest known fossil species, one can distinguish incisors, canines, premolars, and molars, the latter with strangely serrated edges. In the killer-whales, dolphins, and porpoises of to-day, the teeth present a uniform series, conical in shape. In some species there are as many as fifty in each jaw. But, on the other hand, in many of the "toothed whales" the teeth are restricted to one or two pairs, which cut the gum in the males alone. In Cuvier's beaked whale (*Ziphius*), for example, the old bull bears two large conical teeth at the end of the lower jaw (Fig. 3). In the bottle-nosed whale (*Hyperoodon*) there are two pairs of teeth, but only the foremost pair cuts the gum. In Sowerby's whale, the male develops a pair of teeth near the middle of the lower jaw (Fig. 2), while in the rare *Berardius* there are, as may be seen in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 4), two pairs of teeth lying one pair behind the other. But the most astonishing of all are the teeth of Layard's beaked whale (Fig. 1). Here but a single pair, answering to those of Sowerby's whale, are developed, and these seem to continue growing throughout life, till at last they meet one another above the top of the snout, and thus prevent the mouth being opened save for a space of about the width of one's finger, through which all food must be sucked. Moreover, it will be noticed that the edges of these teeth are worn away, as if by chafing against the skin of the upper jaw. The extreme rarity of this animal is an indication that "the struggle for existence" can be barely maintained.

But antlers and teeth are not the only structures which have so far outgrown their usefulness and become a burden too heavy to be borne. Ages ago, in Permian times, there lived a reptile known as *Naosaurus*, the spines of whose vertebræ grew out, along its back, so as to form a series of long rods which supported a fold of skin, so that the back looked as though it carried a huge fin, like that of a fish. In some species these rods bore side branches, at right angles to the main stem, as though it had not carried extravagance far enough in developing spines which could have served no useful purpose. Curiously enough, we have a lizard to-day which has developed the same remarkable features. This is the Helmeted Basilisk of tropical America. The back of this creature bears two "fins" formed, as in its prototypes, of bony rods and folds of skin. Here, however, the "fins" are comparatively small, and as yet, therefore, they in no way interfere with the well-being of the animal.

One is tempted to ask whether these strange out-growths of the vertical column had, originally—before they attained to their later excessive over-development—any useful purpose. And this because, in the Iberian newt, and in another species from the Loo-Choo Islands, the ribs pierce the skin to form a row of sharp spines down each side of the body, and seeming to serve as a protection against enemies.

The only instances which can be cited as affording positive evidence of "usefulness" in these strange developments of the skeleton are furnished by the little "flying-lizards" of the Oriental region, and the Malay Peninsula. Herein the hinder ribs grow out, far beyond the sides of the body, so as to support a fold of skin which serves as a parachute, or rather, as a gliding plane.

It would be easy to cite a dozen or so other cases of this kind; of structures which at first sight seem to hold their own not because of, but in spite of, Natural Selection. But, as a matter of fact, it is not until these extravagances of development become really conspicuous that they begin to come within the operations of Natural Selection. In other words, all idiosyncrasies of growth are free, once they have started, to go on amplifying themselves until they either help, or hinder, their possessors. In the latter case, extermination inevitably follows.



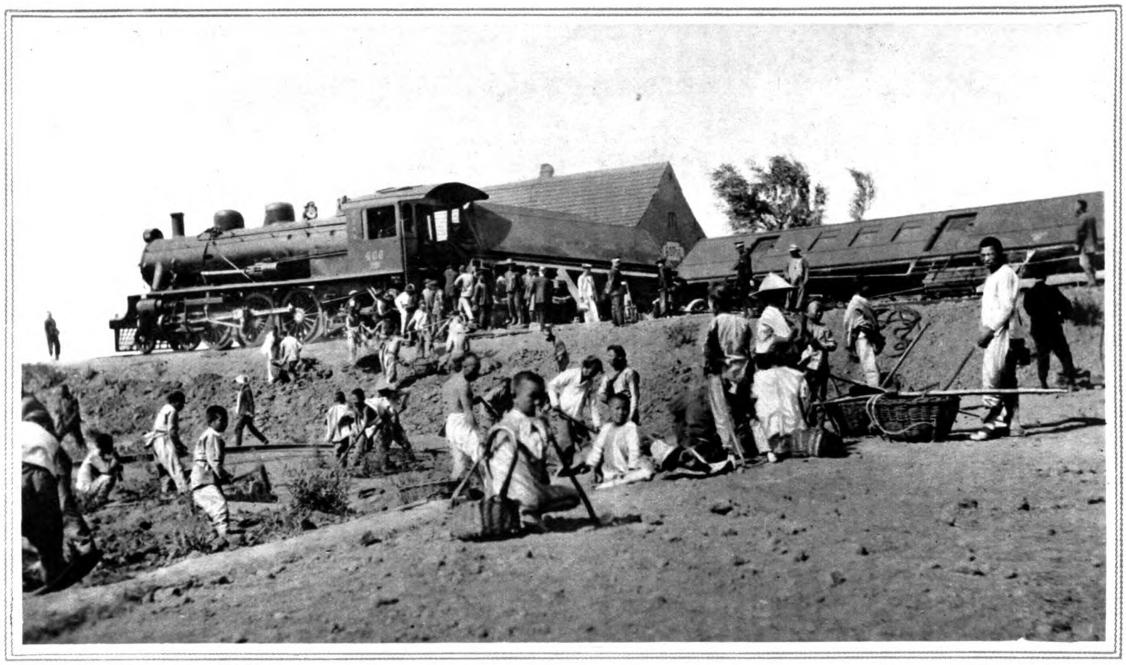
6. AN EXAMPLE OF GREAT SIZE AS A MARK OF OLD AGE: *TRICERATOPS*, AN ARMOURED DINOSAUR, FROM THE UPPER CRETACEOUS OF WYOMING.

Behind the horns there grew out a great bony shield for the protection of the neck.

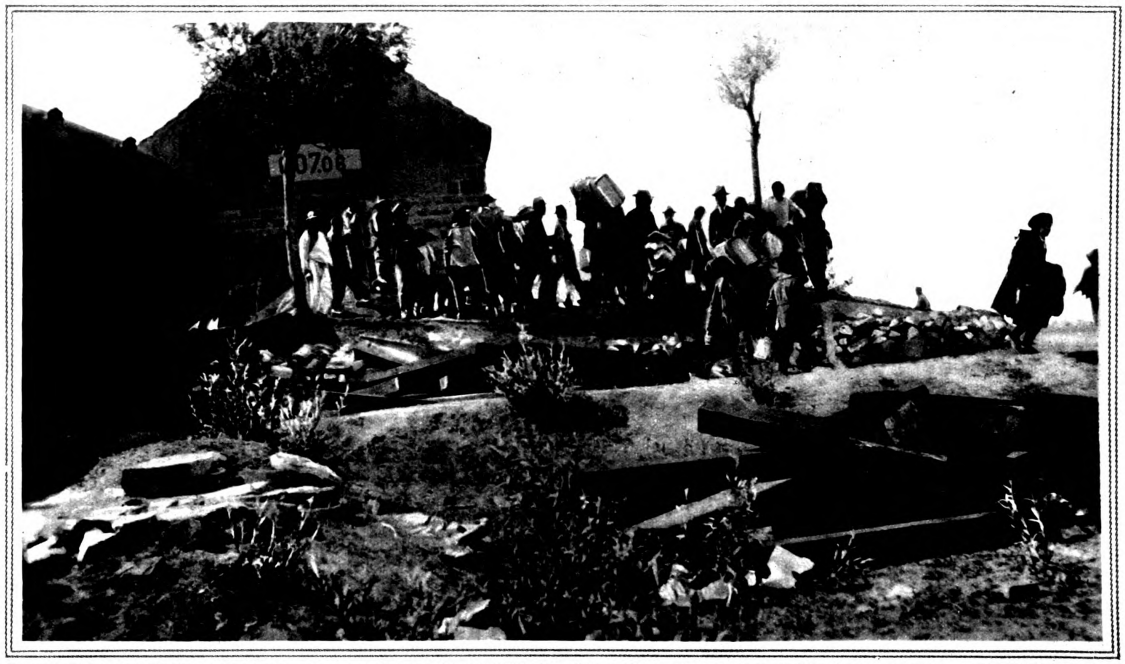
Photograph by A. Fieldsend.

A CHINESE TRAIN OUTRAGE: TRAVELLERS CAPTURED BY BRIGANDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. THOMAS COOK AND SON, PEKIN.



WHERE ONE BRITISH SUBJECT WAS KILLED, AND 24 FOREIGNERS (SOME BRITISH) AND 200 CHINESE PASSENGERS KIDNAPPED BY BANDITS: THE PUKOW-TIENTSIN TRAIN DERAILED NEAR LINGCHENG.



AFTER THE OUTRAGE IN WHICH A NUMBER OF BRITISH AND OTHER FOREIGN TRAVELLERS WERE CAPTURED, HELD TO RANSOM, AND SUBSEQUENTLY RELEASED: PASSENGERS AND LUGGAGE BESIDE THE OVERTURNED COACHES.

It was announced in the House of Commons on June 13, by the Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office, that all the foreigners captured by the Chinese brigands in the train outrage near Lincheng had been released. A subsequent message said that the negotiations for their release had been conducted by an American, Mr. Roy Anderson, who stated that the terms included an amnesty for all concerned, the payment of 175,000 dollars, and the enrolment of 3000 bandits by the Chinese Government. Writing from Pekin on May 13, Messrs. Thos. Cook, in sending in the above photographs, recall some details of the outrage: "Early in the morning (2 a.m.) on May 6, about 1000 bandits tore up about 400 yards of track and waited in ambush for the express train from Pukow to arrive. Fortunately the train was proceeding very slowly, and only the engine and two first coaches suffered serious damage. The bandits then appeared on the scene, firing rifles and revolvers indiscriminately, accompanied by blood-curdling yells. They raided the train and carried off most of the passengers. . . . One British passenger was killed." He was Mr. Joseph Rothman. The five British subjects captured were Messrs. R. H. Rowlatt, F. Elias, E. Elias, T. Saphiere, and William Smith.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

SOME books have "quality" in the special sense of that word as it is understood by the older art-critics. If it is heard seldomer to-day, that is probably because the material to be criticised gives fewer opportunities for its use; and the same holds good of much current literature. By "quality" the old critics meant that result which followed from a laborious building up on a sure foundation. The process often implied erasures and modifications, but even these contributed to the final texture of the work. The very suppressions told in the last effort of craftsmanship. In a word, there was much more there than met the eye, and, for that very reason, what did meet the eye had become the excellent and enduring thing it was.

. . . . . .

A notable new book (appropriately enough a book about a supreme artist) possesses in a remarkable degree this virtue of "quality." The thing cannot be laid hold of and exhibited in so many words. All you can say is that you know it is there. It makes itself felt. The material, rich and copious, has been wrought, not in one day or two, not certainly even in one year or two, but in many, into its present form. In writing, it is true, there can be no actual parallel to "painting-over," the superimposing of skin on skin of pigment or glaze—the analogy will not hold so far—but there is a more subtle analogy: for the writer's work may imply the overlaying of mental process upon mental process, a repeated modification and synthetising of thought that issues at last in a texture of words conveying this elusive, but unmistakable effect — the satisfying adaptation of the medium to the end, which, for want of a better term, we name "quality."

. . . . . .

"Quality," however, in this restricted sense, is not everything. At the best, it is but an accident (very welcome and gracious, but still an accident) of the mere medium. "Quality" of paint or writing alone will not make a great work of art. Some higher and more spiritual communication is necessary. Of that, in its essential significance, Josef Israels caught a glimpse when, as a young man, he was copying a figure in Rembrandt's "The Syndics." He was, he said, surprised into recognition of "a presence, a personal genius, at once identical and elusive, which his brush could not evoke." What was denied to the copyist of paint in paint, may be granted to the interpreter who uses another medium, that of literature. In the latest literary portrait of Rembrandt something very like this has happened. We are made aware of "a presence, a personal genius" which the author's pen has evoked. And that presence is Rembrandt's very self.

. . . . . .

To get this effect, an artist or a writer must be possessed alike with his subject, and with the divine fury of master-craft in action. And if his subject be one that lends itself of its very nature to this possession, so much the better for the work. No subject could be more likely to inspire the artistic result attained by Mr. D. S. Meldrum, in "REMBRANDT'S PAINTINGS" (Methuen; £3 3s.), than Rembrandt van Rijn in all his attributes. If it be true, as the jargon of philosophy has it, that "a thing is known in the sum of its predicates," then, as far as may be humanly possible, Rembrandt, as artist and as man, is made known to us in this essay accompanying reproductions of practically all his paintings.

. . . . . .

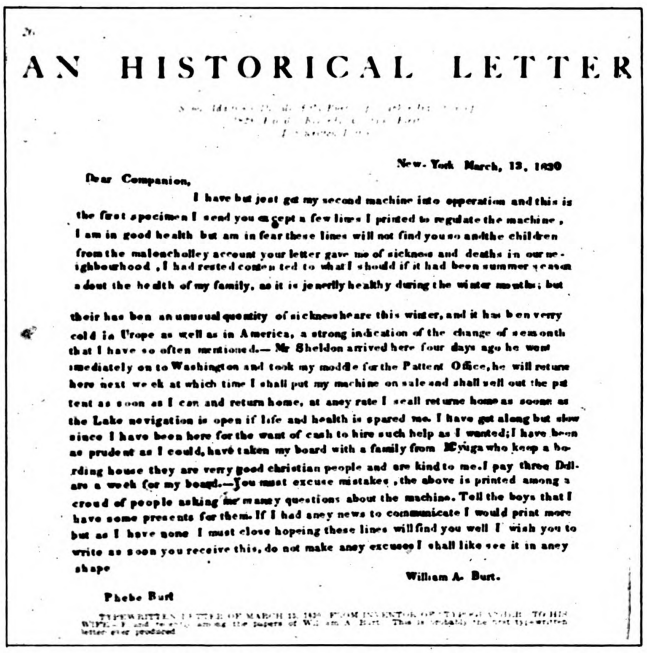
It may be to some extent a loss that the author has had to confine his text within the limits of an "Essay," one of considerable length, certainly, but still an "essay." His studies have been so wide and deep that he has enough material at command to have furnished forth a work of far greater size, in respect of mere number of written pages. But even this restriction may be an advantage, for it has driven the author to a compendious intensity of expression and handling that is entirely appropriate to his theme. One of the main purposes of this book is to illustrate that chief characteristic of Rembrandt's method, defined by Constantin Huygens as "industrious self-concentration which loved to obtain a condensation of effect." That is no less true of Rembrandt than of Mr. Meldrum's exposition of the artist and his work. From long intimacy with the miller's son of Leyden,



A WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN TENOR'S DÉBUT AT COVENT GARDEN: MR. EDWARD JOHNSON.

Mr. Edward Johnson, the Canadian tenor, famous in the Dominion and elsewhere, arranged to appear for the first time at Covent Garden on Thursday, June 21, with Dame Nellie Melba, in "Faust." Mr. Johnson, who is thirty-eight, has long been ambitious to sing in the Empire's premier opera house, but could not accept previous offers owing to his American contracts.

and profound consideration of his technique, his latest exponent seems to have caught a kindred skill in throwing the sum-total of experience into a single and not necessarily very large canvas.



AN HISTORICAL LETTER

New-York March, 13, 1830

Dear Companion,

I have but just got my second machine into opperation and this is the first specimen I send you except a few lines I printed to regulate the machine, I am in good health but am in fear these lines will not find you so and the children from the malecholley account your letter gave me of sickness and deaths in our neighbourhood, I had rested contented to what I should if it had been summer season about the health of my family, as it is generlly healthy during the winter months; but their has ben an unusual quantity of sickness heare this winter, and it has ben very cold in Urope as well as in America, a strong indication of the change of seasonth that I have so often mentioned.— Mr Sheldon arrived here four days ago he went imediately on to Washington and took my modle for the Patent Office, he will return here next week at which time I shall put my machine on sale and shall sell out the patent as soon as I can and return home, at anny rate I shall returne home as soone as the Lake navigation is open if life and health is spared me. I have got along but slow since I have been here for the want of cash to hire such help as I wanted; I have been as prudent as I could, have taken my board with a family from Elyza who keep a bording house they are very good christian people and are kind to me. I pay three Dollars a week for my board.—You must excuse mistakes, the above is printed among a croud of people asking me many questions about the machine. Tell the boys that I have some presents for them. If I had anny news to communicate I would print more but as I have none I must close hopeing these lines will find you well I wish you to write as soon you receive this, do not make anny excuses I shall like see it in anny shape

William A. Burt.

Phebe Burt

TYPEWRITTEN LETTER OF MARCH 13, 1830, FROM INVENTOR OF THE BURT TYPOGRAPHER TO HIS WIFE. [illegible] among the papers of William A. Burt. This is probably the first typewritten letter ever produced

"PROBABLY THE FIRST TYPEWRITTEN LETTER EVER PRODUCED": FROM WILLIAM BURT, INVENTOR OF THE BURT TYPOGRAPHER, TO HIS WIFE, DATED NEW YORK, MARCH 13, 1830.

The typewriter in its modern form is keeping its jubilee this year. On a double-page in this number we illustrate an exhibition of early and modern typewriters arranged at the Science Museum, South Kensington.

Photograph by Sport and General. By Courtesy of the Science Museum.

As an interpreter of Dutch art and Dutch life, Mr. Meldrum needs no introduction. But this latest work of his is (despite obvious limitations) the fine flower of a talent long and sedulously cultivated. That Rembrandt, in particular, has been to the author a life-long preoccupation and a life-long enthusiasm, the book itself affords sufficient proof in its general compass. But there is specific evidence of what the painter has meant to the writer from his very early years—

> It seems like yesterday that, as a boy, in the old Six House, on the Heerengracht, I first set eyes on "The Burgomaster," and at the sight felt the flushing of every avenue of the sense of paint in me.

From that moment, one may surmise, the "sense of paint" has quickened every day, and has been fostered by contemplation, and an unwearied pursuit of every scrap of knowledge that could possibly heighten the impression and, who knows? enable the critic to pierce at length the secret of the master's technique. The author has lived himself into his subject. Every inch of ground trodden by Rembrandt is as familiar to Mr. Meldrum as the shores of his native Fifeshire, with their "Grey Mantle and Gold Fringe," which happy phrase of King James's, by the way, he borrowed as title to his volume of Fifeshire stories, a book to know. To him the Holland of to-day is an open page, and not of to-day only, for one of the outstanding excellences of this account of Rembrandt is its vivid reconstruction in brief of Netherlands life (and Amsterdam, in particular) in the first half of the seventeenth century. It is introduced not so much to explain the painter (a practice of biography with which the writer has, I take it, but scant sympathy) as to enable the reader to see Rembrandt in his proper environment. Of that environment he may be an expression, but it is an expression that can be shown to be rather negative than positive. Rembrandt, in his golden period, when the successful portrait-painter had at his feet the materially prosperous Amsterdam of his day, the period when he lived exultingly in and for his art and his Saskia, still stood somewhat aloof, and that aloofness increased in the dark and disastrous days that were to follow. It is not by the external accidents of life that Rembrandt is to be understood. "The devoted research, beyond praise, of his countrymen, illuminating his social and artistic circumstance, neglects the spirit."

. . . . . .

It is the spirit that this masterly interpretation seeks to detach and make manifest in so far as the invisible and intangible can be manifested. The material is the *corpus* of Rembrandt's painted work; the instrument is the written word informed by that "sense of paint in me" awakened long ago by "The Burgomaster."

In whatever else the Essay may come short, it has certainly succeeded in the spiritual revelation of Rembrandt in terms of his work in paint.

. . . . . .

Not in the mere outwardness of the joyous apprenticeship at Leyden, not in the moment of prosperity, nor in the passion and grief for his idolized Saskia, not in shipwreck of worldly fortune and dark hours alleviated by the faithful companionship of the peasant woman Hendrikje Stoeffels, but in "the mastery in craftsmanship that had liberated his imagination," is the essential Rembrandt to be discovered. Here Mr. Meldrum has sought and found him, and the most important thing about this book, rich as it is in technical and historical detail and ordered tables—a most valuable work of reference even in the dry usefulness of an "index"—is its revelation of the artist who, working with singleness of purpose, has earned the right to say—

> I can do with my pencil what I know,
> What I see, what at bottom of my heart
> I wish for, if I ever wish so deep—
> Do easily, too—when I say, perfectly,
> I do not boast.

Yes, an essay largely conceived, learned, copiously documented, but, above all, successful in its non-material purpose, which, impatient of "discarded moulds," is concerned only with the vital fact that "Rembrandt filled them with his magic."

A CLUB OF ALL THE SPORTS: A FAMOUS LONDON SOCIETY RESORT.

FROM THE PAINTING BY C. E. TURNER.



WHERE POLO CONSORTS WITH GOLF, LAWN-TENNIS, AND FASHION: TEA ON THE TERRACE AT RANELAGH.

The terrace at Ranelagh at tea-time is a rendezvous for enthusiasts of many different sports, for which this famous club provides facilities. We see here, for example, a polo player standing by a table where sits a girl with a tennis racket, opposite two others who have come as lookers-on. In the left background a pair of golfers are making their way to the tea-tables. The Club House, standing in lovely grounds, is the fine old mansion of Barn Elms, where in 1589 Sir Francis Walsingham entertained Queen Elizabeth. Pepys and Evelyn mention it in their diaries, and on Jan. 16, 1678, the Earl of Shrewsbury fought a duel with the Duke of Buckingham there. Later, it was the resort of the Kitcat Club.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]

RICHMOND'S FAMOUS HORSE SHOW: PRIZES, JUMPS AND EXHIBITS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, W. A. ROUCH, L.N.A., G.P.U., AND TOPICAL.



WINNER OF THE COACHING MARATHON: MR. CLAUD F. GODDARD'S WELL-KNOWN TEAM OF BLACKS.



INSPECTING THE PRIZES: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK, WITH THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS OF RICHMOND, AND MR. ROMER WILLIAMS.



A RIDE-ASTRIDE LADY COMPETITOR: MISS RITCHIE ON CONKERS.



A SIDE-SADDLE COMPETITOR AT THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW: MISS W. CURRIE ON HAYDOCK.



A PRELIMINARY PERFORMANCE: BARON ENRICO NISCO GOES OVER A JUMP HELD BY HIS WIFE AND HIS SOLDIER-SERVANT.



WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE FOR SHETLAND PONIES, HARNESS CLASS: MRS. ETTA DUFFUS'S HUZZOOR OF PENNIWELLS.

The Richmond Horse Show is an important social and sporting fixture, and this year the entries showed a considerable increase on last year's, the total numbering 850 as against 650. The quality throughout was good, and in some classes excellent. The Duke and Duchess of York visited the Show on the first day, and the occasion was the first public appearance of the Duchess since her illness. The King and Queen spent an hour and twenty minutes at the Show on the last day. Mr. Claud F. Goddard's well-known and extremely stylish team of blacks was again successful in the section for private teams in the Coaching Marathon, Mr. Theobald's chestnuts being a good second, a placing which has occurred before. Mrs. E. Duffus, the well-known breeder, of Penniwells, Elstree, was very successful with her exhibits. Miss Ritchie rode Mr. Ritchie's Conkers, and won an equal first in the first jumping competition. The Show concluded on June 16.

THE PRINCE'S MIDLAND TOUR: WALSALL; COVENTRY; BIRMINGHAM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, I.B., AND G.P.U.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WALSALL: GREETING THE TEACHERS AT QUEEN MARY'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



AT THE COVENTRY AND WARWICKSHIRE HOSPITAL IN COVENTRY: A CHEERY WORD WITH PATIENTS IN THE OPEN AIR.



INVITING THE PRINCE TO KISS HER BABY: A PROUD MOTHER AT THE COVENTRY HOSPITAL PRESENTS HER ELEVEN-DAYS-OLD DAUGHTER, ONE OF WHOSE NAMES WILL BE "WINDSOR."



AT THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. EDNA DRAKE PRESENTS FLOWERS



WITH THE MAYOR OF WALSALL (ALDERMAN G. WARNER), WHO GAVE HIM A COMPLETE HUNTING OUTFIT, TYPICAL OF THE TOWN'S LEATHER TRADE: THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE ARBORETUM, CHEERED BY A MASS OF FLAG-WAVING CHILDREN, INCLUDING BOY SCOUTS AND GIRL GUIDES.

During his stay in Birmingham, the first day of which was illustrated in our last issue, the Prince of Wales made a tour by motor of many neighbouring towns and villages in the Midlands. Thus, on June 13, he visited Dudley, Wolverhampton, Walsall, Wednesbury, West Bromwich, and Smethwick, with the intermediate districts. At Walsall, which is a centre of the leather trade, the Prince was presented by the Mayor (Alderman George Warner) with a gift that especially pleased him as a hunting man—a saddle and bridle, with whip, spurs and gloves complete. In the Arboretum at Walsall he inspected the British Legion, and was greeted by massed school-children, Boy Scouts, and Girl Guides. On the 14th, the Prince visited Coventry, Warwick, Leamington, and Stratford-on-Avon. In the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital, he was invited to kiss an eleven-days-old baby girl by the proud mother, who said that one of her child's names was to be "Windsor." On the way to Coventry, the Prince passed through the Forest of Arden and the village of Meriden, where an obelisk commemorates Cyclists who died in the war.

THE LADY OF THE ROSE: SIXTY YEARS IN ENGLAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYK.



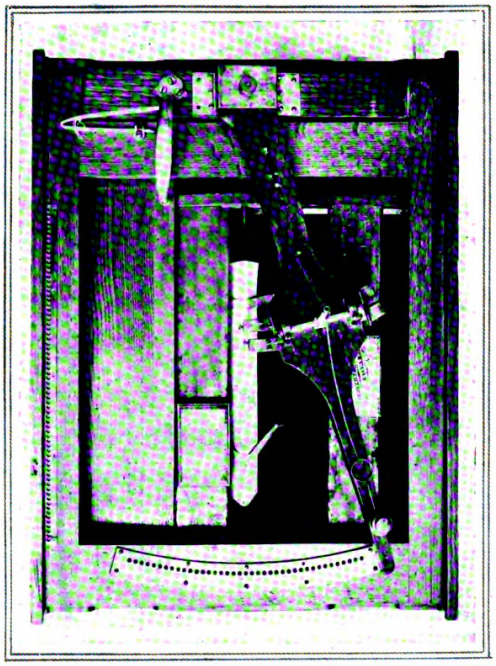


THE INSPIRER OF A MOVEMENT THAT HAS RAISED OVER £1,000,000 FOR HOSPITALS: HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA, WHO AGAIN DROVE THROUGH LONDON ON ALEXANDRA DAY.

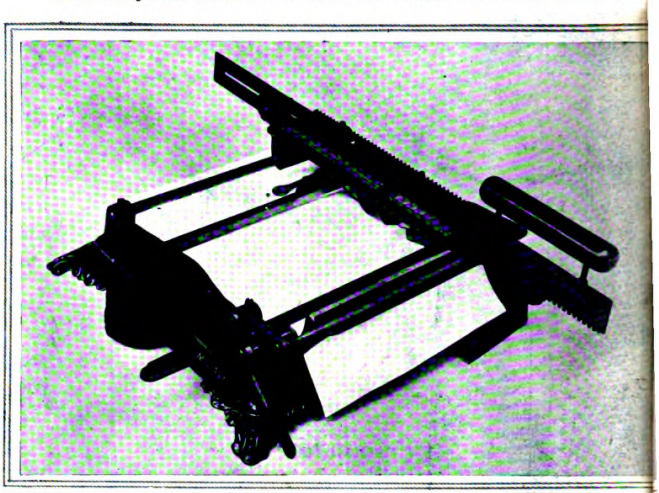
Queen Alexandra received a great welcome once more when she made her customary drive through London on Alexandra Day (June 13), to visit the stalls of the principal rose-sellers. Afterwards, in a letter of thanks to all concerned, addressed to the Duchess of Portland, chairman of the Executive Committee, her Majesty said: "I remember with feelings of pride and gratitude that this is the twelfth anniversary of the Day inaugurated by the ladies of Great Britain in my honour to benefit hospitals and kindred institutions and charities, and the fact is doubly interesting to me to-day, as 1923 is also the sixtieth anniversary of my arrival in England. It is with thankfulness that I look back upon these happy years. . . . I alluded in my last letter to you to the wonderful growth of Alexandra Day and to the generous response to our appeals, which has resulted in more than £1,000,000 being raised by collections. In the Metropolis alone last year, over £46,000 was collected in the streets, being an increase of more than £6000 on the previous year. . . . Our main object is to augment the funds of our hospitals . . . every effort should be forthcoming to help their beneficent work for the sick and suffering, and to render the continuance of the voluntary system possible."

THE JUBILEE OF THE TYPEWRITER: THE MACHIN

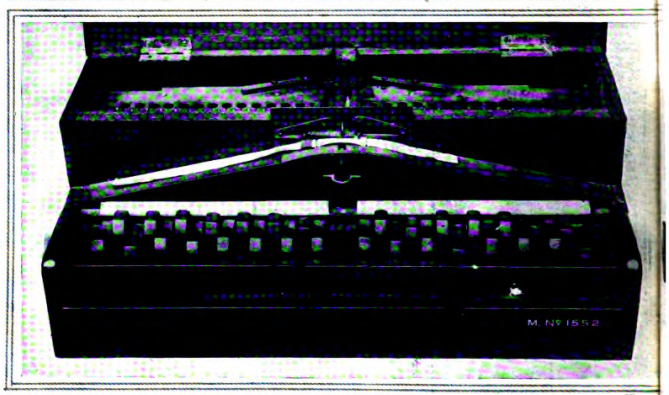
FROM THE JUBILEE EXHIBITION OF EARLY AND MODERN TYPEWRITERS AT THE SCIE



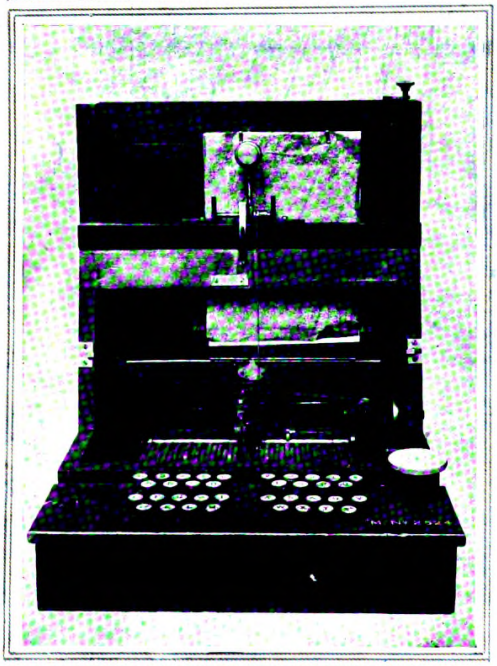
NOW IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT WASHINGTON (U.S.A.): THE BURT TYPOGRAPHER OF 1829.



PATENTED IN 1884 BY MR. H. A. H. GUHL: THE "HAMMONIA" TYPEWRITER, WITH 45 CHARACTERS ON THE EDGE OF A THIN STRAIGHT BLADE.



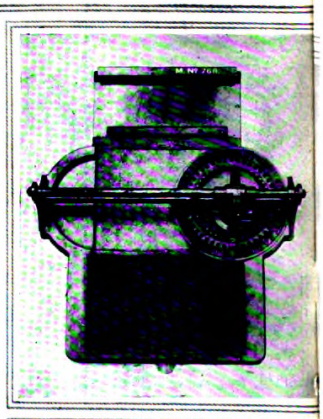
DESIGNED IN 1851 BY SIR C. WHEATSTONE FOR THE RAPID PRINTING OF TELEGRAMS: A TYPEWRITER WITH A PIANO-LIKE KEYBOARD.



MADE AND PATENTED BY JOHN PRATT IN 1866: A TYPEWRITER WITH 36 SYMBOLS IN 3 ROWS ON A VERTICAL ROLLER.



PATENTED IN 1873: THE REMINGTON (ORIGINALLY KNOWN AS THE SCHOLES-GLIDDEN).

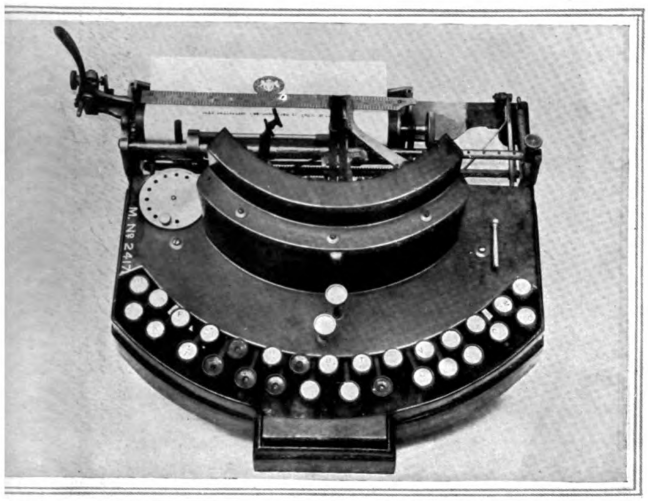


INVENTED IN 1850 BY MR. S. A. HUGHES: A TYPEWRITER FOR THE BLIND.

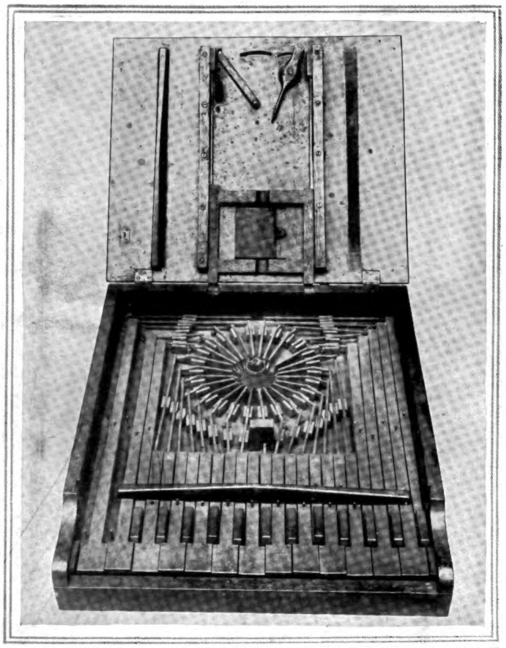
It is now just fifty years since the Remington typewriter reached this country from America in a form practicable for general adoption in the commercial world, and to celebrate the occasion the Science Museum at South Kensington has arranged a very interesting exhibition of early and modern machines, the most important of which we are here enabled to illustrate. Although 1873 may be regarded as the typewriter's date of birth as a "commercial proposition," yet many inventors had previously worked towards its development, and had produced isolated examples of various kinds. We are, in fact, only nine years from the bicentenary of the earliest recorded invention, ascribed to an Englishman named Mills, who is said to have patented a typewriter as long ago as 1714. The first saleable machine, however, was the work of two Americans named Scholes and Glidden, who, after some thirty attempts, had a typewriter placed on the market by a firm of gun-

THAT OPENED THE DOORS OF BUSINESS TO WOMEN.

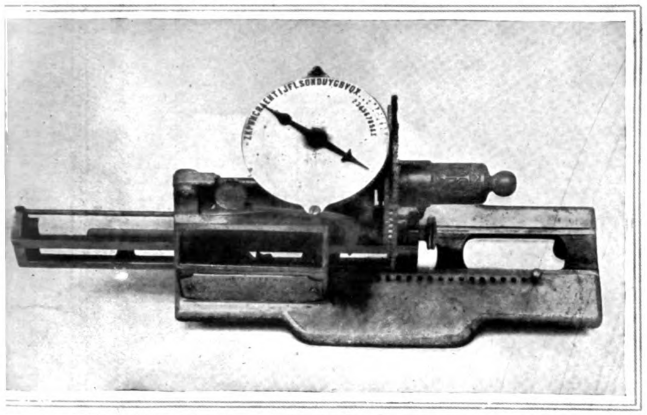
USEUM. BY COURTESY OF THE DIRECTOR. PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



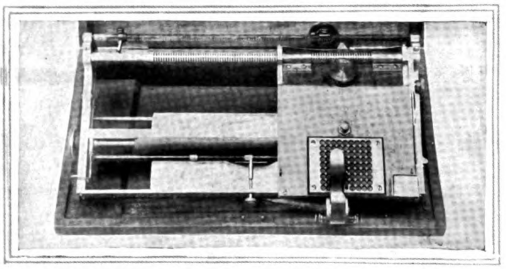
MADE IN 1890: A MACHINE LENT FOR EXHIBITION BY THE ENGLISH TYPEWRITER COMPANY, WITH 29 TYPE-LEVERS ARRANGED IN A CIRCULAR ARC.



AN EARLY PRATT TYPEWRITER OF 1865: A MACHINE MADE BY JOHN PRATT BEFORE THE ONE HE PATENTED IN 1866.



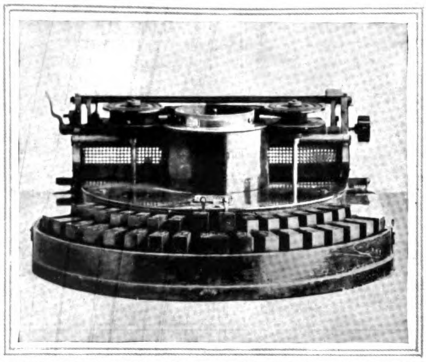
INTRODUCED IN 1836: A COLUMBIA TYPEWRITER OF DIAL FORM, WITH 72 CHARACTERS ON THE EDGE OF A VERTICAL DISC OR TYPE WHEEL.



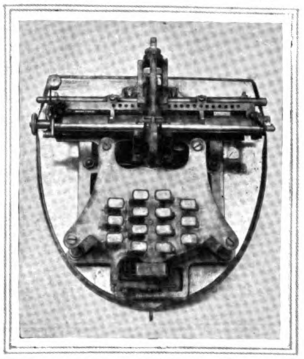
PATENTED IN 1881 BY MR. THOMAS HALL OF NEW YORK: THE HALL TYPEWRITER, WITH SQUARE RUBBER SHEET AS FOUNT.



PATENTED IN 1880: THE BAR-LOCK TYPEWRITER, NO. 1 MODEL.



ONCE THE PROPERTY OF SIR HENRY IRVING: A HAMMOND TYPEWRITER, PATENTED IN 1880.



PATENTED BY MR. J. GARDNER IN 1893: A MACHINE MEANT TO REDUCE SIZE.

makers in 1783. This was the foundation of the typewriting industry. Another American, named Soulé, devised the pivotal type set in a circle. The shift-key for using a capital as well as small letter on each lever was invented in 1878, and other improvements gradually followed until the typewriter as we know it to-day was evolved. Perhaps the most interesting and far-reaching result of the invention was that it brought into being the girl typist and thus opened the doors of business to women. Directly it became obvious that any woman who could play the piano could operate a typewriter, firms began to employ female clerks, then a complete innovation. Over fifty different kinds of machines exist, and typewriters are used in all parts of the world. It is even said that one has been invented, by a British Ambassador, for the intricate Chinese language, which has 1068 symbols.

WITH 100-MILE-HIGH MOUNTAINS AS "WAVES": JUPITER'S SEA OF LAVA.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., THE WELL-KNOWN ASTRONOMER-ARTIST, TO ILLUSTRATE THE LATEST OBSERVATIONS OF JUPITER.



"A SELF-LUMINOUS AND SEMI-MOLTEN WORLD": AN ASTRONOMER'S CONCEPTION OF THE SURFACE OF JUPITER, THE GIANT OF THE PLANETS.

"Observations of Jupiter, made during the last twelve months," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "indicate with a degree of certainty that this giant of all planets is self-luminous. One proof of this is that when a portion of its surface is cut off from direct sunlight, as during the passage of a shadow of one of the planet's moons across the disc, the eclipsed region has been found to exhibit a luminous ruddy hue. Were we to observe the planet's night-side in its entirety (which we on earth can never do), it would doubtless be seen to present a strong coppery glow. Furthermore, it has been shown that Jupiter is something more than a mass of seething vapour. It is also tolerably certain that its physical condition amounts to nothing really solid, but that it is both liquid and viscous, and is partly enveloped in self-raised clouds. At the surface the chaotic masses are solely the outward effect of internal vehemence. Though perhaps older in years than the earth, Jupiter is still young in evolution, and as yet totally unfitted for intelligence. The glowing interior is for the most part concealed by a slender condensing film in violent motion, while semi-molten matter is prodigiously poured forth from below. The seething and coiling plastic materials, assuming manifold colours, are thrust up into gigantic mountain-piles a hundred miles high, only to sink to a natural level a few hours later. Heavy metallic vapours are caught up in the incessant tornadoes, scudding along at 200 miles an hour. Jupiter, now the most brilliant object in the heavens except the moon, can be seen at twilight in the south, shining with a steady, silvery lustre. It has an equatorial diameter of 90,190 miles, and is larger than all the other planets combined. Its size exceeds the earth's by 1300 times."

EX-GERMAN PROBLEMS FOR MANDATORIES.

"A WOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF GERMAN NEW GUINEA." By LILIAN OVERELL.*

IT is written: "In some parts of Papua the natives fainted from horror when they first saw white men." That was long ago. Later they might well have swooned from fear, for terrorism by their own kind, by tribes warlike and cannibalistic, was supplemented by the brutality and bestiality of many



CARRYING DANCING-STICKS WITH FIGURES OF A GERMAN SAILOR (PRE-WAR): A KULAU DANCER.
The sticks represent those used to husk coconuts.

an exploiter of *kanakas*. That was not so long ago. Now the strong, persuasive hand has still to be shown if advance is to be made, but the grip is that of the pioneer who is genuinely anxious to better conditions, and will be able to do so if Powers That Be can ignore clamour and recognise that it is fatal for a black race to get "swelled head."

Much remains to be done: doubtless the Mandatories will see to it.

"Some say the natives should be left alone, but that is impossible at this stage of the world's history. Not only must they be saved from themselves and their own horrible cruelties, but the products of their land are needed for the rest of mankind."

Plantations are rich enough; peasant-proprietors could grow sugar-cane, rice, cotton, rubber, coffee, and copra. "Wireless" is in the land, and the telephone. The motor-car is rare, but well enough known to be called the "boat-belong-bush." The umbrella is sufficiently modern to be carried by teams playing football in the rain! There is at least one hotel with a bath, though it is true that, when the plug is removed, the water rushes out and flows over the floor, finally leaking through the cracks to the floor below, the building being innocent of drains!

But, even with these signs and portents presaging a "civilised" future, the task will call for knowledge and supreme tact. "The intelligence of the natives is very limited. They are children mentally, and will remain children for many generations. They are cunning, cowardly, cruel, revengeful, treacherous, but they are also generous, anxious to please, patient, uncomplaining, helpless, and their fate lies in our hands."

Their past has to be lived down, and Custom and Superstition were ever tenacious of their thrones, very unready to be deposed.

Imagine, for example, dealing with a New Britain retaining even a particle of the traditions of the old days. The courageous Mrs. Parkinson, daughter of an American Consul at Apia and the daughter of a Samoan chief, and sister of Queen Emma, knows well enough how things used to be there and elsewhere, and she told her guest, Miss Overell, many strange, true, indicative things.

"As we passed beneath some huge, spreading trees with numerous aerial roots, dropping from the lofty branches to the ground, Miti stopped. It was here that the unfortunate victims of cannibal feasts were tied. Many years ago, she, guarded by two Buka boys, was roaming about, searching for plants, when she discovered a wretched woman patiently waiting her gruesome fate. Men came up and tied a piece of string on the part of the body they wished to eat. . . . Another time she saw in one of the villages a roasted body—the natives had fled, for they are ashamed to be seen at their cannibal feasts.

"Once some cooked human flesh was sent to her. . . . Her native nurse was mad to get it, and it was with great difficulty that she managed to bury it where she could not find it."

Then, on the Gazelle Peninsula: "Miti pointed out one of the sharp curves of the road.

"That is where Moses, the Malay overseer, was cut to pieces. The natives gave warning that the road was interfering with one of their 'sacred places.' The complaint was disregarded, the work went on, and Moses was murdered. For a long while afterwards on moonlight nights, they used to sit on the bank above the road, saying jeeringly, 'Where are you, Moses? Come and finish your road.' Then they would laugh and yell. It is horrible to hear the natives boast and jeer after they have killed a man."

Callous, indeed, they were, and not only mentally, but physically. Witness the Bainings, the wild people of the mountains. "The natives are not sensible to pain. They love to sleep round the fires made on the earthen floor of their huts, so they often get burnt, and it does not even wake them up. One man had a finger burnt right off, and it did not seem to hurt him"—and leprosy was not the cause of the immunity in his case.

Associated with these same Bainings is a remarkable survival of primitive warfare. They are "adepts at slinging stones, and even from great distances can hit an enemy just over the heart, the spot they always aim at, so that he drops dead."

Not for them, it may be presumed, the quacks of New Britain. "There was one many years ago who announced that for a payment of *tambu* he could make the men bullet proof, and when they were all invulnerable they could attack with impunity the white men at Kokopo.

"His method was to load a gun with a red berry instead of a bullet, and, when, after due incantations, he fired this at the boy's heart, it left a red streak of juice, which he promptly wiped away and showed that the skin was intact!

"When all the tribe were thus treated, they attacked the settlement, but were repulsed with great slaughter."

Better—for them—had they adopted the more orthodox method: "When a station is to be attacked, the natives come in the night and set fire to it by throwing burning sticks on the thatch, then they hide and throw spears at the people as they run out."

That sort of thing has died down, but many queer rites remain. Notable are those of the *duk-duks*, members of the notorious secret society. At a funeral in New Britain one danced in the shallow grave of the chief—"A dense globular mass of leaves, a yard or more in diameter, covered the figure from neck to knee. Below appeared two energetic black legs; above was a conical green mask with white marks; above that again was a long spike, terminating in a large bunch of light feathers."

In German New Guinea, too, writing of burial, it is interesting to quote: "With us 'a grandmother's funeral' is often a nice excuse for a few days' leave, but with these natives the plea is that they have to 'sleep on the dead,' and this is sometimes one of the objections to employing local labour with a large circle of family connections.

"The mourners literally do 'sleep on the dead, lying on top of the shallow grave to prevent the spirit rising, which would do them harm in various ways. Ten days after death there is no longer any danger and then the funeral feast takes place.

"The spirits of slaves were particularly feared, for, famished and tortured as the poor wretches were in life, their ghosts were bound to be most malignant. When a man was slow in dying, and his relatives grew impatient, they did not hesitate to sit on him and thus hasten the end."

All this allied to the display so dear to the barbarian. In the capital to-day the natives are quite dandies: "Most of their attention is given to their hair, which is very fuzzy, and bleached with lime to various shades of brown, rusty red, and grey. Some heads were snowy white, others just like an opossum skin. They generally stick their combs amid their curls, or wear a feather, a flower, or sometimes a beautiful butterfly, which is tied by a short string and flutters vainly to be free. A favourite practice is to paint a flange of the nose or one lobe of the ear a vivid red."

And the ladies? "There was a report that one tribe on the south coast had tails so large that before sitting down they had to scoop a hole in the ground big enough to accommodate them! Fortunately, they were removable, being merely very large bunches of grass and foliage worn as—if not the *latest*, certainly the *largest* thing in bustles, one could imagine!"

What will be made of the people? None can tell. "Many think that the Christian Missions solve the difficulty. Do they?

"Look at Fiji. The work the Methodist missionaries accomplished there was wonderful, and yet——

"In the old days, when a chief's house was built, a human being was buried alive with every post, holding it in his arms that the foundations might be 'well and truly laid.' Each war canoe was launched by being dragged over living bodies, which, mangled and in agony, were then thrust into ovens and roasted.

"The missionaries have changed all this, and the Fijians to-day are peaceable and law-abiding. They love to sing hymns and make long prayers, but they will not work and are fast dying out. It is the race that works and strives to overcome difficulties that survives. Probably life is too easy, food too plentiful, they have lost interest, and so there is no struggle for existence."

Possibly the solution will be found in other methods; teaching in which work plays its definite part: "The head mission station of the Sacred Heart is near Kokopo. It is a very wealthy community owning tens of thousands of acres of coconut plantations, besides carrying on various trades — furniture-making, etc. Under German law, the missions were registered as trading companies, and are known as The Sacred Heart of Jesus, Limited, and The Holy Ghost, Limited"!

A very instructive record of observation and information; a book to be read and thought about.

E. H. G.



WITH "TAIL" SAID TO BE ACCOMMODATED IN A HOLE IN THE GROUND WHEN ITS WEARER IS SITTING: A WOMAN FROM THE SOUTH COAST.

Illustrations Reproduced from "A Woman's Impressions of German New Guinea," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher, John Lane, the Bodley Head, Ltd.

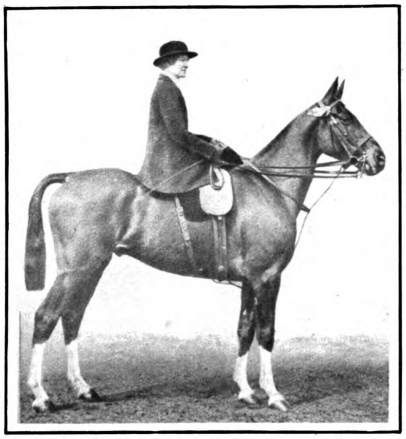
* "A Woman's Impressions of German New Guinea." By Lilian Overell. Illustrated. (John Lane; The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d. net.)

WOMAN'S SHARE IN THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. A. ROUCH, AND ONE (THE



Lady Terrington.



Mrs. D. Stonor.



Mrs. R.B. Brassey.



Mrs. B. Tilbury.



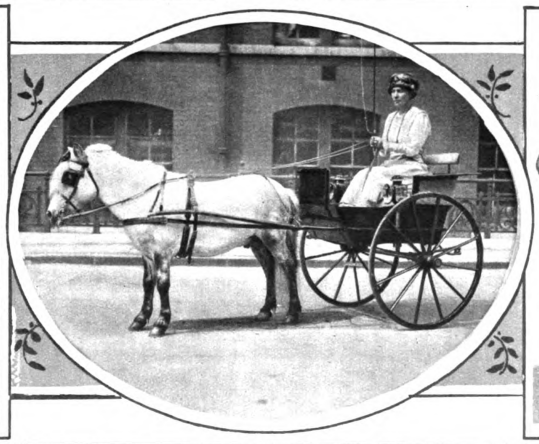
Miss Rosemary Schweder.



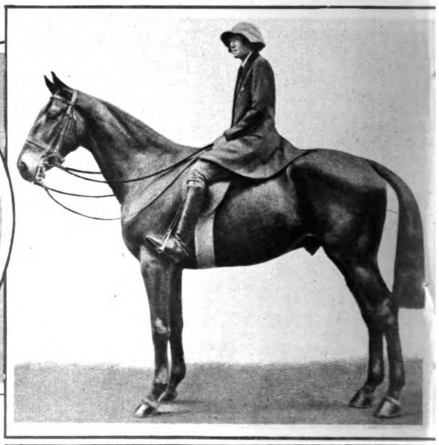
Mrs. G.R. Holland.



Mrs. E.A. Dodd.



Mrs. V. Hobart.



Miss B. Powney.

THE FEMININE SIDE OF THE TWELFTH INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA:

Many women are among the exhibitors at the International Horse Show (the twelfth of the series) which is being held at Olympia from June 23 to June 30. Those whose portraits are given above (taking them in order from left to right, beginning at the top) are exhibiting as follows: Lady Terrington, a riding horse; Mrs. D. Stonor, riding horses; Mrs. R. B. Brassey, hunters; Mrs. Gladys Beadon, a riding horse; Miss V. St. Clair Johnston, a riding horse; Miss M. A. Bullows, jumping; Mrs. B. Tilbury, harness; Miss Rosemary Schweder, a riding horse; Mrs. G. R. Holland, riding horses and hunters; the Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Mackay, hunters; the Hon. Mrs. Drury-Lowe, riding horses; Mrs. Philip Hunloke, Shetlands; Mrs. E. A. Dodd, a riding horse and a hunter; Mrs. V.

SHOW: WELL-KNOWN LADY EXHIBITORS AT OLYMPIA.

HON. MRS. KENNETH MACKAY) BY RITA MARTIN.



Mrs. Gladys Beadon.



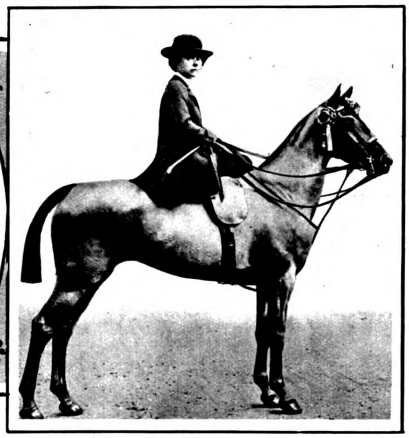
Miss V. St Clair-Johnston.



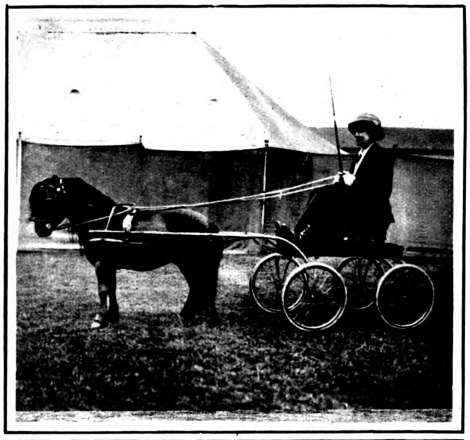
Miss M.A.Bullows.



The Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Mackay.



The Hon. Mrs. Drury-Lowe.



Mrs. Philip Hunloke.



Mrs. Etta Duffus.



Miss K. Gillespie.



Miss Weston-Stevens.

BRITISH SPORTSWOMEN EXHIBITING HORSES FOR RIDING, JUMPING, OR DRIVING.

Hobart, Shetlands; Miss B. Powney, a riding pony; Mrs. Etta Duffus, Shetlands; Miss Kathleen Gillespie, a novice horse; Miss Weston-Stevens, a riding horse. Some of our photographs show the owners with the actual horses that they are exhibiting. Thus, Miss D. Stonor is seen riding her Ace of Hearts; Mrs. V. Hobart is driving her Douglas of Hurst Barns; and Miss Weston-Stevens is riding her Tarantella II. The photograph of Miss Gillespie shows her with her hack Cadogan Lily, winner of Viscount Cave's Cup for Novice Hacks at Richmond. Mrs. B. Tilbury is seen above driving her chestnut Gaythorn, which has taken many prizes. The Hon. Mrs. Drury-Lowe is shown riding her Osmunda.



The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.



MORE ABOUT THE STAGE AS A CAREER.

SOME letters have come to hand, not only from England, but from abroad, where, apparently, our *Illustrated London News* is widely and—what I like even more—carefully read, about that vexed question of the stage as a career, to which I referred the other day. An angry "Society Girl" chides me for democratic views (whatever that may mean), and asks me why the stage-door should be closed to a drawing-room girl, and why a prospective employer should be allowed the indiscreet question anent the seeking of a career "of necessity." An "Alarmed Mother" reads something between the lines which no one ever asserted: she wants to know whether her daughter of seventeen can in safety go alone to the theatre, and whether on the stage the same "well-ordered conditions of life" exist as in the middle-class; in other words, whether there is not too much freedom for a girl who only just begins to peep into life, and whether that freedom is not dangerous. A third party, whom I will label "The Girl at the Turnstile"—for I am glad to say that all my correspondents give their real names and addresses, and that I merely adopt the sobriquets for reasons of tact—complains that she has been five years on the stage (and mostly off), has laboured in the provinces at salaries varying from £3 to £4 10s., has played big parts on tour in London successes, but has never had the faintest chance of a London engagement, as she, half-foreign (her father was a naturalised Russian), is a stranger in the great city, and has not been able to secure even an introduction to a London manager. In her periods of "resting" she has done some dress-making—at which she is an expert, as an ex-student of an Académie de Couture in France—and has earned more than on the stage. Her heart is, of course, with the latter; and now she wants to know whether she should give up all hope of theatrical success and stick to the needle. "Brunette," an actress well known on the London boards, who played the leading part for two hundred nights in a West End theatre of the first class, relates her experience with a manager. She had an introduction from a famous man of letters, and went to the managerial sanctum with great expectations. "Come in!" said a commanding voice, and she entered. The day was dim, and an electric light was hanging over the huge roll-top desk behind which the great man was sitting, busily writing. He never looked up when saying "How do you do?" He never asked her to sit down; she stood, and the pause seemed long to her. She felt like a servant from a registry-office. At length he took the letter which she had placed on the ledge of the desk, glanced at it, got up, and said: "Just come nearer the light, please," which she did. He then looked at her intently and concluded the interview in one sentence: "You are dark" (in fact, she was not, she was *blond cendré*), "I want them fair; sorry, good morning." Before she had realised what it all meant, she found herself outside, the elegance of his language still ringing in her ear. Not a word had he asked about her career, or about her "line" of acting; he had merely sampled her hair, as a tobacco-importer samples a bunch of the fragrant leaf at the exchange on sale days.



THE AMOROUS BONE-SETTER HYPNOTISES THE ORTHODOX SURGEON'S CRIPPLED DAUGHTER, IN "THE OUTSIDER," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: MISS ISOBEL ELSOM AND MR. LESLIE FABER.

The "Outsider" of Miss Dorothy Brandon's play is a bone-setter who undertakes to cure the crippled daughter of a famous surgeon and falls in love with her. In the course of the "cure" he puts her into a hypnotic sleep and kisses her, making her believe that the kisses are those of her lover. Ultimately the bone-setter supplants the lover in her affections.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.*]

This story of "Brunette" reminds me of another managerial interview of which an actress told me. Quite a contrast, yet equally futile. She saw a theatrical magnate renowned for his urbanity. "He was so polite," said she, "that, after ten minutes' talk, I descended the stairs as happy as if I had an engagement in my pocket. As a matter of fact, all I took away with me was the cold comfort that now and ever in the dim and distant future there would be nothing doing." But, oh! for the balm of polite words! It makes one think of the irony of Spanish parlance, when a creditor, in the body of a "to-account-rendered" letter, with much circumlocution, threatens proceedings, and winds up with: "I am your humble servant who kisses your hands," or sometimes, "who lies at your feet." Our obedient servants of the Treasury are nowhere in comparison.

And so I could go on with extracts from my letter-bag, and tales of woe and grim humour. Incidentally, let me say that I have answered every correspondent in private, and advised to the best of my ability. But what struck me, in reading all these arguments and experiences, is the sublime ignorance of people, off the stage as well as on, of the inner constitution of the English theatre, and of the peculiar mentality of our people with regard to it. I could not conceive a stage-struck French Society girl talking about the "closed door," once she had made up her mind to force it; even less could I picture a French girl wavering between the stage and dressmaking. She would make her own dresses right enough, at any rate—as many French girls do—but she would rather sacrifice herself than her ambition; for with her the stage is in the blood, and no power on earth could counteract it. Here, with our coolness of commonsense, the material side would become, if not uppermost, of great weight. The real artistic temperament would never dream of weighing "acting and dressmaking." The two ideas are as far apart as this world from the next.

Again, is it not astonishing that an "Alarmed Mother," in these after-war days, when the emancipation of women and their development of view has made in a few years a stride of centuries, should still concern herself about freedom and its bearing on a course of life? Is it not astounding that beyond a doubt, particularly in the country, countless people still think of stage-life as fraught with laxity of morals or worse, of the theatre as a sink of perdition? Ay, even in London there is still a survival of such antiquated bigotry. Not long ago I heard a stump orator denouncing the theatre and all its works. And the sexless women in a semicircle around him, listening to the sanctimonious nonsense which he uttered, chanted with sigh and sob, "Hear, hear!" Yet these same people who wallow in doubt and fear or denunciation, send their girls to the factory, the shop, or the city without even the faintest thought of the perils of freedom.

It is time that all this cant about the stage should cease; but it is also expedient that somebody in authority should scatter broadcast some greater knowledge as to the meaning of a stage career—its aspects, prospects, and drawbacks. It is a subject that should be treated in the great public schools, from those in the County Council to the colleges and finishing schools for girls.

I am quite ready to admit that those who believe in *vocation* will fight their way despite all that may be said against joining an overcrowded profession. But these form the minority; the rest still look upon the theatre, as foreign artists still look upon England—countless disappointments can prove it—as a land of milk and honey and gold. To enlighten them, before the bitter disenchantment of reality rudely teaches them wisdom, is an urgent necessity.

For the theatre as a career is still only a small oasis in an endless Sahara.



THE SLANG-AND-CIGARETTES TWIN IN "THE LILIES OF THE FIELD," AT THE AMBASSADORS THEATRE: MISS EDNA BEST AS CATHERINE.

Catherine, twin sister of Elizabeth, is a typical modern girl, with her slang and her cigarettes and her challenging manners.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



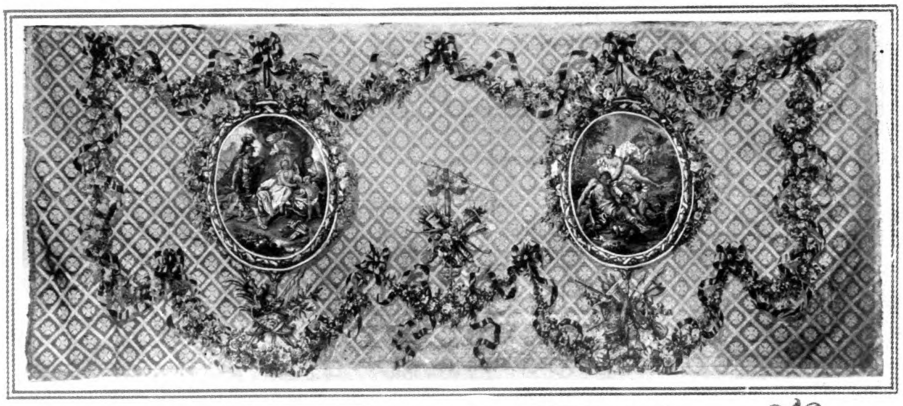
THE CRINOLINE-AND-CURTSEY TWIN IN "THE LILIES OF THE FIELD," AT THE AMBASSADORS THEATRE: MISS MEGGIE ALBANESI AS ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth, competing with her twin sister, Catherine, for a young man's favour, assumes mid-Victorian dress and manners.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

A FORTUNE IN OLD FRENCH TAPESTRY: THE ROTHSCHILD SALE.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS, MR. S. BENSIMON (20, RUE ROYALE, PARIS), AND M. EDOUARD JONAS, PARIS.



ONE OF A SET OF THREE PANELS OF AUBUSSON TAPESTRY SOLD FOR 1600 GUINEAS: BOUCHER SUBJECTS FROM CLASSICAL LEGEND IN MEDALLIONS.

THE set of three panels, of which the above is one, was bought for 1600 guineas by Mr. S. Bensimon, of Paris. They comprised an oblong panel, 7 ft. 8 in. high by 19 ft. 3 in. wide, an upright panel, 7 ft. 8 in. high by 6 ft. wide, and another 7 ft. 8 in. high by 5 ft. 11 in. wide. The panels show Mars, Venus, Bacchus, and other figures in oval medallions.



ONE OF A SET OF FOUR PANELS OF GOBELINS TAPESTRY WHICH WERE SOLD FOR 15,000 GUINEAS: A TRAVELLING FAIR BESIDE RUINS OF A TEMPLE.

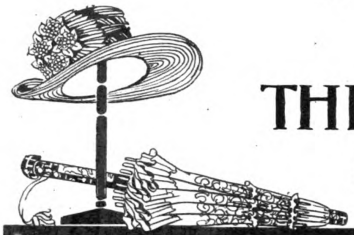
FOUR panels of Gobelins tapestry woven with Boucher subjects in landscapes, and signed F. Boucher, were bought for 15,000 guineas by Mr. Smith, who was acting for M. Edouard Jonas, of Paris. Each panel measured about 8 ft. high by 14 ft. wide. This one is described as "an oblong panel, depicting a travelling fair with a peep show and stall in the foreground, with peasants and children beside a stream, and the ruins of a classical temple; and in the background a statue of Pan."

ANOTHER OF THE SET OF FOUR PANELS OF GOBELINS TAPESTRY SOLD FOR 15,000 GUINEAS: A SHEPHERDESS AND FORTUNE-TELLER WITH OTHER FIGURES.

THIS panel is described in the sale catalogue as "depicting a shepherdess and a fortune-teller, with a girl and a youth and some sheep in the foreground, beside ruins supported by a figure of a Satyr in the background." As mentioned above, it is one of a set of four Gobelins tapestry panels, signed F. Boucher, which were bought for 15,000 guineas for M. Edouard Jonas, of Paris, at the Rothschild sale at Christie's. As mentioned below, there were eleven lots of tapestry included in the sale, and together they realised about one third of the total receipts, which amounted in all to £76,668.



The collection of old French furniture, tapestry, and objects of art formed by the late Sir Anthony de Rothschild, Bt., between 1840 and 1850, was sold at Christie's on June 13 and 14. It realised for the two days a grand total of £76,668, which was much more than had been anticipated. This fine result was due to the great interest taken in the sale by French dealers and collectors, who acquired the most important articles. On the first day of the sale 100 lots realised £68,734, of which sum more than a third was produced by 11 lots of tapestry. Four Gobelins panels signed by Boucher (of which we illustrate two), brought no less than 15,000 guineas; three Gobelins lambrequins, 3000 guineas; three Aubusson panels (of which one is shown above), 1600 guineas; five Aubusson panels, 1150 guineas; a similar panel, 700 guineas; three small Aubusson panels, 520 guineas; and a Beauvais panel, 900 guineas. The sale was held by order of Sir Anthony de Rothschild's daughters, Lady Battersea and the Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke, and the collection was removed from Aston Clinton, near Aylesbury. That house is mentioned frequently in the letters of Matthew Arnold, who visited there as a friend of the de Rothschilds.



THE WORLD OF WOMEN



A trio of beautiful picture hats that hail from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street.

Navy-blue pedal straw makes the charming hat from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. The sunshade is of scarlet and gold tinsel lace.

ALWAYS the King and Queen think all round a subject before making a decision. Then the decision is one without any thought of themselves. Neither in the East of London nor in the West were the people allowed to be disappointed or injured in pocket, or inconvenienced in any way, by the death of the King's aunt. Princess Christian was an aunt for whom his Majesty had a real affection and a great respect, and the loss her death inflicts upon him is a great one. The Queen, too, admired and respected the late Princess, and feels greatly with her two daughters. These two Princesses begged, I am told, that their mother's death should cause as little upset to the season's plans as possible. Like the late Princess Christian, they are really good, unselfish, and kind.

Scotland is jubilant over the engagement of Princess Maud to Lord Carnegie. She had a very Scottish father, and is very like him in many ways—more so in appearance than her sister, Princess Arthur of Connaught. Up to the present her life has been devoted to the Princess Royal, who cares nothing for society, and who seldom goes anywhere except quite quietly to the Opera or a cinema show or to do some good work. It will probably be seen that when she is married Princess Maud will prove herself quite full of *joie de vivre* and fun, and will entertain and be entertained. She is very wealthy: the late Duke of Fife divided his wealth almost equally between his two daughters, his widow having a life interest. He was a very rich man.

Lord Carnegie is a fine soldier, and was in India as A.D.C. to the Viceroy in 1917-19. The family had a grant of land and the Barony of Carnegie from David II. of Scotland in 1358. It, therefore, did not come down with the last fall of snow, as the saying is. The Earldom of Southesk dates from 1616. The second Earl waited on Charles II. in Holland. What is more to the purpose than his "lang pedigree" is that he is a great favourite with all who know him. He looked very smart in his Scots Guards uniform at the Caledonian Ball, and received many congratulations, although his engagement was known to his friends before that. His younger brother, who is in the Navy, married a kind of cousin of his own, a daughter of Major and Lady Susan Rodakowski-Rivers. Major Rivers is in the A.S.C., and is of Austrian extraction, but married a daughter of the ninth Earl of Southesk in 1894, assumed the name of Rivers, and was naturalised as a British subject. Their only son was a Captain in the Irish Guards, and was killed in the Great War. Lady Susan Rodakowski-Rivers is a half-sister of the present Earl of Southesk. There is some idea that the wedding will take place at Braemar while the Court is at Balmoral in the early autumn. Princess Maud is a tremendous favourite there, and she loves the place and people. Her favourite sport is fishing, and she has inherited skill with the rod from her grandmother, Queen Alexandra, and from her mother. Princess Maud is also quite a good horsewoman and whip.



Black and white silk sunshades of quaint shapes and designs have their home at Debenham and Freebody's.

Ascot will be over when this is being read. I write while we are all thinking and talking of the great event which marks the zenith of the season. It would appear that, given half a chance—and it looks as if meteorological conditions are likely to give a whole one—it will be a beautifully dressed Ascot, and that lovely capes and cloaks will be numerously displayed. There has been much written about the shortening of skirts again at the Parisian racecourses. A woman who lives to dress laughs at this, and says: "Of course the mannequins from the great Paris houses go in scores to the races. They are, naturally enough, dressed in the minimum of material at the maximum of cost, and have had their skirts up to their knees again." Here there is not the smallest indication of any such revival. Some women wear very short skirts, but they are conspicuous!

There is an irresistible attraction about the Caledonian Ball for British people not necessarily hailing from north of the Tweed. It is not Duchesses, though several are present in *grande tenue*; it is not the music of the pipes, although that is supplied by juvenile and by adult pipers; it cannot be altogether love of dancing, for, to write the truth, save for the set reels, for which space is roped off, there is little room for that. The Highland dress worn by the Highland soldiers and clansmen makes some of the attraction, and the full-dress uniforms add to it. The effect is certainly brilliant, and the verve and go and punctuation of the reels by "whoops," and the spirit of them, give a capital keynote to an evening's amusement. I heard one very English lady observe, in a tired voice: "It seems hardly civilised, does it?" as she watched the light-footed Scotsmen doing their steps and "whooping" and waving their arms. She had put her foot in it! The answer from a tall warrior with a triple row of decorations was: "It 's a deal more in the spirit of dancing than the super-civilised performances I often witness, when the faces of the dancers are as solemn as if they were mutes at an old-time funeral!" It was very Scotch was the Caledonian Ball, and it was also very jolly and very picturesque and brilliant. There was a time when the getting downstairs was by no means a case of *facilis est descensus*, and another time when getting up had to be abandoned temporarily.

The weddings of last week were despoiled of some of the distinction they would have had, because of the universally regretted death of Princess Christian. Nevertheless, they were pretty and interesting functions. Lord Hardinge of Penshurst's only daughter made a most graceful and distinguished bride, and her dress was beautiful. To fit with her name, there was a diamond girdle, and diamond embroidery on the shimmering silver bodice, while the hydrangea-blue lining of the silver train lent a charming touch of colour. Everybody who was not seeing Lord and Lady Tweedmouth's daughter married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, was at the Guards' Chapel. The Duke of Abercorn was with the Duchess, who smiled almost audibly when addressed by someone from the North of Ireland as "Excellency"; yet such she is, since the Duke there represents our King. The Marchioness of Blandford, Lady Hillingdon, Lady Stanley, and the Hon. Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford, four sisters who are called "Cadogan Square," were all there, and the fifth sister, the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour, made a fifth side to the family square on this occasion. The Duchess of Wellington was very regal in a long ermine cloak, which looked quite comfortable on that "lovely day in June"!

Lady Mary Cambridge had the King and Queen and Princess Mary at her wedding, and the Queen wore silver-grey, which suits her Majesty splendidly. The bride, now Marchioness of Worcester, is a great favourite with their Majesties, as she is, indeed, with all who know her. Her train, of lovely, well-preserved old lace, was of ancestral interest, having been worn by her great-grandmother, the Duchess of Cambridge, and her grandmother, the late Princess Mary Adelaide. The rose-coloured dresses of the bridesmaids looked well in the age-grey church. There was no reception, and Lord and Lady Worcester went off early in the day to Lowther Castle, Penrith, lent by the Earl and Countess of Lonsdale. A more beautiful place to spend a honeymoon there could not be than up among the glorious Cumberland hills, reminiscent of the sport they both love so well. The Countess of Lonsdale started a pack of beagles to hunt foxes in the hills—followers on foot—and showed some fine sport, too. The Marquess and Marchioness of Worcester will find plenty to interest them.—A. E. L.

Only five days are allowed by Harrods, Knightsbridge, for their summer sale, so that the dates—July 2 to July 7—must be carefully noted. During this period, the most unprecedented bargains may be obtained in all departments. Cotton voile blouses cost 5s.; overblouses of artificial silk are priced at a guinea; and there are useful bungalow overalls in zephyr for 5s. 11d. each. Knitted suits of wool and artificial silk will change owners for 59s. 6d.; and fleecy dressing-gowns for 12s. 9d. Lingerie is offered at prices that are almost unbelievable in their modesty, crêpe-de-Chine nightgowns being marked at 19s. 11d.

The Funeral of Princess Christian: The Cortège at St. George's Chapel, Windsor.



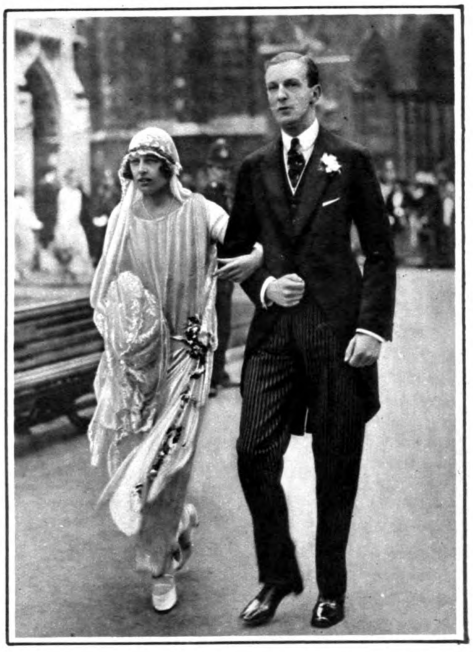
THE BURIAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S THIRD DAUGHTER: HIS MAJESTY THE KING AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AS MOURNERS.

The royal mourners arrived at Windsor by train for the funeral of the King's aunt, Princess Christian, and proceeded direct to the Albert Memorial Chapel, where the procession was formed for the short progress to St. George's Chapel. The coffin, covered with the Royal Standard, and adorned with two simple wreaths from her late Royal Highness's daughters, was borne on a gun-carriage drawn by six bays of the Royal Horse Artillery; the pall-bearers on either hand. Immediately behind the coffin came the royal mourners. Men of the King's Royal Rifles Corps—the famous 60th Rifles—the regiment of the late Prince Christian Victor, lined the steps of Queen Victoria's staircase. The service was short, and only the small private party was present at the actual burial, when earth was dropped on the coffin by Brig.-General Wray, Equerry to her late Royal Highness. The coffin will be transferred later to the Royal Tomb House.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY I.B.]

The Marriage of the Queen's Niece to the Heir of a Duke.



BRIDESMAIDS OF LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE: LADY KATHLEEN CRICHTON, LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE, LADY DIANA SOMERSET, MISS HARFORD, LADY ROSEMARY ELIOT, AND MISS CONSTANCE STANLEY.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER: THE MARQUESS OF WORCESTER AND HIS BRIDE, LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE.

Court mourning was put off for one day for the marriage of Lady Mary Cambridge, elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge, and a niece of the Queen, to the Marquess of Worcester, only son of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort. The King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, the Empress Marie of Russia, the Duke of York, Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, Princess Alice, Princess Maud, and other members of the Royal Family were present. The bridesmaids, who wore pale-pink dresses, were Lady May Cambridge, daughter of Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone; Lady Diana Somerset, sister of the bridegroom; Lady Kathleen Crichton, Miss Harford, and two tiny children, Lady Rosemary Eliot, a niece of the bridegroom, and Miss Constance Stanley.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI AND C.N.

Fashions and Fancies.

A Splendid Polisher.

Surely 7s. 6d. is a very moderate sum to pay for immunity from backache, yet this is the price of the Ronuk Home Polisher sketched here. It does away with all the tiring kneeling and bending that was once considered inseparable from cleaning floors. Moreover, the Ronuk polisher is the last word in efficiency, for it combines three duties in one. The dry-scrubber removes all dirt and scratch marks, the duster which fixes over it distributes the polish, and polishes at the same time. Ronuk outfits can be had from any grocer, stores, or oilmen.

The Virtues of Soutterware.

Electricity has become the watchword of the modern home, and Soutterware fittings, which are supplied by the Telephone Manufacturing Company, and can be seen at 68, Newman Street, W.1, are a splendid example of inexpensive efficiency. They are available in various finishes, brass, copper, silver or bronze, and comprise electric-light holders, chafing-dishes, kettles and coffee machines, immersion heaters that will boil half a pint of water in four minutes, and, in addition, the most artistic flower-vases and plant-holders imaginable. An egg-boiler is illustrated on this page. Gongs, too, can be had in Soutterware, and a fully illustrated catalogue and price list will be sent on application.



An electric egg-boiler, for which the Telephone Manufacturing Company, 68, Newman Street, are responsible.



Who could imagine a pleasanter and easier way of cleaning the floor than the use of a Ronuk Home Polisher?

Everything for the Housewife.

Our grandmothers were slaves to their houses; they had no choice but to give up all their time to domestic work, for without labour saving devices the running of the home was no easy matter. The modern woman can accomplish the same amount of work in a fraction of the time with the help of the many ingenious things that science has invented for her. Goddard's Plate Powder, which can be obtained from any stores or dealers for 6d. or 1s., is invaluable for cleaning silver, and, being non-mercurial, will not injure the plate. The surface lustre is very lasting, and certainly no household should be without it.

Sunshades and Picture Hats.

Picture hats from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, are a delight to the eye, for these artists in dress have a sure touch and a wonderful sense of line. On page 1118 may be seen four of their creations, escorted by sunshades. The hat at the top of the page is of navy-blue pedal straw, enriched with fuchsia flowers. A fascinating lattice-work of interwoven ribbon and straw makes the edge of the brim and part of the crown of the hat on the right. Nigger-brown is the colour chosen, and the beautiful model below is of black pedal straw, with an under-brim of rose-coloured taffetas. White crêpe marocain rosettes on a black crêpe-de-Chine scarf ornament the other hat, of crinoline straw. E. A. R.





An electric kettle, also of Soutterware.



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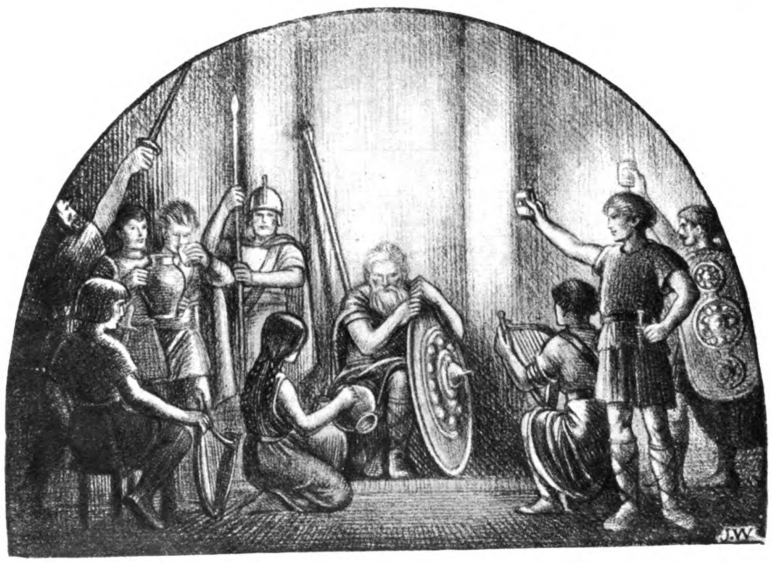
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Pictures from OSSIAN—6.



INIS-THONA.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL AT SALZBURG.

DURING the last few weeks all sorts of unauthorised and misleading statements have appeared in the Press with regard to the International Musical Festival at Salzburg. According to the latest reports from Vienna, no performances of Mozart operas will be given, nor will there be any performances of Mystery Plays under the direction of Professor Max Reinhardt; there was some talk of a series of orchestral concerts under various eminent conductors, but these appear to have been abandoned also. Nevertheless, there will be a Musical Festival at Salzburg, and that is the Festival of Modern Chamber Music (Aug. 2 to 7) organised by the International Society for Contemporary Music. This society was founded at Salzburg last summer, and its headquarters are in London (3, Berners Street, W.). An international jury consisting of seven distinguished musicians from seven different countries was appointed to draw up the programmes, but, owing to various difficulties, it was only possible to assemble four of them at the meeting held at Zurich last month. These four were M. Ansermet, the well-known Swiss conductor of the Russian Ballet; M. Caplet, the French composer and conductor; Herr Hermann Scherchen, conductor of the famous Museum Concerts at Frankfort; and Dr. Egon Wellesz, one of the leading composers of the young Viennese school. As far as nationalities were concerned, it was a very well-balanced quartet. Mr. Eugene Goossens was expected to be present, and it was hoped that he would leave London for Zurich directly after the production of Mr. Holst's opera at Covent Garden; but the management insisted on his conducting the second performance as well, so that his services were of necessity lost to the International Society.

The music sent in for consideration from various countries amounted to about two hundred works, all of which were most carefully considered by the jury. They had further the difficult task of arranging the selected works in a series of six programmes. These programmes present a survey of the whole output of modern chamber music. They include the names of thirty-six composers from fourteen different countries. The music was not chosen according to nationality, but solely on its artistic merits. It was decided that the jury should have absolute freedom of choice. It is needless to say that for a work to be accepted unanimously (and the programmes are the unanimous choice of the four jurymen) by musicians of such eminence and such diversity of taste confers a European reputation upon its composer. Considering that the average proportion of composers to countries works out at two and a-half to each country, we may be very pleased to learn that three British names figure in the list. To assign the music to different countries is not always easy, for several of the most interesting modern composers have attached themselves to countries not their own.

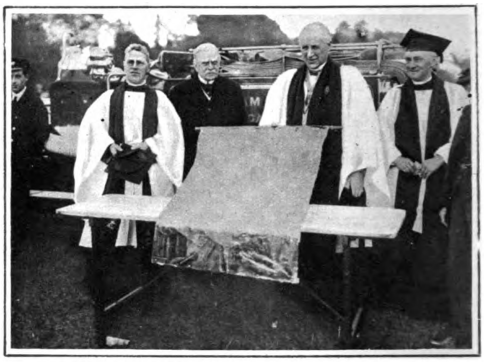
The music chosen exhibits great variety of style. One of the most important works is Busoni's "Fantasia Contrappuntistica," which was played in London last year by the composer and Mr. Egon Petri; whether Busoni will be able to appear at Salzburg depends on the state of his health. He has been seriously ill throughout the winter. Béla Bartók, who has recently become well known in London, is represented by his second violin sonata; Schönberg contributes a cycle

[Continued over leaf.



INAUGURATING MAGNA CARTA DAY, ON THE EVE OF THE 708TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS SEALING, BY A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY ON THE SPOT: THE SCENE AT RUNNYMEDE.

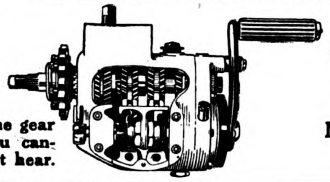
Magna Carta was sealed by King John at Runnymede, near Windsor, in 1215. There, on June 14, the eve of the 708th anniversary of that historic event, a "Magna Carta Day" was inaugurated by a religious ceremony in which members of local bodies and many of the general public took part. The massed choirs of the Established and Free churches of the district marched in procession from Egham Parish Church to Runnymede. Among those who spoke were the Dean of Windsor (Dr. A. Baillie) and the Marquess of Lincolnshire.—[*Photograph by Photopress.*]



WITH A COPY OF MAGNA CARTA ON THE SPOT WHERE IT WAS SEALED BY KING JOHN: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE VICAR OF THE PARISH, LORD LINCOLNSHIRE, AND THE DEAN OF WINDSOR

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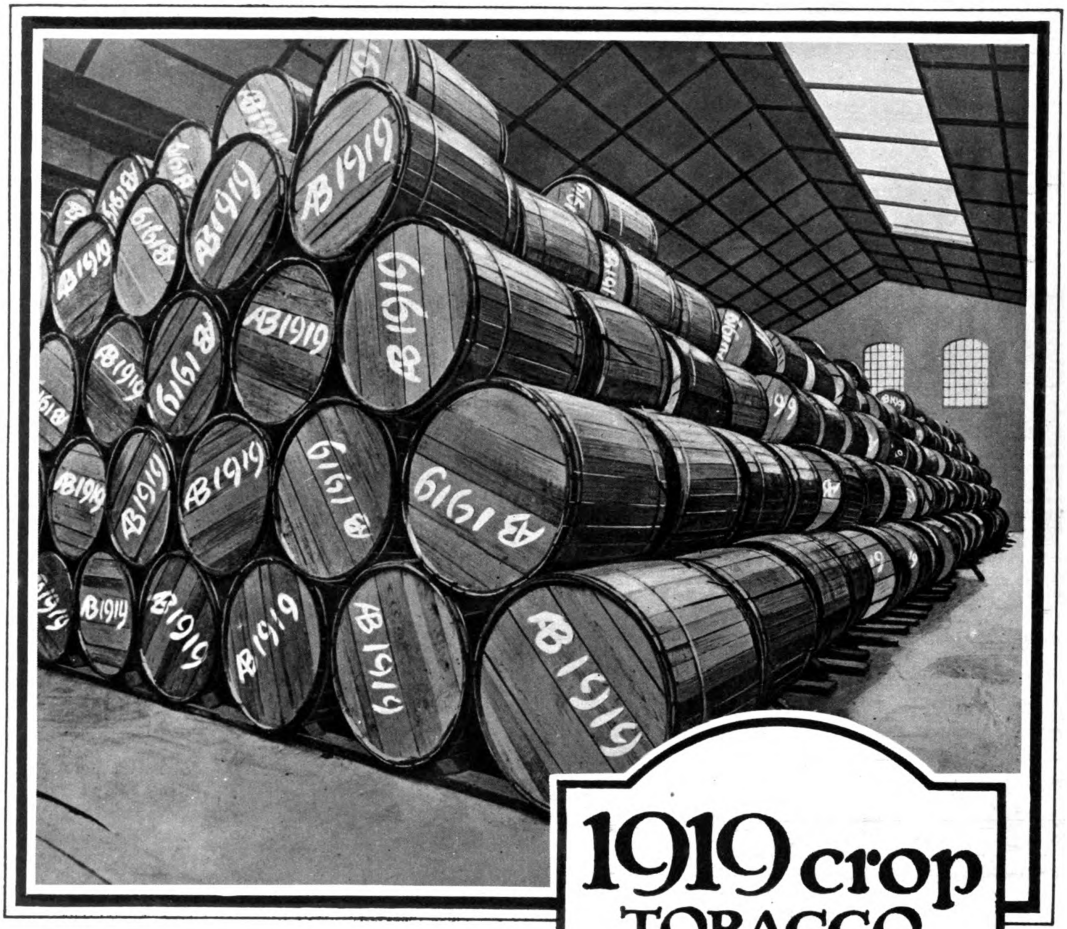
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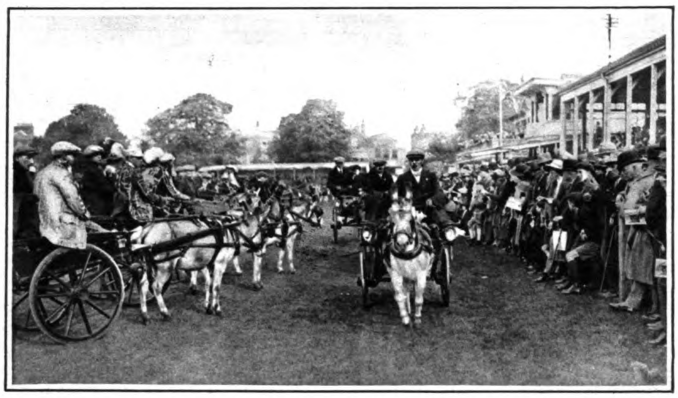
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of songs which have seldom been performed anywhere, so that they will be a novelty to most of the audience. French music is represented by Ravel's sonata for violin and violoncello, a quartet by Darius Milhaud (the composer of "Le Bœuf sur le Toit"), and one or two others; the young German school provides a new quintet by Paul Hindemith, who is just beginning to be known to English musicians. It is generally admitted in Germany that the performance of a work by Hindemith at the Salzburg Festival of last year was what set the seal on his reputation. Russian music has not been forgotten; there are works by Stravinsky, Prokofief, and Miaskowsky.

The general tendency of the International Society is towards music of what may be called the pioneer type. This direction was established at the preceding Festival, which was organised by a small group of Viennese composers. It must be confessed that the result was somewhat monotonous and at times depressing, since a good deal of modern German music is apt to be pessimistic in character. The formation of the International Society has put matters on a much broader basis. The programmes for this year certainly include works of a grave and serious character, but they are well balanced by music of a definitely cheerful outlook, and the greatest care was taken at Zurich to make the programmes attractive as well as interesting.

That they will be amusing as well as attractive is shown by the inclusion of the "Valses Bourgeoises" of Lord Berners. The other British composers chosen are Mr. Arthur Bliss and Mr. W. T. Walton. Mr. Bliss's work is the Rhapsody for string quintet, flute, cor anglais, and two voices, published by the Carnegie Trust. It is well known in England, but will be new to a good many Continental musicians. Mr. Walton is at present little known even in his own country. He is a young man of twenty-one, a native of Oldham in Lancashire, and was educated at Oxford. Two movements of his quartet were played at the first concert given by the Contemporary Music Centre of the British Music Society, which has now become the British section as well as the headquarters of the International. The work has since been rewritten and enlarged. Mr. Walton came before the public on June 12 in collaboration with Miss Edith Sitwell. Their joint entertainment, "Façade," was a novel and most exhilarating affair. Hidden behind a grotesquely painted curtain, Miss Sitwell recited a series of poems to the accompaniment of music for flute, clarinet, saxophone, trumpet, violoncello, and percussion, composed and conducted by Mr. Walton. The audience at first was inclined to treat the whole thing as an absurd joke, but there is always a surprisingly serious element in Miss Sitwell's poetry, and Mr. Walton's music, which was cleverly adapted to the glittering style of the poems, had also a strain of unexpected seriousness which soon induced the audience to listen with breathless attention. Mr. Walton's Salzburg quartet is in a more severe style, but it is all to his credit that he can affect the lighter side of music with elegance and distinction.

EDWARD J. DENT.



THE WINNER (NOT IN "PEARLIES") OF THE COSTERS' DONKEY MARATHON AT THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW: MR. W. PAGE'S ESTHER (RIGHT FOREGROUND).

A picturesque parade of costermongers' donkeys and barrows again formed part of the Richmond Horse Show, opened on June 14. They were judged by Lord Lonsdale, who paid the cost of the competition, except the first prize—a new barrow loaded with bananas, with donkey and harness complete. There was a special bonus for competitors resplendent in "pearlies." Eight prizes were awarded. The first three were (1) Mr. W. Page's Esther; (2) Mr. A. Brook's Moggie; (3) Mr. H. A. Nelson's Rose.—[*Photograph by L.N.A.*]

The Oxford and Kingston steamers began their daily excursions recently. The steamers call twice daily, both up and down stream, at all places between Oxford and Kingston. In this most pleasant of ways visits can be made to many attractive and historic places, such as Hampton Court, Windsor, Maidenhead, Marlow, Henley, Pangbourne, Goring, Oxford, etc. Circular tickets by rail and steamer are issued at many of the important G.W.R. Southern Railway (all sections), and L.N.E.R. (Southern area).

Miss Eva Moore was the making of the late Mr. H. V. Esmond's artificial little farce, "Eliza Comes to Stay," and without her, in the revival at the Duke of York's, it seems to be less exhilarating, and to have dated quickly in some ten years. The story of the young man left with a ward and finding her grown-up and unattractive until, with alteration of hair and dress, she blossoms into beauty, was always fantastic and "tall," but Miss Dorothy Minto as heroine does not render "make-believe" easier by crediting the girl at first with something like a Cockney accent. Neither she nor Mr. Donald Calthrop seems much at home in the play, and Mr. Calthrop shows to better advantage in a Grand Guignol sort of first-piece, "Ha, Ha," for which Mr. Hugh Wright is responsible, as a patient who during a spiritualistic séance murders his doctor. Here Mr. Calthrop, with Mr. Edmund Breon's assistance, produces a thrill.



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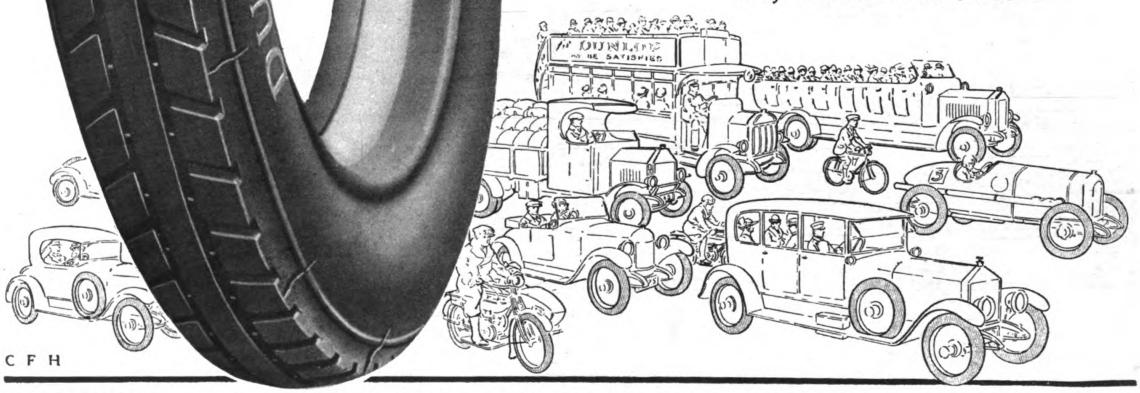
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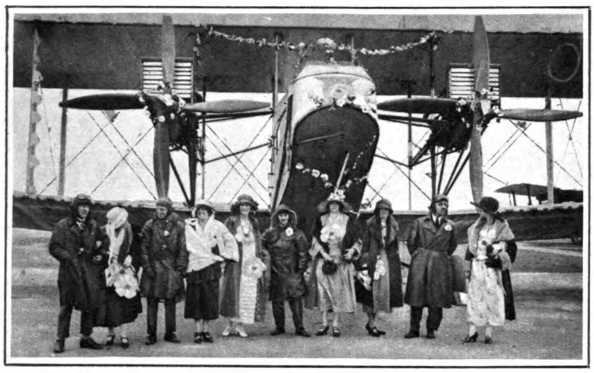
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Tar-Spraying Roads.

Apropos my notes in last week's issue of *The Illustrated London News* regarding improper methods of road-tarring, I see that a correspondent of the *Autocar* asks the same question as I put relative to the possible liability of local authorities for damage done to paintwork and upholstery. He wants to know whether, if the bill for removing the tar were sent to the authority concerned, there would be any chance of recovering. That is precisely what I and many others would like to know; but it seems to me that it is not the business of the individual motorist to bring such a test case affecting a matter which is really everybody's concern. It is rather that of the automobile associations, who might well select an individual case and ascertain what the Courts have to say about it.

The Motor in the Garden.

There is literally no end to the assistance the internal-combustion engine can give towards speeding up in our industrial and private life, and in easing the conditions of labour. One notable case in point is that of gardening and agriculture generally, where almost every operation which formerly required the use of horse or manual power has now become motorised. This is not only the case where large estates are concerned. Thanks to the enterprise of such firms as Thomas Green and Son, among others, even the small land proprietor can with advantage employ the new methods. The motor-mower, for example, while it is a familiar enough sight on golf courses and large sports grounds, is now available in quite small sizes suitable for use in moderate-sized grounds and at quite a low price. These mowers are made in sizes from twenty inches to forty-two inches—these sizes referring, of course, to the length of the cutters.



ROSE-SELLERS AT CROYDON ABOUT TO FLY TO PARIS IN A ROLLS-ROYCE HANDLEY PAGE AEROPLANE: AN ECHO OF ALEXANDRA DAY.

Six English girls flew from Croydon to the Continent to sell roses on Alexandra Day (June 13). Miss Joan Treble and Miss Betty Treble went to Paris, Miss Lucy Gibson and Miss Norah Mahon to Cologne, and Miss Auriol Lee and her sister to Amsterdam. The aeroplanes were provided respectively by Messrs. Handley Page, Daimler Hire, Ltd., and the Instone Air Line.—[*Photograph by Sport and General.*]

Motor Mascots.

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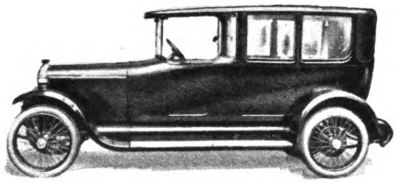


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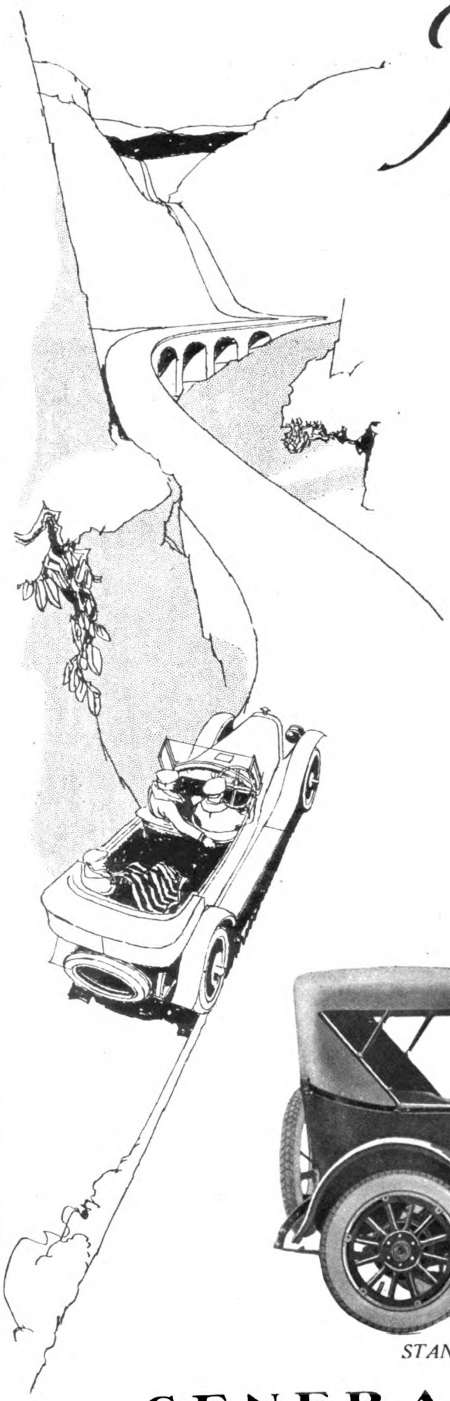
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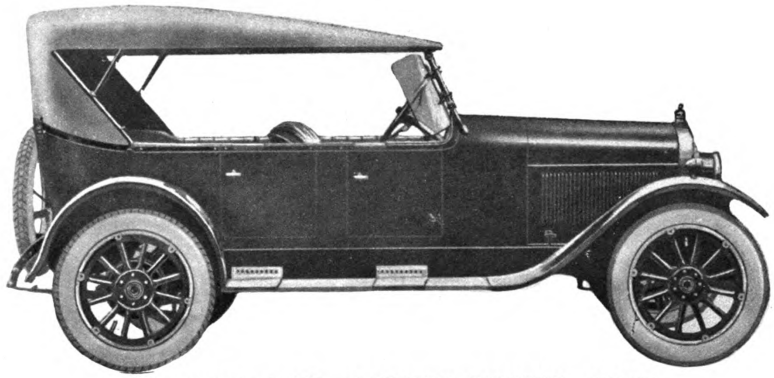
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The Dunlop Book.

Of the making of road books and aids to touring there is no end. I myself have accumulated quite a substantial library which now lies almost unheeded on the many shelves required to accommodate it. The fault with nearly every one of the so-called guides is that it is not comprehensive enough—that what it gives is excellent, but does not go far enough. There is, however, one motorists' *vade-mecum* which does completely cover the ground. I refer to the Dunlop book, which really does contain everything in the way of information which the touring motorist can possibly require, in so far as concerns the British Isles. Moreover, the information it contains is most excellently arranged, and can be assimilated at a glance. The maps are clear and easily readable, containing all the details needed, but not so much as to render them obscure and difficult. The hotel guide is comprehensive, and quite sufficiently informative. In fact, it would be difficult to imagine how such a work could be better done. It costs a guinea, and is honestly worth five to the real motor tourist.

A Notable Bean Performance.

Because three 11·9-h.p. Bean cars behaved so well as official vehicles in last year's Scottish Six Days' Trial organised by the Edinburgh Motor Club, that body again selected the Bean for the use of officials in the recent test, and in writing to the makers regarding their performance Mr. Campbell McGregor, the secretary of the club, states: "Our route this year was infinitely more severe, and in consequence it gives me great pleasure to be able to state that your cars came up to our expectations in every way, as we fully expected. I can give no higher praise to your cars than to state that they performed all their official duties without fault—and these duties were by no means light." The Bean cars used were standard stock models, and on the second day of the trial one of them distinguished itself by climbing the notorious hill of Altnaharrie in Ross-shire with six aboard. This hill is so steep and rough that it accounted for many failures in the trial. W. W.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Edstor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.*

MRS. W J BAIRD (Paignton).—We are pleased to hear from you again, and hope to find your welcome contribution quite sound.

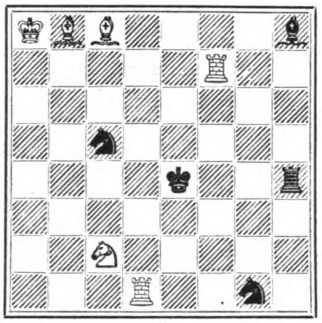
NOEL BONAVIA-HUNT.—Problem received with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3903 received from H F Marker (Porbandar, India); of No. 3904 from J A Krishnamachariar (Madras), H F Marker, and H Heshmat (Cairo); of No. 3905 from Julian Ellis Mack (La Porte, Indiana); H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), C Yates (Windsor), and D Tenney (Montcalm, U.S.A.); of No. 3906 from James C Craik (Crowthorne), W Byas (Framlingham); E J Gibbs (East Ham), "Senex," C Yates (Windsor), M McIntyre (Camberwell), H Burgess, E M Vicars (Norfolk), and William H Prust (Long Eaton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3907 received from L W Cafferata (Newark), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Noel Bonavia-Hunt, "Senex," H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), C H Watson (Masham), W Rayer Harmar, Joseph Willcock (Southampton), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), W Byas (Framlingham), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Hugh Nicholson (Otley), H W Satow (Bangor), A B Duthie (Greenock), W B Sacret (East Cowes), George Sale (Bournemouth), R P Nicholson (Crayke), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), P W Hunt (Bridgwater), E J Gibbs (East Ham), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), and James M K Lupton (Richmond).

PROBLEM No. 3908.—By W. R. KINSEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3906.—By E. E. MAYBEE.

WHITE	BLACK
1. B to Kt 2nd	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament at Carlsbad, between Messrs. NIEMZOWITSCH and TARTAKOWER.

(Double Fianchetto Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. N.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K B 4th
2. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd
3. B to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 2nd
4. P to Kt 3rd	B takes Kt

This exchange is probably more useful to his opponent than to himself.

5. P takes B	P to K 3rd
6. P to K B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd
7. B to Kt 2nd	P to B 3rd
8. Castles	B to K 2nd
9. Q to K 2nd	Castles
10. Kt to R 3rd	P to Q R 4th
11. Kt to B 4th	P to R 5th
12. B to Q 4th	P to Q Kt 4th
13. Kt to K 5th	Kt to Q 4th
14. P to B 4th	Kt P takes P
15. Kt P takes P	Kt to Kt 5th

Kt to B 2nd is better. The Kt has no future at Kt 5th, and the effort to maintain it there ultimately costs Black the game.

16. B to Q B 3rd	P to R 6th
17. P to Q 4th	Q Kt to R 3rd
18. Q R to Kt sq	R to Kt sq
19. P to B 5th	B to B 3rd

Q to B sq seems necessary; Black's great need is to secure a safe retreat for his K Kt, which at present is impossible.

20. R to Kt 3rd	

White holds his grip with bull-dog tenacity, and he has always a piece in hand against every hostile reinforcement.

20.	B takes Kt
21. B P takes B	Q to R 4th
22. K R to Kt sq	R to Kt 2nd
23. Q to Q 2nd	K R to Kt sq
24. B to B sq	

The final stroke. Black is unable to extricate his Kt. which cannot now escape capture.

24.	Q to B 2nd
25. B tks Kt (Kt 4)	Kt takes B
26. R takes Kt	Q to R 4th
27. R takes R	Q takes Q
28. R takes R (ch)	K to B 2nd
29. B to B 4th	

After this the end soon comes. White's King is safe against any surprise, and his doubled Rooks soon wear down Black's helpless Queen. The game is a fine example of direct and forcible play.

29.	Q takes Q P
30. B to Kt 3rd	Q takes B P
31. R to Kt 7th	Q takes K P
32. R takes P (ch)	K to B 3rd
33. R (Kt sq) to Q sq	P to B 4th
34. R (Q 7th) to Q 6th	Resigns.

The Championship of the City of London Chess Club has been won by Mr. J. H. Blake—who is at the very top of his form this year—with the fine score of fourteen out of a possible eighteen. He was closely followed by Sir George Thomas, half a point behind. The Mocatta Cup was won by Mr. J. T. Sefton; the Russell Cup by Mr. H. Brown; and the Barrett Cup by Mr. J. D. Taylor. These competitions have all proved highly attractive, and augur well for the prosperity of the Club.

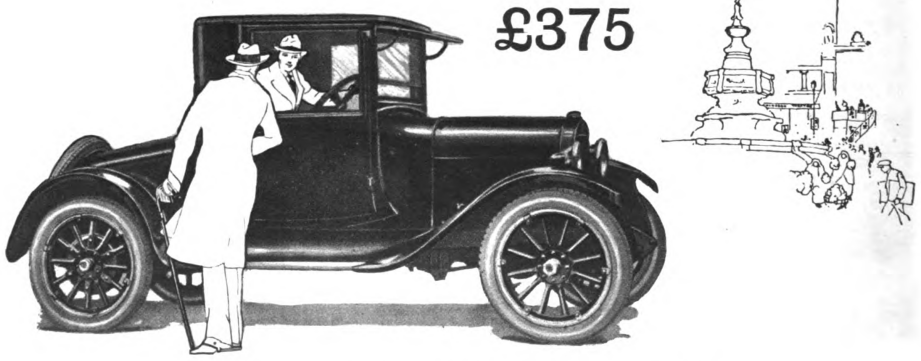
Holiday-makers contemplating a trip to France will make their path easy by consulting the Office Français du Tourisme, at 56, Haymarket, established by the French Government to provide free information and advice to British tourists. Its courteous director, M. Maurice Vignon, is ever ready to place his services at the disposal of inquirers. The office has just published a very useful booklet called "Les Prix des Hotels en France," naming hotels and their terms in all parts of the country, from Picardy to the Pyrenees, and will send a copy on application. It also issues a monthly bulletin giving particulars of forthcoming social and sporting events in France, and other current topics. As the editor points out, the rate of exchange makes a holiday in France comparatively cheap; while it affords a complete change and is full of fresh interest and value in broadening the mental outlook. "All our British friends," he concludes, "who have decided to visit France will find a cordial hospitality."

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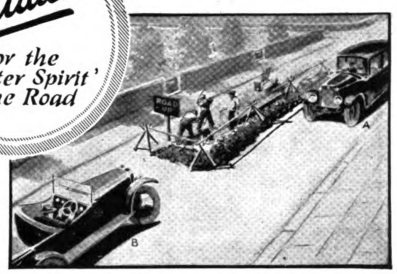
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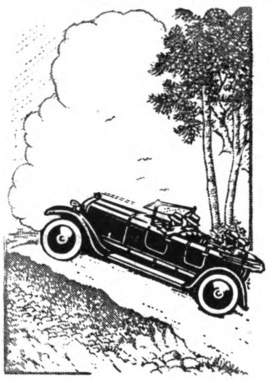
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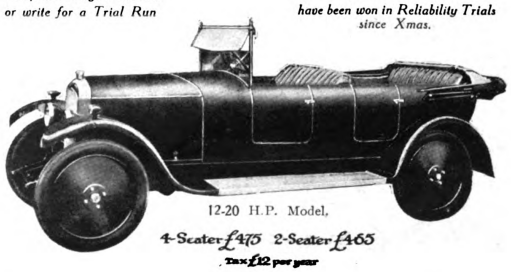
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THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BIRMINGHAM.

A VISIT TO THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY'S WORKS AT WITTON.

WHILE in Birmingham on June 12, during his recent tour in the Midlands, the Prince of Wales visited the famous engineering works of the General Electric Company at Witton, where he



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY'S WORKS AT WITTON, BIRMINGHAM: H.R.H. ACCEPTING RECORDS OF THE COMPANY'S WAR ACTIVITIES FROM MR. HUGO HIRST, THE CHAIRMAN.
Photograph by Topical.

received a splendid ovation from a great concourse of employees on the company's playing fields. The chief event of the occasion was the Prince's inspection of seven hundred ex-Service men employed by the company, who were drawn up on parade.

Only twenty-two years ago the 130 acres of the company's estate was an expanse of meadowland. To-day it forms the centre of a thriving suburb, and it says much for the foresight of Mr. Hugo Hirst and those pioneers of the G.E.C. who originally selected the spot that, while it is within a few minutes of the centre of Birmingham, it also borders on rural districts. From the earliest days, under the wise guidance of Mr. M. J. Railing, now Director and General Manager of the G.E.C., progress was continuous. The same forward policy was continued when Dr. A. H. Railing became Works Director; and since the war there has grown up at Witton one of the largest groups of electrical engineering works in the country, comprising engineering works, switchgear works, carbon works, standard motor works, fan and small motor works, moulded insulation works, conduit works, battery works, lampblack works, and a foundry.



CHAIRMAN AND MANAGING-DIRECTOR OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY: MR. HUGO HIRST.
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

The part played by Witton Works in the war is history. Not the least of that part was taken by those seven hundred men who were drawn up on the main playing field for inspection by his Royal Highness. Again, there was the rapid conversion of a part of the works for shell-production, the lightning extension to the carbon works by means of which the huge demand for searchlight carbons by the Services was met (this works was the only one in the Empire which could produce these vital products); and the output of electrical apparatus of bewildering variety.

One item in the Prince's recent visit to Birmingham was the opening of the Nechells Electricity Generating Station. The entire manufacture of one of the largest turbo sets for this station was entrusted to Witton Works; and some of the 3000 employees are engaged in building similar large sets which are going to distant places of the Empire.

The playing fields at Witton provide accommodation for all outdoor sports. Many are the G.E.C. cricket, football, and hockey elevens, and many the tennis quartets. The main field, on which were drawn up the ex-Service men, is unequalled in the Midlands, and has been chosen for international trial games. Then there is the club-house, with its theatre and dancing hall, its billiard-rooms (there are six full-size tables), its dining-rooms, rest-rooms, gymnasiums, and so forth.

The group of works at Witton is only one of many similar groups owned by the G.E.C. not only in Birmingham, but up and down the country. For instance, there are the "Osram" Lamp Works at Hammersmith, and the Fraser and Chalmers Engineering Works at Erith.

We are all "listeners-in" to-day. Great success has been achieved by the G.E.C. with their well-known "Gecophone" receiving-set, made at the extensive telephone works at Coventry associated with

[*Continued overleaf.*



THE CHIEF EVENT OF THE PRINCE'S VISIT: H.R.H. INSPECTING 700 EX-SERVICE MEN EMPLOYED BY THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY AT WITTON.
Photograph by Topical.

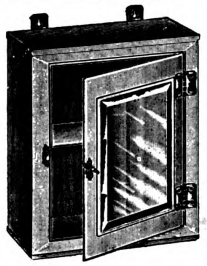
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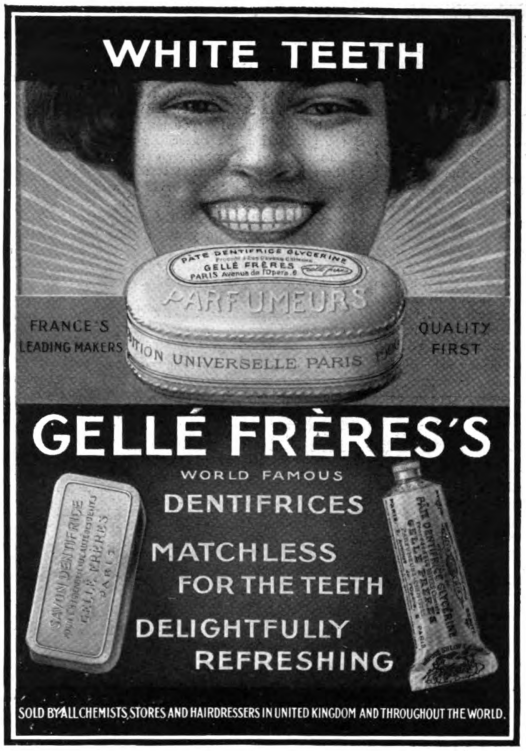
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The British Institute of Industrial Art, which has recently concluded arrangements for co-operation with the Design and Industries Association and the Civic Arts Association, is arranging exhibitions in London and the provinces later in the year. With the consent of the President of the Board of Education, the London exhibition is to be held for the second time in the North Court of the Victoria and Albert Museum, from Sept. 10 to Oct. 20. Particulars with regard to exhibitions and other branches of the Institute's work may be obtained from the Secretary at the temporary address—16, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

ELEONORA DUSE IN TWO RÔLES.

WHEN Eleonora Duse interprets a part, she takes, often enough, what appeals to her from it and discards the rest, adding something from her own impressive personality, but travelling away from the author's intention. It was so in the past that she treated Mrs. Tanqueray and Magda : the creatures she fashioned out of these heroines might be more sympathetic, less localised types of womanhood, but they were certainly not the Paula or the Magda of the text—phases of their character were slurred or blotted out. She effects the same sort of sea-change in her handling of Mrs. Alving in " Ghosts " at her New Oxford matinées. Gone is the resentment of the widow at her dissolute husband's sins ; gone is the bitter mockery with which Ibsen's heroine meets the commonplaces of Pastor Manders ; gone, too, are the fighting spirit and the mood of desperation bordering on cynicism which the playwright plainly indicates. Signora Duse's Mrs. Alving is all resignation, all maternal solicitude, all monumental grief ; we miss the rebel side of the woman, her resistance to the fate which compels her to watch the growing madness of her son ; hers is a performance instinct with beauty and tenderness, but these qualities are achieved at too much sacrifice. Far different is the effect she produces in " Cosi Sia," where a mother's love and a mother's sorrow are the undiluted elements of the play's story. In such an atmosphere, in Italian surroundings, with simple and poignant emotions which find an answering chord in the actress's art and experience, she is irresistible and transports us out of ourselves. We ask no questions, raise no objections, make no reservations here.

THE GUITRYS AT THE NEW OXFORD.

The Guitrys, father and son, and Yvonne Printemps have been appearing, all three of them, during the past week, in Sacha's audacious trifle, " Le Veilleur de Nuit," and, say what you may of the naughtiness of the play's theme, criticise the piece as you may on its technical side as a mere exercise in improvisation, there is no denying that it fits its three principals with piquant parts and serves as a delightful vehicle for their different styles of acting. As the elderly philosopher who surprises the young woman for whom he has provided in a young man's arms, and calmly talks over the business of transfer instead of adopting a policy of violence and anger, M. Lucien Guitry has a character in which both his humour and his phlegm obtain excellent play ; while Sacha as the seducer turned indignant moralist, and Mlle. Printemps' air of bewilderment in the rôle of the girl whose future is discussed and settled so blandly, furnish spectacles which provoke uncontrollable laughter.

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Each pair bears manufacturer's guarantee
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Splendid Motoring Centre.
Taymouth Castle Motors meet Aberfeldy Trains.
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Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired — brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs 2/6 the flask. Chemists and Stores everywhere, or direct by stating shade required to—

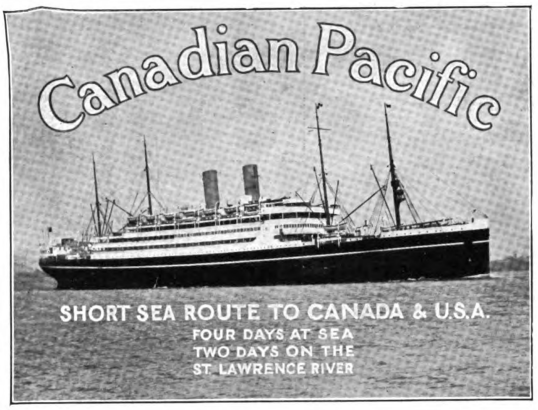


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For Present Wear.

The charming Tea Slip illustrated has been expressly designed for the present season. It is cut on most graceful and becoming lines and made by our own workers from rich quality silk georgette, and is typical of the many attractive and inexpensive Tea Slips we have now in stock.

SMART TEA SLIP (as sketch), in rich quality silk georgette, gracefully draped, with long V-shaped neck, panel hanging loose from shoulder to hem, underslip of the same material. In reseda, cyclamen, grey, mauve, pink, flame, saxe, powder, black, and other fashionable colours.

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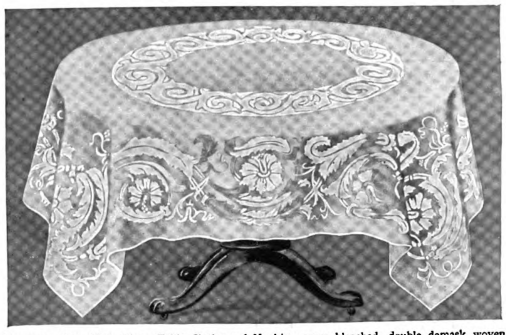
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ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S JULY SALE OF HOUSEHOLD LINENS Commencing Monday June 25th

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S half-yearly Sale of Irish Household Linens is always looked forward to by those who appreciate the good quality of their products, combined with the very low prices of same.

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No. 417.—Pure Irish Linen Table Cloths and Napkins, grass bleached, double damask, woven in a quality that will give most excellent wear in general use, has ample scope in design, and consequently the patterns are very artistic and pleasing to the eye. Illustrated Roman Scroll Design.

2 x 2	yards		27/9 each.
2 x 2½	,,		34/6 ,,
2 x 3	,,		41/6 ,,
2½ x 3	yards		47/9 each.
2½ x 3½	,,		55/6 ,,
2½ x 3	,,		53/6 ,,

Napkins to match—22 x 22 in., **31/6**; 24 x 24 in., **36/6**; 26 x 26 in., **42/6** dozen.
Other patterns in this quality—No. 424.—Tulips and Ornament. No. 481.—Ornament Empire Style.

Linen Sheets and Pillow Cases.

L.2. Range.—Our standard make—woven from pure flax yarns of sufficient weight to ensure good strong hard wear. Made in two grades, medium and fine.

Hemmed Linen Sheets.

Yards			Medium.	Fine.
2 x 3	Sale Price	Pair	54/6	65/6
2 x 3½	,, ,,	,,	64/6	76/-
2½ x 3	,, ,,	,,	70/-	85/-
2½ x 3½	,, ,,	,,	84/-	99/6

Hemmed Linen Pillow Cases.

Inches.			Medium.	Fine.
20 x 30	Sale Price	Dozen	54/6	59/6
22 x 32	,, ,,	,,	69/6	87/6
27 x 27	,, ,,	,,	78/-	91/-

Hemstitched Linen Sheets.

Yards.			Medium.	Fine.
2 x 3	Sale Price	Pair	59/6	70/-
2 x 3½	,, ,,	,,	69/6	81/
2½ x 3	,, ,,	,,	76/-	91/
2½ x 3½	,, ,,	,,	89/6	105/-

Hemstitched Linen Pillow Cases.

Inches.			Medium.	Fine.
20 x 30	Sale Price	Each	6/11	8/6
22 x 32	,, ,,	,,	7/11	8/11
27 x 27	,, ,,	,,	8/11	9/11

Linen Face Towels.

Lot 1.—Plain hemmed Linen Huckaback Face Towels, reliable qualities.
Size, 24 x 40. Sale price, per dozen, **29/9**.
Other prices at **31/6**, **33/6**, **38/6**.

Lot 3.—Pure Linen Huckaback Face Towels, with Damask Borders and hemstitched ends, special value. Size, 24 x 40. Sale price, per dozen, **49/6**.

Lot 5.—Pure Linen Huckaback, 18 inches wide, strong, durable, reliable. Reduced price, per yard, **1/3**.

Household Cloths.

Lot D.110.—Kitchen Rubbers. All pure linen twill, 24 x 34 inches. Sale price, per dozen, **15/9**.

Lot D.142.—Pantry Cloths. All pure linen, 23 x 34 inches. Sale price, dozen, **15/9**.

Lot D.132.—Tea Cloths. All pure linen, 22 x 32 inches. Sale price, per dozen, **14/9**.

Roller Towelling.

Lot D.10.—Roller Towels, all pure linen, 3 yards long. Sale prices each **3/11**, **5/1**, and **6/1**.

Lot D.93.—Basin Cloths. All pure linen, 24 x 32 inches. Sale price, per dozen, **14/9**.

Turkish Bath Towels.

Hemmed Turkish Bath Towels.

Size, 21 x 40 inches	27/-	35/-	59/- dozen.
,, 24 x 49 ,,	35/-	45/-	69/6 ,,

Hemmed Turkish Bath Sheets.

Size, 48 x 72 inches	8/11	14/6	16/6	each.
,, 54 x 78 ,,	11/6	17/6	21/-	,,

Hemmed Turkish Bath Mats.

Various designs, colourings and qualities. Approximate size, 24 x 40 inches.
5/11 7/6 8/6 9/6 11/6 12/9 each.

Embroidered Linens.

Lot D.185.—Hand-embroidered Madeira Tea Cloth. Size, 36 x 36 inches. Sale price, each **21/6**.

Lot D.184.—Hand-hemstitched Tea Cloth on fine Irish linen with hand embroidery, 36 x 36. Sale price, each **32/6**.

Lot S.500.—Pure Irish linen embroidered bed-spreads. Strong and durable. Sale prices. Single bed size, **49/6**. Double bed size, **79/6**.

Lot D.188 Dinner Set, comprising 12 6-in. Mats; 12 12-in. Mats; and 1 24-in. Table Centre. Madeira hand-embroidery on fine linen. Sale price, the set, **43/6**.

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SOOTHES IRRITATIONS

In the treatment of all skin irritations bathe freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry gently, and apply Cuticura Ointment to the affected parts. Always include the exquisitely scented Cuticura Talcum in your toilet preparations.

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THE LACE WITH THE EXTRA LONG WEAR

MADE IN MANY VARIETIES For LADIES, GENTS CHILDRENS, BOOTS & SHOES in ALL POPULAR SHADES

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Commencing Monday next, and continuing for 4 weeks.

Wonderful Bargains in High-Grade Goods.



24 ONLY MODEL FUR COATS, of which one sketched is a typical example in natural moleskin, with handsome collar of grey dyed wolf, lined good quality plain or fancy silk.
Original Price, 59 to 75 guineas.
***Sale Price* 39 Gns.**
Other models in this collection are worked in sable dyed marmot, natural musquash, seal dyed coney and skunk, beaver dyed coney, black, pony and skunk, etc.



WINTER COAT, in best quality velour cloth, lined throughout with rich quality silk, and handsomely finished with deep collar and flounce of selected marmot fur. In Navy and a large range of good colours.
***Special Sale Price* 13½ Gns.**



"JOYCE" CHARMING TEA-FROCK, in good quality Nottingham Lace, lined throughout crêpe-de-Chine, introducing the new tunic effect, which is caught in at low waist-line with flowers of self silk. In Brown, Black or Ecru and Navy.
Popular Price, 98/6.
***Reduced to* 89/6**



DISTINCTIVE BLOUSE COATEE (as sketch), made in Paisley marocain, bound and trimmed crêpe-de-Chine to tone; the long rever collar fastens to one side with 3 large Paisley buttons.
Usual Price, 79/6.
***Sale price* 49/6**

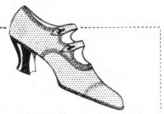


BRUSHED WOOL CARDIGAN (as sketch), made in good quality yarn, with ribbed effect, and contrasting coloured border. In many good colours.
Usual Price, 29/6.
***Sale Price* 15/6**
These garments cannot be sent on approval.

REMNANT DAY ON THURSDAY.

Sale Catalogue post free.

Goods cannot be sent on approval during the Sale.



Black, Grey, Nigger, and White Suède 2-bar shoe, as sketch; also in box calf, and Nigger glacé kid.
***Sale Price* 29/6**



Smart Patent and Black Kid 1-bar shoe, Louis XV. heel, as sketch.
***Sale price* 39/6**

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A Large Stock of **REAL FLEMISH, FILET, TORCHON** and **IRISH LACE** will be marked at great reductions to clear, for Lingerie and Dresses.

Embroidered and Fancy Handkerchiefs in half-dozen packets—15/- to 35/- the half dozen.

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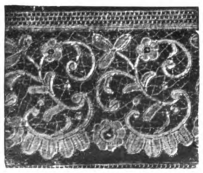
Modesty Slips, Real Lace Collars, Scarves, Berthes, Handkerchiefs much reduced.

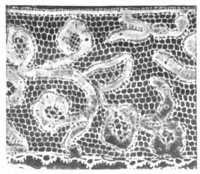
Remnants—Lovely Real Lace at Bargain Prices—21/- to £30 the piece. Many at half-price.

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French Swiss House. *Founded 1865*





Duchesse and Milanese Lace.

Rowlands' Macassar Oil
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As it **Penetrates** to the **Roots** it will replace the loss of the **Natural Oil** in the Hair, the want of which causes Baldness. **Ladies** and **Children** should always use it, as it lays the foundation of a Luxuriant Growth. Also prepared in a **Golden Colour** for **Fair Hair.** Sold in **3/6, 7/-, 10/6,** and **21/-** bottles, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and Rowlands, 112, Guilford Street, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. 1.

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From E. A. M., Esq. (Ref. T.F. No. 807)

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THE 14 H.P. VAUXHALL
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The 23-60 h.p.

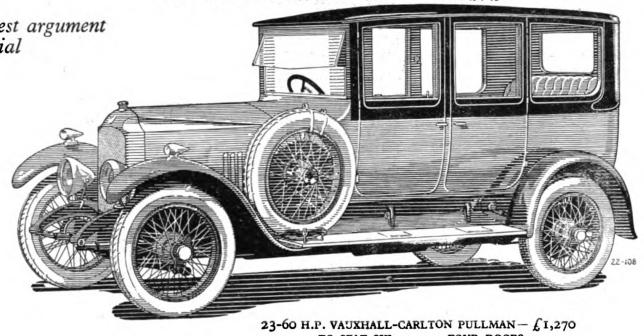
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UNDER equal conditions, and providing the same power and quality, it would cost considerably more to build a six-cylindered engine than it costs to build the 23-60 h.p. four-cylindered Vauxhall. Yet such an engine would not excel the four-cylindered Vauxhall in smoothness of running.
Not only in first cost but in other matters it is an advantage of real importance that the vibrationless running demanded by users of large best-class cars is now achieved with the simpler and more economical four-cylindered engine, by means of the Lanchester harmonic balancer.
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Welbeck all-weather, £745 Wyndham saloon, £745

Our best argument is a trial drive



23-60 H.P. VAUXHALL-CARLTON PULLMAN — £1,270
TO SEAT SIX FOUR DOORS

Skin Torment Stops at a Touch



Mrs. Bolton suffered agony for years because of an ulcerated ankle. The first application of Germolene gave her rest and comfort, and now she is completely cured.

Mrs. Bolton, of Old Castle, Malpas, Cheshire, writes to the manufacturers of Germolene as follows:—"Five years or more ago I suffered an accident to my ankle which caused a nasty ulcer. I experienced untold pain. Nothing did me any good, and they were making arrangements to take me to hospital when my husband drew my attention to Germolene. As for myself, I was too ill to trouble, but he dressed my foot and I retired for the night, thinking it would be the same as always—no sleep, no rest. But to my astonishment, when I awoke it was morning. You can imagine what relief I felt. It was the first sound sleep for five years. After the first dressing, my foot commenced to get better, and from that moment to this I have never felt pain. Germolene is known amongst us as the 'Magic Wand.' It deserves the highest praise anyone can give. I am never without it in the home. Germolene has made my life happy."

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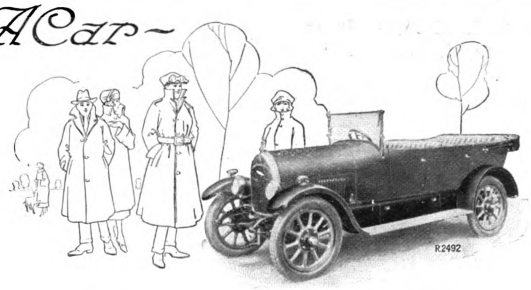
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SOOTHES AT A TOUCH.
Prices: 1/3 and 3/- of all Chemists.

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The Aseptic Skin Dressing

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Generous in Comfort Thrifty in Running

What Experts Say!

In traffic the Ruston-Hornsby is particularly handy, while, thanks to good brakes and acceleration on top gear, excellent headway can be maintained. The 90 mm. and 130 mm. (3,308 c.c.) side-valve engine is particularly flexible and silent, although its outstanding feature is the really extraordinary acceleration.

"The Motor," May 29, 1923.

Hill-climbing.—This car is a puller to the last gasp: no need to worry about "keeping up revs." If she just won't take a hill, a change-down will insure quick pick-up. I took a hill I know well, which is officially sign-posted "1-in-6" and has a nasty bend at its worst spot, on second, with full load of passengers.

The Garage & Motor Agent, June 9, 1923.

Ruston-Hornsby
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LONDON: C. B. Wardman & Co., Ltd., 122, Great Portland St., W.1
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LIVERPOOL & DISTRICT: Birkenhead Motor Works, Ltd., Duke Street, Birkenhead.

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The cost of making 555 by hand—one at a time—is approximately ten times more than machine mass production. The pure Virginia Leaf used for 555 is selected on the actual Tobacco Fields by our own Experts and only 5lbs. out of every 1,000lbs. grown is good enough for 555. After maturing like rare old wine, 30 per cent of the original bulk of this Leaf is then eliminated in the form of stalk, sand and dust. Finally the Tobacco for each cigarette is encased by hand—one at a time—in pure vegetable paper. Only by these methods, exclusive to us, is it possible to attain the absolutely Unique Qualities of 555 for Discriminating Smokers.

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Summit Quarter Size **collars**

Shape 87

THE wide cut-away, with points well under the waistcoat, makes this essentially the collar for wear with the larger knots now so much in favour.

Quarter-size fittings—four to the inch—from 14 to 18 inches.

Also 13½ and 18½ inches.

1/- each - Six for 5/6

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1923.

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INVOKED TO STAY THE LAVA, AND THE CAUSE OF A FIGHT WITH PEOPLE FROM ANOTHER TOWN: THE STATUE OF S. EGIDIO AT LINGUAGLOSSA DURING THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

One stream of lava from the eruption of Mount Etna approached within a short distance of the town of Linguaglossa, and the inhabitants, in alarm, carried the statue of their patron saint, S. Egidio, in procession along the front of the advancing lava, invoking his aid to save the town from destruction. The popular belief is that the saint's staff had once before miraculously stayed the lava from a previous eruption. On the present occasion, it was reported that the people of the neighbouring town of Castiglione feared that S. Egidio might only succeed in diverting the lava from Linguaglossa to Castiglione. Some of them accordingly went to Linguaglossa to stop the procession, and a fight ensued round the statue of the saint. Another account stated that the Castiglionians wished to gain possession of the saint's staff for their own benefit. The disturbance was eventually suppressed by Carabinieri.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY GIULIO PARISIO.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE discussion about domestic servants seems marked by a highly modern and enlightened confusion on both sides. On the reforming side we have nothing but the extraordinary notion that you can only improve a family by making it more like a factory. On the conservative side we have very little except rather snobbish sneers at the bare idea of any poor person playing on the piano. The last symbol is significant, because it illustrates the one fundamental mistake of both reformers and conservatives: the notion that the social separation of mistresses and servants must be an old thing, and their association must be a new thing. The truth is that the ancient world was more familiar with its slaves than the modern world with its servants. When Christianity humanised the remains of slavery, the association grew less servile and more domestic; it was only in the industrial time that a new fastidiousness and shyness broke it up. It was an amusing irony. Victorian ladies and gentlemen sniffed over their fierce feudal ancestors whose servants dined below the salt, while their own servants dined below the floor. They would never have dreamed of tolerating a housemaid at the other end of their own table, but kept her in a kind of cavern under the pavement. To do them justice, the housemaid would probably have hated dining with them quite as much as they hated dining with her. A new social spirit had come, and the classes were really separated. But it was not always so, and the very case of the piano is enough to remind us of it. Why, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pepys had their servant-girl in the drawing-room with them in the evening to sing glees with them at their own piano, or what corresponded to their piano. None of the three had a shadow of the modern embarrassment in the matter; there was no sneering and no snobbishness. Manners were rougher in those days, and Mrs. Pepys might very possibly have clouted the girl over the head; but she would never have been surprised to hear of her playing the piano.

Nevertheless, the worst mistake of all has been made by the reformers, and not the conservatives. For it is a mistake at the very root of all the modern mistakes. It is excellently illustrated in a single fact. It was argued at the inquiry that the chief trouble of servants was in preparing the evening meal for the family, and it was therefore innocently proposed to abolish the evening meal for the family. It was not proposed to abolish anything else, of all the fussy formalities of modern daily life. The servants would still, presumably, have to dust half-a-hundred objectless ornaments that the family never look at, and all sorts of odds and ends of furniture that the family never use. The one thing to be abolished is the one thing that does make the family feel like a family. It is the one thing that does really connect them with their feudal ancestors, and probably their prehistoric ancestors, as well as their most remote descendants—the ancient and immortal institution of the feast after work, of reunion and refreshment in the evening. Obviously, any reformer thinking in terms of reality would start with this as the unalterable reality. Then he would reform other things so as to save it—as, for instance, abolish other duties, give the servant other compensations, simplify conditions so that this might be done without a servant, and so on. Of course, he gets hold of the sow by the wrong ear, and starts making his silk purse of that.

The more I see of the world to-day the more I am certain that it suffers from a certain tail-foremost trick of thought. It does not so much allow the tail to wag the dog as dock the tail of its dog, instead of docking the dog of its tail. It takes the tail first, and then considers whether a quadruped is a suitable appendage to it. It takes the trivial thing first and tries to put it right, without caring whether it is putting the important thing wrong. And just as a gentleman would not really wish to walk down the street followed only by a fine bushy tail instead of a faithful hound, so it will generally be found that the trivial thing, when separated from the important thing, remains just as trivial when it is put right as if it were left wrong. If a man is so careful of his silk hat, and so afraid of its suffering a spot of rain, that he cuts out the whole of the crown and wears only the brim, he will suffer two inconveniences. First, he may get a cold in his head, which some mystics think more important than his hat; and second, he will also have the needless nuisance of wearing a stiff rim round his head which serves none of the purposes of a hat, though it have something of the appearance of a halo. He will not only have lost a convenience, but also gained an encumbrance. If a man is so much afraid of being thrown out of a hansom cab (as many a time I 've been) that as soon as he has got into it he insists on the horse being taken out of it, he will find he has made a double mistake. He has not only lost a horse but he has found a cab—an object which in isolation and immobility is not a very useful trifle to possess or a very easy trifle to dispose of. He has taken away the whole motive force and meaning of a cab; but he still has a cab that is quite meaningless. He has sold a good horse to buy a white elephant. Now that little comedy is constantly being acted in the intellectual world. Men reform a thing by removing the reality from it, and then do not know what to do with the unreality that is left. Thus they would reform religious institutions by removing the religion. They do not seem to see that to take away the creed and leave the servants of the creed is simply to go on paying servants for nothing. To keep the temple without the god is to be hag-ridden with superstitious vigilance about a hollow temple—about a mere shell made of brick or stone. To support the palace and not support the king is simply to pay for an empty palace. Just as such philosophers would deal with the temple and the palace, so some of these other social philosophers would deal with the household or the home. They never think of asking with what object they maintain a house. They are quite ready to maintain the house so long as they can abandon the object. They never seem to reflect that, without that object, or with some other object, there never would have been any house at all. There would have been something else quite unlike a house and possibly more like a hive. This idea of going back to the beginning and considering the end, of thinking of the purpose of anything as a whole, seems to these people to be merely metaphysical and mystical, though it is obviously the only thing that is really material and practical. The course that seems to them practical will leave them loaded with a burden of antiquated shells and ruins. There is a case for using these things and a case for destroying them; but there is no case for the current fashion of preserving them and destroying their use. But reformers of this kind do not seem to care how many elaborate trifles they leave to trouble us, as long as they remove the purpose that once at least seemed to be worth the trouble.

The proposal to abolish the family feast in the evening is an excellent example of all this. There is a case for abolishing the family feast because there is a case for abolishing the family and the family homestead and the family name. There is no inevitable reason why these particular people should live together in one particular house at all; they could be kept in carefully numbered cells in some commodious State prison of the Utopia of the sociologists. But as there are people who like living in families, these are precisely the things that they like about it. They like things of the nature of the evening meal; if they were asked for what they valued the house they would probably think first of the evening meal. As it is, they are asked to give up the social reunion they value most, and still preserve the whole house and all the rest of the housework. The servant girl is still forced to dust the dining-room in which nobody will dine. She is still ordered to polish the dinner-table at which nobody will have dinner. A whole factory of futilities, a vast machinery of meaningless and petty duties will remain to be done, and nothing has been removed except the central social function that was the only excuse for any of them. But the strange part of this modern psychology is that it never thinks of beginning by altering the trivialities. It seems to imagine that French-polishing and vacuum-cleaning are more permanent than eating and drinking. Very few of the Utopian visions offered us to-day have really removed the small mechanical complexities and conventions of life. They mostly conceive the details of every day very much as they are at this moment in any villa in Surbiton. All that they do alter is the essential institution behind the convention, or the essential idea behind the essential institution. They do not imagine a man and a woman married, but renewing their honeymoon elsewhere than in the suburban villa—in a tent, or at the top of a tree. They are more likely to imagine them still living like married people in the suburban villa, only they are not married. They do not seem so much disposed to imagine some more popular figure than the policeman arresting or punishing people for their crimes, as rather to keep the policeman but abandon the whole idea of crime and punishment, substituting some more humane philosophy of putting all sorts of ordinary people in padded cells till they die. And so, in the case of the domestic dinner-party, they do not seem disposed to save the essentials of it by cutting it down to its essentials; they do not say it should be more simplified from luxury, or more equalised among all classes of society, or given everywhere more opportunity to return to its own original nature. They have no notion of the original nature of a feast, any more than of the original nature of a family. Just as they would alter the eternal family in the fashion of the temporary factory, so they would alter the eternal feast in the fashion of the temporary table reserved at a restaurant. It is queer topsy-turvydom to live in; but it will probably only last our time.



THE KING OF ITALY'S DAUGHTER AND SON-IN-LAW AT THE HORSE SHOW: PRINCESS YOLANDA AND HER HUSBAND, COUNT CALVI DI BERGOLO (A COMPETITOR), ARRIVING AT OLYMPIA.

Princess Yolanda, daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, and her husband, Count Calvi di Bergolo, were among the distinguished visitors at the opening of the twelfth International Horse Show at Olympia, on June 23. Count Calvi di Bergolo, who is one of the finest horsemen in the Italian cavalry, entered as one of the competitors in the jumping contests.

Photograph by Farringdon Photo. Co.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE (GLASGOW), RUSSELL (SOUTHSEA), L.N.A., LAFAYETTE, HAINES, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



APPOINTED JOINT GENERAL MANAGER OF THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY: SIR HERBERT WALKER.



FORMERLY M.P. FOR INVERNESS BURGHS: THE LATE MR. JOHN ANNAN BRYCE.



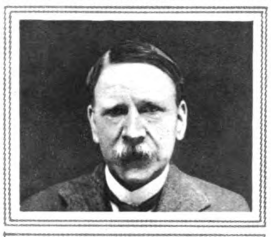
KILLED IN THE GROSVENOR CUP AIR RACE: THE LATE MAJOR E. L. FOOT



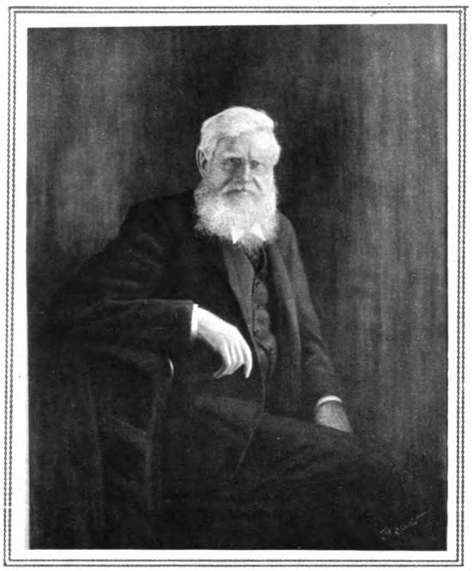
WINNER OF THE GROSVENOR CUP AIR RACE: FLIGHT-LIEUT. W. H. LONGTON.



FAMOUS AS "CHITRAL KELLY": THE LATE COLONEL JAMES G. KELLY, C.B.



ELECTED AT MORPETH: MR. ROBERT SMILLIE, M.P. (LAB.).





ELECTED AT TIVERTON: MR. F. D. ACLAND, M.P. (LIBERAL).

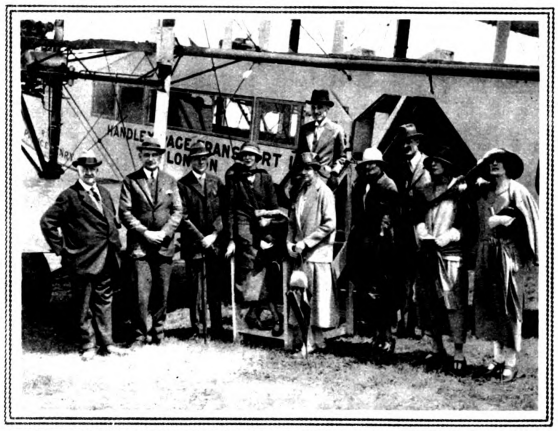


FORMERLY MISTRESS OF THE ROBES: THE LATE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE.

THE CENTENARY OF DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE: THE MEMORIAL PORTRAIT UNVEILED IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.



A FAMOUS HEADMASTER OF HARROW: THE LATE CANON JOSEPH WOOD.



INCLUDING THE SECRETARY FOR AIR AND THE FOUNDER OF THE ROYAL AERO CLUB (MR. F. HEDGES BUTLER): DISTINGUISHED AEROPLANE PASSENGERS.

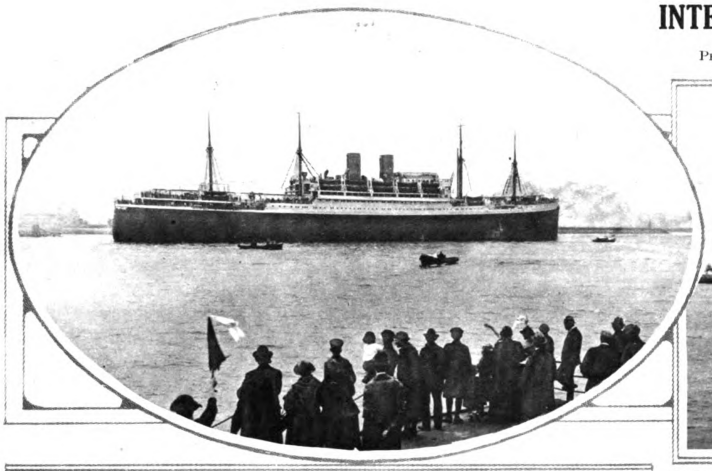


THE EXCITING SANDHURST v. WOOLWICH CRICKET MATCH, WON BY SANDHURST: A GROUP OF THE COMBINED TEAMS AT LORD'S.

Sir Herbert Walker had been General Manager of the L. and S.W.R. since 1912.——Mr. J. Annan Bryce sat for Inverness Burghs, as a Liberal, from 1906 to 1918. He had travelled widely in Burmah and Siam.——Major Foot joined the R.F.C. in 1915, and did fine service in the war. He had since been well known as a Cross-Channel pilot.——The race for the Lord Edward Grosvenor Cup, a 400-mile handicap from Lympne and back, on June 23, was won by Flight-Lieut. W. H. Longton on a Sopwith Gnu.——Colonel James Graves Kelly led the famous Relief of Chitral in 1895.——Mr. Smillie was returned for Morpeth with a Labour majority of 6966.——Anne, Duchess of Roxburghe was a daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. She became Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria in 1883.——The memorial portrait of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, of whose birth this year is the centenary, is by Mr. J. W. Beaufort. It was unveiled by Sir Charles Sherrington, President of the Royal Society.——Mr. F. D. Acland has been Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and Secretary to the Board of Agriculture.——Canon Joseph Wood was Headmaster successively of Leamington, Tonbridge, and Harrow.——The lower left-hand group shows (left to right) Mr. Frank Hedges Butler (founder of the Royal Aero Club), Mr. Handley Page, the Duke of Sutherland (Under-Secretary for Air), the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Hoare, and Sir Samuel Hoare (Secretary for Air, on the steps). The other four are: Brig.-General Festing, Mrs. Long, Mrs. Parr, and a friend. They flew to Le Touquet on June 23 for the Aero Club of France Aviation Meeting.——Sandhurst beat Woolwich at Lord's by 89 runs.

INTERESTING EVENTS AT HOME AN

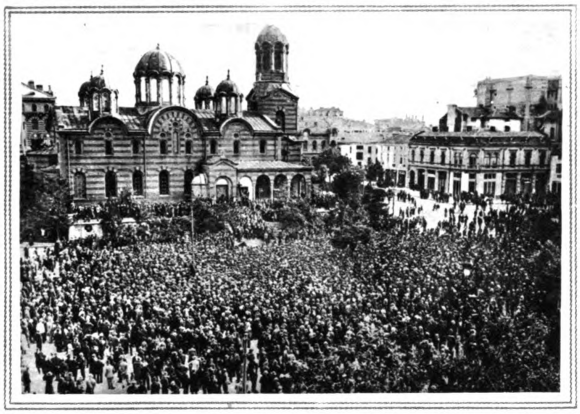
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLI RUGE (BERLIN), KEYSTONE VIEW CO., PH



THE MAIDEN VOYAGE OF A NEW GERMAN 22,000-TON LINER: THE "ALBERT BALLIN" LEAVING FOR NEW YORK.



BEING FLOATED INTO POSITION FOR ATTACHMENT TO A NAVAL SEAPLANE: AN AMERICAN AIR-TORPEDO.



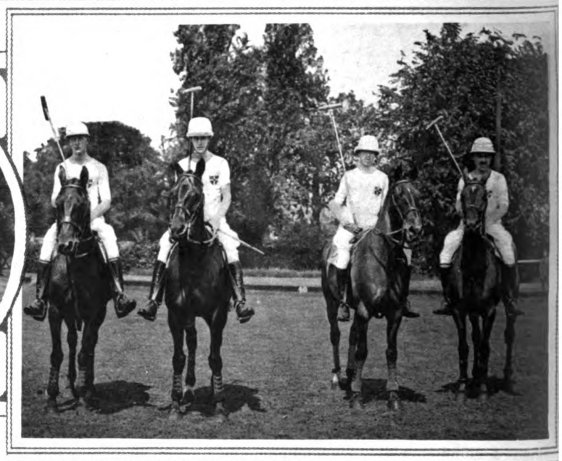
IN SOFIA ON THE DAY OF THE BULGARIAN *COUP D'ÉTAT*: A GREAT CROWD BEFORE THE CATHEDRAL.



WINNERS OF A WOMEN'S BOAT-RACE: THE LONDON SCHOOL OF MEDICINE CREW THAT BEAT NEWNHAM COLLEGE AT PUTNEY.



IN MEMORY OF W. H. HUDSON, THE NATURALIST: LADY WARWICK'S NEW BIRD SANCTUARY, AROUND STONE HALL.

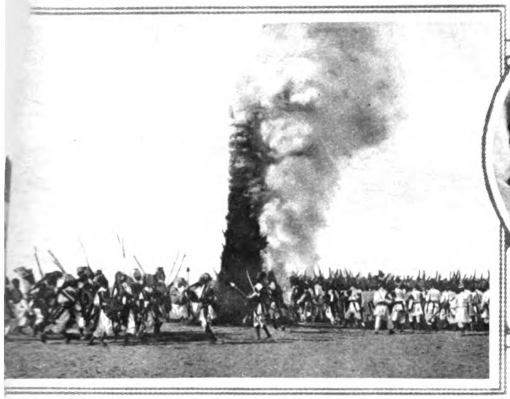


WINNERS OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE POLO MATCH: CAMBRIDGE—(L. TO R.) MR. J. SEELY, SIR J. MILBANKE, MR. J. RAMSDEN, AND MR. E. DAVEY.

The liner "Albert Ballin" is named after the founder of the Hamburg-Amerika line, who committed suicide on November 10, 1918, the day before the Armistice.——The next photograph shows how a torpedo for an American Naval torpedo-carrying aeroplane is floated down until it reaches its position under a plane, when it is lifted and secured to it.——The third illustration shows Italian Colonial troops (Ascari Eritrei) in Tripoli at their traditional Feast of Mescal, or Feast of the Crosses, so called because numerous crosses are stuck into a big palm tree, which is then set on fire. The troops dance round it till it falls, and the direction of the fall portends either good or bad luck.——On the day of the Bulgarian *coup d'état*, crowds gathered before Sofia Cathedral shouting, "Down with the Dictator!" (Stambulisky), and "Down with the Peasant Tyranny!"——The annual boat-race between Newnham College, Cambridge, and

BROAD: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

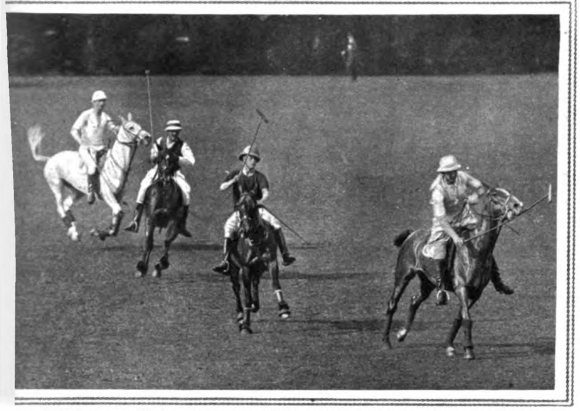
TO BUREAU (MADRAS), TOPICAL, ALFIERI, C.N., AND PHOTOPRESS.



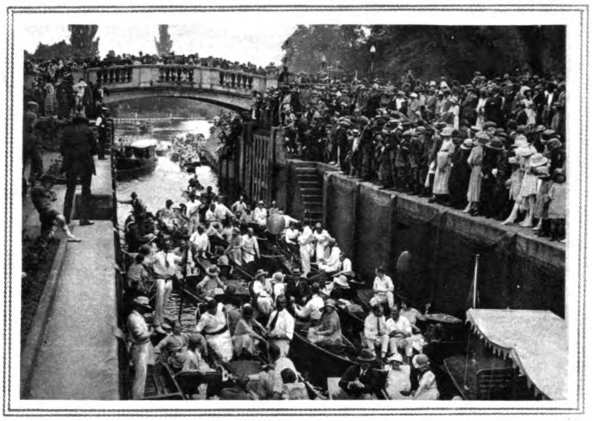
DANCING ROUND A BLAZING PALM, WHOSE FALL MAY MEAN GOOD OR BAD LUCK: ITALIAN COLOURED TROOPS IN TRIPOLI.



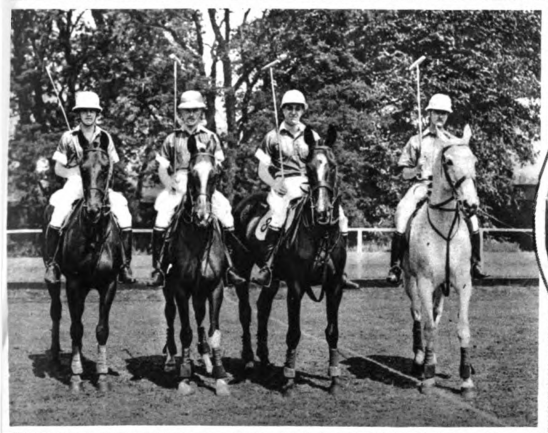
INDIA'S FIRST WOMAN MAGISTRATE: MRS. COUSINS ENTERTAINED BY INDIAN LADIES OF MADRAS.



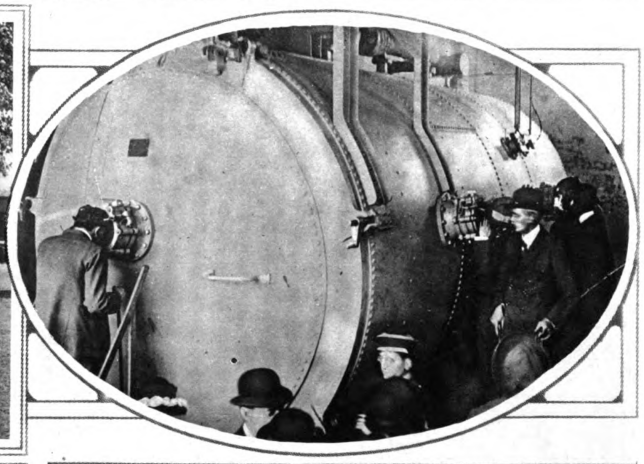
THE PRINCE OF WALES (SECOND FROM RIGHT) AT POLO ON HIS BIRTHDAY: PLAYING FOR OLD OXONIANS V. OLD CANTABS AT HURLINGHAM.



THE CALL OF THE RIVER WHEN SUMMER REALLY ARRIVES: A THRONG OF BOATS AND ONLOOKERS AT BOULTER'S LOCK ON SUNDAY.



BEATEN IN THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE POLO MATCH: OXFORD—(L. TO R.) MR. R. J. HINES, MR. W. M. SALE, MR. J. T. PEARCE, AND MR. R. A. CARR-WHITE.

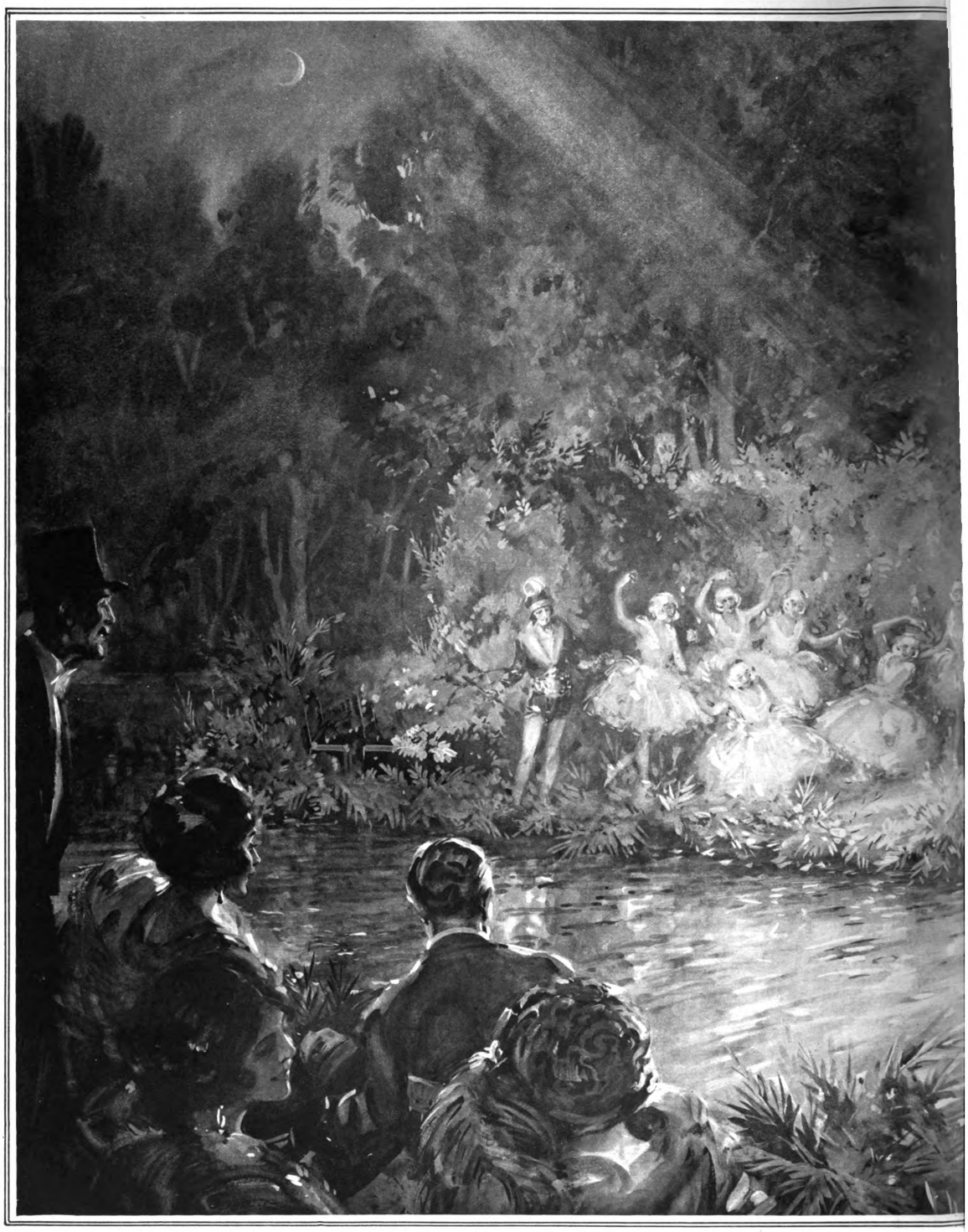


DOCTORS OBSERVING AIRMEN SHUT IN A CYLINDER OF RAREFIED AIR AT LE BOURGET: A FRENCH TEST OF HIGH ALTITUDE ATMOSPHERE AND ITS EFFECTS.

the London School of Medicine for Women was won by the latter at Putney on June 23.——On the same day, Cambridge beat Oxford at polo at Hurlingham, by 6 goals to 3. Later, the Old Oxonians beat the Old Cantabs, by 5 goals to 3. The Prince of Wales played No. 1 for the Old Oxonians, and scored a goal. June 23 was his twenty-ninth birthday.——A bird sanctuary, in memory of Mr. W. H. Hudson, the naturalist, was opened the other day by Mr. Cunninghame Graham, in the park of the Countess of Warwick's house, Easton Lodge, Dunmow. In the centre of the sanctuary is Stone Hall, which contains a collection of Hudson's works.——At Le Bourget Aerodrome, four French Air Service officials, supplied with oxygen-breathing apparatus, were enclosed in a large cylinder, in which the atmosphere was gradually rarefied up to that of 27,000 feet. Doctors observed the effect upon them through windows in the cylinder.

DANCING ON A RAFT ON A LAKE AT THE FÊTE NOCTUR

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE IL

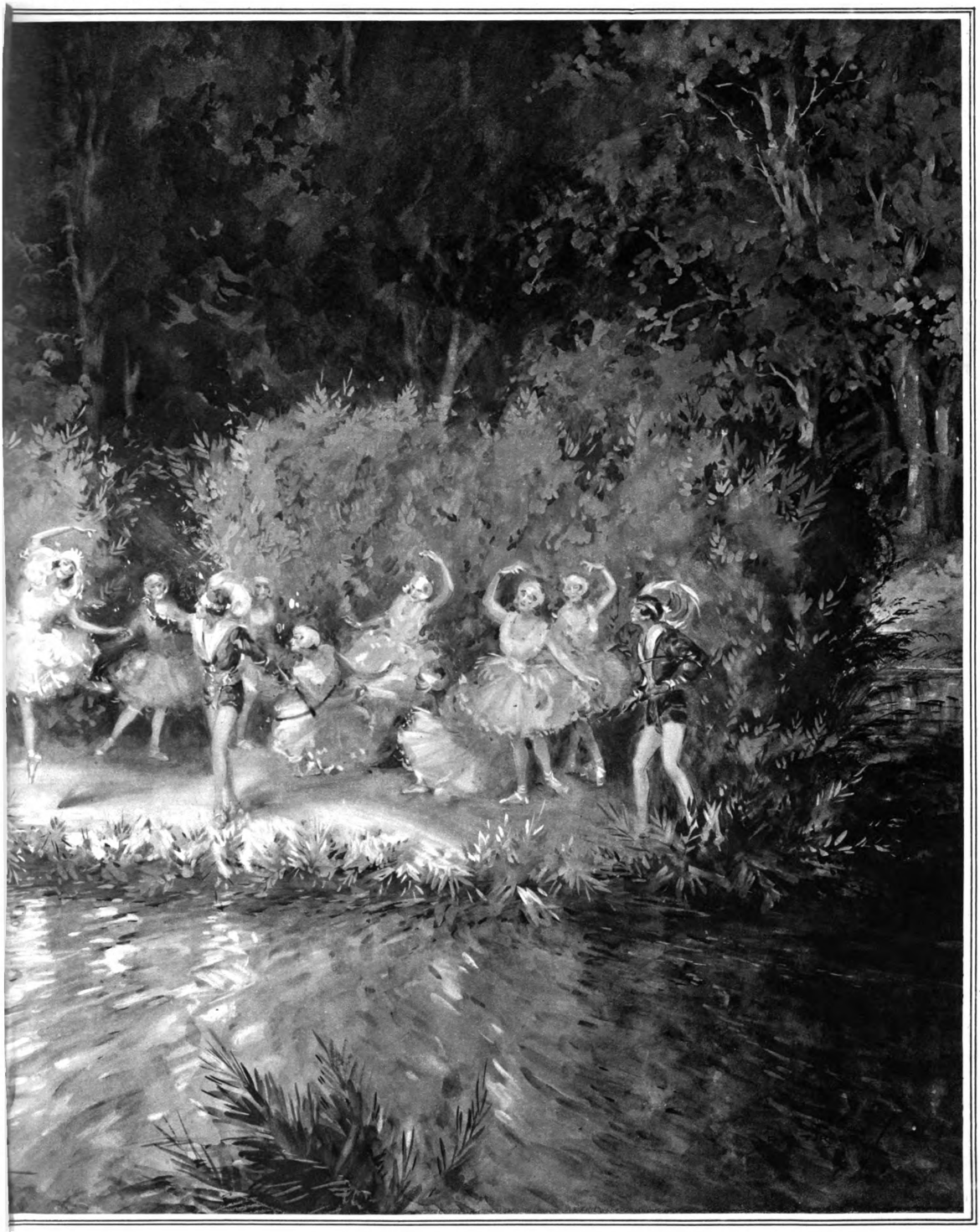


WITH A FLOATING STAGE, A NATURAL "BACKCLOTH," AND SEARCHLIGHTS A

The Fête Nocturne, at Sunninghill Park, Ascot, organised by Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, in aid of the Church Army Home for Poor Women and Children, and given during Ascot Week, was the most original and beautiful entertainment of the season. A large raft was moored in the centre of the lake in the grounds of Sunninghill Park, and decked with a screen of foliage. On this improvised stage a number of dances were given, the most important item in the programme being Tchaikovsky's "Le Lac des Cygnes" performed for the first time in its entirety in this country. Mlle. Nadejda Nicolaeva, M. Nicolas Legat, and M. Laurent Novikoff were the Princess Swan, the Prince's Friend, and the Prince-hunter, and M. Legat's pupils were the *corps de ballet* of Swans. The performance was illuminated, not by the "limes" of the theatre, but by two great searchlights which threw coloured beams on the raft, and the whole scene was one of the

HE MOST ORIGINAL ENTERTAINMENT OF THE SEASON.

ON NEWS" BY C. E. TURNER.



"LIMES": THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "LE LAC DES CYGNES" IN THIS COUNTRY.

greatest loveliness. Lofty woods acted as a background, and a slip of a moon rode in the June sky, which was scattered with light fleecy clouds, while never a breath of wind disturbed the faery stillness of the evening, through which the strains of the London Chamber Orchestra floated. The performance was excellent throughout, and other successful numbers were the Pavane Chantée of Borodin, danced by a company of Society girls—amateurs of great skill; Old Neapolitan Songs, given by singers including Mrs. Walter Rubens and Lady Irene Curzon; and a Mozart Menuetto. A large number of distinguished people were among the audience, including the Crown Prince of Sweden, and many diplomatists and social celebrities. The performance was given two evenings running, and was one of the features of Ascot Week.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]

CAUSING A CENTURY OF BARRENNESS: ETNA'S DEVASTATING LAVA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., AND GIULIO PARISIO.



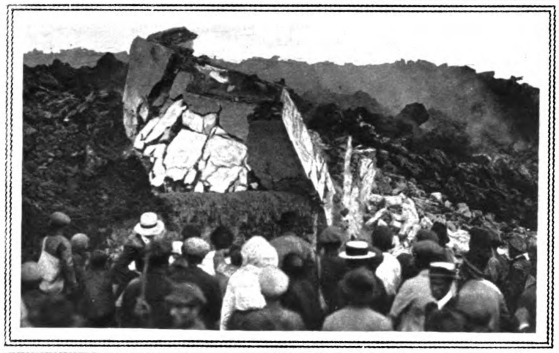
RECALLING THE FLIGHT OF REFUGEES FROM THE GERMAN INVASION OF BELGIUM: SICILIAN VILLAGERS TREKKING FROM THEIR RUINED OR THREATENED HOMES.



WITH THEIR HAIR LOOSENED ACCORDING TO CUSTOM IN TIME OF DANGER: WOMEN BEARING A CRUCIFIX IN PROCESSION AT LINGUAGLOSSA AS LAVA APPROACHED IT.



SHOWING THE GREAT STREAM OF LAVA (IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND), WHICH DESTROYED THE STATION AT CASTIGLIONE: SOLDIERS AND LABOURERS AT WORK AT A THREATENED POINT ON THE CIRCUM-ETNA RAILWAY DURING THE ERUPTION OF THE VOLCANO.



THE DESTRUCTION OF A BUILDING BY THE SLOWLY ADVANCING FLOOD OF LAVA: A HELPLESS CROWD OF SPECTATORS WATCH THE WALLS FALLING.



TYPICAL OF THE WORST EFFECTS OF THE ERUPTION—THE OVERWHELMING OF VINEYARDS: LAVA CRUSHING TREES, THAT BURST INTO FLAME AS IT REACHED THEM.

Mount Etna suddenly burst into violent eruption on June 18, after having been more or less active for several weeks, and poured out streams of lava from five new craters. The lava flowed slowly but inexorably down the slopes of the mountain, spreading devastation in fertile vineyards and orange groves, and overwhelming houses and other buildings in its path, including the villages of Picciolo, Pallemelata, and Cerro, and the railway station of Castiglione, on the circum-Etna line. It also came close to Linguaglossa, a town of 15,000 inhabitants, which, however, was protected by a neighbouring ridge. Only a few people, it was reported, remained in the town, among them being the Bishop of Acireale and other priests, who daily carried the statue of S. Egidio, its patron saint, in religious processions. Women in the town also carried a crucifix in procession. Along the roads moved columns of carts laden with the household goods of villagers whose homes had been destroyed or were threatened with destruction. The scenes were reminiscent of the flight of refugees before the German invasion during the war. The lava from Etna looked like a heap of slag issuing from a blast furnace. The land it covered will remain barren for more than a century.

HOW ETNA'S LAVA DESTROYS A VILLAGE: SLOW BUT INEXORABLE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



SO GRADUAL IN ITS ADVANCE THAT SPECTATORS COULD WATCH IT AT LEISURE ENGULFING HOUSES A FEW YARDS AWAY: A LAVA FLOW FROM ETNA DESTROYING THE VILLAGE OF CERRO.

It was stated on June 25 that the lava flow from the recent eruption of Mount Etna had practically stopped, and that the reports of the destruction of villages had been greatly exaggerated, only about a hundred houses in all having been overwhelmed. The danger to the threatened town of Linguaglossa seemed to have been averted by the abatement of the volcano's activity. On the other hand, it was confirmed that very extensive damage had been done to vineyards and agriculture, estimated at between £100,000 and £200,000. We give here and on another page two of the first photographs of the lava stream to reach this country. In the above photograph, the front of the flow is seen on the right, like a smouldering slag-heap, advancing across the village street, but so slowly that people can sit about in the street to watch it. "It is very impressive and amazing," writes Mr. G. Ward Price, "but it is not terrible, because you cannot call a flow of red-hot lava terrible when you can walk up to it and poke it with a stick in safety if you do not mind getting your face a little scorched."

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THERE are novels that have been mistaken for actual personal memoirs, and among these the book that will occur to everybody is "Barry Lyndon." "Esmond," but for the incident of the Pretender at the close, might be added to the list of pleasant deceptions; and, without any saving clause at all, certainly the beautiful detached episode that serves for Introduction to "Quentin Durward." If one cared to reverse the process and ask what memoirs, if any, could be picked up at random and mistaken for a work of fiction, the answer would be harder to give. There is, however, at least one very notable instance, an actual autobiography that has all the rollicking freedom of Fielding and Smollett, and the fine old-port flavour of the eighteenth-century novel. The hero is as cheerful a scapegrace as Tom Jones or Roderick Random.

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Had the editor's original intention been carried out, this picaresque novel of a memoir would have been a three-decker quite in the old-fashioned style. But it appears that three volumes will not suffice. A fourth is promised, and that will be as eagerly awaited as was the third instalment now before us. It is a good many years since "THE MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HICKEY" burst upon a delighted public; the second volume fully sustained the reputation of the first; and now the third (Hurst and Blackett; 15s.) proves that the sport is as fine as ever. Had the end come here, we should have said good-bye to our Hickey with real regret, and not the least pleasing thing in this new volume is Mr. Alfred Spencer's editorial announcement that "Mr. W. H." (famous initials these), like an eminent lady of the drama, is "still running."

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Hickey was a literary "find," and when he appeared he was held by many to have somewhat snuffed the candle of the redoubtable Creevy, another discovery. About the time that Creevy's papers found their way into print, a smaller performer in the same line, Captain Elers, also made his bow and won a fair measure of applause. I remember Captain Elers chiefly for one plum. He told with engaging frankness how he had offered the Duke of Wellington a Newfoundland dog. With equally engaging frankness he recorded the Duke's answer, which ran: "F.-M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Captain Elers, and begs to state that he has no occasion for a Newfoundland dog." "No occasion for a Newfoundland dog" is a phrase that ought to be proverbial, and it is rather surprising that it has not become a general expression for the rejection of unwelcome and unnecessary gifts.

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But to return to Mr. William Hickey, who offers only the most acceptable things, chief of which is his genially unblushing portrait of himself. A solicitor's son and bred to the law, he cut no great figure in his own day, but he lived an interesting life. Providence had blessed him with the gift of a ready and picturesque pen, and evidently he found amusement in setting down his experiences. Without knowing it (a most enviable state) he achieved literature. His style, which owes nothing to art, is perfectly delightful—easy, natural, and flowing; he always wrote with his eye on the object, and he was a born story-teller.

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It is not wonderful that so merry and loose-living a rascal should have come to loggerheads with his father. In the previous volume we saw him making his way home from India partly to transact official business, but partly in the hope of obtaining his father's forgiveness. The Prodigal Son rôle had not succeeded, and he was going East again, in doubtful company. In the new volume we pick him up in 1782 at Lisbon with the beautiful Charlotte Barry, to whom he refers gallantly as Mrs. Hickey, a title that requires inverted commas, for the happy pair could not have answered yes to Mrs. Chikno's crucial question, "Are you certificated?" Mr. Hickey was, however, perfectly honest about his uncertificated attachment, when it came to introductions, and such was the tolerance of Anglo-Indian society at the time that the dear lady was received with all the honours of matrimony without having submitted to its limitations.

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To do them justice, the Hickeys were an exemplary couple. William's care of Charlotte and Charlotte's devotion to William on their terrible voyage from Lisbon are in the right vein of the idyllic love-story, and the romance is never overdone. Plainly, it was a case of true love, debarred from legal sanction only by Charlotte's obstinate refusal of William's repeated request that she should make an honest man of him.



A ROYAL VICTORY IN THE ROYAL HUNT CUP AT ASCOT: THE KING'S HORSE, WEATHERVANE.

The Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot on June 20 was won by the King's horse, Weathervane, ridden by S. Ingham, a young apprentice from Wootton's stable. His Majesty's success was very popular.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Charlotte seems to have been an ultra-feminist somewhat in advance of her time. In this particular at least her action brings the story into line with one phase of the most modern fiction. There was nothing of the "she would and she would not" about Charlotte; she simply would *not*, and her sweet William had to put up with it. He was not seriously inconvenienced.

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Very serious inconvenience, however, arose from another cause. Possibly they were a pair of Jonahs, for winds and waves warred against their ship. To the records of disastrous voyages Hickey has added one that is likely to become classic. Here he is realist pure and simple, seeing the heaped disasters, and describing them as vividly as Conrad in "Typhoon." The long-drawn-out, labouring terror of the hurricane is suggested on the grand scale, but at the same time Hickey has an eye for the minutest accident, even to small personal property. Their badly found and badly navigated Portuguese ship came through the storm by a miracle, and at last put in, a hulk, at Trincomalee, where the French held her as a prize. The Hickeys narrowly escaped being made prisoner too, suffering much irksome delay and some indignity from the Governor; but several French officers showed themselves the most chivalrous enemies, thanks largely, no doubt, to Mrs. Hickey's charms.

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The book gives a most entertaining picture of Anglo-Indian society in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Among the notables are Elijah Impey and Sir William Jones, and Warren Hastings makes a brief appearance. He used to give an annual dinner to all Old Westminsters resident in Calcutta, and Hickey, as a former Westminster boy, attended. "Very pleasant," he says, "those meetings were." In these sketches of India we see Nabobs of the Jos Sedley type in the making. Among the hard drinkers and hard livers of the period, Hickey played as racketty a hand as any, and he makes no bones about his exploits. He tells you when he was drunk, just exactly how drunk he was, and what he did under the influence. One of his fads when exalted was furious driving among crowded traffic. But at last he got a lesson: he nearly killed a man, and thereafter went more cannily on the road. His novel of a Life had its tragic note. His adored Charlotte never really recovered from her fearful voyage, and died not long after they reached India. Hickey writes of his loss with a manly simplicity and sincerity that further endears him to the reader. A little later he favours us with some Pepysian confessions touching his state of widowhood. It is all very agreeable and human.

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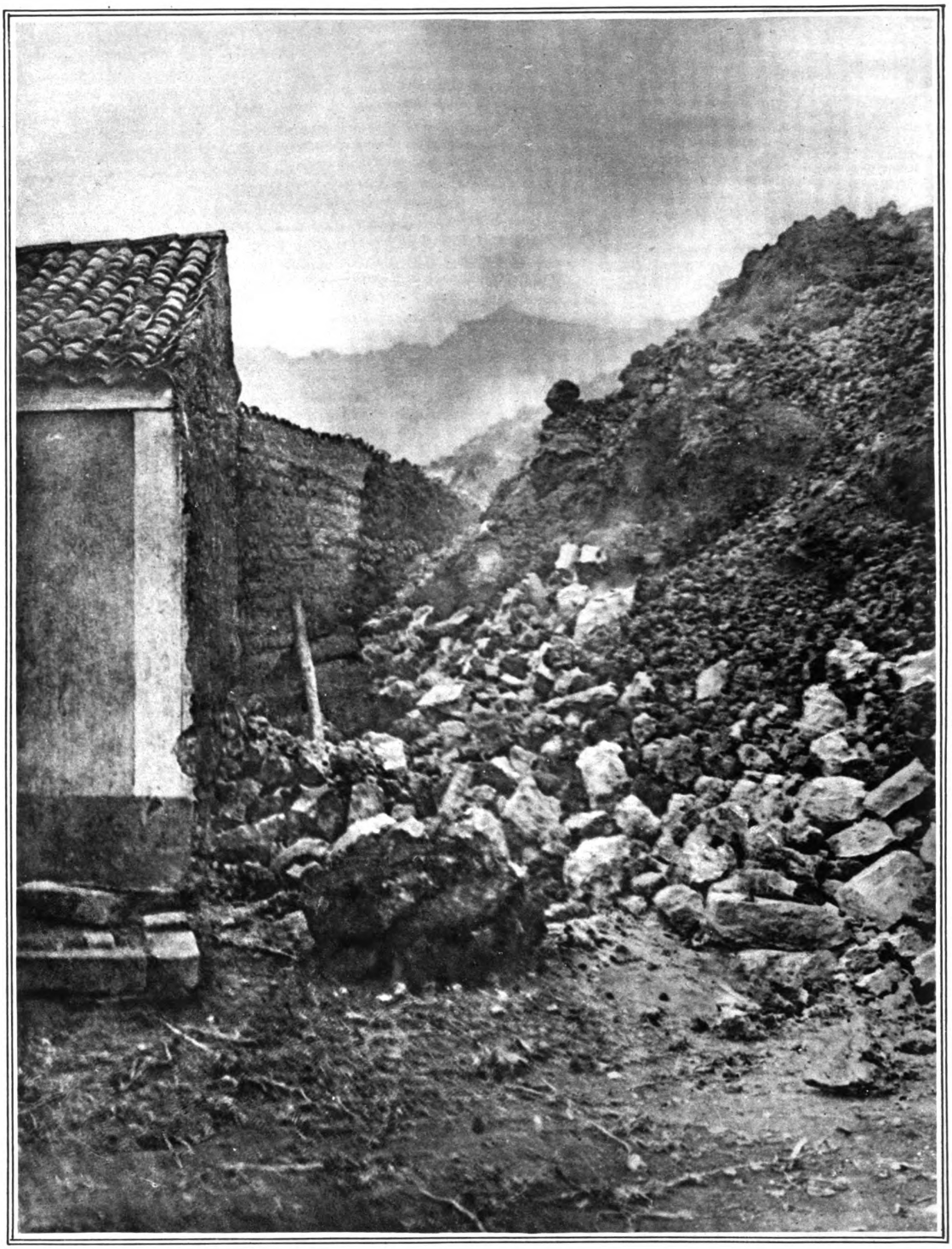
Two distinguished women writers have just been debating the question, "Is there any alternative to the sex novel?" As far as reports go, it would seem that the issue got a little befogged between the words "love" and "sex." If they both mean simply the "love-interest," then there is no alternative. The Tale of Troy began with it, and also the Tale of Eden. If "sex" means, however, the pathological exposition now in favour, then some alternative is devoutly to be wished, for the thing is becoming a mere "expense of spirit in a waste of shame." Sordid dwelling upon what is, after all, a fleeting incident in life has put a promising new writer's work down a peg lower than his literary skill might have placed him. The book is a collection of three stories, "THE LEFT LEG," by T. F. Powys (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.), excellent workmanship blemished by its theme. To this sort of fiction one does long for an alternative. The novel may die of this fault; but, if so, luckily there is always our Hickey.

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Mr. Maurice Hewlett's lamented death occurred at a most interesting moment of his career. As a novelist, he was making less appeal, and admirers of his stories were for the most part those who had come to appreciate him in his heyday. But he was still developing along other lines, and in him we have lost an essayist of the first quality. His last volume of essays was the real thing in the briefer form of that delightful literary art. It is a book for the pocket, a little treasury of wisdom, beautiful phrase, and rich variety of allusion. He had in perfection the true essayist's knack of apt quotation, and we hoped for much more work of the same kind. *Dis aliter visum.* Curiously enough, no obituary that I have seen mentioned the most exquisite of his earlier pieces, "How Sandro Botticelli saw Simonetta in the Spring," choicest of all the jewels Hewlett recaptured from the Renaissance.

LIKE A MOVING SLAG-HEAP: A STREAM OF LAVA FROM ETNA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.

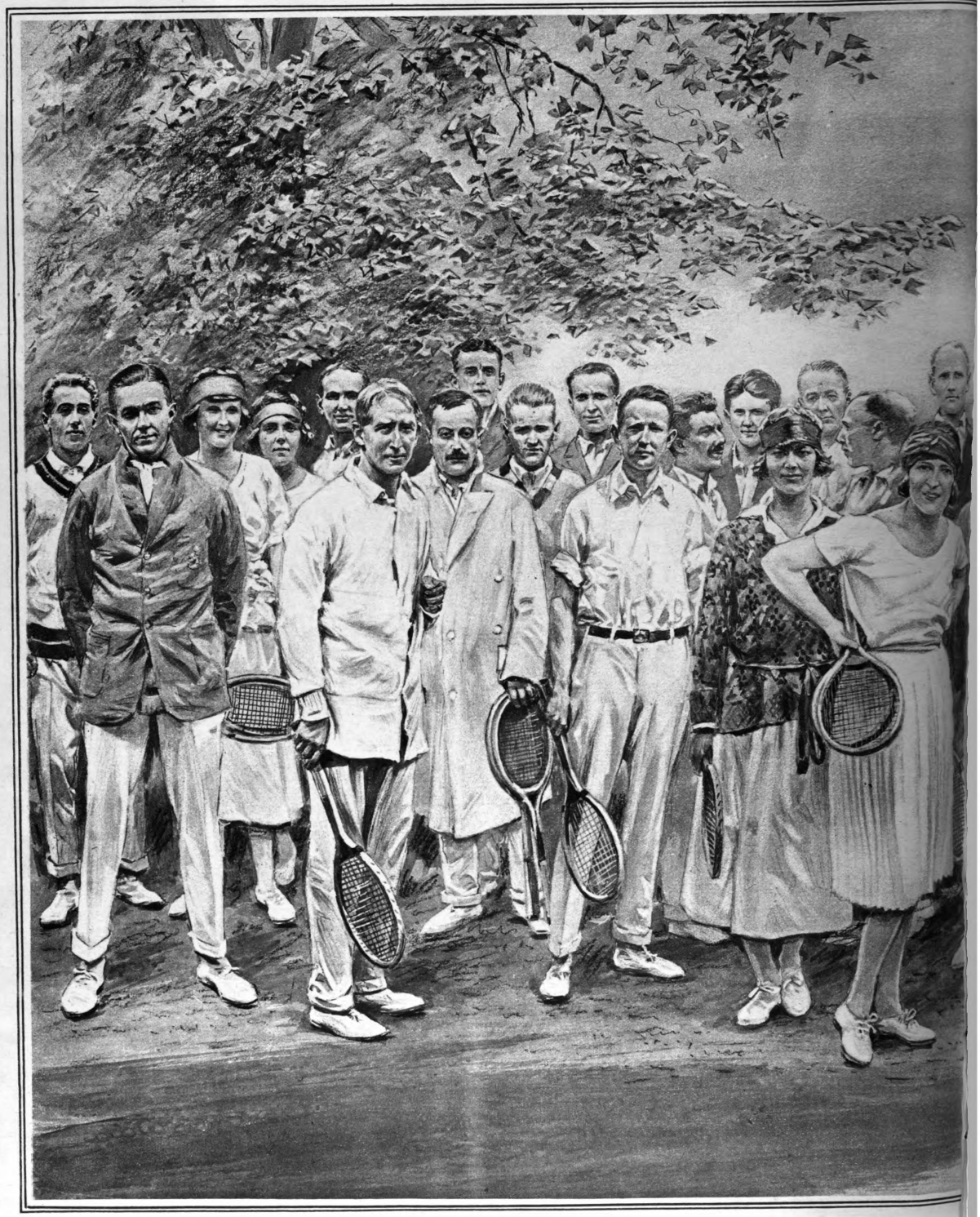


CRAWLING UP TO A DOOMED BUILDING IN ITS PATH: THE HEAD OF A LAVA STREAM, FROM THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA, OVERWHELMING EVERYTHING IN ITS GRADUAL ADVANCE.

The eruption of Mount Etna poured down the mountain slopes a flood of lava from a huge new crater at a height of 8500 ft. Mr. G. Ward Price, who afterwards visited the edge of this crater, says in his account of the lava stream: "It is very different from what I expected. . . . I had imagined that the flood of burning lava would look something like muddy molten lead. Instead, it exactly resembles a huge heap of smouldering slag, such as one sees at the pit-head of a coal mine, but a slag-heap stretching for miles across country and 50 ft. high from the ground. It consists of great cindered boulders, from which rise countless columns and wisps of smoke, and you know that the mass is red-hot only because the boulders on the edge are continually avalanching down, exposing the molten, glowing liquid at the heart of the heap. Every servant who rakes out the embers smouldering in the grate gathers a miniature of erupting Etna into her ash-pan. The tumbling clinkers at the edge of the heap keep up a constant rattle, and it is by their falling that the mass creeps forward."

GREAT NAMES IN THE LAWN-TENNIS WORLD: THE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS:

The Lawn-Tennis Championships began on Monday, June 25. We give above a portrait group of the most famous competitors, with a numbered key to the names. The nationality of each player is indicated in brackets by the abbreviations—Br. (British, including Dominions), Fr. (French), U.S. (United States), Belg. (Belgian), Roum. (Roumanian), and Ind. (Indian). The names are as follows: (1) R. Lacoste (Fr.); (2) J. P. D. Wheatley (Br.); (3) Mrs. Edgington (Br.); (4) Mrs. Clayton (Br.); (5) Dr. A. H. Fyzee (Ind.); (6) M. J. S. Ritchie (Br.); (7) T. M. Mavrogordato (Br.); (8) the Hon. Cecil Campbell (Br.); (9) Vincent Richards (U.S.); (10) A. A. Fyzee (Ind.); (11) W. M. Johnston

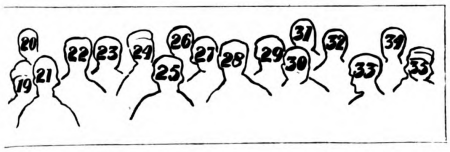


MOST-WATCHED PLAYERS AT THE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

ARTIST, S. BEGG.



THE MOST FAMOUS BRITISH AND FOREIGN COMPETITORS.



(U.S.); (12) J. Brugnon (Fr.); (13) H. K. Lester (Br.); (14) Mrs. Mallory (U.S.); (15) W. C. Crawley (Br.); (16) J. Washer (Belg.); (17) Mlle. Lenglen (Fr.); (18) P. M. Davson (Br.); (19) Miss E. F. Rose (Br.); (20) J. B. Gilbert (Br.); (21) Miss K. McKane (Br.); (22) Max Woosnam (Br.); (23) F. T. Hunter (U.S.); (24) J. Borotra (Fr.); (25) Miss Ryan (U.S.); (26) D. M. Greig (Br.); (27) Mrs. Peacock (Br.); (28) R. Lycett (Br.); (29) Mrs. Satterthwaite (Br.); (30) B. I. C. Norton (Br.); (31) Gordon Lowe (Br.); (32) A. R. F. Kingscote (Br.); (33) Mrs. Beamish (Br.); (34) N. Mishu (Rou.n.); and (35) Mrs. Craddock (Br.).—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



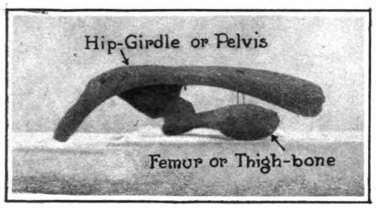
VESTIGES AND THEIR INTERPRETATION.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

"CHANGE and decay in all around I see," is the plaintive lament of a hymnologist of repute. But to the geologist and the biologist these marks of instability are sources of never-failing interest and inspiration. On this page I have just discussed the theme of "hypertrophy"; that is to say, of the excessive development of certain structures till at length they not only overstepped the bounds of usefulness, but became positively harmful to their possessors. Let me follow this up by citing instances where structures, once all-important, have now degenerated till they become at least useless, and sometimes as harmful as would be the case if they were over-developed.

It is the fashion, nowadays, to belittle Darwin's work, ridicule being supposed to be more crushing in its effects than anathema. And the ridicule is generally poured out in inverse proportion to the critic's qualifications for his self-imposed task. He first misrepresents Darwin, and then proceeds to rebuke him for his ineptitude.

Feeling rather strongly on this point, I hesitate when I venture to criticise Darwin's use of the term "rudiment": for this he constantly employed where it would rather seem he should have used the term "vestige." We speak of the "rudiments" of a language when we refer to its fundamentals, not of its "vestiges." The term "rudiment" should surely be restricted to the beginnings of structures: "vestiges" to their effete remains. Rudimentary and "nascent" organs were, with Darwin, synonymous terms. He spoke of the "rudimentary" teeth of baleen, or "whale-bone," whales. But these are surely "vestiges." They are to be found in the jaws before birth, but they are speedily absorbed. Horny plates of "whale-bone" have taken their place. How the change was effected, no man can tell. In all save the lowliest plants and animals it would be hard to find any that do not show evidence of "vestiges"; that is to say, of structures now obviously useless, but once as obviously useful.

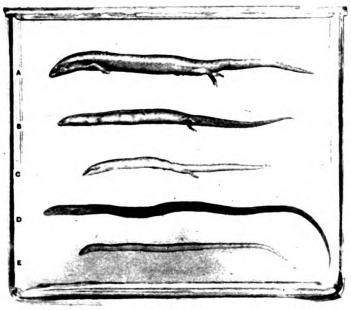


2. VESTIGES INDICATING THAT WHALES WERE ONCE LAND ANIMALS: THE PELVIC GIRDLE AND LIMB OF THE RIGHT-WHALE.

Though the pelvic girdle is as much reduced as in the rorquals, the leg is considerably less so, since it is represented at least as far as the knee-joint. The process of reduction is infinitely slow, requiring thousands of years for its complete fulfilment.—[*Photo. E. J. Manly.*]

Without any difficulty we can point to instances by the dozen where occurs every possible gradation between "useful"—that is to say, functional—organs and useless organs which have long since failed to serve any purpose whatever. Take the wings of birds, for example. In such as do not migrate, or even take long flights (such as in the wren) they are small and of a rounded shape. In the steamer-duck of the Straits of Magellan, they are functional only till after the first moult: for ever after, the bird is flightless. In the ostrich-tribe we have a wonderful series of "vestiges" in the making. All are flightless, but in the African ostrich and in the American rhea the wings are relatively large; but the "quills," or flight-feathers, are as obviously degenerate in their structure as is their supporting skeleton. In the kiwi (or apteryx), the emu, and the cassowary, this degeneration has gone so far that but a mere stump of the hand remains. In the extinct hesperornis, no more than the humerus, or upper-arm bone, was left; and even this was reduced to a mere stump. The moas carried this reduction to its logical conclusion—the wing vanished absolutely. More than this, in some species even the shoulder-girdle which supported the limb was wanting!

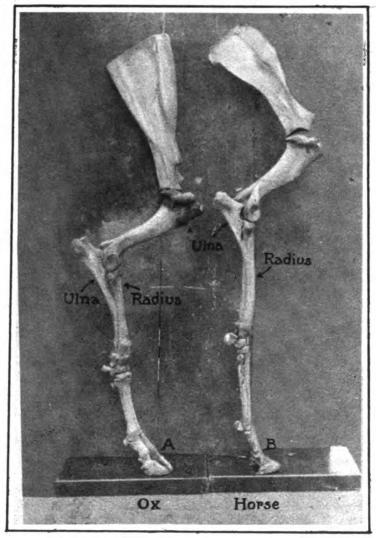
The hind-limbs of the whales are on the way to suffer the same fate as that which befel the wings of the moa. Originally they were land animals, and their hind-legs were "swung" from the pelvic girdle, or "hip-bone," which was immovably fixed to the spine. As a result, the vertebræ which furnished the support to the girdle lost their freedom of movement and became anchylosed, forming the solid mass of bone known as the "sacrum." Below the backbone, the hip-girdle of each side met in the middle line to support the viscera. So far no fossil remains have been discovered which show us the early stages in the dissolution of this girdle and these limbs;



1. LIZARDS BECOME SNAKES: EVERY VESTIGIAL STAGE IN THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE SKINK FOUND AMONG LIVING SPECIES.

From the top downward, these creatures are: A. *Chalcides ocellatus*, showing four legs each with five toes. B. *C. mionecton*, with greatly reduced fore-legs and larger hind-legs, four toes on each foot. C. *C. delislei*; the forelegs still further reduced, and with only three toes. D. *C. tridactylus*: both pairs of legs reduced to mere stumps, and the toes on each foot reduced to three. E. *C. guentheri*: no more than minute stumps now remain of the legs, and the toes have vanished.

but to-day, all that remains of the girdle is a bar of bone embedded in the muscles of the abdominal wall, far below the spine, while the limb, in the toothed whales, has vanished completely. In the rorquals, no more than a shapeless nodule remains. In the right-whales, a semblance of the femur still persists (Fig. 2); and at the end of this is a nodule representing the tibia, or "shin-bone." Here, at least, the leg persists as far as the knee-joint. But no trace whatever of the limb can be found without dissection. The condition of the cetacean vertebral column is worthy of special attention. For we find no "vestigial" sacrum, but, instead, a continuous series of vertebræ of uniform size and shape, indistinguishable from the vertebræ of the loins immediately in front, and of the tail behind. This quite remarkable state of affairs demands more attention than it has yet received from anatomists.



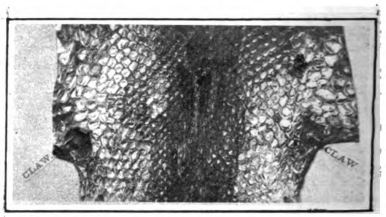
4. SHOWING TWO INTERESTING VESTIGES: THE FORE-LEG OF A HORSE (RIGHT) COMPARED WITH THAT OF AN OX.

In the leg of the ox, the "splint bones" are complete, and support each toe, and the ulna extends as far as the wrist, or "knee." In the horse, the "splint bones" are reduced to vestiges, while the ulna is represented only by a nodule of bone forming the elbow.

Photo. E. J. Manly.

The leg of the horse (Fig. 4) exhibits two interesting vestiges. The first of these are known to the veterinary surgeon as the "splints." They are slender, tapering rods of bone, which run down each side of the fore-limb, below the "knee," and of the hind-limb below the "hock." They are all that remain of the supports of toes which have long since vanished, but which played an important part in the support of the body in certain extinct species. The second vestige occurs in the fore-leg. In ourselves, the segment of the arm lying between the humerus and the wrist is formed of two bones—the ulna and the radius. They are found in most mammals. In the ox, the ulna has undergone great reduction, but it is still complete. In the horse, and some other "hoofed" animals, all that remains of it is found at its upper end, which has fused with the end of the radius to form the "olecranon process," known in ourselves as the "funny-bone."

As a rule, we have to study "vestiges in the making" through the evidence afforded by fossils; as in the case of the disappearing toes of the horse, for example. But in certain species of lizards of the genus *Chalcides*, or "skinks," we can find every possible stage, from functional limbs to complete limblessness; the fore-limbs being the first to vanish, as may be seen in the accompanying illustration (Fig. 1). The degeneration of the limbs, it will be noted, is accompanied by a lengthening of the body, till in the final stage the lizard has become, to all intents and purposes, a snake!



3. EVIDENCE THAT SNAKES WERE ONCE LIZARD-LIKE CREATURES: THE "VESTIGIAL HIND-LEGS" OF A PYTHON.

The hind-legs are represented by a pair of horny spurs, or claws, projecting from the body, and by greatly reduced remnants of the skeleton of the limb within the body.

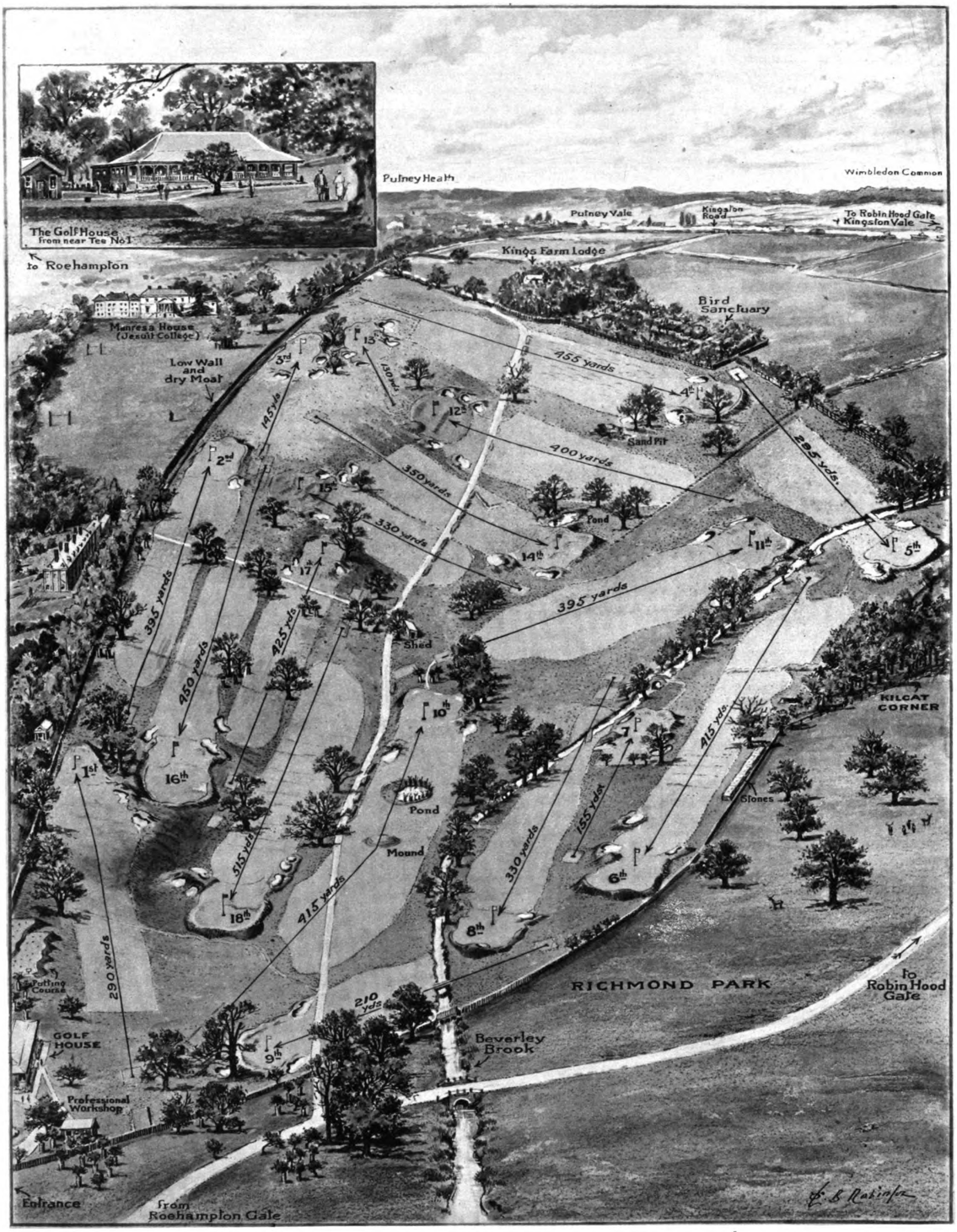
That the snakes were once lizard-like creatures is shown by the case of the python, wherein vestiges of the hind-limb will be found projecting from the body, in the form of a pair of conical, horny spurs, or claws (Fig. 3). Dissection reveals the remnants of the upper portion of the limb. Our English slow-worm is regarded by most people as a snake. It is really a lizard which has lost its limbs; and traces of these remain in the form of vestiges of the shoulder and hip-girdles, embedded in the muscles of the body-wall; but they can only be found by dissection.

It would be possible to cite similar cases by the hundred; but to explain them is another matter. Here and there we seem to see a direct relation between cause and effect, as in the case of the Cetacea, for instance; where, having become entirely aquatic, the body no longer depends upon limbs for support. The fore-limbs have become transformed into "paddles," to serve as balancers and for steering. The hind-limbs, having no work to perform, have vanished. But this is merely stating a fact, not explaining it. The common lizard and the slow-worm may be found on the same heath. Why, living in the same environment, should the one retain and the other lose its limbs, and assume the outward semblance of a snake? What are the factors which have brought about the enormous increase in the number of the vertebræ and ribs in the snake, and the like elongation of these limbless lizards?

Those who seek to solve the problem of the "transmission of acquired characters" should first study the remarkable phenomena furnished by a study of "vestiges." These cannot be summarily dismissed as "adaptations to environment," which is the usual interpretation offered. Before these mysteries can be solved, the evidence of the dissecting-table must be supplemented by observations in the field.

THE FIRST MUNICIPAL LINKS NEAR TOWN: RICHMOND GOLF COURSE.

A PICTORIAL DIAGRAM DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY W. B. ROBINSON.



WHERE ARTISANS AND ROYALTY ARE EQUALLY WELCOME: THE 1s. 6D.-A-ROUND RICHMOND PARK COURSE.

The Richmond Public Golf Course, opened by the Prince of Wales, is the first municipal links near town. Municipal golf has always been a feature of Scotland—the home of the game—but in England the idea of democratic golf is only of recent growth, although it has already achieved great popularity, especially in the North. J. H. Taylor is responsible for the venture, and every advantage has been taken of the natural features of the Park. Beverley Brook has been pressed into service, as a sporting hazard at several holes; the turf is excellent, the rough real "tiger" country, and the whole eighteen holes form an excellent test of golf. The longest is 515 yards, the shortest 130, and the full length of the course, 6100 yards (2690 out, and 3410 home), with a scratch score of 78. A limited number of five-day playing tickets are obtainable (entitling the holder to play any day but Saturday and Sunday), for the annual subscription of £3 3s., and the Duke and Duchess of York are among those who have taken advantage of this issue; but any player has the use of the course and club-house for 1s. 6d., and enjoys the same status as yearly subscribers. The course opens at 8.30 a.m., and closes at 9 p.m. Josh Taylor is the professional.—[*Copyright in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]

A CHINESE PARALLEL TO "PUNCH AND JUDY": THE PICTURE BOX.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MR. E. C. SUGDEN.



WITH GAUDY PICTURES RAISED AND LOWERED BY STRINGS TO ILLUSTRATE THE SHOWMAN'S TALE, AND AN "ORCHESTRA" OF TIN CYMBALS (ATTACHED ON THE RIGHT): THE PICTURE BOX OF A CHINESE STREET STORY-TELLER.

The picture box is the show stand of the Chinese street story-teller, and to that extent is an equivalent of our "Punch and Judy" show, though in method less so than the Hausa example opposite, and more like a dramatic "lantern lecture." Describing his photograph, Mr. E. C. Sugden writes: "The story-teller illustrates his tale by pictures raised and lowered by strings. The illustrations are brightly coloured but crudely designed. He supplements his dissertation by means of the 'orchestra' attached to the side of the box; it consists of tin cymbals with strikers, and tunes to give atmosphere to the story are easily played by pulling strings. The children shown in the illustration are early arrivals waiting for the show to commence. They will have to wait long, as the story-teller is never punctual, time being of no object. When the show does commence a large crowd will assemble and block the main thoroughfare, and great excitement will prevail as the plot thickens. The most popular stories are those in which the villainous white man runs off with the village headman's daughter, followed by an illustrated account of his brutal treatment of her. But the story ends happily, as the daughter marries the village wrestler after the white man's painful death."

A "PUNCH AND JUDY" OF THE SAHARA: A CLOAK AS BOOTH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CAPTAIN ANGUS BUCHANAN.

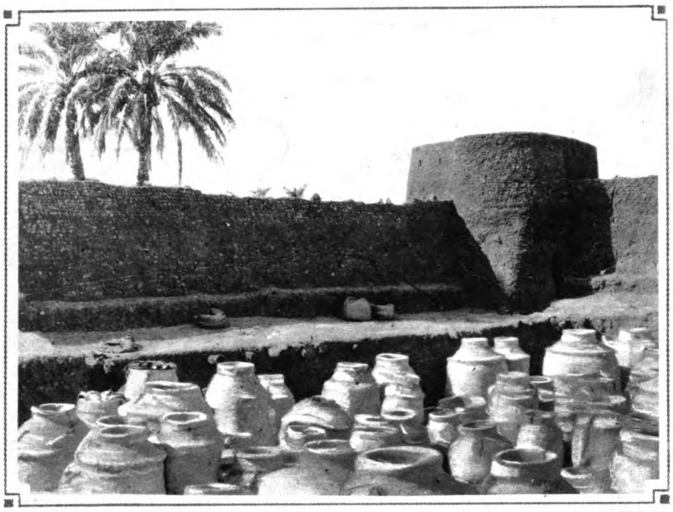


WITH THE OPERATOR UNDER HIS CLOAK ERECTED AS A TENT ON STICKS, AND THE FIGURES THRUST THROUGH THE HOLE FOR THE HEAD: A PRIMITIVE HAUSA "PUNCH AND JUDY" SHOW IN THE SAHARA.

Puppet-shows analogous to the familiar "Punch and Judy" of our streets (said to have been brought to England from Italy in the reign of Queen Anne, or perhaps earlier), are to be found in unexpected places in many parts of the world. The remarkable example shown above was discovered in North-West Africa by Captain Angus Buchanan, whose recent journey among the Tuaregs of the Sahara is illustrated on a double-page in this number. "The booth," he writes, "is very simple. The operator takes off his cloak and erects it on some sticks. The opening for his head serves as the hole through which the figures are made to appear. We were astonished to find this among a primitive people, and wonder where it originated."

WHERE MAN IS VEILED: THE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN ANGUS BUCHANAN



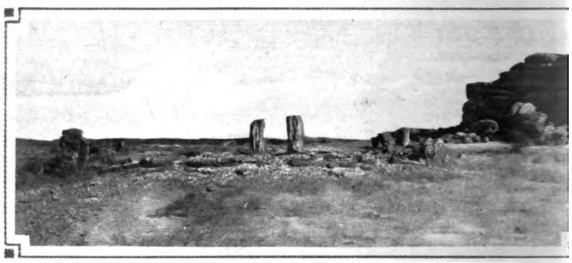
1. BUILT ENTIRELY OF SALT: THE STRONG FORT OF FACHI IN A SAHARAN OASIS, SHOWING EARTHEN JARS FOR STORING SIEGE RATIONS.



2. WITH AN OVERHEAD PLATFORM FOR SLEEPING AWAY FROM FLIES AND MOSQUITOES: A TUAREG NOMAD'S HUT.



5. A NEW SUB-SPECIES OF DESERT FOX (*VULPES PALLIDA HARTERTI*) OF PALE SANDY FAWN COLOUR, NEAR ITS DEN.



6. WITH TWO PILLARS MARKING THE DIRECTION OF MECCA: A TUAREG PLACE OF PRAYER.

"Two columns, in front of an enclosure of stones, mark the direction of Mecca. The Tuareg are Moslems now, but there are traditions of an earlier religion among them, possibly Christianity, as evinced by the use of the Cross among them in ornaments."



11. WHERE MEN (NOT WOMEN) WEAR VEILS: A TUAREG WOMAN OF AHAGGAR.



9. A NEW SUB-SPECIES OF DESERT FOX: THE GREY FOX OF AIR (*VULPES RUPPELLI CÆSIA*) DISCOVERED BY CAPTAIN BUCHANAN.



10. VEILED ELATU, A PURE TUAREG, HEAD CAMEL-MAN.

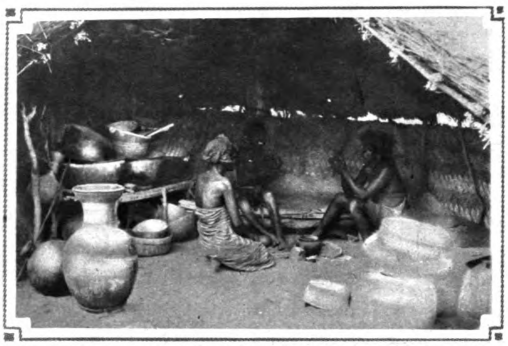


13. WITH VEIL WRAPPED ROUND HIS HEAD: A TUAREG NAMED ATAGOOM.

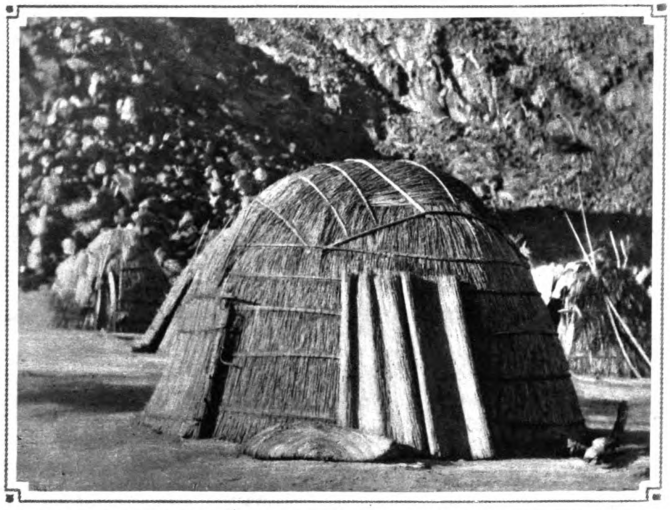
We illustrate here a recent expedition through the Sahara undertaken by Captain Angus Buchanan (who was accompanied during part of the journey by Mr. Francis Rodd) on behalf of the British Museum and Lord Rothschild, to collect zoological specimens. A representative collection was secured, mostly from the mountain ranges of Air and Ahaggar, including about 20 new species. Captain Buchanan also obtained valuable ethnological information about the Tuareg, a strange tribe of nomads believed to belong to the Berber race, the pre-Arab natives of North Africa. The greatest peculiarity of the Tuareg is that all the men veil their faces, with a dark-blue or white strip of thin cloth called a *tagilmus*, about 6 ft. long and 8 in. wide. It is wrapped round the head to form a hood over the eyes and a covering over the mouth and nose. Hence the Tuareg are known as Kel Tagilmus, the People of the Veil. The men never unveil, considering it almost indecent to do so. The women, on the other hand, are not veiled. Mr. Francis Rodd, lecturing recently on the Tuareg to the Royal Geographical Society, said: "They fall into distinct categories of noble tribes and servile tribes, besides their slaves, which they still possess, though the practice

LAND OF THE SAHARAN TUAREG.

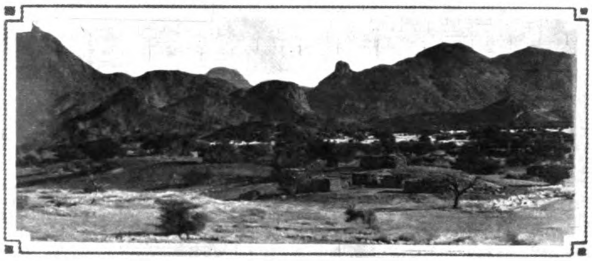
NOS. 6 AND 8 BY MR. FRANCIS RODD.



3. SLAVERY STILL PRACTISED BY MUTUAL CONSENT AMONG THE TUAREGS: SLAVE WOMEN OF LOW CASTE INSIDE A HUT.



4. OF BEEHIVE FORM, AND MADE OF GRASS AND CANES: A TYPICAL TUAREG HUT AT TUNIA, A VILLAGE IN THE AIR MOUNTAINS.





7. TYPICAL OF SAHARAN DECAY: AGELLAL, ONE OF MANY DESERTED VILLAGES.

"Scores of such villages, with their stone-built huts, long abandoned and desolate, are to be found throughout the mountains of Air. A few hundred Tuaregs remain where there were once many thousands. The Sahara is a land of decay."



8. TYPICAL ROCKS IN A MOUNTAINOUS PART OF THE SAHARA: THE CLIFF SIDE OF THE RIVER VALLEY IN SOUTHERN AIR.

12. ANOTHER TYPE OF TUAREG BEAUTY: A WOMAN OF AHAGGAR, OF A NOBLE TRIBE.





15. VEILED: AN OLD ROBBER CHIEF WITH HIS SWORD.



16. THE TUAREG MAN'S VEIL IN ELABORATE FORM: AKHAMOUK, SULTAN OF AHAGGAR (SECOND FROM LEFT), WHO WELCOMED THE EXPEDITION.

14. WITH VEIL FORMING A HEAD-BAND: AN EGUMMI NATIVE OF A NOMAD TRIBE.

is forbidden. . . . A Tuareg woman enjoys great freedom before her marriage, and has love affairs of a most romantic description, but after marriage the conduct of the women is irreproachable, and the children are admirably brought up." Captain Buchanan writes regarding Photograph No. 1: "The powerful fort is not unlike a dreadnought in the desert. The extraordinary earthen jars are those in which siege rations are stored. In the event of attack, the men fight to hold up each narrow lane, while children and women and the old and frail all retire to the fort, the final place of refuge. Fachi is a town in an isolated oasis of the same name. It is buried in the very heart of the great desert that lies between Air and Tiberti. The town is the most remarkable encountered on the whole journey. It is entirely built with salt. Its inhabitants are Beri-Beri." Photograph No. 16 shows Akhamouk, Sultan of Ahaggar, who journeyed in from outlying country to meet Captain Buchanan. "Akhamouk," he says, "assured the expedition of welcome wherever it travelled on his people's soil. The Sultan of Ahaggar is a Tuareg, and the tribe of the region, known as Kel Rada, are reputed to be the most noble of the race, and speak the purest language."

UNDER THE KNIFE.

By PHILIP GUEDALLA.

XI.—THE RIGHT HON. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.

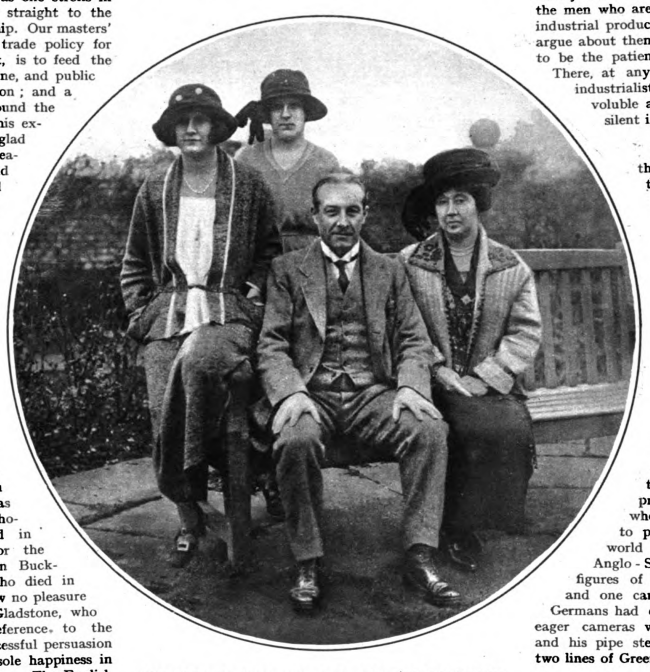
LORD BEACONSFIELD raised peacocks; Mr. Joseph Chamberlain grew orchids; Mr. Stanley Baldwin breeds pigs. Perhaps it is a symbol. That judicious man may, for all that I know, have selected his favourite pursuit as a vivid, an unmistakable image of the simple appetites which govern modern politics. At any rate, it is almost the only fact about him which public enquiry could elicit in the eager, hurrying days that followed the tragic eclipse of Mr. Bonar Law. Pigs and a brisk, determined geniality were the banners behind which Mr. Baldwin marched into office; and (since all public men are genial) one must make the most of pigs.

They have a meaning. There is, for the anxious interpreter of politicians, much virtue in a pig. The trailing feathers on Mr. Disraeli's terrace at Hughenden got into his foreign policy. Mr. Chamberlain's Imperialism was heavily infected with the exotic splendour of his greenhouse. And who can say but that Mr. Baldwin may fulfil the promise of his pigs? Those curves, that ample diet, those regular hours for meals are surely an earnest. They seem, as one strolls in spirit round his piggeries, to point straight to the humbler ideals of modern statesmanship. Our masters' duty, whether they are framing a trade policy for Europe or pruning the Honours List, is to feed the multitude. Economics, party discipline, and public interest all point in the same direction; and a hungry nation gathers expectantly round the pig-tub. Mr. Baldwin will need all his experience of feeding-time, and one is glad that he has already had some. Peacocks, in our prevailing drab, would be incongruous; and one is bound as a patriot to distrust orchids for the gaudy foreigners they are. But there is safety in pigs.

In yet another aspect they conform to the high tradition of English public life. One has rarely known a statesman in these islands who was not racked by a distinguished craving to be something else. Sometimes our Premier is a *manqué* golf professional. Once (and a Peer, too) he had scientific leanings. But mostly he sits among the red boxes at Westminster and sighs for the English countryside. These thwarted longings are an invariable indication of political aptitude: perhaps it has an unpleasant explanation in psycho-analysis. Mr. Disraeli, who died in politics at seventy-six, craved for the conversation of his fellow-farmers in Buckinghamshire. Lord Palmerston, who died in office at eighty, was believed to know no pleasure except in Hampshire. And Mr. Gladstone, who only retired at eighty-five in deference to the failure of eyes and ears and the successful persuasion of his united colleagues, found his sole happiness in the crash of falling trees at Hawarden. The English always prefer someone who is something to be really something else: this is called the amateur tradition, and is a sure safeguard against the grave menace of professional proficiency. Their statesmen are recruited from the crowded ranks of successful competitors at local flower-shows; their favourite critic of the drama was a Civil Servant; and their one Homeric scholar is a banker. It is a grand tradition of inconsequence.

Perhaps it complicates careers a little. The path of promotion seems to go round strange corners; and ambitious young men qualify for politics with a course of mixed farming. If they are sincere, they will arrive at the Front Bench without the embarrassment of any expert knowledge. If not, they will probably be found out before they get there. The rules of the English game will not tolerate the inclusion of a Player among the Gentlemen; and in the main this odd proceeding works out with tolerable results. The new Prime Minister followed tradition closely when he gave loud expression to that distaste for public life which he appears to share with nearly all his colleagues on the Front Benches. His countrymen were undismayed by the confession. Foreign statesmen have frequently to simulate a faint interest in politics. But an Englishman can govern half the world whilst he is thinking all the time about something else. Indeed, his rustic instincts may even have stood Mr. Baldwin in good stead, since there were other candidates for the post, and conceivably their qualifications were inferior in this essential point. Perhaps Lord Curzon was too interested in affairs to merit the appointment: somehow, one does not see him in a smock. But Mr. Baldwin had the authentic touch. The tweeds, the rural tastes, the mild indifference to national affairs left the constitutional monarch without a choice. One must respect tradition. To Mr. Gladstone, his trees; to Mr. Baldwin, his pigs.

But he has, though he would probably deny it, a further significance. The Industrial Revolution has inflicted many strange consequences upon English public life. From the discovery of coal in the North, the application of motive power to machinery, and the accretion of a vast population round the unlovely chimneys of Wigan and Warrington, more things have sprung into being than a music-hall joke and the export statistics. Industry has created the industrial problem. It has stated the theme upon



THE PREMIER WITH HIS WIFE AND TWO DAUGHTERS AT CHEQUERS: (L. TO R.) MISS BALDWIN, MRS. R. GORDON MUNRO, MR. STANLEY BALDWIN, AND MRS. BALDWIN.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin married, in 1892, Miss Lucy Lucas Ridsdale, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Lucas J. Ridsdale, of Rottingdean, Sussex. They have two sons and four daughters, three of whom are married. Mrs. R. Gordon Munro is the eldest daughter. The second is the Hon. Mrs. Arthur J. P. Howard, and the third is Mrs. Huntingdon-Whiteley.—[*Photograph by P. and A.*]

which British politics will play variations for the next half-century. But although it constitutes in itself the true subject-matter of the national argument, it has made a surprisingly small contribution to the *personnel* of politics. England as a Great Power is a mere by-product of British industrialism. Without coal and iron, Lancashire would be a sheep-run: without the Industrial North, London would be a happy little *entrepôt* like Amsterdam. But if you run an eye over the serried and voluble ranks of English public life, you will see few, almost incredibly few figures there which have a direct relation to industrial production. The Labour Party is an immediate creation of the industrial problem. It exists, say its friends, to solve it. It lives, say its enemies, by leaving it unsolved. It sprang fully armed from the rather bewildered head of the democratic Zeus, as he stared dismally at the welter of the industrial system. Yet how little there is in it of the real men of industry. Its intellectual stock-in-trade does not come from the workshops; its literary affinities come from Golder's Green; its promising young men come from the Liberal Party or the liberal professions. Yet it claims bravely to represent, in the great industrial debate, the mass of the workers who live by machinery. And an equal irony has ranged on the Conservative side a strange miscellany of men almost equally unrepresentative of the causes for which they stand. The Ark of their Covenant is the existing relations between employers and employed; and it is carried shoulder-high by a priestly throng of landowners and gentlemen of leisure, while a few miscellaneous censers are swung by practising barristers, City men, and stray professors.

It is strange that so few of the voices which join in the industrial debates are drawn from industry itself. One catches upon either side the facile utterance of the mere advocate, and upon both sides the omniscient drone of the economists. But there is hardly ever a sound from the real disputants, from the men who are themselves engaged in the work of industrial production. Perhaps they are too busy to argue about themselves; or perhaps they are content to be the patient and to hear the doctors disagree. There, at any rate, is the great body of British industrialists, argumentative in railway carriages, voluble at company meetings, but strangely silent in politics.

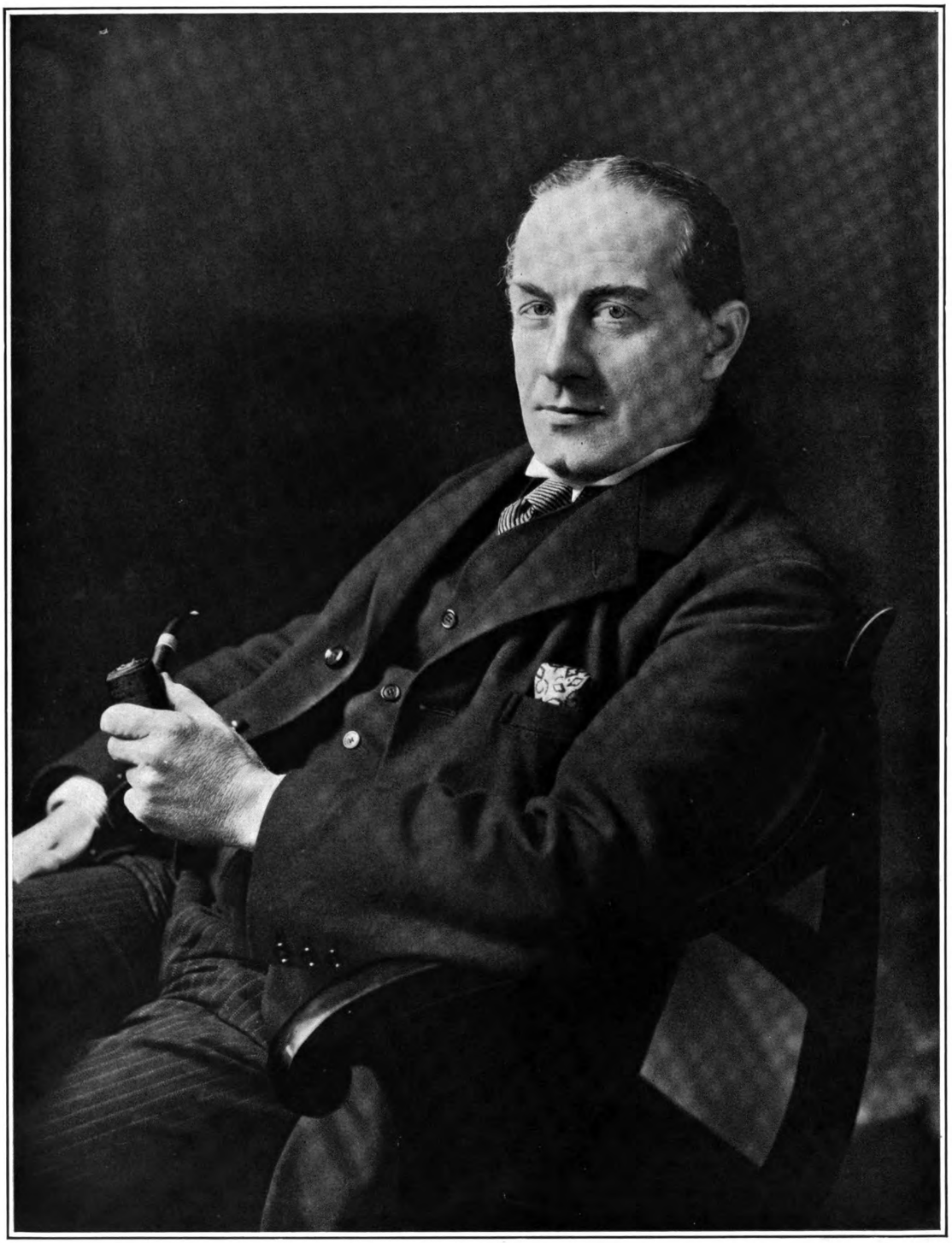
It is the interest of Mr. Baldwin that, in his case, the long silence of the industrialists has been broken, and a great employer is Prime Minister. He may obtrude his pigs and his country life with a well-meant gesture. But the most significant fact about him is his industrial position. His class has given great figures to politics in its time. Mr. Cobden printed excellent calico; Mr. Chamberlain made admirable screws. But their politics submerged their *bourgeois* occupations, and they almost ceased to signify in commerce. Mr. Baldwin's case is not the same. He has stepped suddenly from the board-room into Downing Street: and one is pardonably curious as to the result. His national position is precisely that of the Ruhr magnates whom anxious French detectives hurry to police-stations in order to make the world safe for democracy. He is the mild, Anglo-Saxon counterpart of the stern figures of Krupp and Thyssen and Stinnes; and one can hardly doubt that, if triumphant Germans had occupied the British *Industriegebiet*, eager cameras would have observed Mr. Baldwin and his pipe stepping out of the prison-van between two lines of Green Police.

That is his position in the British economy; and one waits to see what he will make of his lonelier situation at the head of a national executive. It may be unfortunate, in a time of debate between Labour and Capital, that an obvious protagonist of one of the disputants should preside over the State, which may be called upon to arbitrate between them. Mr. Baldwin (one can hardly doubt it) will be fair to the verge of partiality to Labour. Yet no amount of personal fairness will serve, one fears, to exorcise the street-corner suspicion that is inherent in his position as a great industrialist.

The experiment (for it is an experiment) possesses a further interest. Critics of Governments, impatient with the slow reasoning of lawyers, have sometimes made extravagant claims for the superior intelligence of commerce, for the inspired initiative of men whose work is done at the head of great businesses. Some of these claims were dismally disproved during the war years, when public life tried and found wanting a slow procession of distinguished traders. They blamed the war; they blamed the routine of official life; and in no single case were they heard to blame themselves. It is for Mr. Baldwin to prove, by his success or failure, whether the claim is sound.

"The Maid-of-All-Work": A Leap from Obscurity.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE.



RISEN WITHIN SIX YEARS TO THE FIRST OFFICE IN THE STATE AFTER EIGHT YEARS AS A "BACK-BENCHER": THE RIGHT HON. STANLEY BALDWIN, P.C., M.P., PRIME MINISTER.

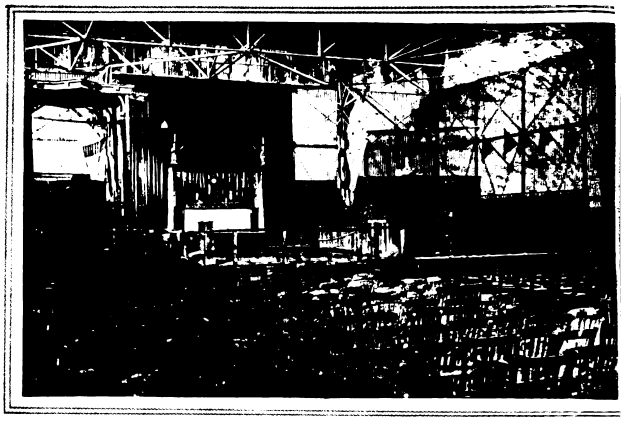
Mr. Baldwin's political career has been described as "the most amazing of modern times." After eight years of obscurity as a "back-bencher" in the House of Commons he rose within the next six years to the highest position in the State. He has been M.P. (Conservative) for the Bewdley Division of Worcestershire since 1908, when he was head of Baldwin's, Ltd., a great engineering firm. In 1917 he became Financial Secretary to the Treasury; in 1921 President of the Board of Trade, and last year Chancellor of the Exchequer. His visit to the United States about the British debt, and his Budget, increased his reputation. "The Maid-of-All-Work" is the title of an amusing cartoon in "Punch," where Mrs. Britannia says: "Why all this fuss about the servant problem? There 's my Baldwin—can turn her hand to anything; keeps the house in order; checks the accounts; doesn't want any evenings off; very tactful with my visitors—especially foreigners; in fact, a perfect treasure."

THE "SANDHURST" OF THE AIR FORCE: CRANWELL

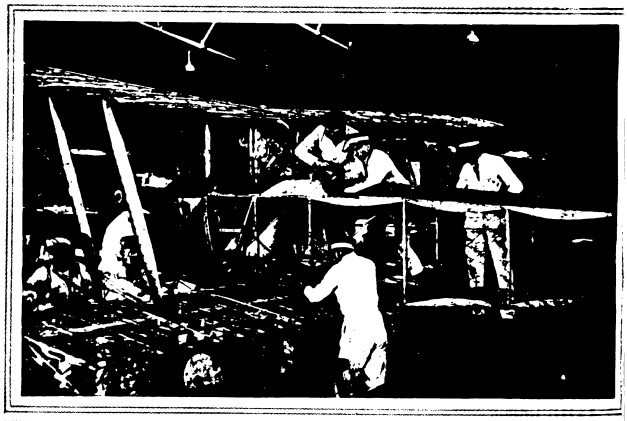
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PERSONAL



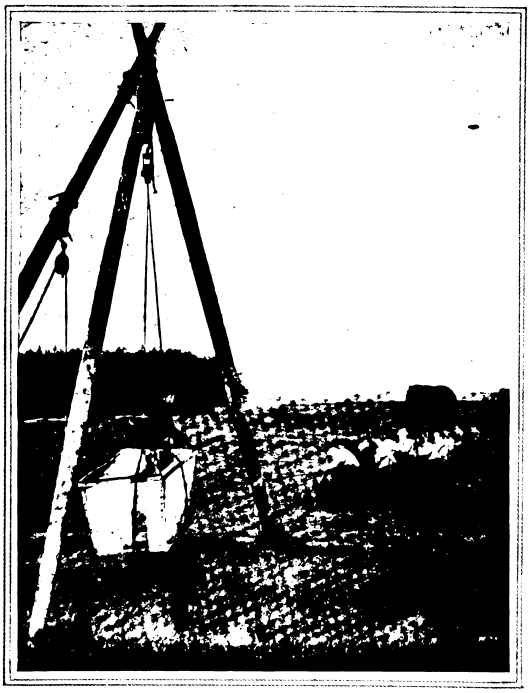
SET IN THE AXIS OF A MONO ENGINE AND SUPPORTED BY PARTS OF PROPELLER BLADES: THE FONT IN CRANWELL CHAPEL.



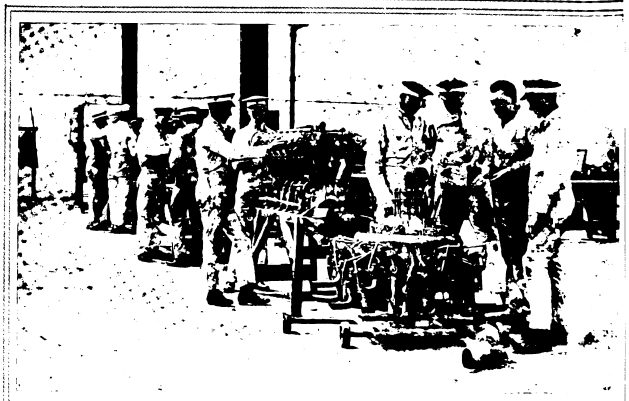
AN AIRSHIP HANGAR CONSECRATED TO RELIGIOUS USES: THE CHAPEL AT CRANWELL, HUNG WITH WAR FLAGS OF THE AIR FORCE.



CRANWELL CADETS RECEIVING PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN THE RIGGING OF AN AEROPLANE AT WORK ON THE FRAMEWORK OF THE WINGS.



HOW THE TUG-OF-WAR TEAM TRAINED FOR THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: RAISING A 1000-LB. WEIGHT OVER A PULLEY.



THE ENGINEERING SIDE OF THE R.A.F. ACADEMY AT CRANWELL: CADETS UNDER INSTRUCTION IN THE ENGINE REPAIR SHOP.

Interest in the Air Service and aviation generally has been intensified by the R.A.F. Pageant fixed for June 30 at Hendon, and the International Air Congress that began in London on June 25, in connection with which the delegates arranged to visit several "places of aeronautical interest." In that category our readers will certainly class the Royal Air Force Academy at Cranwell, near Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, which is to the R.A.F. what Sandhurst is to the Army and Dartmouth to the Navy. Cranwell has, in fact, grown out of a great air camp constructed by the Navy during the war, and it will gradually be transformed into an establishment with permanent buildings. There are at present about 50 cadets and 1300 aircraft apprentices, and the total personnel is about 2500. An apprentice who shows ability may be transferred to the cadet side, which has accommodation for 150. The Commandant is Air-Commodore C. A. H. Longcraft, and the staff

A SUBJECT OF INTEREST TO THE AIR CONGRESS.

PHOTO. PRESS, LTD.



EXERCISES TO PROMOTE GENERAL FITNESS: CADETS AT PHYSICAL DRILL AT THE R.A.F. ACADEMY AT CRANWELL.



ABOUT TO UNDERGO THEIR FLYING TESTS: TWO CRANWELL CADETS IN FULL AIR KIT BESIDE AN AEROPLANE.



IN CHARGE OF THE SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICAL SCIENCE AT CRANWELL: PROFESSOR SENNETT GIVING INSTRUCTION TO CADETS.



THE H.Q. STAFF: (L. TO R.) WING-COM. BARTON, WING-COM. PATTISON, AIR-COMMODORE LONGCRAFT (COMMANDANT), AND WING-COM. REES, V.C.



TRAINING IN MILITARY DISCIPLINE AND EFFICIENCY: CRANWELL CADETS DRILLING ON THE PARADE GROUND.

includes Wing-Commander L. W. B. Rees, V.C., Assistant Commandant; Wing-Commander R. J. F. Barton, head of the apprentice section, Wing-Commander Pattison, Professor Sennett (aeronautical science), and Professor de la Bere (English). Cranwell offers a promising career for boys of spirit, for the Air Force is bound to expand and officers will be in demand. The training, which lasts two years, is comparatively cheap. Each cadet draws 5s. a day pay during his first year, and 10s. a day in the second year, when many of them live on their pay, at the same time missing nothing that is enjoyed by richer comrades. The cadets, who are mostly public-school boys, are provided with motor-bicycles to familiarise them with machines, and have abundant facilities for sports and games. The chapel is a Naval airship shed, and many of its fittings are made of aeroplane parts, including the Cross on the altar, above which is the Academy's motto, "Superna petimus."

MORE "DAINTY ROGUES IN PORCELAIN": CHARACTERS FR

SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



CHELSEA CHEYNE FIGURES FROM "POLLY": (LEFT TO RIGHT, FROM THE TOP) (1) [illegible] (5) LADY OF THE TOWN IN SCARLET; (6)

The phrase, "dainty rogues in porcelain," is singularly applicable to the Chelsea Cheyne figures here illustrated, from the exhibition recently held by Miss Gwendolen Parnell and her assistants at her well-known Chelsea Pottery, for no porcelain could be daintier, and if ever characters in drama were rogues, they are those in "The Beggar's Opera" and its sequel, "Polly." Miss Parnell's charming figures from "The Beggar's Opera" were illustrated in our issue of June 11, 1921; and in that of April 29, 1922, we gave examples of her portraiture in pottery, representing performers in the Russian Ballet and people in fancy dress. The new set of

)M A FAMOUS PLAY PORTRAYED IN MINIATURE STATUARY.

By Courtesy of Miss Gwendolen Parnell, of the Chelsea Pottery.



IRS. SLAMMEKIN; (2) POLLY; (3) LADY OF THE TOWN IN GREEN; (4) MRS. DUCAT; JENNY DIVER; (7) MACHEATH AS MORANO.

figures from "Polly" (here illustrated) is equally clever, and will appeal as strongly, no doubt, to the countless admirers of Miss Parnell's work and of Gay's immortal satires. The figure of Polly herself represents Miss Lilian Davies in the title-role; that of Jenny Diver, Miss Adrienne Brune; that of Mrs. Ducat, Miss Winifred Hare; and that of Morano (Macheath as a pirate chief), Mr. Pitt Chatham. The revival of "The Beggar's Opera" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, is nearing its 1270th performance, and that of "Polly," now at the Savoy, is proving equally popular.

A HISTORIC TOWN RE-LIVES ITS PAST: THE HARROW PAGEANT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE CONSECRATION OF HARROW CHURCH BY ST. ANSELM IN 1094 A.D.: AN EPISODE RECONSTRUCTED BY SIR GERALD DU MAURIER (AN OLD HARROVIAN) WITH THE AID OF THE PEOPLE OF HATCH END.

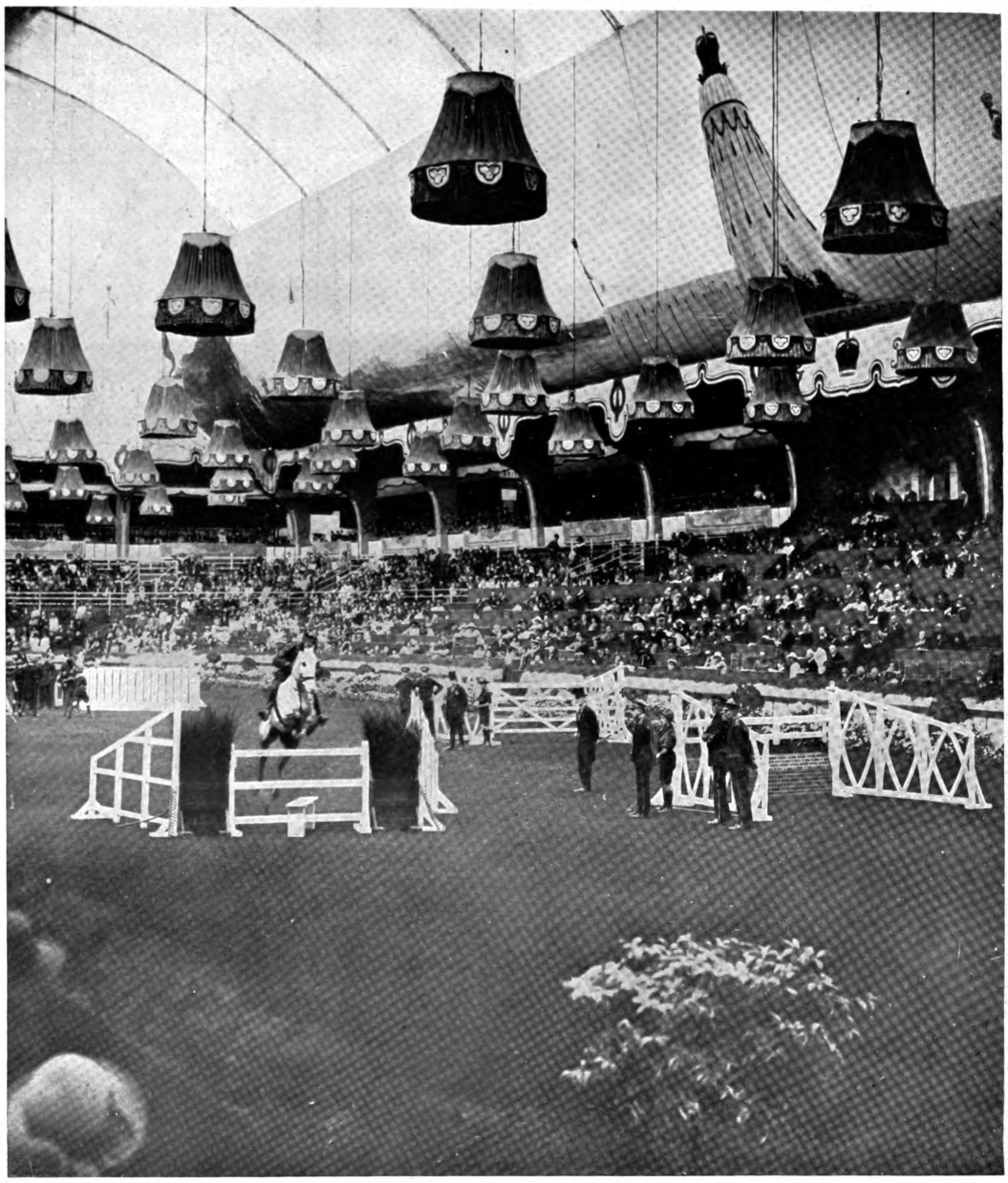


KING EDWARD I. (ILL AND BORNE IN A LITTER) PASSING THROUGH HARROW WITH HIS ARMY ON HIS LAST CAMPAIGN: A SCENE ARRANGED BY MR. SOMERVELL AND THE HERGA TENNIS LUB.

The Harrow Pageant, which it was arranged to hold from June 28 to July 5, presents in ten episodes the history of the ancient parish and its famous school, as well as the surrounding districts of Wealdstone, Wembley, Pinner, Hatch End, and Harrow Weald. It was expected that the first performance would be attended by Prince Henry. Mr. Frank Lascelles has acted as Master of the Pageant, which has been organised on a very large scale, with some 3600 performers, and several masters and ex-masters of the school have taken part in preparing the "book," though the boys will only be present as spectators. A meadow near the football field provides a beautiful setting, and in the centre is a classical temple which serves to focus the scenes, such as the consecration of Harrow Church by St. Anselm. This episode was arranged by Sir Gerald du Maurier, who is an old Harrovian, aided by the people of Hatch End. The other episode here illustrated shows King Edward I., borne in a litter (for he was then a dying man) through Harrow on his last campaign. This scene was prepared by Mr. Somervell, an ex-Master of Harrow School, and the performers are members of the Herga Tennis Club. Any profits of the pageant are to be devoted to local charities.

UNDER THE BLUE "SKY" AT OLYMPIA: THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

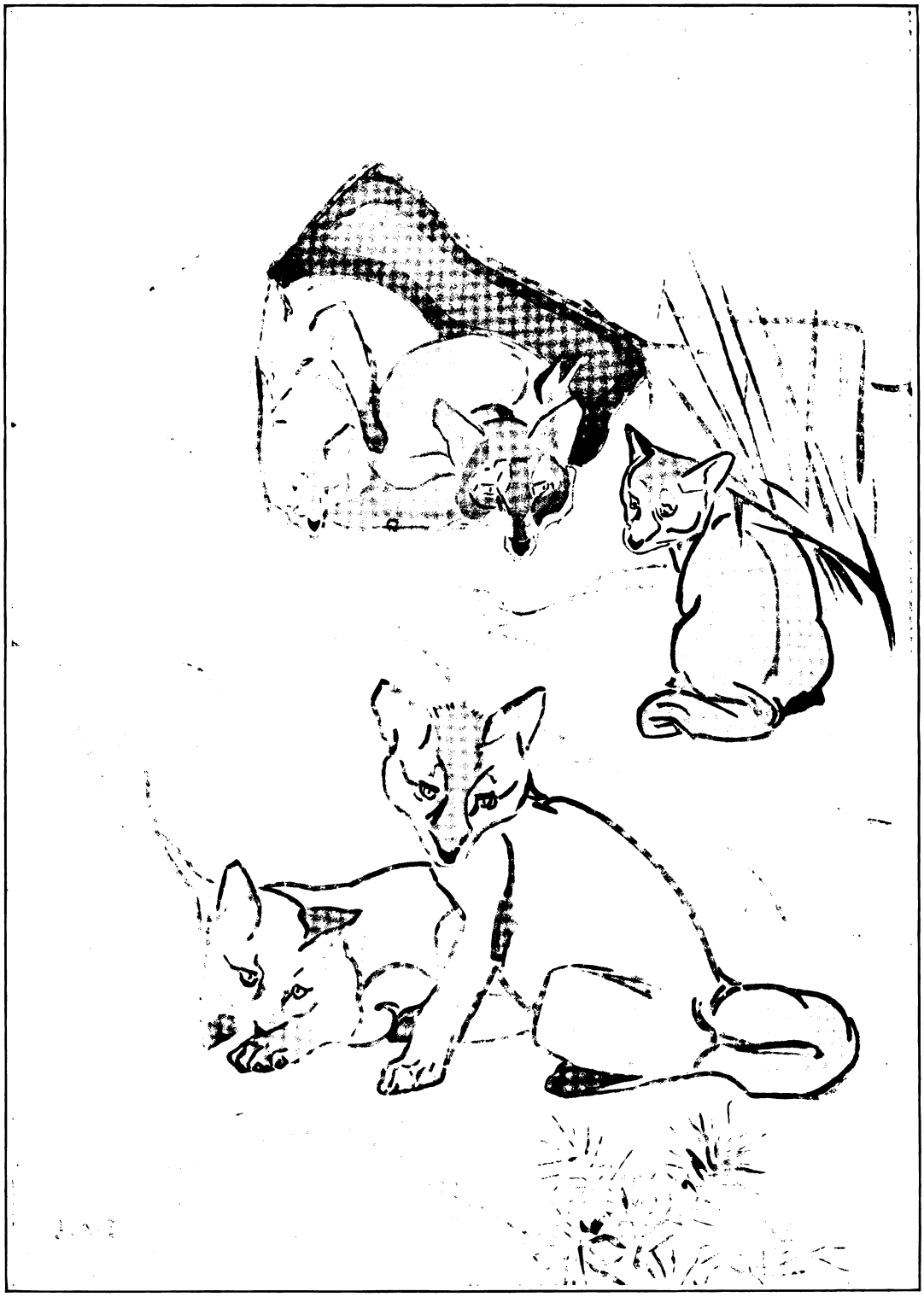
PHOTOGRAPH BY S. AND G.



THE SECTION OF THE SHOW TO WHICH PUBLIC INTEREST IS MOST GENERALLY DIRECTED: THE JUMPING.

The twelfth International Horse Show opened at Olympia last Saturday, June 23, and is one of the most important fixtures of the week, as nearly two thousand horses from all over Europe are competing. The King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family always take a keen interest in the event, and their Majesties arranged to attend on Tuesday last for the Gala performance, when the jumping for the King George V. Cup took place. In spite of the attractive nature of the many other sections of the Show, it is invariably the jumping which holds pride of place, and great interest is always aroused by the international character of the competitions. Princess Yolanda, the daughter of the King of Italy, is one of the spectators who watch it specially closely, as her husband, Count Calvi di Bergolo, is a competitor. British, French, Belgian, and Italian armies are taking part in the competition for the Prince of Wales Cup, which is at present held by this country. The Prince arranged to attend on Thursday, to see the jumping for his trophy, which was specially exciting this year, as everyone hoped for a third British victory, to win the Cup outright.

Since "the Hounds of Spring" Ceased from Hunting: Vixen and Cubs.



"THE ARMISTICE."

SKETCHED FROM LIFE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.



AMONG THE "PEOPLE."

"OLD chap," said the wiseacre, as he clapped his hand on my shoulder, as people do when they want to convince you that you are a "darned fool"; "old chap, my advice to you is *Punch's*—you know, 'Don't!'" For I had told him of the call of the East, and that, under the flag of the People's Theatre, I would give them Masefield, Shaw, Ibsen, Zola. His face was a study. It twitched at every name, and when I wound up with Zola he looked like a mute at a funeral. It is my way to let people have their say, so I listened to a long prophecy of woe—as complete as the old Irishwoman in the Edgware Road might have served it up for half-a-crown from the leaves in my teacup.

He spoke of cracking nuts and peeling oranges; he spoke of babies in arms and urchins on knees interrupting in and out of season; he foreshadowed the echoes of kisses and smacking lips during love scenes; he augured that Ibsen with his long tirades would provoke "Time," and Shaw's Socialistic ideas, protest. He knew, said he, that in the dress circle the noise of the bar during the show would lead to turmoil and interference; he drew a picture of macabre hue of what would happen if certain lines in the plays were to tickle the sense of humour of the audience. Then the audience would lend a hand in the dialogue, and probably unsettle the poor actors who did their best. Finally, he warned me that at the end there would be derision—the "bird," as they call it picturesquely—and that in all likelihood the Saturday night would be a carnival of uproar.

Thus croaked the raven, and when I reminded him of the triumphs of Moscovitch, the wonderful ovations I had witnessed, the exemplary behaviour of the audience—after a small preliminary skirmish, it is true, for the motley crowd of foreigners requires a little time to settle down in comfort—he pooh-poohed my defence: "Your people are not in the same street as Moscovitch—his plays were in Yiddish." It was useless to say that it would make no difference, that I meant to appeal to all the vast East End, and that probably the Yiddish population would form the smallest contingent of my public.

However, I admit that when the curtain rose upon the first of the plays, Masefield's "Witch," I hid under a serene countenance a rather fluttering heart. But somehow my fears were soon allayed. After a little shuffling and noise with seats on the part of late-comers—punctuality is not a criterion "down East"—a gentle hush glided over the audience, and within five minutes, watch in hand, from the beginning it was so deadly quiet in the full house that the proverbial pin would have fallen with audible intensity. At the end of the first act there was not only clapping galore, but bravos mingled with hands, and I felt that at any rate one point was proved—the East is accessible to dramas of atmosphere, character, reflection, discourse. Its brain is open, receptive, alert, keen. It is of different texture, I would say, from that in the West, where, on a first night, ready-made enthusiasm, camaraderie, snobbery, and the *obbligato* of the invited guests render enthusiasm all too often a habit instead of an outburst by intuition.

Only once during that long evening of a poignant, sombre play did the *vox populi* make itself heard—and that was merely during a moment when, in the ardent love scene, beautifully played by Ernest Milton and Phyllis Relph, the long kiss of the lovers provoked an echo aloft. But the next moment the wag had to pay for his prowess: "Hush!" and "Shut up!" made short work of him, and a "Turn him out!" sounded a warning to all future offenders. Of course, the artists carried on undisturbed, and at the end of the act their greeting seemed doubled in force, for in the theatre the current of enthusiasm is invariably volted whenever in the course of the play something occurs which from the audience's point of view is unfair or uncalled-for.

So "The Witch" went to the skies, and "You Never Can Tell" was listened to with such joyful laughter as would gladden the author as well as the players. They have a sense of humour in the East, and value a good thing when they hear it.

But the crucial test was "Ghosts." So far the plays produced in English at Whitechapel were charged with strong, obvious plots, and here all was, as it were, shrouded in philosophical contemplation—in argument, into which the action does not burst until the end of the long first act. But again not a whisper, not a sound, not the dread laugh at the wrong moment (as when Manders compliments Regina on her physical development). I heard nothing but the well-regulated breathing of an engrossed audience, I saw nothing but a mass of people listening intently with bulging eyes, some with open mouths, many leaning forward holding the back of the seat in front of them as one clasps balusters for support. Yet there were babies in the audience, resting on their mothers' laps; there were little boys and girls wedged in between papa and mamma, the wily parents having taken advantage of the railway principle that children under five are free of charge. Heaven knows what went on in the cerebral chambers of these kiddies! I only saw their gloating little eyes and—I heard nothing. Wonderful is the magnetism of the theatre!

During the third act I stood all the time at the back of the dress circle in a throng of spectators, and to me it was a miracle how the people could enjoy themselves, for the stage seemed a mile off and the actors dwarfed in form. But their voices carried, and their words spellbound the hearers. All of a sudden next to me a man began to mutter, anon to whistle, very *sotto voce*: he had just been at the bar, and no doubt enjoyed the traditional "couple." Personally, I would not have minded—he was merely meandering without malice. Not so two rotund Jewish matrons next to me. At first they said, "Sssh!" Next they cast murderous glances at him; and, as he made a movement of contemptuous indifference, they each seized him by an arm and told him in language mellow and adorned that they meant to enjoy the play, and that if he didn't he could go to "another place"—which he did, and silence reigned supreme. Then the curtain descended, and applause endless and thunderous, shouts frenetic and prolonged, rent the air and seemed to overwhelm Ernest Milton, the Oswald, and his mother, who had to come out again and again and yet once more, a dozen times, until the man at the switchboard counted the units and turned the lights low. It is thus that the people of the East received the great drama of the world, and in the record radiates the promise of the Future.



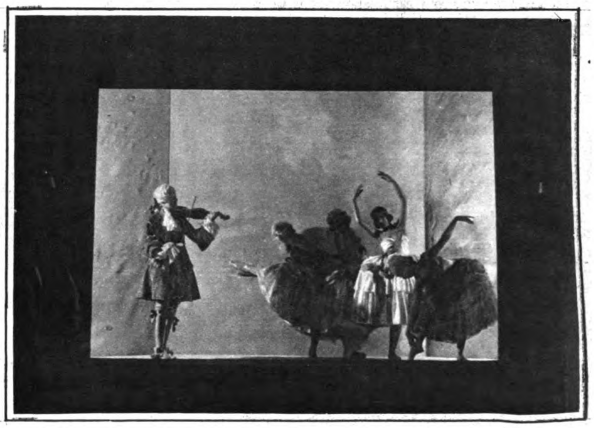
JOHN GAY (MR. GORDON BAILEY, LEFT) AT "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" CONFRONTED BY A HORNED TAX-COLLECTOR (MR. STANLEY LUPINO): "THE REVIVALS" SCENE IN "DOVER STREET TO DIXIE," AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

Rumour had it that the Inland Revenue authorities demanded a return of the author's royalties for assessment of income-tax, in respect of the revival of "The Beggar's Opera." The incident is turned to amusing account in "Dover Street to Dixie," when John Gay, supposed to have slept for 200 years, visits the Lyric, Hammersmith, and is confronted by a tax-collector in the person of Mr. Stanley Lupino, whose horns denote the Satanic nature of his occupation.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]



ON THE DIXIE SIDE OF "DOVER STREET TO DIXIE," AT THE PAVILION: MISS FLORENCE MILLS, WHO SINGS "SLEEPY HILLS OF TENNESSEE."

Miss Florence Mills is the leading light of the plantation company in the second part of the London Pavilion revue, "Dover Street to Dixie." In this photograph she is not in stage costume.—[*Photograph by Ernest H. Mills.*]



A PICTURE THAT MATERIALISES, IN "DOVER STREET TO DIXIE," AT THE PAVILION: MISS ODETTE MYRTIL IN "THE DANCING LESSON" (MOZART).

"The Dancing Lesson" is a picture by Webster Murray that forms part of the background of a ballroom scene. Suddenly, the rest of the scene is darkened, and the figures "Come to life." The violinist is Miss Odette Myrtil. The Murray picture is reproduced in colours in "The Magpie," the new holiday magazine due on July 5.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]

In Praise of the Pepperers of the City of London.

"THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF GROCERS." By J. AUBREY REES.*

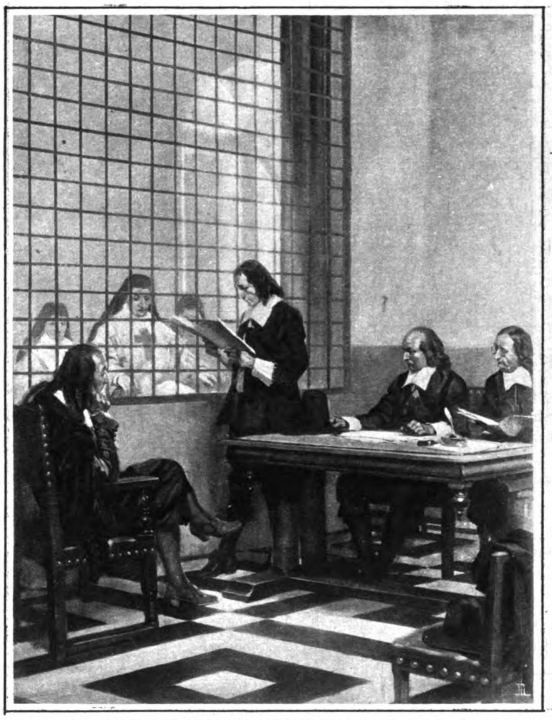
POWER has passed from the Pepperers; from the Fraternity they founded "To the honour of God and of His gentle Mother, and of St. Anthony and of all Saints"; from the Mistery of the Grocers de Loundres; from the Worshipful Company of Grocers. Trade power, that is; not the power derived from ancient and honourable tradition, and practical, fatherly benevolence.

No longer is the official Garbellor of Spices able "to enter any shop to view and search for drugs, etc., to garble and cleanse them, *i.e.*, to sift out the impurities with which they were mixed when landed," and to mark the goods when treated. No longer can it be chronicled, as it is of 1395: "One such offender, who had sold various powders made of the roots of rape, radish and old setewale, putrified and unwholesome for human use, for good 'poudre de ginger,' was ordered . . . to be placed on the pillory from eleven to twelve for three days in succession, and the false powders to be burnt under his nose." No more are Company penalties for "false dubbed wares"; "false beams and weights"; for buying and selling "any-many of subtle wares," by any colourable means.

No longer are there apprentices bound so securely that even their dress is ordained, as it was by the rules of the Lord Mayor and Council in 1582: "1. That no apprentice whatsoever should presume to wear any apparel but what he received from his master. 2. To wear no hat, nor anything but a woollen cap, without any silk in or about the same. 3. To wear neither ruffles, cuffs, loose collars, nor other than a ruff at the collar, and that only a yard and a half long. 4. To wear no doublets but what was made of canvas, fustian, sackcloth, English leather or woollen, without any gold, silver, or silk trimming. 5. To wear no other cloth or jersey in hose or stockings than white, blue or surret. 6. To wear no other breeches but what shall be of the same stuff as the doublets and neither stitched laced or bordered. 7. To wear no other than a plain upper coat of cloth or leather, neither pinking, stitching, edging, or silk about it. 8. To wear no other surtout than a cloth gown, or cloak lined or faced with cloth, cotton or baize, with a fixed round collar without stitching guarding lace or silk. 9. To wear no pumps, slippers or shoes but of English leather, without being pinked, edged or stitched; nor girdles, nor garters other than of crewel, woollen, thread, or leather, without being garnished. 10. To wear no sword, dagger or other weapon, but a knife, nor a ring, jewel of gold, nor silver, nor silk in any part of his apparel on pain of being punished at the discretion of his master for the first offence; to be publicly whipped at the hall of his company for the second offence; and to serve six months longer than specified in his indenture for a third offence. . . ." And it was further enacted "that no apprentice should frequent or go to any dancing, fencing, or musical schools; nor keep a chest press or other place for keeping of apparel or goods, but in his master's house, under the penalties aforesaid."

So, too, the rule no longer runs: 'And when any of the Fraternity die in London, all shall attend his 'Dirige' and his funeral until he be interred; whoso shall be warned and fail shall pay 12 pence. And in like-manner let the point be kept if any of the Fraternity die without London and any of the Fraternity be there.'

And, be it noted in these days of feminism: "The assembly in 1348, which took place at Rynged Hall in St. Thomas Apostle, was memorable for some momentous decisions relative to the position of women in the Fraternity. The members agreed that it should be obligatory for each one to bring his wife or companion with him to the annual feast, except in case of illness (to quote the original: 'malade, ou grosse d'enfant, & prés fa deliveraunce'), and that the charge for the dinner should be increased from 3s. 6d. to 5s., being 1s. 8d. for the member, 1s. 8d. for the wife, or companion, and 1s. 8d. toward the priest." Benevolence, and assistance: those were the keywords of the Company, as they are to-day; and nobly they were lived up to in instance after instance. Many a grocer saw to it that he benefited his kind as well as his kin, in life and after death. Notable was Sir William Sevenoake, who was succeeded by "Dick Whittington" as Mayor of the City of London, and was overshadowed by him, somewhat unfairly. "His parentage is unknown, and history records that he was discovered as a foundling by Sir William Rumpstead in the hollow of a tree at Sevenoaks towards the latter part of the 14th century." From apprentice he rose to be freeman of the City and Grocer; Warden of the Company; Alderman; fighter at Agincourt, where he is said to have had a bout of fisticuffs with the Dauphin; M.P. for the City; Mayor and Knight. And by his will he left lands and tenements in the parish of All Saints, Barking, for the foundation and endowment of almshouses at Sevenoaks, and the famous Grammar School which became known later as "The Grammar School of Queen Elizabeth."



THE PASCAL TERCENTENARY: BLAISE PASCAL (LEFT) CONTRACTS WITH MÈRE ANGÉLIQUE (THROUGH THE GRILLE) TO ENDOW HIS SISTER AS A NOVICE AT PORT ROYAL—A NOTARY READING THE DOCUMENT.

The tercentenary of the birth of Blaise Pascal, the great French religious philosopher, was celebrated on June 19. The incident in his early life here illustrated is thus described by M. Emile Magne: "Mother Angélique said: 'I implore you in the name of God not to do anything from purely worldly considerations, and if you are not ready to give the alms to our monastery in the right spirit you had better not do it at all.' . . . Greatly mortified, Blaise Pascal declared his wish both to satisfy his sister's desires, and to avoid burdening the convent too heavily with her maintenance. The Reverend Mothers listened to the reading of the contract in which Blaise Pascal promised five hundred pounds (livres) annual income to the young novice, and, in addition, gave to the monastery the sum of 5000 pounds."

Drawn by René Lelong to illustrate an Address by M. Emile Magne.

Then came Lawrence Sheriff, founder of Rugby School, and Sir William Laxton, founder of Oundle.

Sheriff was purveyor to the Princess Elizabeth, in 1551, and afterwards lived in the King's Grocer's house in Newgate. In 1562, "the worthy Sheriff makes the Queen a New Year's gift of a sugar-loaf, a box of ginger, a box of nutmegs, and a pound of cinnamon, and the Queen in return gives him one gilt salt cover." At his death, a third of his Middlesex estate went 'to found in his native town of Rugby a fair and convenient school-house, and to maintain therein an honest, discreet and learned man to teach grammar.' The rent-roll then concerned was £8 — derived from the site of a number of the streets near the fountain called Conduit Mead, from which the present Lamb's Conduit Street gets its name. "In 1669 the rent was £20 per annum; in 1686 it was leased for £50; in 1702 the lease was renewed for forty-three years at £60. In 1780 it had risen to £116 17s. 6d.; and in 1825 the increment had swelled the rent to no less than £5500."

Laxton was the City's civic head in 1544, and was seven times Master of the Grocers' Company. He, "being minded to erect a free Grammar School at Oundle, in the County of Northampton, to be kept in the house late called the 'Guild or Fraternity House of Oundle,' the school to be called 'The Free Grammar School of Sir William Laxton, Knight and Alderman of London, with the stipends for the schoolmaster and usher therein mentioned, and to have seven poor men perpetually to be found at Oundle, each of them to have weekly eightpence towards their maintenance and convenient lodging, and free house room in the said Guild or Fraternity House,' bequeathed for that purpose 'all his messuages, lands, tenements, rents and hereditaments situate in the Parish of St. Swithin, at London Stone, and in Sherborne Lane, St. Nicholas' Lane, Abchurch Lane, Candlewick Street, and Eastcheap, or elsewhere in the City of London.'"

Other grocers founded the Royal Grammar School of King Edward VI., Guildford; Witney Grammar School, Oxfordshire; and Colwall Free School, Herefordshire: others left moneys for the advancement of Pepperers in other ways.

With such men amongst them, no wonder the Grocers won respect and high office for themselves and honour for their Mystery. The names of many of them are a part of history. Sir Thomas Canning, an ancestor of Earl Canning, "took an active part in suppressing the rebellion of Jack Cade, and petitioned Henry VI. for remuneration for the expense incurred in 'drawing Cade's body upon a hurdle through the streets.'" Richard Grafton, apprenticed to John Blage, a Cheapside grocer, in 1526, became printer to the King in 1547, and printed the First Book of Common Prayer in 1549; and so on, and so on.

Nor was that all: The Grocers were substantial merchants, and, as rich men, they bore burdens both fair and unfair. With the other Companies, for example, they contributed towards setting the poor to work, to the erection of the Royal Exchange, to the cleansing of the City ditch, to projects for discovering new countries, the supplying of men and munitions, to pageantry; "for provision of coal and corn, compulsory loans, State lotteries, monopolies, patents, concealments, seditious publications and practices, and twenty other sponging expedients were among the more prominent of the engines by which that 'mother of her people,' Elizabeth, and afterwards James and Charles, contrived to screw from the Companies their wealth. They were regarded as a sort of Aladdin's Cave to which the King and Queen at will could resort for whatever their royal pleasure desired" — especially cash, and "good, sadd and hable soulders," "goode, apte and talle persons" to be soldiers, firkins of gunpowder, and, for the discomfiture of the threatened Spanish Armada, "six shippes of war and one pynasse," at a cost of £8000, to which the Grocers gave £622, with the addition, five years later, of £526, "towards the setting forth of the said shippes and pynasses."

Always through their history have the Grocers been an integral part of the City of London; always they have supported it, as it has supported them; and their life is one of honourable trade and enterprise. Their toast bewrayeth them: "God preserve the Church, the King, and the Worshipful Company of Grocers."

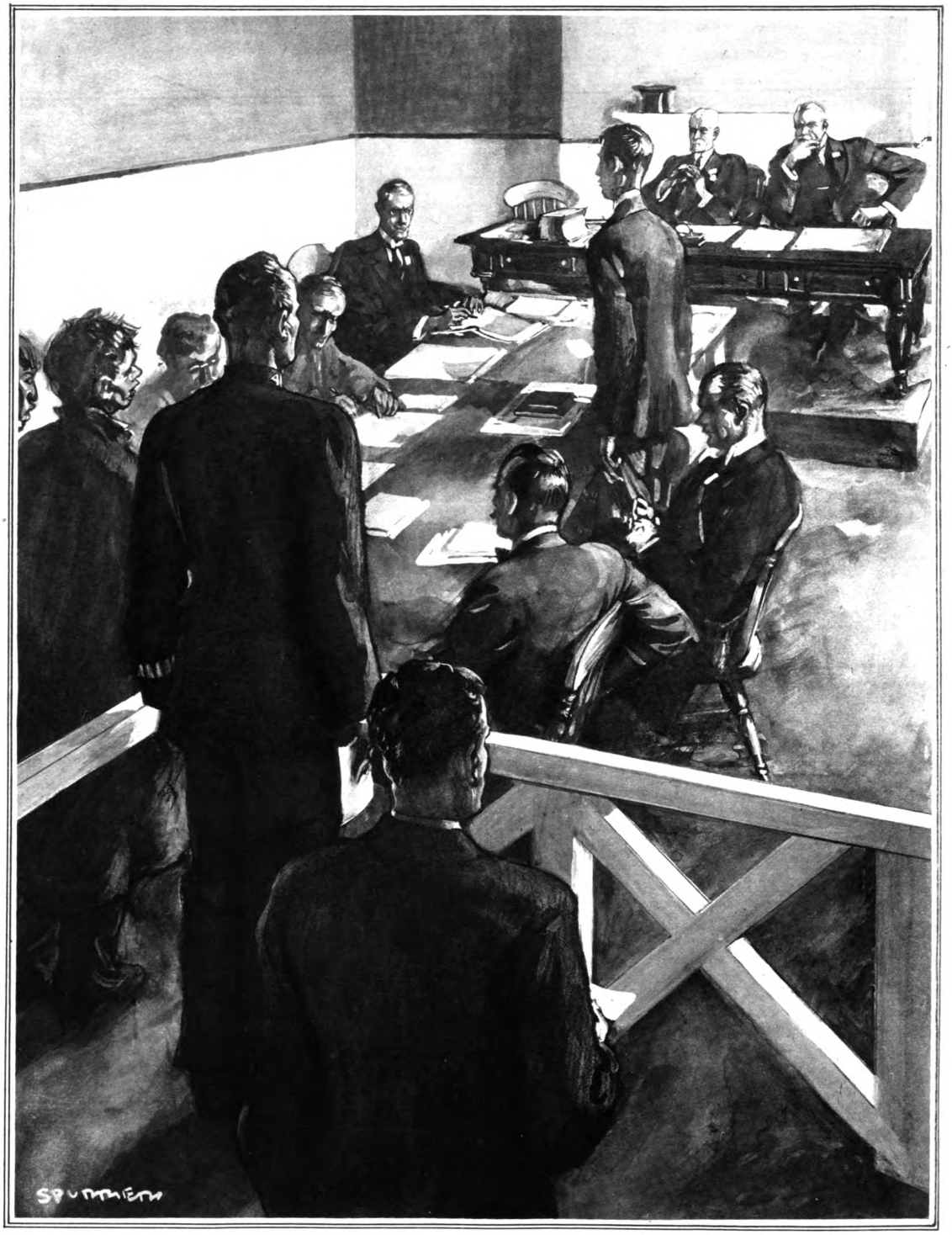
Mr. Aubrey Rees's book is an excellent addition to the stories of those bodies corporate which are amongst the mainstays of the nation; a record of worthies and good works, of quaint customs, of business and pageantry, of jealously guarded privileges and of the open purse.

E. H. G.

* "The Worshipful Company of Grocers." An Historical Retrospect, 1345-1923. By J. Aubrey Rees. (Chapman and Dodd; 12s. 6d. net.)

THE SEAMY SIDE OF ASCOT: SUMMARY JUSTICE ON THE COURSE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



INSTITUTED BY WILLIAM IV. AFTER A STONE HAD BEEN THROWN AT HIM: THE SPECIAL POLICE COURT AT ASCOT FOR TRYING THIEVES, PICKPOCKETS, AND WELSHERS—A CASE BEFORE THE CHIEF METROPOLITAN MAGISTRATE.

It may not be generally known that the course at Ascot is provided with a special police court, where the Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, Sir Charles Biron, of Bow Street, presided this year, assisted by resident magistrates. Several cases of pocket-picking were dealt with. The London detectives on duty at Ascot are highly prompt and efficient. Thus, on the Royal Hunt Cup day, a thief who had picked a woman's pocket was caught, tried, and sentenced within two hours. Nor is this a record, for a few years ago a similar case was disposed of within ten minutes of the theft. The court on the course was instituted by William IV. after a stone had been thrown at him, and from that day to this, all cases are dealt with there at once. The old court-room has given place to the new court just inside the Royal Enclosure. Cases of welching, pocket-picking, theft of every description, and gaming are the most usual. In the excitement of watching the races valuable articles are often left on seats, and are soon transferred to other pockets.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.*]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE QUEEN is a wonderful woman — I do not think that we any of us realise how wonderful. During Ascot Week her Majesty, apart from her position as Queen, would easily have been the most beautiful, the most gracious, and the most dignified woman there. It is a lot to say, but it is true in letter and in spirit. It was pretty on the opening day to notice that the Queen kissed Queen Victoria Augusta and then King Manoel on her arrival, and immediately King Manoel stooped and chivalrously kissed her hand. The Infanta Eulalie of Spain, aunt of the King of Spain, and wife of Prince Antoine of Orleans, Duke of Galliera, arrived on the first day with the Spanish Ambasador and Mme. Merry del Val. Inside five minutes from their arrival the King and Queen had sent for her Royal Highness and had her for the rest of the day as their guest in the Royal Pavilion. After all, King Edward taught us that diplomacy is a very royal art.

It was tantalising to a sense of humour to see Lord Lascelles and Viscountess Astor enjoying real hearty laughs together after their Majesties' luncheon party, of which both were members, and not to know the joke. Lady Astor looked very well in grey, and wearing a three-cornered black hat and a long black coat. Her pearls were lovely, and she had a coral and coral-and-diamond square-shaped badge on the brim of her hat which looked like a red cockade—an adornment of which our first lady M.P. is, I am sure, wholly innocent.

There was some disappointment that the King did not lead in Knight of the Garter when he won the Coventry Stakes. His Majesty and the Queen, however, went to see the horse unsaddled, but at the lower end of the little enclosure, the crowd having collected at the upper end. That the Queen was delighted with the King's success was patent to all. A blush like a girl's came over her Majesty's wonderful skin, and she received the friendly congratulations offered to her as simply as if she had been a girl receiving her first social homages.

There were pretty girls in plenty on the opening day at Ascot. That their dresses were not of dainty muslins, ethereal chiffons, and lovely laces was the fault of the weather. Nevertheless, Lady Mary Thynne looked beautiful in a fawn-coloured crêpe-de-Chine dress with a pale nut-brown hat, the crown encircled by fawn-coloured roses. Lady Patricia Herbert looked remarkably handsome in cream-colour and brown. Miss Wilkinson, the tall elder daughter of Sir Nevile and Lady Beatrix Wilkinson, is very handsome, and looked well in brown embroidered lace and a black hat with a jade-green feather. Lady Rachel Cavendish appeared not only handsome, but happy, in a copper-beech coloured crêpe marocain dress and a hat of straw the same colour, with roses in the same tone round the crown.

The thrill of the second day was the King's winning the Royal Hunt Cup. I was standing watching the race, just under the Royal Pavilion, on the ledge of which the Royal Hunt Cup had been placed earlier in the day by two servants. When the race came within the ken of the spectators the cry went up, "The King wins." It rose in volume, and when Weathervane passed the post first it became a positive roar; and those in the Royal Enclosure beneath the Royal Pavilion shouted their congratulations, the men turned, hats in hand, towards the King, and the women waved their white or light gloved hands and sang out "The King wins! The King wins!"—which is rare enthusiasm in the enclosure at once the most loyal and the most aristocratic in Europe.

Then there was a stampede for the unsaddling stall, where Princess Mary with Major Featherstonhaugh went first. They saw Weathervane, and went away. Then came the King and Queen, piloted by Viscount Churchill and special police. Their Majesties were arrested by many eager congratulations, to all of which they replied most graciously. For instance, I heard the King say, "Well, I never expected to win a Royal Hunt Cup," and I heard the Queen say, "Isn't it really very nice?" By the time the King and Queen had looked long at Weathervane, Princess Mary came back again, saying that she thought "they were not coming," evidently meaning her august parents. The Queen was a real silver Sovereign in a silver and grey brocade dress, and wore a long draped shimmering silver cloak and a hat that glistened in the sunlight like molten silver.

The Prince of Wales, Prince Henry, and Prince George stopped, as they left the Royal Pavilion, to speak to Lady Alexandra Curzon, who was looking very pretty in beige colour with a dark-red hat. Then the Princes had a chat with the Countess of Brecknock, who looked charmingly pretty in a simple blue crêpe marocain dress with a long dark-blue cloth coat, and a small, smart dark-blue hat. All the Princes went into the Paddock several times; all wore white button-holes, and three better-looking and cleaner, fresh-looking young Englishmen it would be hard to find. I heard a lady near me say, "How unspeakably proud I should be of three such sons!" and somehow she seemed to have uttered a general feminine sentiment — that is, of the mothers and might-have-been mothers.



Two well-cut wrap-coats and a tailored suit that were designed and carried out by Burberrys, of the Haymarket. Suncloth makes the coat above, while the other is of solgardine. Saxony suiting is used for the simple suit.

The Duchess of Roxburghe was an absentee the second day, but the Duke and Duchess of Portland were again there; the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Norfolk, and the Duchess of Newcastle were representatives of the first rank of our Peerage for the Royal Hunt Cup day.

Thursday was a real Gold Cup day at Royal Ascot; the cup glittered in the sun, and the King and Queen had a large luncheon party which included two Ambassadors—those of France and Italy; and three Duchesses—those of Norfolk, with whom was her interesting-looking daughter, Lady Rachel Howard, in palest pink; the Duchess of Newcastle, all in black; and the Duchess of Sutherland, in pearl-grey, with a red hat and wearing lovely pearls.

The Queen was in silver-grey and silver brocade, and wore a graceful draped cloak of grey crêpe-de-Chine into which lines of gold were cunningly woven. A hat of tones of Parma violet, clover-pink, and rhododendron-purple was worn. Princess Mary, all in white, paid her usual attention to the horses, and with her was Viscount Lascelles. Lady Louise Mountbatten had with her two young Greek Princesses, her nieces. They are nice, simple-looking girls in deep-violet dresses and grey hats wreathed round with flowers.

It was a wonderful feast of dainty fabrics, lovely colours, and pretty women. An American girl exclaimed that what she had heard of Ascot gave her no idea at all of the fascination of it. Like the Queen of Sheba of old, she had no spirit left in her, and was quite indignant that anyone had ever said Englishwomen did not know how to dress. For them her admiration came second to that for our black and grey, tall-hatted, frock-coated, and perfectly groomed men.

Ascot went out in a blaze of sunshine and fine frocks, and mixed feelings prevailed as to finances, but casual punters of the more numerous sex seem to have done well on the whole. One bright-faced maiden, who should not come under the category of casual, since she makes a close study of racing form, said: "I can fix myself up now at the sales for Goodwood, Cowes, and Scotch visits." Another said she had "bought a new hat for Gold Cup day, and lost the price of it." Question is, who will suffer most—the girl or the milliner? Probably neither; only papa!

The season has still some weeks to go on, and it would appear that the last part would be better than the first, for the weather clerk has repented him of his evil ways, and this week will be great at Wimbledon and on the polo grounds and tennis-courts. The International Horse Show claims first place in town, with a visit from the King and Queen on Tuesday. There has, of course, been disappointment that the Duke and Duchess of York have not been about. This will probably be made up for in these weeks. Fortunately the Duchess has never been really very ill, but has kept resolutely quiet, save for a passing call at Richmond Horse Show, a function she much enjoyed.

Miss Latta's wedding to Major Philip Spence was a very pretty one. The bride's dress was of pure white and silver, with a lace veil which formed a train—and lovely Brussels lace it was. The bridesmaids were in rather a brown shade of apricot, with hats of crinoline straw, with great big ribbon bows at one side. These dresses made an admirable background for sheaves of delphiniums and love-in-the-mist carried as bouquets. A number of very pretty dresses were worn. Lady Latta was in cinnamon georgette, with a cloak and hat all to match. Lady Campden, in soft, light black, had a big black hat with one long almond-green ostrich plume in it. Florence Lady Garvagh was in mastic-coloured satin.

A. E. L.

The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series



"The Feathers," Ludlow

When Ludlow Rivalled London

A TOURIST in 1772, in an amusing letter to his friends, said of Ludlow that to be found there were "abundance of pretty ladies, provisions plentiful and cheap and very good company." In those days Ludlow had its own season, and county families went into residence as they now go to London.

The few who braved the dangers of the London road wou'd make their start from "The Feathers," a typical example of the old coaching inns and famed as one of the most hospitable of the West Country. This hostelry is one of the most elaborate examples of the timber and plaster houses in the kingdom. The rich ceilings of a number of beautifully panelled rooms, and some of the old fireplaces, said to have been brought from Ludlow Castle, are a veritable joy to the student of old architecture.

Famed, too, was "The Feathers" as the sportsman's rendezvous, particularly when the hunt was up. The packs with which the hostelry was associated were the Ludlow Hounds, the South Shropshire and the Farmer's Pack from Knighton.

Less picturesque, perhaps, than horse and hounds are the automobiles that nowadays throng the neighbourhood of this fine old inn. But though the hunt no longer meets at "The Feathers," both hunting and shooting enthusiasts make it their headquarters. Sportsmen proverbially appreciate good fare, reserving a special commendation for that fine old whisky—the *original* John Haig, whose reputation has been steadily maintained for nigh on three centuries among those who insist on the best obtainable.

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A tale of the Merry Monarch's Court. In Mr. Locke's words, "not a sequel, but a complement to the three Stuart books which Mrs. Nepean has already written: 'On the Left of a Throne,' 'My Two Kings,' 'Ivory and Apes.'"

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Another story in the whimsical philosophic vein by the author of "Jurgen" and "Figures of Earth." A study of the personality of an imaginative novelist who possessed a mysterious "sigil."

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THE GAME AND THE CANDLE. By JOSEPH HOCKING. (Hodder and Stoughton; 5s. net.)

The latest addition to Mr. Joseph Hocking's long tale of popular novels, which include "The Man Who Rose Again" and "The Man Who Almost Lost." The principal character is a novelist.

SIDE SHOWS. By I. A. R. WYLIE. (Cassell; 7s. 6d. net.)

A collection of six short stories which, it is claimed, are probably the best that Miss Wylie has yet written. She is the author of "The Dark House," "Towards Morning," and "The Paupers of Portman Square."

THE DEAD COMMAND. By VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ. Translated by Frances Douglas. (T. Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d. net.)

A translation of "Los Muertas Mandan," a story by the famous Spanish novelist who wrote "The Enemies of Women" (the subject of a new film play), "Blood and Sand," and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." It tells how the son of a great but decayed family is influenced by his ancestors.

SHINING FOLLY. By ADRIAN HEARD. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d. net.)

The adventures of an Irish youth who travels from Belfast to Santa Cruz, searches for a Spaniard who has murdered his fellow-student, is fascinated by a Spanish beauty to his own undoing, and finally returns to home and happiness.

THE HERITAGE OF THE HILLS. By ARTHUR PRESTON HANKINS. (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net.)

A tale of adventure, the scene of which is laid high up in the Sierras, where a gang of outlaws known as the "Poison-Oakers" have their headquarters in a lonely valley.

THE DEVIATIONS OF DIANA. By HUTTON MITCHELL. (A. M. Philpot, Ltd.; 7s. 6d. net.)

Diana Pearson, or "Diner," as she was called in Wood Lane, is introduced to the reader at the age of thirteen, sitting on a doorstep in the neighbourhood of Hoxton. Thence we follow her through many "deviations."

RAGGED ROMANCE. By A. SAFRONI-MIDDLETON. (Jarrolds; 7s. 6d. net.)

A tale of the South Seas by the author of "South Sea Foam" and "A Child of the Forest." Mr. Middleton, who has had a romantic career as a sailor on the old windjammers, knew Stevenson in Samoa, and gives an impression of "R. L. S." as a character in fiction.

THE ROAD OF DESTINY. By ELLIS MIDDLETON. (Mills and Boon; 7s. 6d. net.)

A romantic story of Yorkshire in the eighteenth century, full of action and excitement, and possessing a strong love interest.

OLD BRANDY. By LOUISE VALMER. (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d. net.)

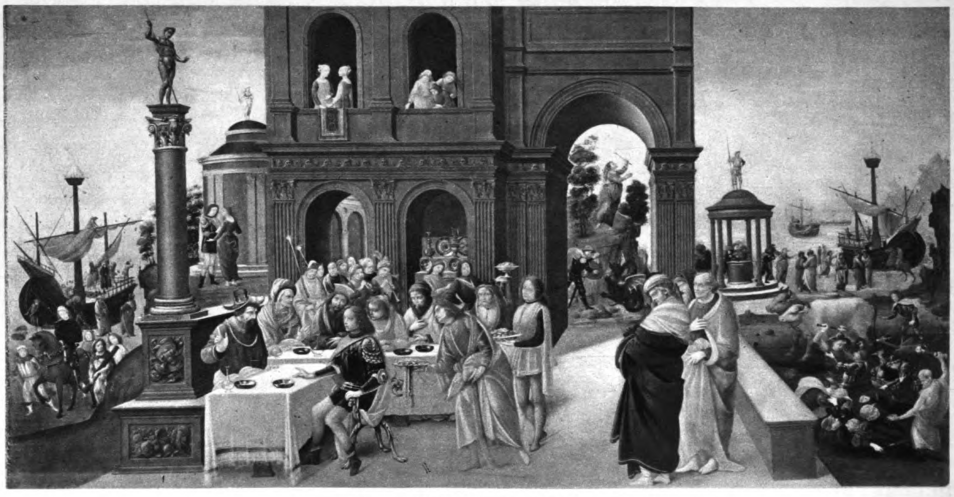
The story concerns a certain young Frenchman, M. Marigny, who was anxious to dispose of the old armagnac he had inherited from his uncle. Time—the present, with "America gone dry, Russia gone Bolshevik, Germany bankrupt, Italy poor as France, and no great consumer of brandy; England remained. She often does." Thus the scene is set.

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Fashions and Fancies.

Two Interesting Materials.

The début of a new Burberry material is an important event in the world of dress, for this famous Haymarket firm is noted for the excellence of the fabrics it sponsors. Solgardine and suncloth are the two new mediums chosen for the coats sketched on page 1168, and they are suitable for summer wear and tropical climates, as they have been treated by a special process which renders them impervious to the actinic rays of the sun. Solgardine, which makes the model at the top, is of the gabardine family, while suncloth is a light wool fabric. They are both fadeless and can be had in bright colourings and shot effects. Saxony suiting, silk striped, is chosen for the simple, well-tailored suit. It has just that air of quiet distinction which Burberrys know how to impart to all their garments, and is lined with rain-proof Urber silk.



For a frock of two contrasting materials, short lengths can be used.



All that is required for an evening bag is a small piece of brocade.

A Splendid Opportunity.

No one who appreciates a bargain must miss the sale which Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, are opening on July 9. It will be in progress for twelve days only, but during that time a special department on the second floor will be reserved for unprecedented bargains in knitted wear. Two thousand five hundred golf coats and jumpers are to be disposed of at prices ranging from 15s. 6d. to 42s., though the original figures were 35s. 6d. to 94s. 6d. Suits that were 10 guineas are to be marked at 5 guineas, while a number of fur-trimmed suits will be reduced from 13½ guineas to 8½ guineas. Crêpe-de-Chine nightdresses will cost 29s. 6d. each.

Bargains for All.

Every Thursday in July is to be a half-price remnant day at Woolland's, Knightsbridge, where the summer sale, now in full swing, will continue until July 28. Original model evening cloaks created by famous English and French artists in dress are offered at less than cost price, and in the illustrated catalogue, which may be obtained free, will be found particulars of remarkable bargains in every department. Washing frocks in striped cotton zephyr will change owners for 25s.; or, if linen lawn is preferred, 49s. 6d. is the price. Dresses of fancy towelling cost 35/9.



A ribbon hat decoration which all women can make for themselves.

For the Little People.

No mother can resist the fascination of the children's clothes for which Samuel Brothers, Oxford Circus and Ludgate Hill, are responsible. Their summer sale, which is now in full swing, will close on July 14, and their illustrated folder should be applied for at once. Little boys' woolly suits can be had from 8s. 11d.; knitted dresses for small girls, with knickers to match, cost 12s. 6d.; and there are many pretty washing frocks available from 4s. 11d. each.

Sales and the Clever Needlewoman.

The woman with clever fingers is in her element just now, for there are so many fascinating things that she can make, at absurdly small cost, from the lengths of beautiful material to be secured in the sales. Jacquard cloth, and one of the many oddments of fur that have been drastically reduced, make the fashionable coatee sketched just here; by the addition of a cleverly contrived ribbon "chou," a touch of originality is given to the simplest little hat; while, if two contrasting materials are used, only short lengths are required to make the prettiest summer frock.



Jacquard cloth and an odd remnant of fur makes a fashionable coatee; while a length of velvet can be transformed into this pretty cloak.

Wrap Coats and French Models.

A wide variety of black crêpe marocain wrap coats at remarkably modest prices is a feature of the July sale at Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road. 79/6 is the sum from which they can be obtained, and there are many French models to be had at greatly reduced figures. One, of black crepe beauté lined with jade green crêpe de Chine, has been cut from 42 gns. to 14½ gns.

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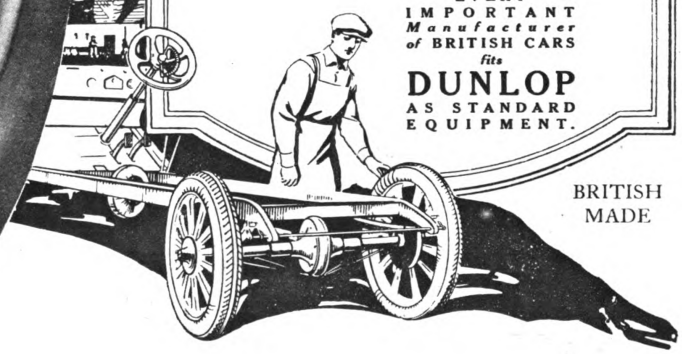
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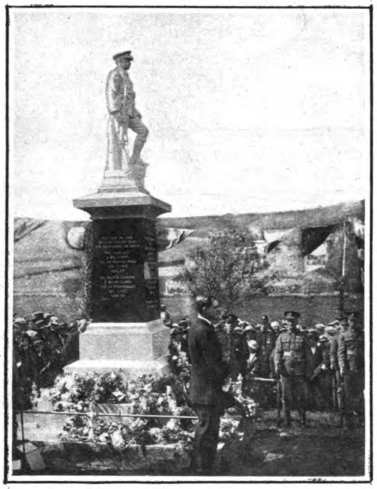
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. DRINKWATER'S "ROBERT E. LEE," AT THE REGENT.

IN the Regent management's new production, "Robert E. Lee," its author, Mr. John Drinkwater, continues his series of dramatic biographies,



AT THE UNVEILING OF THE DALE WAR MEMORIAL: MAJOR GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., SPEAKING.

The War Memorial here illustrated is at Dale, in Pembrokeshire, at the entrance to Milford Haven. An inscription on it reads: "Far from the land of their fathers these five sleep among the brave." Major Gwilym Lloyd George, M.P., is a son of the ex-Premier.—[*Photograph by Harris.*]

and gives us a pendant to, or the obverse picture of, his "Abraham Lincoln." The formula is the same, any sequence in the scenes presented being merely that of history, and any cumulative interest depending on the deepening of the tragedy for the losing Federal cause. With the emotion and eloquence of a poet, Mr. Drinkwater offers us glimpses at the life of his new hero from the beginning to the close of the American Civil War; but since Lee is at curtain-fall what he was when the curtain rises, there is not in those scenes even that amount of drama which can be afforded by development of character—here there is no such development; the play, if play it is, is purely static, Lee figuring as a pawn in the hands of Fate, and the events being precipitated, as it were, from outside. And future audiences should be warned that the piece is mournful, almost consistently mournful, as the survey of a vanquished movement could hardly help being. None the less, historical persons and historical happenings are handled interestingly, and show themselves in an extremely interesting panorama. Mr. Felix Aylmer portrays General Lee in a quiet, restrained, dignified fashion; Mr. Claude Rains supplies a charming study of a philosopher-poet; Mr. Gordon Harker suggests the feebleness of Jefferson Davis; and from Mr. Edmund Willard comes an admirable thumbnail sketch of an explosive Stonewall Jackson. Indeed, both the acting and the material on which it works maintain the Nigel Playfair traditions.

MR. MILNE'S "SUCCESS." AT THE HAYMARKET.

What are the things which are likely to give most delight in Mr. Milne's new play, half satire, half fantasy on the theme of worldly "Success"? Though it is a true stroke of irony on his part to make his Minister's one effort to avoid promotion bring it more surely upon him, men of the stamp of his Mannock do not throw up their careers for the sake of an old love. Women may love such selfish males, may be willing to give them a second chance as Sally gives her Mannock, may be ready to sacrifice reputation and home at their whim. But Mannocks do not lose their hearts afresh to old sweethearts; at most they give them a tender thought in an occasional day-dream. So it is not this Minister's chance of becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer, not his impatience of his cold wife's schemes for his future, not even his too quick recapture of a passion of youth, that stirs our interest. No, what charms us, what is magical and poignant in this play, is the series of dream-pictures in which the hero re-lives his youth, or, rather, tries to get back to it amid a phantasmagoria of confusing images; here, where a baby Sally meets her knight and squire, and three fascinating stage-children talk the quaintest dialogue caught from books they have read, Mr. Milne carries us to fairyland. And the lure holds, so far as Sally is concerned, in the subsequent middle-aged love-scene, so ethereal, so essentially romantic is the acting of Miss Moyna Macgill. It is not Mr. Charles Cherry's fault that his Minister is not as convincing. Miss Grace Lane, as the calculating wife; Mr. Reginald Owen as the private secretary; Mr. Halliwell Hobbes, Mr. John Williams, and Miss Joyce Kennedy have easier tasks, and do well. But it is the children, and Miss Macgill's heroine whom we love.



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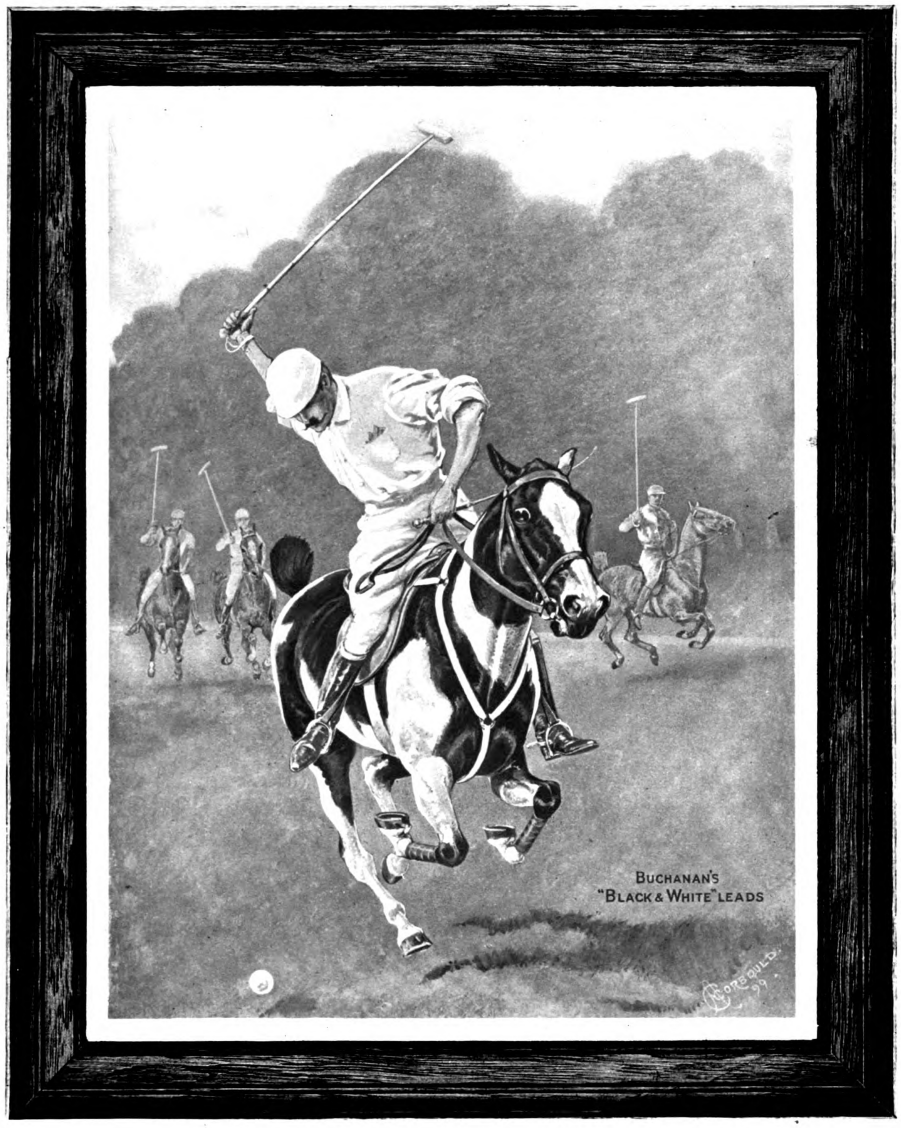
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TALKING MACHINE NOTES.

RECORDS OF ELIZABETHAN MUSIC.

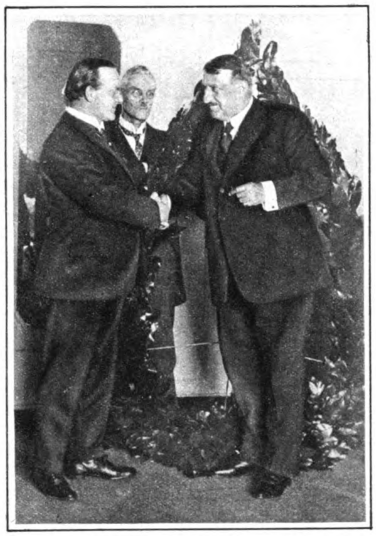
IN these notes emphasis has often been placed on the upward tendency shown by recording companies on their choice of compositions. This is borne out strongly by the list of records of Byrd's works, specially selected and issued by the "His Master's Voice" Company in connection with the tercentenary of Byrd's death in 1623.

Born in 1543, William Byrd was a contemporary of Shakespeare, and the two probably met frequently at the Court of Queen Elizabeth. As a youth of nineteen he became organist of Lincoln Cathedral, and a few years later he was appointed to a similar post at the Chapel Royal, which he held until his death. Much of Byrd's output consisted naturally of anthems, settings of the Services of the English Church, and other sacred music; but he also wrote madrigals, keyboard and chamber music, some of which he published himself. Although he seems to have been held in very high esteem by his fellow musicians, his death saw the beginning of a long period of neglect, and many of his finest compositions lay hidden away in manuscript form, and some appear to have been lost altogether. Unlike Shakespeare, Byrd had no Heminge and Condell to gather together his works, and so nearly three centuries have passed before the search for, compilation, and editing of hitherto unpublished compositions have been accomplished, through the generosity of the Carnegie Trust. It has remained for the gramophone to make it possible for anyone to hear some at least of these splendid compositions, not once, but frequently, and performed as they were intended to be—no small matter, considering the exacting demands made upon the executants.

In the issue under review, the vocal items are sung by the English Singers, the keyboard pieces played on the harpsichord by Mrs. V. G. Woodhouse, and the Byrd String Sextet give one of the Fantasias. The following are among the works recorded: "Kyrie" and "Sanctus," for three voices (in Latin); "Agnus Dei," for four voices, also sung in Latin; the "Magnificat" from the "Short" Service and the "Gloria" from the "Nunc Dimittis" of the "Great" Service, both sung in English; two anthems, "Exsurge Domine" (in Latin), "Praise Our Lord," and the psalm "Turn our captivity," both in English; four madrigals: "Come to me, grief for ever," "This sweet and merry month of May," "Though Amaryllis dance," and "Why do I use my paper, ink, and pen?" The instrumental records include the "Fantasia" for String Sextet, and four pieces for the harpsichord: "The Earle of Oxford's Marche," the "Queen's Alman," "Galliard," and "Rowland." Altogether, a most interesting and unusual collection, which should prove of great value to the student and teacher.

MORE RECORDS OF THE "RING."

A short time ago I reviewed the first batch of Wagnerian records from "The Rhinegold" and "The Valkyrie." I have now received the remaining records ("His Master's Voice") of selected portions of "Siegfried" and "The Twilight of the Gods," which have been issued on a special list, and which complete most successfully one of the most ambitious tasks yet undertaken in that industry.



FAMOUS SINGERS AND GRAMOPHONE-RECORD MAKERS: MR. PETER DAWSON PRESENTING SIGNOR BATTISTINI (RIGHT) WITH A LAUREL WREATH IN THE NAME OF THE BARITONES OF ENGLAND.
Photograph by Farringdon Photo Co.

The singing is good throughout, but the records stand for a new stage reached in gramophone reproduction. Here is a full Wagnerian orchestra, but the balance is preserved so well that the voices are never overborne. The delicacy of the scoring comes out very clearly, and in the more majestic moments a huge *ensemble* is suggested. The vocalists are all excellent, and include Florence Austral, Clarence Whitehill, and Tudor Davies; while the conducting is shared by Albert Coates, Eugene Goossens, and Percy Pitt.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE."

The principal vocal records are by Caruso ("Nina," "Pergolesi"), Chaliapine (Pimen's Monologue from "Boris Godounov"), Florence Austral ("Return victorious!" from "Aïda," and "Ah, Suicide!" from "La Gioconda," sung in English), Selma Kurz ("Lockruf," from Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba"), Tudor Davies ("Adelaide," Beethoven, and "Eleanore," Coleridge-Taylor). Instrumental records include César Franck's "Variations Symphoniques" on two D.S. records, by A. De Greef, and the R.A.H. Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald; and a selection from "The Beggar's Opera." There are also some popular numbers and dance records.

"COLUMBIA."

Chief attractions of a good list are Arthur Bliss's "Conversations" for orchestra, conducted by the composer. Coupled with these, on the second record, is the same composer's weird "Madam Noy," the part of the witch being sung by Anna Thursfield. Other items on the list are by W. H. Squire ('cello), the Grenadier Guards' band in selections from Sullivan's "Ruddigore," and the Gay-Austin arrangement of "The Beggar's Opera." There are also some songs and a selection from "The Cousin from Nowhere"; and the humorous side is headed by George Robey in four of his numbers from "You'd be Surprised." The latest dances are also recorded by the Savoy Havana Band.

"VOCALION."

Elena Gerhardt has two new records of *lieder*, "Feldeinsamkeit" (Brahms) and "In Kahne" (Grieg), which are very beautifully sung. Two numbers that should prove favourites are Doris Vane's singing of "Orpheus with his Lute" (Sullivan) and "The Willow" (Goring Thomas). The London String Quartet contribute the first and second movements of Smetana's Quartet in E Minor; and John Amadio, the flautist, is quite wonderful in two solos for that instrument. Another modern work is added to the record library in the first two movements of J. B. McEwen's "Solway" symphony. There are some good "light" records, and some new dance numbers.

STYLUS.

"TAKING THE WATERS."

Llandrindod
Llanwrtyd
Llangammarch
Builth
Trefriw
Knighton

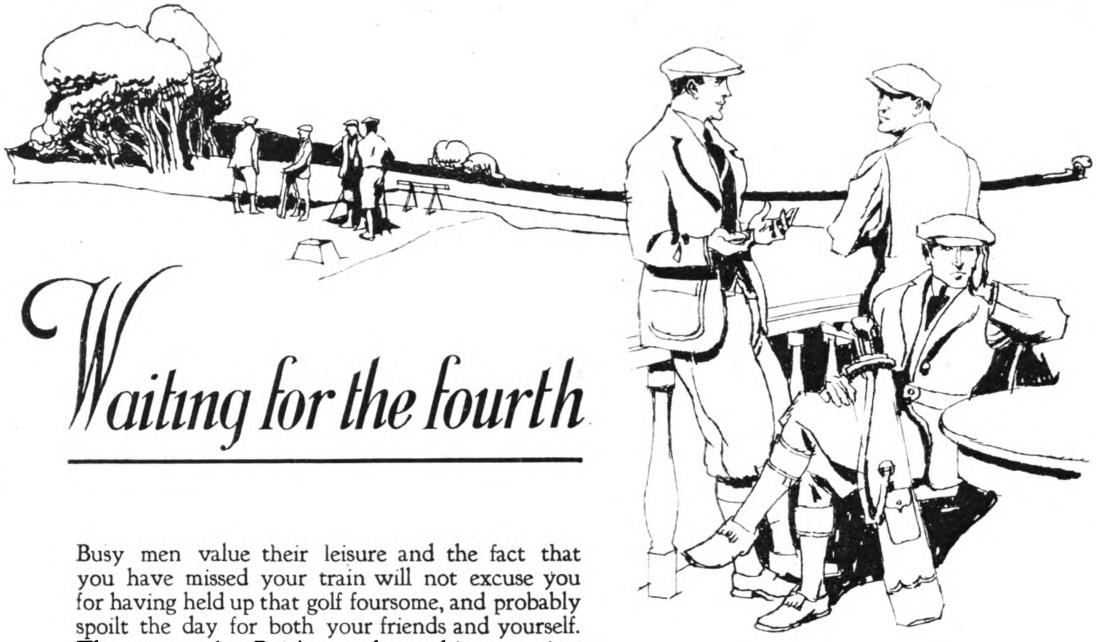
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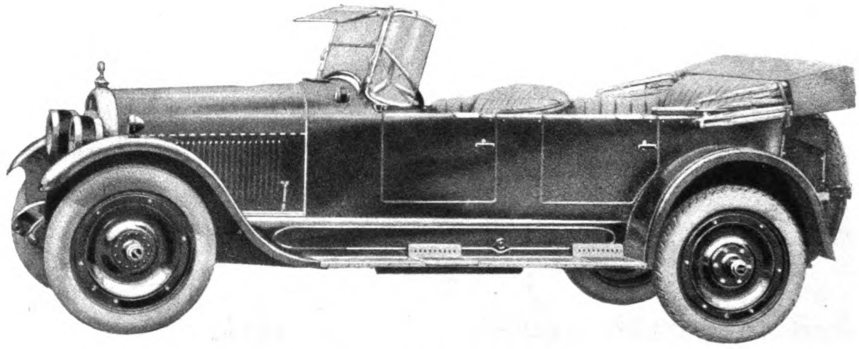


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CHIVALRY OF TO-DAY.

THE MODERN TOURNEY AT OLYMPIA.

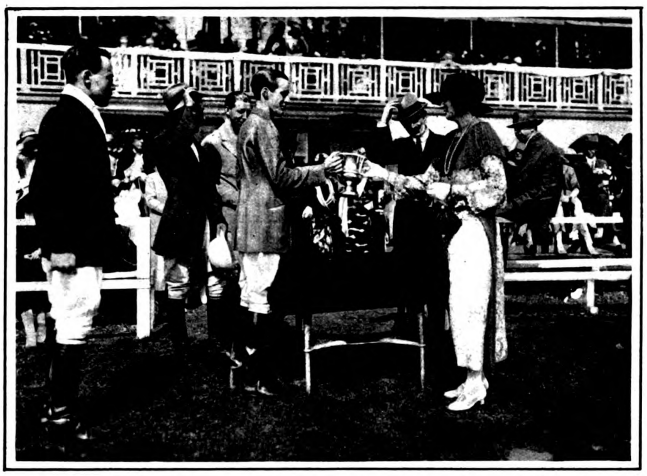
THIS is the week of almost the only social rally to which everyone flocks with a single mind—and actually for the purpose of observing all that is to be seen in the arena. We may go to the Opera without caring a penny-piece for music; to Ascot, with a supreme indifference for the racing; to Lord's, when in our hearts we consider cricket to be the most tiresome game in the world: but when we visit Olympia during International Horse Show Week, each one of us—fashionable woman, dancing maniac, bridge enthusiast, country cousin, or bored Metropolitan—goes there to see the jumping, and to be thrilled by something which appeals to every British-born man or woman—the sight of magnificent horses and fine horsemanship.

The Horse Show at Olympia is international, in the most exciting sense of the word; but it is also the expression of the most national thing in the world: the British passion for horseflesh, presented in its purest form. There is neither dazzle of dress (we may go in our smartest frocks, but there is no opportunity for displaying them!), thrill of flirtation or scandal, lure of betting, or intervals for good lunches, to distract from the object of the display.

The knowledgeable enthusiast—and the audience is composed of enthusiasts—is interested in each of the various sections of the great Show; but the mass of people who flock to Olympia this week are there for the thrills of the jumping and the jumping alone.

This year the International Horse Show has all its twelve-year-old attractions intensified. To begin with, the intelligent people who dealt with the problem of decorating the great building have shown a wise distrust of the English summer, and made sure of a joyous *décor* for the festivity by roofing the arena with an azure cloth; so that we may dream of flaming June whether in reality she prove a fickle jade or no. Olympia has been transformed into a huge marquee containing a number of smaller pavilions of scarlet, azure, purple, and gold, with the Royal Box as a domed tent surmounted by a crown. Nearly two thousand horses have been entered in the different classes, and over three thousand flowers are blooming to add beauty of a different sort to the scene. Music, summer blooms, horses, and international rivalry, played out before a King, two Queens, the most popular Prince in the world, and his brothers, must surely supply a sufficiently exciting mixture to tickle even the most jaded end-of-the-season palate: yet one may add still another touch to make the Horse Show of 1923 as romantic a gathering as any Tourney of Knights in the age of Chivalry. A fairy-tale heroine of to-day is among the audience in the shape of a King's daughter who has come to see her "commoner" husband compete in a test of skill played out before a great Sovereign. Princess Yolanda, daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, has been watching her husband, Count Calvi di Bergolo, compete in the jumping this year: so one is hardly straining a point if one calls the Horse Show a modern Tourney which suggests the romance of the Middle Ages.

The jumping for the Prince of Wales's Cup was undoubtedly the event which was regarded with the deepest interest this year; and, although Thursday was not the official gala performance, it was a very special day, as it saw the fate of the trophy decided. The cup, which replaced the Edward VII. trophy, won outright by Russia in 1912, 1913, and 1914, had been gained by the British Army team of three for two years in succession; so everyone went to the Show hoping for a third home victory to capture it for good and all. It was won by Sweden in 1920, and by this country in 1921 and 1922. The jumping for the King George V. Cup is usually regarded as the leading event of the Show, and, although it was as splendid a competition as ever this year, most of us find that the thrill of the team struggle of international trios for the Prince of Wales's Cup warms our hearts and accelerates our pulses to an even greater extent. A new feature of this year's Show was the Scurry Race, or Indoor Steeplechase, which sounded a more dangerous innovation than it actually is; since each competitor took the course separately, the prize going to the rider who got round the jumps in the shortest space of time, each fault adding one second to his total.



INTER-'VARSITY POLO: LADY RAMSDEN PRESENTING THE CHALLENGE CUP TO SIR JOHN MILBANKE, CAPTAIN OF THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM.

The play at the Inter-'Varsity polo match at Hurlingham resulted in a win for Cambridge by six goals to three. The play was above the usual University standard. Our photograph shows Lady Ramsden presenting the cup to Sir John Milbanke, Bt., the Captain of the Light Blue team. Photographs of the teams are on another page.

Photograph by Rouch.

Messrs. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE

ESTABLISHED 1744.

34-35, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Forthcoming Sales by Auction. Each Sale commencing at One o'clock precisely unless otherwise stated.

JULY 2nd—at 2.30 precisely.—NINETEEN BOOKS of the highest importance, from the Library of the late EARL of CARYSFORT, K.P. Sold by Order of the Owner, Colonel D. J. PROBY, and with the consent of Trustees and of the Court.

Illustrated Catalogues (8 *Plates*), *price* 5*s*.

JULY 3rd-4th.—The Valuable LIBRARY, the property of EDWARD HUTH Esq., Wykehurst Park, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

JULY 4th.—DRAWINGS by OLD MASTERS, the property of Prince ARGOUTINSKY-DOLGOROUKOW, of Petrograd and Paris, also Drawings of the English and Continental Schools.

Illustrated Catalogues (14 *Plates*), 3*s*.

JULY 5th.—Fine Old ENGLISH and IRISH SILVER, comprising a very important William III. Toilet Set, the property of the Rt. Hon. LORD NORTHBOURNE, and including the property of Miss DAVIES GILBERT, The Manor House, Eastbourne, of H. J. B. CLEMENTS, Esq., and of Major-General JOHN VAUGHAN, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

Illustrated Catalogues (3 *Plates*), 1*s*.

JULY 6th.—Valuable PORCELAIN, TEXTILES, etc., including the property of the Rt. Hon. BARONESS ZOUCHE OF HARNYNGWORTH. French and English FURNITURE, including the property of Lady MILLER, Lady BARRYMORE, Lord EBURY, and Viscount LEE of FAREHAM.

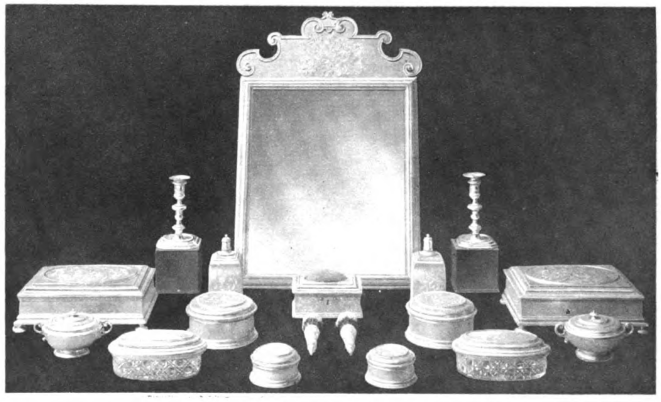
JULY 17th.—OIL PAINTINGS, including a landscape by Hobbema, the property of CHARLES WELD BLUNDELL, Esq., and some interesting pictures, the property of the Rt. Hon. Viscount LEE of FAREHAM.

Works of Art Sales on View Four Days prior. Other Sales on View at least Two Days prior. Catalogues may be had.



A PAGE FROM THE ROYAL BOOK, PRINTED BY CAXTON.

SALE, JULY 2nd.



LORD NORTHBOURNE'S WILLIAM III. TOILET SET.

SALE, JULY 5th.



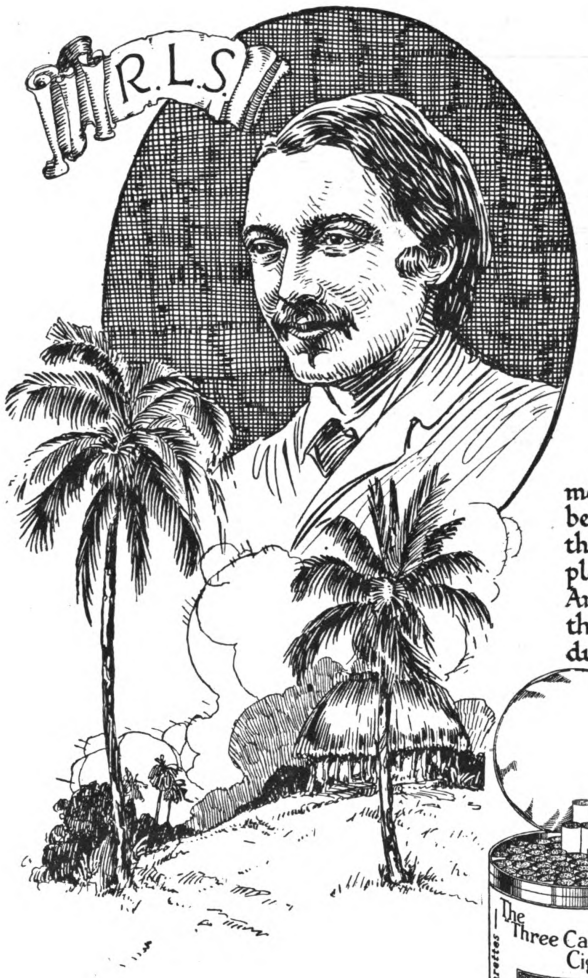
THE GARRICK CUP.

Made from the wood of Shakespeare's Mulberry Tree, and formerly owned by David Garrick. *SALE, JULY 4th.*

The "THREE CASTLES"

Virginia Cigarettes

The Cigarette with the Pedigree



"He was a great Cigarette smoker as all the world knows. The whole family used to consume an enormous amount of cigarettes. "Three Castles" & "Capstan" were the favourite brands. Being in business in Samoa I imported at that time what I considered to be some of the best American tobacco, but Stevenson did not take so kindly to it as he did to most things American. "Give me Wills'" he said "he suits me best.... I have heard him wonder that Wills, an English firm, pleased him so much better than American firms who dealt with the tobacco at its home of production."

"With Stevenson in Samoa"
H.J. Moors



W.D. & H.O. WILLS.
BRISTOL & LONDON
ENGLAND

TC.74

This Advertisement is issued by the Imperial Tobacco Company (Of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited for the United Kingdom of Great Britain & Ireland and by the British-American Tobacco Company, Limited for export.

RADIO NOTES.

BROADCASTING TWO PROGRAMMES AT ONCE.

THERE are many listeners who prefer broadcasts of classical music; others desire "popular" entertainment; again, there is another section of the public who will be satisfied only with a mixed programme. Catering for this diversity of tastes has been one of the problems of those responsible for the arrangement of broadcast performances, but now the difficulty has been solved in a novel manner by transmitting simultaneously, on separate wave-lengths, "classic" and "popular" items from two studios in the same broadcasting station. This new station, with two call signs, "WJY" and "WJZ," controlled by the Radio Corporation of America, is located in the heart of New York at Æolian Hall, and many interesting features have been included to make it up to date and unique. The two studios, amplifying systems and transmitters, are connected with two aerials which at a casual glance appear as one. Four aerial wires attached at either end to a spreader, 30 ft. long, span a distance of 175 ft. between the two supporting towers, each 115 ft. high.

Each length of the four wires is divided up by insulators into five sections. The first section measures 20 ft., and merely acts as a support from the spreader; section two, of 55 ft., functions as an aerial; section three is 35 ft. of support; then 45 ft. as the second aerial, followed by another 20 ft. of support to the spreader at the far end. "Leading-in" wires connected to the respective aerials run to the transmitting system. As just noted, the sections which form the two aerials differ in length, and this fact accounts partly for the higher wave-length—455 metres—of the longer portion, and for the 405 metres wave of the shorter portion.

Artists and speakers wait in comfort in a reception-room tastefully furnished, until the time of their performances in Studio "A" or Studio "B," according to the nature of their show—*i.e.*, "classic" or "popular"—the latter being often abbreviated to "jazz." Leading from the reception-room to the studios are passages with doors bearing the illuminated warnings—"Caution," and "Silence," to prevent unwanted sounds spoiling the broadcasts.



RADIO ON THE ROAD: BROADCAST ENTERTAINMENT WHILST MOTORING.

Listening to broadcasts whilst travelling by car is an added joy for motorists. With the latest types of portable receivers, which occupy but little space in the car, speech, songs, and other music may be picked up many miles from the broadcasting station.

Photograph by Special Press.

Classical items are performed in Studio "B." The decorative plan is harmonious, dignified and restful; the walls are finished in old ivory and brown, with drapings of maroon. When playing or singing, the artists face a large painting symbolical of the vast invisible audience of listeners. Dance orchestras, singers of popular songs, and humourists perform in Studio "A," where the psychological effect of colour on the performers is not forgotten in the decorative scheme of vivid colours. The walls of the studios appear solid, but they will bend with finger-pressure, being made of wax-treated muslin laid over felt. This method is stated to be acoustically correct and prevents echoes. On a mahogany pedestal in each studio is a globe measuring 20 in. in diameter, with continents and oceans reproduced on its surface. Artists broadcast before this miniature of the world, which conceals the sensitive microphones. Wires convey the electric current from the microphone to the control room, where the performance in each studio is "observed" and the electrical effect amplified before it reaches the transmitters and the aerial. The microphones in each studio are connected to their own individual transmitting apparatus and respective aerials, and, as stated earlier, the two separate performances—"classic" and "popular," are transmitted simultaneously on different wave-lengths, so that either may be tuned-in according to the individual wishes of thousands of listeners.

BROADCASTS IN A COAL MINE.

An experiment of considerable interest was carried out recently to test the possibilities of radio-telephony reception in the depths of a coal mine. The receiving set, an "Ethophone V." broadcast receiver with four

(*Continued overleaf.*



for 45/-

A splendid opportunity for you to test the joys of wireless without worry and at the minimum expense. You can have delivered to your house, the aerial erected, a

T. M. C. 3-Valve Set,

complete with Loud Speaker,

installed and left working, for the small outlay of 45/-

Every week a competent wireless engineer will call, take away the old battery and replace it with a fresh one. At the end of one month or at any subsequent time, you have the option of purchasing the set outright or we will arrange to maintain it, inspect it and look after it in every way for a further 45/- per month, or at any time you can terminate the arrangement.

Write to-day for full particulars of this offer and the name of the nearest T.M.C. dealer.

TMC

Wireless

FULL ENJOYMENT—NO TROUBLE

The Telephone Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

London Showrooms: 68, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.1

'Phone: Museum 6581.

THIS is the most advanced Crystal Set yet produced, and without equal for reception within 25 miles from the Broadcasting Station.



Gamages WIRELESS CATALOGUE will interest you. Let us send you a copy, free

POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

1 *Extremely wide range of tuning, enabling interruptions to be cut out.*

2 *Dust-proof detector keeps crystal sensitive for a very long period.*

3 *The buzzer helps you to find sensitive spot on crystal quickly, and before the broadcasting begins.*

4 *Perfect undistorted reception, and powerful enough to take SIX PAIRS of phones under normal conditions.*

5 *The only upkeep cost is the occasional replacement of crystal—the famous "Gamage Permanite," price 1/6 per piece.*

6 *Terminals are provided for addition of extra inductance to increase the wave-length. Thus you can receive the Paris Time Signals and the like.*

7 *We want to prove to you that this set is unrivalled. Call at Holborn and test it for yourself—free of charge—during Broadcasting hours.*

GAMAGES

"IDEAL" CRYSTAL RECEIVING SET.

FULLY licensed by Postmaster-General and stamped "B.B.C." Regd. No. 226. Tuning Coil wound with best quality wire and tapped in seven places. This, when used in conjunction with the Variable Condenser, which is of the best possible workmanship, gives a good variation of tuning. The Crystal Detector, designed to prevent dust from deteriorating the sensitivity of the crystal, contains our famous "Permanite" Crystal, which has given such excellent results. A Fixed Condenser is incorporated, while terminals are fitted for extra inductance. High-grade, sensitive Headphones are supplied. The task of finding a sensitive spot on the crystal is minimised by means of a buzzer. Will receive telephony for 25 miles, and signals from Spark stations using a wave-length of 300-500 metres for 150 to 200 miles. Complete in polished Mahogany Cabinet, with instruments mounted on polished Ebonite; 'Phones, Aerial Wire, and Insulators ready for use. Price

£4 4s.

CRYSTAL RECEIVER only, without 'Phones or Aerial Accessories ... ... Price **£2 10s.**

Carriage Paid.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1

Beautiful BUXTON

A change of scenery, a change of air. To return looking and feeling fit. Is it not such thoughts as these that arise in contemplating your holiday?

In Buxton you can gratify every mood—indulge in your favourite sport. The tonic mountain air will send you home a picture of health, with a ravenous appetite—a different being.

For those seeking relief from **Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis,** etc., the Thermal Baths and Radium Mineral Waters are renowned for the wonderful "cures" they effect.

New Official Guide will be sent you post free on application to O. L. B. PITT, No. 15, Information Bureau, Buxton.

Excellent Railway Facilities from all parts.

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Don't blame the Bacon!



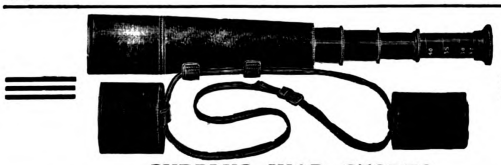
IF the night has robbed your appetite of its edge, don't blame the bacon! Does the fault lie with your digestive organs? Are they slacking?

To cope with the invasion of life's little ills you require a medicine that will gently but surely rouse your organs into healthy activity and, at the same time, cleanse and re-invigorate the system. Beecham's Pills are a proved remedy. They restore the appetite naturally by their health-giving properties and build up the constitution.

It is worth your while to

TAKE

BEECHAM'S PILLS



SURPLUS WAR STORES

HIGH POWER TELESCOPES

For Gameshooting, Deerstalking, Astronomical, Marine, and General Use

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.

THE 'TARGET.' A portable Telescope with adjustable Pancratic Eye-piece, giving magnifying powers of 25, 30, 35, and 40 diameters by adjustment of first tube. It has a 2½ in. Object-Glass, Leather-covered Body, Caps, and Sling. Closes to 11 in. **£6-10-0** *Postage and Insurance Free.*

These telescopes are made up from parts left over from our War contracts for the Ministry of Munitions. We are selling at this remarkable price to clear up stock. Made throughout in our own factory in London.

THE CHEAPEST TELESCOPE OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD.



GOVERNMENT MARK VI. COMPASSES.
Less than 1/3rd of pre-war price. Size 1¾ inches, weight 1¾ ozs. Watch size, Nickel case Pocket compass with luminous radium points and direction line for night reading. 4/6 Post Free.

Send for Illustrated Price List No. 9 L. Post Free.

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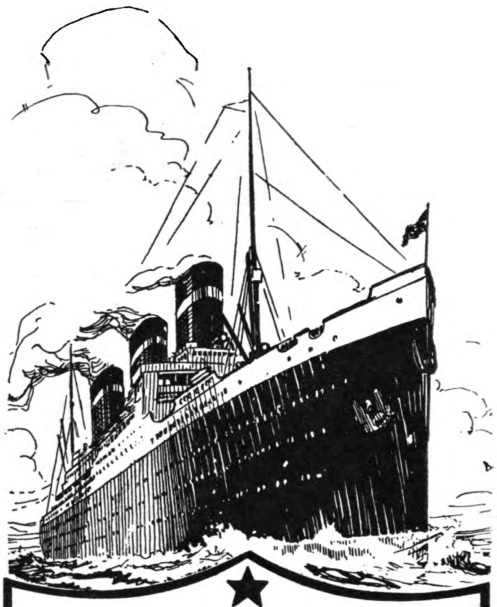
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S.S. LEVIATHAN

59,956 Gross Tons

The Largest Liner in the World.

First Sailing JULY 17th

SOUTHAMPTON — CHERBOURG to NEW YORK

JULY 17th—Aug. 7th—Aug. 28—Sept. 18th—Oct. 9th—Oct. 30 and Tuesday every three weeks thereafter.

If you are going to America send for full particulars of the S.S. "LEVIATHAN"—the "WONDER-SHIP." The two illustrations below will convey some idea of the beauty of this great ocean liner. The Social Hall is a Louis XIV. room with magnificent French Oak panelling. The carpets were specially woven and copied from some of the most famous Persian rugs. Note the great height and spaciousness of the lobby to main Salon. The decoration is LOUIS XVI. in character.



Lobby to Main Salon.



The Social Hall.

Write to-day for descriptive booklet and full particulars to Dept. L.N.

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Continued.]

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A HUGE PROGRAMME.

When the new broadcasting station at Bournemouth, and another in Scotland, are ready, these, in addition to the six which are transmitting at present, will complete the eight stations which were agreed upon by the Postmaster-General and the British Broadcasting Company. The work of arranging programmes for these stations is tremendous, for each station transmits, on an average, about six hours every day throughout the year. This means a total of over 17,500 hours of broadcast entertainment during one year! The B.B.C. are aware of the difficulties in providing such a gigantic programme suitable for everybody. With a view to ascertaining the various kinds of performances favoured by the public, the B.B.C., 2, Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2, invites suggestions by postcard. On Sunday, July 1, 2LO will commence regular Sunday broadcasts between 3 and 5 p.m.—W. H. S.



CONSIDERATION FOR THE CHAUFFEUR: "WAITING" TO BROADCAST-MUSIC.

Many thoughtful car-owners are making use of broadcast receivers installed in the car, as a novel means of providing "something to do" for chauffeurs during periods of waiting. Whilst the car is travelling, its occupants may listen to the same receiving-set.

Photograph by Special Press.

"THE SPORTING AND DRAMATIC."

THE *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* of this week is a particularly bright issue of a journal that is always interesting. Coming in the week following the Ascot racing, it contains many pictures recalling the fine finishes at that great meeting, and also some unique photographs of the race for the Gold Cup taken especially for this paper from the air. Another feature of interest to the racing public is a series of pictures which illustrate the system of judging the finish of a race by means of the camera.

Mr. Charles Grave has contributed a pen-and-ink impression of last week's Marlow Regatta, in which this well-known humorous artist is just as richly funny as only he can be. It is always a rare pleasure in these days to happen upon a horse study by Mr. Lionel Edwards, and his visit to the International Horse Show on Saturday last has provided him with an opportunity for showing what an amazing gift he has for this type of art. Quite apart from the many delightful hunting and polo pictures Mr. Edwards has done for the *Sporting and Dramatic* in the past, on the strength of this drawing alone he establishes his position in the very front rank of present-day horse artists. With the Wimbledon Lawn-Tennis Championships in full swing, it is fitting that a "portrait gallery" of all the leading players taking part should be included; and in addition to this "Who's Who" a paragraph is appended to each photograph giving a brief outline of each contestant's record and a list of the "laurels" each brings to the great grass tournament. The theatre has not been neglected, and there is plenty to satisfy the reader who looks to the dramatic side of the paper. In the centre pages there is a picture by Joseph Simpson illustrating the new game of air-golf which has been demonstrated recently at Le Touquet.

"The Ladies' Who's Who" for 1923 has just made its appearance, and is the sixteenth issue of the work, which incorporates the Ladies' Court Book and Guide. It is published by the International Art and Publishing Company, Ltd., and contains sections devoted to the Royal Family, the Royal Household, Peeresses in their Own Right, distinguished Anglo-American women, and Ladies' Clubs, in addition to the alphabetical list of names with biographical notes.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge





ORIGINAL EVENING GOWN in good quality crêpe marocain. Bodice draped on one side with under-bodice of silver tissue, gracefully draped skirt, forming loops at side interlined tissue. Finished with edging of colours in contrasting shades. In black and many good colours.
SALE PRICE **£5 18 6**

35 SUMMER SUITS in various designs and good quality materials, many handsomely braided, of which sketch is an example. In navy, black, and a few good colours.
Original Prices 8½ to 10½ Guineas.
SALE PRICE **7½ Gns.**

Bargains in Gloves.
3-BUTTON REAL KID, in White only. Original Price, 4/11 per pair.
SALE PRICE— **2/11½** per pair.

Bargains in Lace.
200 YARDS HEAVY HAND-MADE CLUNY LACE, 4 in. wide. Original Price, 2/6½ per yard.
REDUCED TO **1/3½** per yard.

Bargains in Nightdresses.
DAINTY CAMBRIC NIGHT DRESSES, hand-made, sleeveless or with small sleeves, trimmed fine lace, and prettily embroidered. In many designs.
SALE PRICE from **11/9**

REMNANTS AND ODDMENTS HALF-PRICE ON THURSDAYS.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE
Commences MONDAY NEXT,
AND CONTINUES FOR 4 WEEKS,
PRIOR TO THE OCCUPATION OF THEIR NEW PREMISES.
Wonderful Bargains throughout the House.
Sale Catalogue post free on request.



ALMOND CROCODILE 1-BAR SHOE. Louis XV. heel, smart toe.
Original Price, 75/9
SALE PRICE **59/6**



BLACK SATIN 1-BAR SHOE. Louis XV., smart toe. Sizes and ½ sizes.
Original Price, 35/9
SALE PRICE **21/-**



USEFUL RIBBON HAT for young girls, suitable for any age from seven upwards. In many colourings.
SALE PRICE **25/9**



ATTRACTIVE CANVAS STRAW HAT, bound silver galon or corded ribbon, trimmed graceful quill, can be made also in duvetyn in most good colours.
SALE PRICE **49/6**

Goods cannot be sent on approval during the Sale.



TEA FROCK in rich quality silk crêpe-de-Chine, cut on simple lines, with an inlet belt at waist tied with a soft bow on one side. In Black and a large range of colours.
SALE PRICE **55/9**



COAT in good quality gabardine or repp, handsomely braided with close rows of wide silk military braid, the collar, cuffs, and belt also braided to correspond. In several good colours; also Navy and Black. Original Price, 15½ Guineas.
SALE PRICE **10½ Gns.**

SPECIAL OFFER. **"SPUNELLA." "SPUNELLA DE CHINE." "SPUNELLA DE VOGUE."**
The Ideal Washing Silks at Sale Prices.
We have made arrangements with the manufacturers to offer 35 pieces of these splendid washing and wearing silks at reduced prices during the Sale.

"Spunella"	25 in.	Original Price	5/11	Sale Price **3/11½**
"Spunella"	30 in.	,, ,,	6/11	,, ,, **5/11**
"Spunella de Chine"	30 in.	,, ,,	5/11	,, ,, **4/11½**
"Spunella de Chine"	40 in.	,, ,,	7/11	,, ,, **6/11**
"Spunella de Vogue"	30 in.	,, ,,	5/11	,, ,, **4/11½**
"Spunella de Vogue"	40 in.	,, ,,	7/11	,, ,, **6/11**

All Silk. Fast washing colours. In splendid ranges of new stripes on white and coloured grounds, also self colours and plain cream. The best washing silks for river and tennis frocks, children's dresses, blouses, shirts and pyjamas.
PATTERNS POST FREE ON REQUEST.

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Fresh as the Dawn

Three years the leaf matures. But, once it has achieved its full ripeness, remarkably little time elapses before the tobacco as you know it reaches your hands.

The freshness of "Country Life" is due largely to the extraordinary care devoted to its packing. It is this freshness that points the charm of a flavour born of the subtle blending of the best Virginia and other choice growths. The price of the Smoking Mixture is 1/- PER OZ

"Country Life" Cigarettes
Pure Virginia
5½d for 10
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Player's "Country Life"

TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES

John Player & Sons, Nottingham. Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

Continued.]

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Photograph by Special Press.

"THE SPORTING AND DRAMATIC."

THE *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* of this week is a particularly bright issue of a journal that is always interesting. Coming in the week following the Ascot racing, it contains many pictures recalling the fine finishes at that great meeting, and also some unique photographs of the race for the Gold Cup taken especially for this paper from the air. Another feature of interest to the racing public is a series of pictures which illustrate the system of judging the finish of a race by means of the camera.

Mr. Charles Grave has contributed a pen-and-ink impression of last week's Marlow Regatta, in which this well-known humorous artist is just as richly funny as only he can be. It is always a rare pleasure in these days to happen upon a horse study by Mr. Lionel Edwards, and his visit to the International Horse Show on Saturday last has provided him with an opportunity for showing what an amazing gift he has for this type of art. Quite apart from the many delightful hunting and polo pictures Mr. Edwards has done for the *Sporting and Dramatic* in the past, on the strength of this drawing alone he establishes his position in the very front rank of present-day horse artists. With the Wimbledon Lawn-Tennis Championships in full swing, it is fitting that a "portrait gallery" of all the leading players taking part should be included; and in addition to this "Who's Who" a paragraph is appended to each photograph giving a brief outline of each contestant's record and a list of the "laurels" each brings to the great grass tournament. The theatre has not been neglected, and there is plenty to satisfy the reader who looks to the dramatic side of the paper. In the centre pages there is a picture by Joseph Simpson illustrating the new game of air-golf which has been demonstrated recently at Le Touquet.

"The Ladies' Who's Who" for 1923 has just made its appearance, and is the sixteenth issue of the work, which incorporates the Ladies' Court Book and Guide. It is published by the International Art and Publishing Company, Ltd., and contains sections devoted to the Royal Family, the Royal Household, Peeresses in their Own Right, distinguished Anglo-American women, and Ladies' Clubs, in addition to the alphabetical list of names with biographical notes.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE

Commences MONDAY NEXT,

AND CONTINUES FOR 4 WEEKS,

PRIOR TO THE OCCUPATION OF THEIR NEW PREMISES.

Wonderful Bargains throughout the House.

Sale Catalogue post free on request.



ORIGINAL EVENING GOWN in good quality crêpe marocain. Bodice draped on one side with under-bodice of silver tissue, gracefully draped skirt, forming loops at side interlined tissue. Finished with edging of colours in contrasting shades. In black and many good colours.
SALE PRICE £5 18 6

35 SUMMER SUITS in various designs and good quality materials, many handsomely braided, of which sketch is an example. In navy, black, and a few good colours.
Original Prices 8½ to 10½ Guineas.
SALE PRICE 7½ Gns.



ALMOND CROCODILE 1-BAR SHOE. Louis XV. heel, smart toe.
Original Price, 75/9
SALE PRICE 59/6



BLACK SATIN 1-BAR SHOE. Louis XV., smart toe. Sizes and ½ sizes.
Original Price, 35/9
SALE PRICE 21/-



USEFUL RIBBON HAT for young girls, suitable for any age from seven upwards. In many colourings.
SALE PRICE 25/9



ATTRACTIVE CANVAS STRAW HAT, bound silver galon or corded ribbon, trimmed graceful quill, can be made also in duvetyn in most good colours.
SALE PRICE 49/6

Bargains in Gloves.

3-BUTTON REAL KID, in White only. Original Price, 4/11 per pair.
SALE PRICE— 2/11½ per pair.

Bargains in Lace.

200 YARDS HEAVY HAND-MADE CLUNY LACE, 4 in. wide. Original Price, 2/6½ per yard.
REDUCED TO 1/3½ per yard.

Bargains in Nightdresses.

DAINTY CAMBRIC NIGHT DRESSES, hand-made, sleeveless or with small sleeves, trimmed fine lace, and prettily embroidered. In many designs.
SALE PRICE from 11/9

REMNANTS AND ODDMENTS HALF-PRICE ON THURSDAYS.



TEA FROCK in rich quality silk crêpe-de-Chine, cut on simple lines, with an inlet belt at waist tied with a soft bow on one side. In Black and a large range of colours.
SALE PRICE 55/9



COAT in good quality gabardine or repp, handsomely braided with close rows of wide silk military braid, the collar, cuffs, and belt also braided to correspond. In several good colours; also Navy and Black. Original Price, 15½ Guineas.
SALE PRICE 10½ Gns.

SPECIAL OFFER. "SPUNELLA," "SPUNELLA DE CHINE," "SPUNELLA DE VOGUE."

The Ideal Washing Silks at Sale Prices.

We have made arrangements with the manufacturers to offer 350 pieces of these splendid washing and wearing silks at reduced prices during the Sale.

"Spunella"	25 in.	Original Price 5/11	Sale Price 3/11½
"Spunella"	30 in.	" " 6/11	" " 5/11
"Spunella de Chine"	30 in.	" " 5/11	" " 4/11½
"Spunella de Chine"	40 in.	" " 7/11	" " 6/11
"Spunella de Vogue"	30 in.	" " 5/11	" " 4/11½
"Spunella de Vogue"	40 in.	" " 7/11	" " 6/11

All Silk. Fast washing colours. In splendid ranges of new stripes on white and coloured grounds, also self colours and plain cream. The best washing silks for river and tennis frocks, children's dresses, blouses, shirts and pyjamas.

PATTERNS POST FREE ON REQUEST.

Goods cannot be sent on approval during the Sale.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1



Fresh as the Dawn

Three years the leaf matures. But, once it has achieved its full ripeness, remarkably little time elapses before the tobacco as you know it reaches your hands.

The freshness of "Country Life" is due largely to the extraordinary care devoted to its packing. It is this freshness that points the charm of a flavour born of the subtle blending of the best Virginia and other choice growths. The price of the Smoking Mixture is **1/- PER OZ**

"Country Life" Cigarettes
Pure Virginia
5½d for 10
Medium

Player's "Country Life"

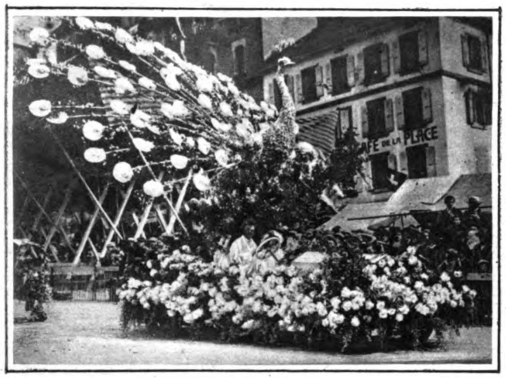
TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES

John Player & Sons, Nottingham. Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

London Traffic Conditions.

It has required that traffic conditions in London should have degenerated into chaos to bring about anything approaching serious consideration of the problems requiring solution. It has been foreseen for years that the present conditions would come about; but in spite of many committees and Royal Commissions, nothing has been done. Nothing has even been given serious consideration. Matters have now arrived at a state which is compelling the postponed consideration, though how long it will be before official consideration is translated into action is problematical. In the meantime, the position grows in acuteness day by day. It is only those who habitually use the roads of the Metropolis who are really able to appreciate how rapidly the situation is getting worse. I should say that it is a moderate estimate to predicate that things are fifty per cent. worse than they were six months ago in the more congested areas of central London—which, of course, means a corresponding increase of traffic outside the middle zones.



A ROLLS-ROYCE AS A WHITE PEACOCK IN A BOWER OF BLOOM: THE WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE FLORAL FÊTE AT MONTREUX, AND THE PRIX D'HONNEUR AT THE FÊTE OF THE NARCISSI.

The car was driven by Mr. Albert Schmidt, of Geneva, who was congratulated by the judges on its unique decoration. The peacock had a mechanical tail which opened and closed in a realistic manner.

There are two aspects of the traffic problem which require to be treated separately, because one finds in the discussions that are taking place in the Press and elsewhere that the one is given what I consider to be undue weight, while the other is assessed below its value. It would seem that the principal cause of congestion is alleged to be the dilatory methods employed by highway authorities in carrying ont reconstruction and repairs.

Increased Traffic.

Undoubtedly methods want revising, and that very drastically; but it must be pointed out that these methods are neither better nor worse than they have been puring the past, let us say, five years. Yet almost daily we find the problem becoming worse. This obviously cannot be laid altogether to the blame of local authorities, but is due mainly to the enormous increase in the traffic volume; and when we come to dissect the growth, we find that this is mainly in the direction of a vast increase in the number of public service vehicles. It is the largely increased volume of motor omnibus traffic that is mainly at the bottom of present congestion. As to the merits and demerits of the tirades against the proprietors of "pirate" omnibus services there is no need to speak, further than to say that it is difficult to see how anyone concerned can justify a claim to a monopoly of the public streets. The real question seems to me to be that of how in the future London's facilities for the conveyance of passengers are to be developed. The idea of constituting a single central traffic authority possessing executive powers is undoubtedly a good one. However such a body is constituted and whatever its powers, it can only touch the fringe of the problem, because, as London and its trades and population grow, so will grow the demand for better travelling facilities. As we cannot rebuild London altogether, it follows that, although there may be a temporary alleviation, before many years have passed we shall be confronted with the same problem, but in a much more acute form.

Underground or Overhead?

If this assessment of the future is even approximately correct, it seems to be reasonably certain that either the travelling public must be denied the facilities it requires, or other methods than those at present in existence must be discovered for accommodating the traffic; and it would appear that the proper course to be taken after the constitution of the central authority already discussed is to set about seriously inquiring how best the needs of the future can be co-ordinated. From time to time experts and others have put forward suggestions which

[Continued overleaf.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN A CROSSLEY CAR DURING HIS YORKSHIRE TOUR: A PICTURESQUE INCIDENT NEAR SHEFFIELD.

The Prince is seen sitting in the car behind the chauffeur, and waving his hat to the cheering spectators.

25,000 MILES UNDER R.A.C. OBSERVATION—25,000 MILES

What the Crossley Record Means.

Crossley

12/14 h.p.

THE Crossley 12/14 is built with the same care and precision as the 19.6. It is silent, flexible and economical. Easily attains over 50 m.p.h., and climbs any ordinary hill on top. It has no equal, either for specification or performance, in the region of its price class. Ask for catalogue.

Four or Two-seater - £475
Closed Cars from - £615

The 20/70 h.p. Sports

GUARANTEED speed 75 m.p.h., yet perfectly docile to handle and control. Described by the *Motor* as "one of the finest cars ever produced in this country." Ask for details.

Four-seater - - £875
Two-seater - - £845

CROSSLEY MOTORS, LTD., MANCHESTER.

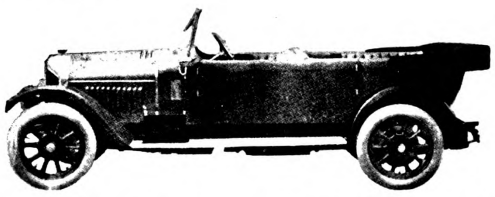
London .. .. 40-41, Conduit Street.
Manchester Showrooms: Royal Exchange

THE Great Crossley Record shows that the 19.6 h.p. Crossley has emerged triumphantly from a greater trial than any hitherto even attempted by any other car in the history of motoring. It has completed 25,000 miles under the observation of the R.A.C., with only 3½ minutes spent on the road for adjustments. It has broken all R.A.C. Trial Mileage Records.

The Crossley has given more proof than any other car in the world of efficiency and reliability. It has proved its superiority. In place of "claims" the Crossley has given facts, proved and unassailable, backed by certificates issued by the Royal Automobile Club.

We will gladly supply fuller details, including copies of the R.A.C. certificates, on request.

£795 complete. . . . Closed Cars from £1095



£795 complete. . . . Closed Cars from £1095

1¼D. per mile for oil, fuel and tyres. Using retail prices, and making no allowance for any wear left in the tyres, we have calculated that the total running costs over 25,000 miles were 1¼d. per mile. Rapson Tyres. Wakefield C.W. Carbonless Motor Oil. National Benzole Mixture. Rotax Starting and Lighting Equipment.

The 25,000 miles were covered in two trials, one of 20,000 miles and one of 5,000 miles. No adjustments were made to the car between the trials, nor did the car leave the hands of the R.A.C. from the beginning of the first trial until the end of the second. After 25,000 miles the car attained a speed of over 58 m.p.h. on Brooklands without any alteration or adjustment.

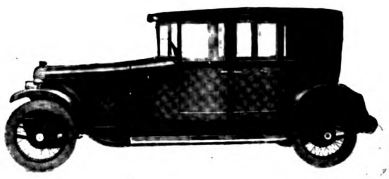
In so far as this advertisement refers to R.A.C. Certified Trials it has been approved by the R.A.C.

NOT "CLAIMS" BUT FACTS—25,000 MILES.

BY APPOINTMENT

STRATTON-INSTONE Ltd.

Daimler



21 h.p. 5-seated Coupé Landaulette

£1250

This ideal car for the owner-driver is now available for immediate delivery.

Other models of the Daimler Coupé Landaulette on view at our showrooms are:—

12 H.P.	(4 Seats)	£ 900
16 H.P.	(4 Seats)	£1025
21 H.P. Short chassis	(4 Seats)	£1085
30 H.P. Short chassis	(5 Seats)	£1250

Specialised Daimler Service.

TELEPHONE REGENT 933

27, PALL MALL LONDON S.W. 1

TELEGRAMS "STRATSTONE, LONDON"

11

Superseding Ordinary Cords

PIRELLI RACING CORDS



We have commenced a new chapter in tyre history by standardising Racing Cord Tyres for touring work at standard prices.

Their design was based on the requirements of high speed road and track racing, at which they have proved phenomenally successful, carrying all before them in practically every International motor race of importance in 1921 and 1922, and the earlier events of this year.

The tyres that you can buy are identical in construction and quality with those used for racing. For the less arduous work of touring you cannot fail to obtain perfect satisfaction and low tyre costs per mile.

Obtainable from all good class Garages.

Write for illustrated descriptive folder entitled, "Pirelli RACING Cords for every Motorist."

PIRELLI LTD.

Head Office: Pirelli House, 144, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C. 4

Fit Pirelli Racing Cords—Racers do—why not you?



In the Heart of the City

WHETHER you are the owner of a fleet of motor vehicles or of a private car, whether you drive along country roads, or in the City, remember that your engine requires Correct Lubrication.

Correct Lubrication, that is, the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for your particular car in the Chart of Recommendations, is worth while, because you are basing your lubrication system on science, *not* on guesswork. You are assuring:—

Minimum friction and wear.
Minimum waste of fuel and oil.
Maximum power and performance.
Maximum life and reliability.

Tower Bridge was built during the years 1886 to 1894 at a cost of £1,600,000. The central span is 200 feet long and is fitted with twin bascules, which can be raised in one-and-a-half minutes for the passage of large vessels.

The permanent footway, reached by stairs inside the massive Gothic towers, is 142 feet above high water.

WHY GARGOYLE MOBILOIL IS BEST.

Many oils offered as lubricants are merely by-products in the manufacture of motor spirit. Gargoyle Mobiloil is *not* a by-product.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured from crude oils specially chosen for their intrinsic lubricating value—*not* for their yield of motor spirit. This is one of the essential reasons for the superiority of every grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

You can buy Gargoyle Mobiloil in quart, half, one or four-gallon sealed cans, in five or ten-gallon sealed drums, in barrels or half-barrels.

In the provinces, in the Heart of the City, wherever you are, insist upon Gargoyle Mobiloil. Thousands of motorists all over the country testify to the complete satisfaction and economy of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

REMEMBER:—Ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say, "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.

This is one of a series of announcements by the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., depicting in silhouette, castles and bridges familiar to every user of Gargoyle Mobiloil. No. 8 is due to appear on July 7th, and will illustrate Conway Castle and Suspension Bridge.

The Chart of Recommendations is brought up-to-date each year and can be seen in every garage and showroom throughout the country. Your dealer will gladly supply you with the particular grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that is scientifically correct for your car.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the Chart your Guide.

HEAD OFFICE:
Caxton House, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

WORKS: Birkenhead and Wandsworth.

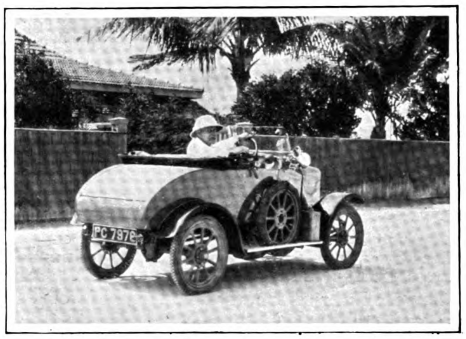
BRANCH OFFICES:

Belfast	Bristol	Glasgow	Manchester
Birmingham	Cardiff	Hull	Newcastle-on-Tyne
Bradford	Dublin	Liverpool	Sheffield

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Ltd.

Continued.]

in their time seemed almost fantastic. Among others, Lord Montagu and Sir William Joynson-Hicks have prophesied and have met the usual fate of the prophets. So have other lesser authorities on the subject. The form the question will take ultimately is whether the traffic is very largely to go underground or overhead. Will the solution be found in a multiplication of deep-level tube railways, shallow subways carrying all forms of traffic or overhead railways? Either must be very costly, but the matter is not one in which the cost factor is the all-important consideration.



IN HIS 7-H.P. JOWETT, AT PORT SUDAN, RED SEA: COMMANDER P. A. DRAPER, R.N.

Commander Draper says of his car: "The Jowett has proved as efficient in the African desert as on the Surrey roads."

These are the three alternatives, and they are the three that must be made the subject of very serious consideration, and that almost immediately. Of course, a certain amount of relief will result from widening schemes, the construction of new circular roads, and relief arteries. But no scheme of service improvement will bring a full solution. Ten years hence, in spite of all improvements, the roads will be quite inadequate to carry the traffic, and unless alternative means of travel have been provided in the meantime, chaos will be worse confounded than it is now.

Gear Speed Indicators.

Several patents have been taken out lately for mechanical devices the purpose of which is to inform the motor-car driver when the speeds of his gear-wheels synchronise, and thus to enable him to change gears in the approved professional and noiseless manner. They are very ingenious, and some of them display a considerable amount of appreciation of what is wanted—if it is wanted. What I wonder is—who is likely to buy these devices, which mostly appear expensive to make and not easy to instal? The best method of achieving the easy, silent change which differentiates the good from the bad driver is the practice of patience combined with an intelligent idea of how it is done. Of course, some cars are very much better as regards their gear-changing than others. In some cases one can go right through without the slightest hesitation, and make a good change every time. In others, when changing up one has to wait quite a considerable time before attempting the change, and must always use the double declutching method when going down. This, I have found, is particularly the case in cars with clutches of the multiple disc type on which no clutch-stop is fitted. Still, these are all matters of the car's individuality, and, once they have been learnt, I really do not see why any of these extraneous aids should be necessary.

Civil Aviation.

It will doubtless be of considerable interest to our readers, particularly to those who are accustomed to travel by air between London and Paris, to learn that from Oct. 1, 1922, to May 31, 1923, the Rolls-Royce aero engines which are now fitted exclusively to the Handley-Page

[*Continued overleaf.*



WON BY AN 119-H.P. BEAN FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION: THE VESEY CUP.

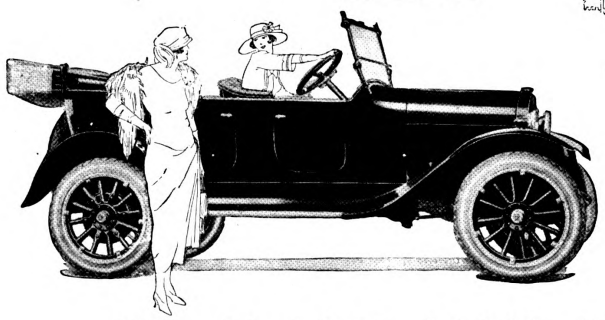
The Bean car which recently won the Vesey Cup again recorded the remarkable fuel-consumption of 43 miles per gallon in a Midland trial.

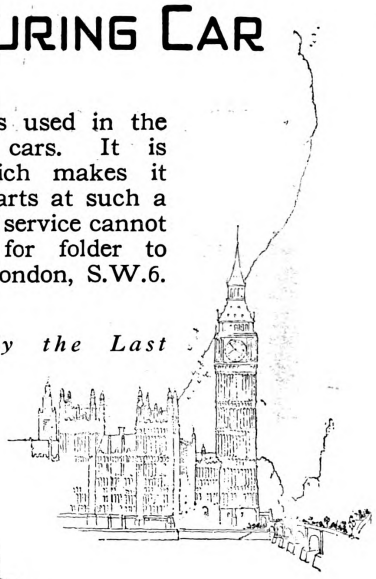
DODGE BROTHERS TOURING CAR

Only material of the finest grade is used in the construction of Dodge Brothers cars. It is enormous quantity production which makes it possible to purchase the cars and parts at such a low cost. More miles of satisfactory service cannot be bought at any price. Write for folder to Dodge Brothers (Britain), Limited, London, S.W.6.

The First Cost is Practically the Last

£325





BUY OF YOUR LOCAL DEALER

FONT-ROMEU PYRÉNÉES ORIENTALES
Climatic Station. 1800 metres above sea.
For all information write to the Director of the Grand Hotel at Font Romeu (Pyrénées Orientales) or at the Office Français du Tourisme, 56, Haymarket, London
LE GRAND HOTEL 200 Rooms. Latest Comfort Big Garage.

LUCHON (Haute Garonne)
Information from the Director of the Hotel of Superbagnères at Luchon (Haute Garonne), or at the Office Français du Tourisme, 56, Haymarket, London.
The HOTEL of **SUPERBAGNÈRES**
1800 metres above sea.
LATEST COMFORT.

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

The opinion of

A DANISH OWNER

concerning his **40/50** *h.p. Rolls-Royce*

"Having returned from a two months' trip in a closed Rolls-Royce, I wish to express my great admiration.

"We left Copenhagen and went through Germany, Holland and Luxembourg to Belgium. We proceeded to France, visiting several places in Burgundy, and crossed the Alps into Italy. On our return trip we went through Austria, Switzerland and Germany back to Copenhagen.

"We covered about 6,000 miles in the worst time of the year, under all conditions of weather and over good and bad roads. We crossed the Alps twice and during the entire trip we had no sort of engine trouble at all. . . . My car is probably eight or ten years old, and I bought it second hand about three years ago.

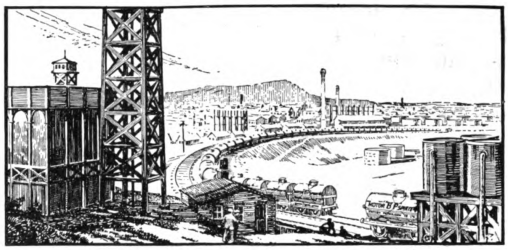
"I have had several other makes of cars but never any like this."

From A. P., Esq., Copenhagen. 3/4/23.

The original letter may be seen on application.

ROLLS - ROYCE, LIMITED

Telegrams: "Rolhead, Piccy. London." 15, Conduit Street, London, W.1. *Telephone:* Mayfair 6040 (4 lines).



Three Years of Work—Three Millions of Money

This is what it cost to build the great new refinery of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co. Ltd., at Llandarcy, Wales, where "BP" Motor Spirit is made.

No expense has been spared, no resource of chemical and industrial science has been neglected to make this refinery the most efficient in existence. It represents the newest and highest development of refining practice.

With the best possible crude oil—the product of the famous Persian field—and the best possible refinery, the refined product is bound to be also the best possible. And the "Best Possible" is "BP."

If it were possible to make a better motor spirit, Llandarcy would make it.

"BP" is the only entirely British petrol—British in every stage from the Crude Oil well to the familiar Khaki Can.

British Capital — British Enterprise — British Labour.

MOTOR BP SPIRIT

British Petroleum Co. Ltd.

22, FENCHURCH ST, LONDON E.C., 3

Distributing Organization of the

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.



RECENTLY MARRIED AT ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS: MR. TARLETON WINCHESTER, EUROPEAN DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES LINES, WITH HIS BRIDE.

Continued.]

aeroplanes on this service flew for some 2100 engine-hours during those eight months. This is remarkable evidence of the reliable running of the Rolls-Royce aero engines in the London-Paris service, which is by far the most important of the cross-Channel air-mail routes. The mileage achieved by the Rolls-Royce aero engines, in civil aviation exclusively, has now reached the stupendous total of 1,225,243 air miles. This figure is compiled from the actual records of engines up to May 31 last.

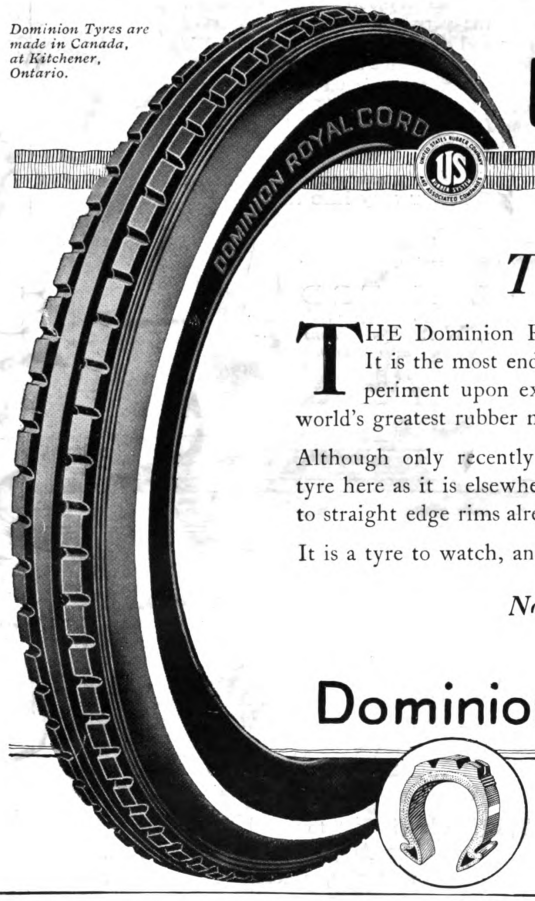
A Rudge Record. Never was there such a season for the setting up of new records at Brooklands. On June 15, a new set of figures was set up by a 7-9-h.p. Rudge under very bad conditions of weather. The record attempt started in fine, dry weather, but with a strong wind blowing. Half-way through, rain commenced, and poured in torrents for more than three hours. Nevertheless, new records were set up for three hours, four hours, five hours, and six hours, and for 200, 300, and 400 miles. The best figures were for the 200 miles, which was covered at a speed of 66·39 miles per hour, whilst the six-hour record registered 63·92 miles per hour. A really excellent all-round performance.—W. W.



PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: MR. EDWARD WENTWORTH BEATTY, K.C., WHO RECENTLY ARRIVED IN ENGLAND ON A BUSINESS VISIT.

Dominion Tyres are made in Canada, at Kitchener, Ontario.

Dominion
ROYAL CORD



The Masterpiece

THE Dominion Royal Cord is the world's masterpiece of tyre manufacture. It is the most enduring substance that ever went on a motor car wheel. Experiment upon experiment, research upon research, the whole resource of the world's greatest rubber manufacturing concern have gone to the making of it.

Although only recently available for beaded edge rims, it will soon be the foremost tyre here as it is elsewhere. Motorists who have had Dominion Royal Cord fitted to straight edge rims already know its capacity for endurance.

It is a tyre to watch, and to ask about, and to try.

Now available in all sizes for beaded edge and straight side rims.

Dominion Tyres are Good Tyres

United States Rubber Company, Ltd.
47-48 Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4
LIVERPOOL BIRMINGHAM GLASGOW
Sole Distributor for Ireland · C. E. Jacob, Dublin, Belfast and Londonderry.

'Just Right' for any Beard

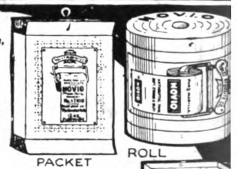
The Kropp is a well-balanced delightful razor—the best investment for all self-shavers.



Black Handle, 10/6. Ivory Handle, 18/-
Every Razor is packed in a Case.
From all Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, &c.
Send postcard for a copy of 'Shaver's Kit' Booklet No. 28.
Wholesale only: OSBORNE GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1.

No Other Variety Is of such Outstanding QUALITY

See "Lancet's" opinion, 27th July, 1907.
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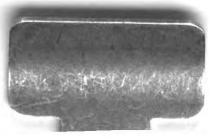
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